

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

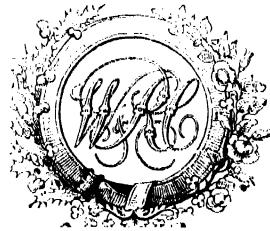
CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME XV

Nos. 366 to 391. JANUARY—JUNE, 1851.



EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED, BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,
AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.
1851.

EDINBURGH
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS,

U. S. A. Library.
Accn No 12780 Date 6.4.77

INDEX.



FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND MORAL

ES. & Y.S.	Page
Baillie, Joanna,	257
Beauty, New Theory of,	266
Bird of evil Omen,	251
Bonze's Vision of Years,	75
Coming Man,	176
Cowper and Lady Austen,	145
Cox, J. Palace,	130
Day's Dredging in Salcombe Bay,	218
Desert of Atacama,	138
Domestic Man,	53
Evening with the Telegraph,	1
Exhibition, Glance at the,	337
Farewell Banquet,	360
Flankey,	92
Fontainebleau, Scene at,	137
Genlis and De Staél,	221
Glance at the Exhibition,	337
Glasgow in the Last Century,	166, 237, 282
Golden Island,	234
Guild of Literature and Art,	321
'I Sweeps the Crossing,'	177
Impulses, Morbid,	273
Indian Handicrafts,	312
Influence,	7
Insanity of the Same,	353
Italian Opera in London,	152, 185
Johnson, Dr., and Hannah More,	360
Liberia,	395
Literary State Burdens on,	17
Material Prosperity,	97
Matrimony made Easy,	113
Metal-Founder of Munich,	31
Modest Celebrity,	209
Morbid Impulses,	273
Musical Vagrants,	225
North Cape, Visit to the,	263
Notes from the Netherlands	72, 163, 333
Otium cum Dignitate,	261
Peace Apostle,	193
Pen-Trotters,	41
Poetry of the Affections,	69
Poets Laureate,	115
Progress,	65
Railway-Time Aggression,	392
Rambles in Search of Wild-Flowers	300, 397
Ridicule as a Weapon,	385
'Rig' Sale,	102
Rudimental,	401
Seminary for 'Shakespeare's' Young Ladies,	163
Southern Gates of Egypt,	378
State Burdens on Literature,	17
Success,	269

Page	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.
1	Telegraph, Evening with the,
296	Three Pictures,
24	Town and Country,
200	Twelvemonth in Calcutta—
376	What has become of the Pieman?
305	Where is the German Fatherland?
353	World at Large,
234	Youthful Culture,

Page	
79	Crow and Goose,
129	Crystal Palace, Description of the,
55	Curiosities of Advertising Literature,
215	Dahomey and the Dahomans,
408	Deanston Model Farm,
349	Deseret News,
310	Dirt-Washing Trade,
92	Domestic Servants,
218	Dredging in Salcombe Bay,
332	Drying Process,
385	Economic Value of Peat,
378	Egypt, Southern Gates of,
81	Electro-Biology, Experiments in,
360	Emigrants, Farewell Banquet to,
337	Exhibition, Glance at the,
303	Factory Farm-Steeding,
367	Fluigueria, Jonaso,
414	Fish, When and Why they are in Season,
367	Floating Gardens of Mexico,
137	Fontainebleau, Scene at,
287	Forty-Second Regiment,
364	French Cottage Cookery,
171	Gas-Light, its Inventors and Improvers,
221	Genlis and De Staél,
43	Gibraltar and Malta,
166, 234, 282, 347	Glasgow in the Last Century,
284	Golden Island,
79	Goose and Crow,
207	Gothland as a Field for Emigration
321	Guild of Literature and Art,
89	Handlooms and Machinery,
185	Health Committee, its Operations in Liverpool,
111	Hugh of Lincoln, Credibility of the Story of,
403	Indian Handicrafts,
333	Insanity of the Same,
254	Insurance against Accidents,
152, 185	Italian Opera in London,
380	Johnson, Dr., and Hannah More,
395	Journalism beyond the Rocky Mountains,
401	Language, Rudiments of,
401	Laura Bridgman,
58	Law Reform,
191	Lead in Scotland,
395	Liberia,
175	Library Cobwebs,
199	Libraries for the People,
296	Linen Manufacture,
135	Liverpool, Sanitary Improvements in,
411	London, Things Talked of in—

INDEX

INDEX.

Page	Page	Page			
Eggs of the Epiornis, -	192	Improved American Pianoforte, -	208	Peeps into the Literary Circles of	
Emigrants, Warning to American, -	95	Improvements in Looms, -	32	London, -	112
Engraving on Tiles, -	16	Ivory, to Restore Decayed, -	208	Plants, -	384
Farming Inconsistencies, -	96	Ivory Trade, -	80	Poorer Classes Untaxed, -	368
Fate of the Red Men, -	159	Judgment, -	90	Ptarmigan of Norway, -	160
Flexible Ivory, -	224	King of Storks, -	15	Reasons for keeping the Teeth	
Frozen Fish, Resuscitation of, -	96	Learned Plant, -	176	Clean, -	128
Funicular Cypress, -	319	Mag. Isambard Brunel; -	176	Reproduction of Limbs, -	268
Gentlemen, -	368	Mounting of the Canary, -	240	Roman Medicine Stamps, -	80
German Artisan, -	32	Mysterious Breaking of a Vase, -	112	Sea-Cow, Capture of a, -	288
Glass as a Non-conductor, -	256	Natural Water-purifiers, -	361	Singular Mésalliance, -	96
Grass Cloth of India, -	320	New Fishes, -	236	Stage, Decline of the, -	15
Great Atmospheric Wave, -	224	New Jeremiah, -	536	Steam Motive power in 1700, -	64
Grog-shops for Women, -	16	New Material for Paper, -	160	Street Industry of London, -	22
Hail storms in India, -	272	Nightingale, Caution to Purchas-		Streets in the Middle Ages, -	48
Hindoo Beggar, -	400	ers off, -	384	Temperance, Progress of, -	144
Hints to Husbands, -	200	Painless Surgical Operation, -	256	Tempest Prognosticator, -	336
Home of Taste, -	208	Panama, -	400	Transformation of a Name, -	304
Born Houses of Laassa, -	192	Peculiarities in Authors, -	175	Work for Soldiers, -	206

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM, AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

NO. 366. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1851.

PRICE 13*d.*

AN EVENING WITH THE TELEGRAPH.

'The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.'

On arriving at the — station, I found that my luggage, which was to have been sent on from town, had not arrived. There was no time to be lost, and on applying to the superintendent of the station, a order was given to make inquiries at London by means of the telegraph. Impatient to get some information about the missing baggage, I strolled to the electric telegraph office, to hear what was the answer received. But no satisfactory information had as yet been obtained, on the contrary, nothing at all was known about the matter. I wanted another message sent up to town, but on working the needles, it was found that the telegraph was engaged in corresponding with some intermediate or branch station.

The clerk, with whom I continued chatting through the little opening where all communications are given and received, was very young; but there was something in his manner that prepossessed you favourably, and, moreover, there was a total absence of that abruptness of speech and quickness of manner that seem to have become a second nature with our railway officials. At last he invited me to enter his office—the very thing I had been manoeuvring for and longing to do—for as I squeezed my head through the small opening, and looked into the snug room, warmly carpeted, and, although it was the beginning of August, with a fire burning in the grate, I could just catch a glimpse of the small mahogany stand and dial of the telegraph, with which he had been talking to the people in London about my trunk, and was very desirous of seeing a little more. Books were lying about the table, which seemed to indicate a taste not only for literature, but for its more imaginative productions; and so, then, as we sat over the cheerful fire, our conversation taking its tone from the volume into which I had dipped, we chatted about authors, style, and such matters.

'You would hardly believe,' he said, 'how such an employment as mine teaches one curtess: how one gets into the habit of saying what one has to say in as few words as possible, and yet with perfect clearness. I write occasionally little articles, and I find that in them I unconsciously avoid all redundancy of words, just as when transmitting a message. You have no idea what a lengthy affair the messages are which we have given us to transmit, with so many useless expressions that make the inquiry, or whatever it may be, nearly twice as long as necessary. In delivering it, we cut it down about one-half, and yet our version

tells all that is to be said quite as intelligibly as the original.'

'The cause, no doubt, is, that those who want to give some information about a missing thing are anxious to describe it with all exactness, in order to make as sure as possible of its being recognized.'

'But the details on such occasions,' he answered, 'are really without end. Now we, for our parts, seize on the salient features: we give the necessary marks or tokens, and these only. For nothing is the telegraph so often put in requisition as to inquire about ladies' dogs that are missing. Hardly a day passes without such inquiries. And such descriptions! A perfect history of the animals' habits and virtues: it seems they never can say enough. I have often thought how they would be shocked did they but see how all the long history of their favourites is condensed into a couple of lines. And yet it answers the purpose as well.'

He here turned round to the dial-plate of the telegraph, and after a moment's watching, looked again into the volume, the leaves of which he was turning over.

'Was any one speaking to you?' I asked.

'Not to me; they are talking with the — station.'

'But how did you know it?—what made you look up?' I asked.

'Because I heard the wires.'

'That's very strange,' I observed: 'my hearing is unusually fine, yet I heard nothing.'

'It is habit; besides, perhaps, you heard the vibration too without knowing what it was. My ears are so alive to the sound, that, as I sit here reading, the instant the hands of the dial move, I hear them. That low click-click attracts my attention as surely as the bell.'

'There is an alarm, is there not, which sounds when the clerk's attention is required?'

'Yes,' he said; 'this is it.' And so saying, he touched a wire, and instantly a hammer struck upon a bell, making a slow, penetrating, long-continued noise. 'But I generally stop the communication with it, for it is so loud, that it is extremely disagreeable to be disturbed by the ringing of that thing at one's shoulder. Besides, I hear the other just as well, let me be never so immersed in what I am about.'

I now heard such a snap as takes place when, on putting your knuckles to an electric machine, the spark is produced. It was repeated, and on looking up, I saw the needles reeling to and fro. The clerk observed them for a moment, and then rising, went to the machine. Backwards and forwards they went, to the right and to the left, then with a jerk half-way back again—left, right, left—left, left—jerk, jerk—right, left, jerk, and so on; while the clerk, who held

two handles hanging from the instrument in his hands, every now and then would also give a good rattle with them, and pull them right and left, and give an answering jerk. All the time, of course, he was looking fixedly at the dial-plate, as he would have done into the countenance of a person who was speaking to him, and whose character he fain would learn from his looks. Jerk, jerk, jerk—rattle, rattle, rattle—all was done; and writing down the message on a slate beside him, he copied it afterwards on a paper to give to one of the porters. It was about some boxes sent on to — by the last train.

‘I know what clerk sent down that message, he said. ‘It was ——’

‘But how do you know which clerk it was?’

'By the manner of his handling the needles, and their corresponding movements. I am as sure who is working them as if I saw the person with my eyes. You of course would not detect any difference in the vibrations, yet there is a very great difference. There may be timidity, indecision, slurry, or firmness, in their movements. You see quite clearly if the person speaking to you is master of what he is about; if he does it with ease and decision, or if he is spelling his way, and anxious about getting through the matter well. And it is not only the quickness of the delivery that shows whether the person is skilful or not, but his very character communicates itself to the wires, and shows itself in the movements of the needles.'

'How strange!—and it is really possible?'

'That in a man's movements much of his character is shown, you will allow. Well, as he takes hold of the handles to work the telegraph, he does it in a way corresponding with his own particular individuality. That is communicated to the wires, and here on the dial-plate I see the inner man before me. The person I just mentioned is a very good fellow, but cautious, undecided—never sure whether what he does will be *quite* right or not. He is always hesitating; as soon as his hand touches the instrument, I know it is he instantly. There go the needles slowly from one side to the other, as if not quite certain about going across or not; they never go back suddenly, but always take their time, and move right or left hesitatingly, and with no decided swing. It is as like the man who is moving them as it is possible to be. It is quite a reflex of his mind: there is the impress of him exactly as he is. And it is very natural it should be so. The least hesitation or doubt communicates itself involuntarily to the hands as you hold the handles working the telegraph; and so fine and sympathetic is the conducting power—so sensitive are the wires—that every passing shade of feeling is felt by them. On the dial-plate it is all betrayed. Just as the mind of him at the other end of the wire is wavering, exactly so the needles are wavering too. Now he feels more sure; and yet that very same instant the change that has gone on within him is marked there also: the needles swing directly with sudden decision.'

"This is really very interesting," I said; "and it is, besides, to me at least, a new wonder connected with electric communication. That one should be able to talk with a person a hundred miles off, as if they were both face to face, is certainly extraordinary; but that the affections of the mind and their sudden varying should be instantaneously transmitted such a distance—perhaps even before the individual himself was aware of them—this is assuredly very much more wonderful!"

'It is not,' he continued, 'in the manner of delivering a communication only that you discover the sort of person with whom you have to do. The way in which he receives yours is also very indicative. One, slow of thought, will let you give the whole word; while another, of quick comprehension, and of a bolder nature, will give the sign, "I understand," at the first letters. The very jerk, too, which signifies that you know what

is meant, is given by one with a decided, sure, firm knock; while with another, of a hesitating character, the needles seem to be hesitating too!'

'Just now,' said I, 'while you were receiving a message, I observed that every now and then you gave an unusually strong jerk—much stronger than the others. What did that mean?'

"Oh, " he, laughing, "that was an indignant "Understand!" The other was stopping to see if I knew well what he had said, and I showed, by my manner of saying yes, that I was out of patience with his distrust. Such an "Understand," given in that *brusque* manner, is not exactly very civil: but I really can't help it—one gets at last out of patience with such floundering."

‘ And will the other, think you, understand that his questions and slowness put you out of patience ? ’

"No doubt of that. I knew he understood the way I answered him, and was sulky about it, for his manner changed directly. In the way I said "I understand," was ~~a~~ pressed besides, "Of course I understand! Do get on, can't you, and don't stop to ask such foolish questions!" That is what we call an indignant "understand!"'

All this interested me much; and we talked on, now about a favourite author lying on the table, now of this, thing, now of that, only interrupted occasionally by the click-click of the mahogany case, that, like a something ended with life, was calling its attendant to come to it, and take heed. But while there, as one in presence of some demoniac thing, the telegraph exercised a sort of spell over me; and I always recurred to it, much as our conversation on other matters would have pleased me at any other time.

' You must not leave the telegraph for a moment?' I observed. ' There must be always some one here to watch it, and be in readiness?'

"Yes; I or my brother remain here always. We take it by turns. Night and day he or I am here. He is gone to-day some miles off; so I have taken his watch for him. I was on duty before; to-night, therefore, will be the third night I have been up!"

'It must be very fatiguing for you; besides, you cannot venture to ~~doze~~ a little, lest something should happen.'

"Through I were to do so, if the wires began to move, I should awake directly. I cannot tell you *how* or *why* it is, but if there is ~~the~~ slightest tremor, I am sensible of it at once. Whether I hear it or feel it, I do not exactly know; but I am sensible that they are moving!"

"By intense watchfulness, by constant companionship with that animate yet lifeless thing, a sort of sympathy, or magnetic influence—call it what you will—may exist between you and it," I observed.

'It may be so,' he replied; 'but really I cannot say. The strain of attention that occupation with the telegraph produces is very great. While reading off the communications just given, your mind is on the stretch. The intentness of observation with which you must follow the needles in their movements is very fatiguing. There is nothing hardly that demands such minute attention; for a slight mistake, and you lose the thread of the meaning, and this directly causes delay. Besides which, you get confused.'

'This constant state of excitement must, I should think, at last make itself felt. It would be highly interesting to observe the influence it would exercise. Now, in yourself, have you?' I asked, 'remarked that any change has taken place since you have been occupied with the telegraph—that you are more irritable and excitable than before—or that the constant tension in which the faculties are kept has at all affected you?'

"I think it has made me more excitable than I was before. It certainly has an effect upon the nerves. The vibration of the needles, for example, I should hear much farther-off than you would—so far, indeed, that you would think it scarcely credible."

'Besides the constant attention and the night-watching, I have no doubt that the incessant, quick, uncertain motion of the needles, backwards and forwards, and from side to side—that constant tremulousness which you are obliged to observe and to follow so closely—must tend to irritate.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I daresay it is so. At night, however, one is seldom interrupted. To-night morning the foreign mails arrive, and then the despatches for the newspapers have to be transmitted. This takes about a couple of hours or more close, uninterrupted work. When a correspondence continues thus long without a break, it is very tiring for the mind. As soon as it is over, all has to be written down in a book: this is the most uninteresting part of our occupation. Every message, important or not, is entered in a journal, and then, from time to time,* the accounts and money received are sent in, and the journals at the different offices compared, to see that all is right. All this is tiresome enough, but it must be done.'

'In this way you hear all the foreign news before any one else. When the first morning edition appears, to you it is already stale. I wonder, though, that persons who have anything secret and important to transmit, should like to trust their secret to two individuals wholly unknown to them.'

'Oh, there is no fear of our divulging anything,' he replied. 'Get something out of an electric-telegraph clerk if you can! Besides, we are forced to the strictest secrecy; bound, too, in a good round sum of money,† which we must deposit as security. There is nothing to be got out of us, I can assure you. It would never do if it were otherwise; for often matters of very great importance are forwarded in this way, and the confidence placed in us must be entire, and our secrecy above even suspicion.'

He afterwards showed me his dwelling. Close to the office was a sitting-room, and opposite this the kitchen, &c. Above stairs were the bed-rooms; and though all was on a small scale, the arrangements were as comfortable as one could wish. I observed this to my new acquaintance, and that all was neat and well planned.

'Yes,' he answered, 'it is so. The company have not been sparing in making us comfortable. All is as nice as we could desire it to be. It is really very necessary, however, that it should be so; for, being obliged to be always here ready and on the watch, one could hardly do without these little comforts. My brother and I are happy enough together.'

'I should think,' I observed, 'the employment must have much in it that is pleasant—a charm peculiar to itself?'

'You are right,' he said, 'at first it possessed an indescribable charm. There was something mysterious about it; and it was with a strange feeling, unlike anything I had ever known, that I used to find myself holding converse with others far off, and watching, as it were, their countenances in the dial-plate. But the novelty over, all this died away; and though I still like the employment, it is no longer invested with its original charm.'

'Were you long in learning to work?' I inquired.

'Not very long—it is not so difficult; but it takes a long time before you are able to read the communications sent to you. That is to say, quickly and easily. The speed with which a message is conveyed depends much on the person receiving it; for, if he is quick and clever, he will understand what the words are before they are spelled to the end; and so, meeting the other, as it were, half-way, the communication is carried on with great rapidity.'

Here the hammer of the alarum, which, before

we went into the other room, had been set, began making a tremendous noise.

'Ha!' said I, 'some one is about to speak with you.'

We went to the door of the little parlour, and looked into the office at the needles. They were moving backwards and forwards with their usual tick-click.

'Is it for you?' I asked.

'Yes,' he replied; 'so many times to the right, and so many times to the left, that signifies — station.'

'What is it about?' I inquired, as I watched the two needles, which, by their different movements over the small segment of a circle, expressed everything.

'It's about the down-train to-morrow. We are to send up some carriages.'

'And where is it from?'

'From the chief station in town.'

The needles soon moved again.

'Is it still the people in London who are speaking?'

'No: now it is the — station.'

I now had an opportunity of seeing how quickly my companion read the movements of the needles. Instantly came the jerk, running 'I understand,' again and again at quickly-repeated intervals. Once there was an unusual movement, and I afterwards inquired what it meant.

'It meant,' he replied, '"Say that once more." I could not make out what was said; and, just as I imagined, the other clerks had made a mistake.'

Now came the answer; and it was astonishing how quickly it was delivered. As one's words pour out of the mouth in speaking, so here they were poured forth by handfuls. How the needles rushed backwards and forwards, then halted! now came a quick shake, and then off they dashed to the side with a bold decided swing! There was no hesitation here. Rattle, rattle, rattle; right, left, right: on it went without a pause; and soon the people at — had got their answer from the snug little parlour at the — station.

The evening had closed in, and there I still sat over the fire. A fire—a coal-fire in an English grate has a wonderful attraction for an Englishman who has been a long time from his old home. This was the case with myself; and therefore it was, I suppose, that I hung about the hearth as one does about a spot that is fraught with pleasant recollections. It was quiet, and cheerful, and cozy. Presently the clicking noise was heard again.

'Ah, ah! it is from the — station,' said my companion, rising. 'It is a friend of mine who is speaking,' he continued. 'He wants to know if I shall come up next Sunday or not. "I—don't—think—I shall,"' he said, repeating the words he was expressing by the wires. 'He asks me if "I am alone." "No—a friend—is—here—with—me,"'

'I am glad you have somebody with you, and are not alone, for it is most confoundedly dull,' came back in reply.

'Almost every evening,' said my companion, 'we have a little chat before night comes on. He does not like being alone, so he talks with me.'

'Who have you got with you?' asked the friend so lonesome at the — station.

'No—one—you—know'—was the answer.

'I tell you what,' I said, laughing, 'I'll give him a riddle. Ask him, from me, "When did Adam first use a walking-stick?"'

'When Eve presented him with a little Cain (cane) came back as reply almost directly.

'Confound the fellow!' I exclaimed; 'I am sure he knew it before; and we both laughed heartily.'

'Confound—the—fellow—I'm—sure—he—knew—it—before'—repeated my companion by means of the wires.

'Look at the needles,' I said; 'how they are moving!'

* Every month, I believe.

† If I remember rightly, £500.

'Yes, he is laughing,' he replied; 'that means laughing! He is laughing heartily!'

'Shake! shake! shake! shake! We laughed too in return by telegraph, just as we were then doing in reality. Another hearty laugh came back, with a 'Good-night!' We wished 'Good-night' in return, and our bit of chat was over.

And soon after, bidding my friend a good-night too, I left him to pass the long hours till morning in companionship with that wonderful thing, which, though lifeless, was so sensitive, and though inanimate, could yet make itself heard by him who was appointed its watcher; its low yet audible vibrations being as the pulsations of a heart that at intervals, by its faint beating, gives signs of vitality.

A NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

ALTHOUGH romantic fiction is the most universally popular of all the numerous departments of art, there seems to be a widely-spread conspiracy abroad to keep it down to a mere mercenary trade. It receives no fostering but in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence—and even this, it is said, to a very niggardly amount in these last days; and if at any time a critic ventures to measure it by the rules of his craft, and to regard the work under consideration as a whole, he is immediately met by an outcry from the publishers. These gentlemen—taking them of course as a body, and without minding the exceptions—appear to derive but little mental profit from the materials in which they deal. Their notion is, that to develop the story of a novel, in order to examine its artistical merits, is a kind of robbery: they would have the *critic* present to the public some beautiful bricks as a specimen of the building, but by no means analyse its nature and proportions. They think that two or three descriptive columns will damage irreparably their two or three volumes: for who will care to send for the book to the library when he already knows how the plot is concocted, and that the heroine is married after all? It is true the great standard works, of which edition after edition comes pouring from the press, are well known to everybody both in their story and characters; but unless the novels of the season contain mystery to attract the curiosity—they will not sell.

It would be easy to show that even as regards the mere fact this is quite erroneous. The plot of a novel which excites any attention at all, is publicly known and commented on within a few days after publication; and the book is not read the less on that account, but the more. We do not go to the theatre to find out the dénouement of a play, but to derive pleasure from the skill with which a known dénouement is brought out. We have all, even the most ignorant, an intuitive feeling that the story of the comedy is a work of art subjected to our criticism; and our silent comments, our tears, our laughter, or our clapping of hands, are all tokens that we understand the privileges and duties of our office.

But the notion we allude to is far worse than a mistake, for it shows the utter indifference that prevails respecting the advancement of the beautiful department of art in question. The publishers desire their novels to sell on the instant of publication, before their real merits or demerits are known, and they look upon those therefore as enemies who deprive them of the supposed advantage of mystery. When the season is over, a work of the kind has no more odour to their senses than a primrose after spring. They are quite satisfied if the crop has been successful, and look to a new crop for next season. The analogies of the other departments of literature are lost upon them, and romantic fiction

is to remain a mere toy of fashion—a mere pastime of mental indolence, *in secula seculorum*.

The majority of reviewers on *their* part are very ready to take the cue from the publishers, partly because the latter supply them with books, and partly because the plan imposed upon them is far easier than a comprehensive criticism. They have too much knowledge and recollection to believe in a fallacy which would throw down romantic fiction from its place in high art; but the fallacy is convenient, and to uphold it prudent, and thus we find many persons who have assumed the name of critics closing their series of extracts from a popular novel with the declaration, that they would consider it unfair to unveil the mystery of the plot! Under such patronage, it is no wonder that novels of the season rarely deserve any other fate than to die and be forgotten when the season is over. Once in an age a genius like Scott may appear to fulfil the conditions of art by mere inspiration, unable to describe or comprehend the process by which he works; but to form a school of cultivation, and thus elevate the department to its true place in literature, is impossible under present circumstances. Great writers must go on as heretofore, lavishing their powers each on a single province—some acquiring a reputation in design, some in character, some in moral colouring, some in material colouring—but none achieving or even attempting a work of high art; and small writers, who cannot boast of distinction as regards anything in particular, must be satisfied, as usual, with being included in the chit-chat of a month, and receiving the congratulations of their acquaintances as the authors of a novel of the season.

As a type of the individuals on whom this injustice falls heaviest, we take the author of '*Olive*.'* We dealt with her work of last year with a careful though unsparing hand; because, with all its faults, we saw in it the germs of something noble. This young woman, enveloped in the anonymous veil, rising in the midst of the clamorous crowd of the metropolis to give the world a touch of her quality, appeared to us to be distinguished by a feeling of art which we looked for in vain among the great majority of her more experienced competitors. She appeared to have expended some thought upon the work she had undertaken; to have considered it as a thing to be compounded of various and harmonious parts, and not as a mere vehicle for display in some province peculiarly her own; to have looked upon it as an essay in art which—with an author's presumption, but hiding her face as a woman—she was about to hang up in the great gallery of literature for public inspection as a picture, as a whole. This fixed our attention upon the artist, and although '*The Ogilvies*' passed away, as a matter of course, with the season, we were curious to know what she would do next. She has done just what we hoped. '*Olive*' is not an aspiration, but a performance: it is a work of art, with not a few shortcomings, and even deformities, but still a work of art; and notwithstanding the low and mercenary feelings that surround her like an atmosphere in the business of literature, and the depravity in which she must live of all bold and generous sympathies, we are entitled, from the growing principle of vitality we discern in her creations, to indulge the dream that they will by and by, in spite of the evil influences of the time, cease to be reckoned as novels of the season, or novels of the generation.

We presume to term '*Olive*' a work of art, because of the unity of purpose, and subordination of parts to the general effect, which are distinctly visible throughout: a condition recognised as imperative in all other departments of art—in music, painting, sculpture, architecture—as well as in romantic fiction. The heroine, in whom is embodied the author's thought, is

* *Olive*, a Novel, by the Author of '*The Ogilvies*.' 8 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

a portrait of woman, an exponent of the functions, beauty, and power of the sex, completely irrespective of material circumstances. But here the fixedness of the author's idea, the earnestness of her zeal in its development, even while proclaiming her a true artist, leads her into a transgression of the rules of art. Olive, in order that she may owe nothing to external, in order that the divorce between moral and physical beauty may be complete, is *deformed*: a manifest error, for art is careful not to degrade nature. She might have been ungraceful; she might have been plain to excess; she might have been pale to sickliness; but the moment the line of ordinary, natural symmetry is broken, she is removed out of the circle of our *poetical* sympathies, to which she can only be restored—if restored at all—by slow and painful efforts. The author, as she proceeded in her task, became conscious of this; for the deformity diminishes as the young girl grows older, as the time approaches when her spiritual charms are to awaken human love; and towards the close of the narrative, it is alluded to rarely and slightly as something that had better be forgotten.

But this defect is only recognised to be such at the period of life we have alluded to; before then, it is productive of many striking and beautiful effects, which the critic may regret were not brought out in a more legitimate manner, but which the general reader accepts without question. Olive's mother is a weak beauty, who dotes on her scarcely less weak and equally beautiful husband, and looks upon the child, when it comes, as the future peacemaker between her and the haughty family in which she is a hitherto unacknowledged intruder. In her imagination it is to have a something of Angus's likeness and something of her own; or, in other words, the baby is to be the beau ideal of a child, and the scene in which the terrible truth is disclosed to the young mother by the nurse and doctor is finely wrought. This is the conclusion:—

"She shall be christened after our English fashion, doctor, and her name shall be Olive. What do you think of her now? Is she growing prettier?"

The doctor bowed a smiling assent, and walked to the window. Thither Elspie followed him.

"Ye maun tell her the truth—I daurna. Ye will?" and she clutched his arm with eager anxiety. "An' oh, for Godsake, say it safty, kindly! Think o' the puir mither."

He shook her off with an uneasy look. He had never felt in a more disagreeable position.

Mrs Rothesay called him back again. "I think, doctor, her features are improving. She will certainly be a beauty. I should break my heart if she were not. And what would Angus say? Come; what are you and Elspie talking ~~about~~ so mysteriously?"

"My dear madam—hem!" began Dr Johnson. "I do hope—indeed I am sure—your child will be a good child, and a great comfort to both her parents."

"Certainly; but how grave you are about it."

"I have a painful duty—a very painful duty," he replied; but Elspie pushed him aside.

"Ye're just a fule, man! Ye'll kill her. Say your say at ance!"

The young mother turned deadly pale. "Say what, Elspie? What is he going to tell me? Angus?"

"No, no, my darlin' leddy; your husband's safe;" and Elspie flung herself on her knees beside the chair. "But the bairnie—dinnae fear, for it's the will o' God, and a' for gude, nae doubt—the sweet wee bairnie is."

"Is, I grieve to say it, deformed!" added Dr Johnson.

The poor mother gazed incredulously on him, on the nurse, and lastly on the sleeping child. Then, without a word, she fell back, and fainted in Elspie's arms.

This child is born during the father's absence; and when he at length returns, the weak mother is filled with shame and terror as the moment approaches when she must present to him his first-born. The presentation is the ground of a quarrel. The weak Mrs Rothesay had deceived her husband throughout as to the deformity; and in reproaching her with the *lie*, his masculine weakness has some occupation which renders the blow less stunning. Love, confidence, respect between the wedded pair, are at an end, or at least at the beginning of the end; and Olive, neglected by both, and left to the impulses of her heart and genius, acted upon by the external forms and teaching voices of nature in the solitude in which they lived, grows up a gentle, thoughtful, loving, melancholy child.

The deformed child was *felt* in this disappointed family; she was almost the sole tie between father and mother. Little Olive was growing almost a woman now, but she was called "little Olive" still. She retained her diminutive stature, together with her girlish dress, but her face wore, as ever, its look of premature age. And as she sat between her father and mother, now helping the one in her delicate fancy-work, now arranging the lamp for the other's reading, continually in request by both, or, when left quiet for a minute, watching both with anxious earnestness, there was quite enough in Olive's manner to show that she had entered on a woman's life of care, and had not learned a woman's wisdom one day too soon. Captain Rothesay's temper becomes harsh and peremptory; the estrangement between him and his wife increases; and the announcement of his ruin produces a scene in which Olive acts as the good angel. "This night—and not for the first time either—the little maiden of fifteen might have been seen acting with the energy and self-possession of a woman, soothing her mother's hysterical sufferings, smoothing her pillow, and finally watching by her until she fell asleep. Then Olive crept down stairs, and knocked at her father's study door. He said, "Come in," in a dull, subdued tone. She entered, and saw him sitting, his head on his hand, jaded and exhausted, leaning over the last embers of the fire, which had gone out without his noticing it. . . . The father turned round again, and looked into his daughter's eyes. Perhaps he read there a spirit equal to and not unlike his own—a nature calm, resolute, clear-sighted; the strong will and decision of a man united to the tenderness of a woman. From that hour father and daughter understood one another."

Olive at length comes into society. She mixes with the young, the fair, and the happy, and has an instinctive consciousness that she is different from all. She fancies that she is merely not beautiful, and the thought is painful, for Olive is an artist by nature, and a born worshipper of beauty. She goes to a ball, and no one leads her out to the dance—no one but her lonely friend Sara. Surely there is something more that causes this distinction? Some words of a conversation fell upon her ear that painfully aroused her curiosity: the question is asked, and is carefully, tenderly, caressingly answered—but still answered, and Olive knows that she is deformed.

The effect upon the gentle but firm-minded girl is to withdraw still more her thoughts from herself, and to devote her affections and sympathies to others. The father, who had spurned the deformed infant, now falls gradually under her tender sway, and the intemperate habits into which his misery drives him are awed and repressed by the meek looks of his daughter. She is the mother of her weak mother, whom she habitually terms 'darling,' as she counsels, guides, and impels her. At her father's death, the orphan girl is the protector of the widow; and passing away from the scenes hallowed by duty and affliction, they seek together a new abiding-place upon the earth.

They are now in the environs of London, tenanting

the house of a painter and his sister—two characters drawn with masterly power. "He was a most extraordinary-looking man," was Mr Vanbrugh. Olive had, indeed, delicately called him "not handsome," for you probably would not see an uglier man twice in a lifetime. Gigantic and unattractive in height, and coarse in feature, he certainly was the very antipodes of his own exquisite creations. His attention is attracted by the still beautiful widow—not as a woman, but as a form made to be painted. "Madam," said he, "I want a Grecian head. Yours just suits me. Will you oblige me by sitting?" And then adding, as a soothing and flattering encouragement, "It is for my great work—my 'Alcestis'—one of a series of six pictures which I hope to finish one day!" He tossed back his long iron-gray hair, and his eyes, lighted with wild genius, scanned curiously the gentle creature, whom he had hitherto noticed only with the usual civilities of an acquaintanceship consequent on some months' residence in the same house. In this house Olive sees the development of a principle which had existed within her from infancy: she becomes a painter; and with her first earnings she pays a debt of her deceased father, which is destined to have an important effect upon her own fortunes. Then came the total deprivation of Mrs Rothesay's sight; but so gradually, that it caused no despondency; and the more helpless she grew, the closer she was clasped by those supporting arms of filial love, which softened all pain, supplied all need, and were to her instead of strength, youth, eyesight! But they are happy in the midst of all—even cheerful; for cheerfulness, originally foreign to Olive's nature, had sprung up there—one of those heart-flowers which love, passing by, sows according as they are needed, until they bloom as though indigenous to the soil. To hear Miss Rothesay laugh, as she was laughing just now, you would have thought she was the merriest creature in the world, and had been so all her life. Moreover, from this blithe laugh, as well as from her happy face, you might have taken her for a young maiden of nineteen, instead of a woman of six-and-twenty, which she really was. But with some natures, after youth's first sufferings are passed, life's dial seems to run backward.

Vanbrugh at length determined to reprove to Italy, and on the occasion he made a proposal to Olive which startled and astonished her. This man, whose enthusiasm had inspired her with a delight almost like terror, for it made her shudder and tremble as though within her own poor frame was that Pythian effluence, felt, not understood—the spirit of Genius: this man proposed to make his scholar his wife.

"Miss Rothesay," said he, "I wish to talk to you as to a sensible and noble woman (there are such I know, and such I believe you to be). I also speak as to one like myself—a true follower of our divine art, who to that one great aim would bend all life's purposes, as I have done."

"He paused a moment, and seeing that no answer came, continued—

"All these years you have been my pupil, and have become necessary to me and to my art. To part with you is impossible; it would change all my plans and hopes. There is but one way to prevent this. You are a woman: I cannot take you for my son, but I can take you for—my wife!"

"Utterly astounded, Olive listened like one in a dream. "Your wife—I—your wife!" was all she murmured.

"Yes!" he cried, still not changing the firm, grave, dignified tone in which he had spoken. "I ask you—not for my own sake, but for that of our noble art. I am a man long past my youth—perhaps even a stern, rude man. I cannot give you love, but I can give you glory. Living, I can make of you such an artist as no woman ever was before; dying, I can bequeath to you

the immortality of my fame. Answer me—is this nothing?"

On Olive's refusal, he looks at her with a stern, cold pride, but no passion:—

"As you will—as you will. I thought you a great-souled kindred genius; I find you a mere woman. Jest on the old fool with his gray hairs—go and wed some young, gay!"

"Look upon me!" said Olive, with a mournful meaning in her tone; "is such a one as I likely to marry?"

"I have spoken ill," said Vanbrugh in a touched and humbled voice. "Nature has mocked us both: we ought to deal gently with one another. Forgive me, Olive!"

This is not the only offer of marriage Olive has. When she is verging towards the scarcely poetical age of thirty, she is addressed by a handsome and wealthy young man, over whom she has exercised a kind of fascination ever since his boyhood. Olive is still more surprised than by the former declaration. She cannot at first comprehend him:—

"Forgive me," she said. "All this is so strange; you cannot really mean it. It is utterly impossible that you can love me. I am old compared with you; I have no beauty; nay, even more than that"—Here she paused, and her colour sensitively rose.

"I know what you would say," quickly added the young man; "but I think nothing of it—nothing! To me you are, as I said, like an angel. I have come here to-day on purpose to tell you so—to ask you to share my riches, and teach me to deserve them. Dearest Miss Rothesay, listen to me, and be my wife!"

While destined to disappoint others, she is herself—this deformed girl—the victim of a love attachment which consumes her for years. And here the author has carried to excess that principle of contrast which rules in the sister art, and which may be seen by everybody in the pictures of Turner. Harold Gwynne, cold, stern, almost repulsive in manner, a clergyman, and yet conscientiously an infidel, is the object of Olive's hopeless passion. He has no attraction but beauty, and that aspect of lofty and lonely virtue which formed the charm of the ancient sages, ere human wisdom was warmed and enlightened by a religion which throws the sunlight of heaven upon the human character. This is the man whom the soft, loving, genial, pious Olive has singled from the world, and towards whom she has felt a kind of mystical gravitation even from the moment when her first earnings were devoted to the repayment of a debt of honour contracted to his family by her father. We cannot praise the sentimental conversion of the infidel priest, or the prudence which, without any conceivable necessity, thus tamps with holy things in the pages of a novel; but such matters admitted, there are both grace and power exhibited in the gradual approach of two beings so different, till their whole natures are blended and molten into one.

It is not external circumstances that keep them asunder, and form the embroil of the story, but internal misgivings. Olive condemns as fantastic and absurd the wild hope that every boy and then springs up in her woman's heart, the hope of things impossible—to her; and Harold, already past his youth, and conscious of no loveable qualities, is fortified by pride, and the stern resolve of his character, against the evidence of tokens that would have been only too obvious to a meeker spirit. This is not unnatural, even considering the relative circumstances of the pair; for the moment a man loves, all material inequalities vanish, and his mistress—were she a peasant girl—is raised from the common earth, and stands upon a pedestal.

The death of her mother increases her loneliness; and the addresses of another suitor, young and wealthy,

to whom she had appeared an angel from the dreams of his very boyhood, may be supposed to have relieved her from the haunting sense of her own incapability of inspiring passion. But as she advanced in self-confidence, the object of her idolatrous attachment grew greater and nobler. Never did any woman think less of herself than Olive Rothesay; yet as she stood twisting up her beautiful hair, she felt glad that it was beautiful. Once she thought of what Marion had told her about some one saying she was "like a dove." Who said it? Not Harold—that was impossible. Arranging her dress, she looked a moment, with half-mourning curiosity, at the pale, small face reflected in the mirror.

"Ah no! there is no beauty in me. Even did he care for me, I could give him nothing but my poor, lowly woman's heart. I can give him that still. There is something sweet and holy in pouring round him this invisible flood of love. It must bring some blessing on him yet; and despite all I suffer, the very act of loving is blessedness to me!"

As a specimen of the self-torture this shrinking sensitiveness inflicts, we give the following conclusion to one of their conversations:—

"But," said Harold, his voice hoarse and trembling, "what if they should live on thus for years, and never marry. What if he should die?"

"Die!"

"Yes. If so, far better that he should never have spoken—that his secret should go down with him to the grave."

"What! you mean that he should die, and she never know that he loved her! Oh, Heaven! what misery could equal that!"

As Olive spoke, the tears sprang into her eyes, and, utterly subdued, she stood still and let them flow.

Harold, too, seemed strangely moved, but only for a moment. Then he said, very softly and quietly, "Miss Rothesay, you speak like one who feels every word. These are things we learn in but one school. Tell me, as a friend, who night and day prays for your happiness, are you not speaking from your own heart? You love, or you have loved?"

For a moment Olive's senses seemed to reel. But his eyes were upon her—those truthful, truth-searching eyes. "Must I look in his face and tell him a lie?" was her half-frenzied thought. "I cannot, I cannot! And he will never, never know!"

She bowed her head, and answered in a low, heart-broken murmur, one word—"Yes!"

"And with a woman like you, to love once is to love for evermore?"

Again Olive bent her head speechlessly—and that was all. There was a sound as of crushed leaves, and those with which Harold had been playing fell scattered on the ground. He gave no other sign of emotion or sympathy."

But all this is in due time at an end. Some accident always occurs—a storm, a shipwreck, a fire, a fall: anything will do (and novel-writers, knowing that originality is now out of the question, take anything that comes to hand) to break asunder the chains of conventionalism, and give speech to the heart, soul, senses. In this case Harold speaks from a bed of almost fatal sickness, and speaks briefly:—"There was a brief silence, and then Olive, gliding from her seat, knelt beside the couch where Harold lay. She tried to speak—she tried to tell him the story of her one great love, so hopeless, yet so faithful—so passionate, yet so dumb. But she could utter nothing save the heart-bursting cry—"Harold! Harold!" And therein he learned all.

The last picture, contained in the last lines of the book, is this:—

"They walked on a long way, even climbing to the summit of the Braid Hills. The night was coming on fast—the stormy night of early winter—for the wind had risen, and swept howling over the heathery ridge.

"But I have my plaid here, and you will not mind the cold, my lassie—Scottish born," said Harold to his wife. And in his own cheek, now brown with health, rose the fresh mountain-blood, while the bold mountain-spirit shone in his fearless eyes. No marvel that Olive, stealing beside him, looked with pride to her noble husband, and thought that not in the whole world was there such another man!

"I glory in the wind," cried Harold, tossing back his head, and shaking his wavy hair, something lion-like. "It makes me strong and bold. I love to meet it, to wrestle with it; to feel myself in spirit and in frame, stern to resist, daring to achieve, as a man should feel!"

"And on her part Olive, with her clinging sweetness, her upward gaze, was a type of true woman. But Harold did not bend his look upon her; he was just then in the mood when a great man needs no human intervention—not even a wife's—between him and the aspirations which fill his soul.

"I think," he cried, "that there is a full, rich life before me yet. I will go forth and rejoice therein; and if misfortune come, I will meet it—thus!"

He planted his foot firmly on the ground, lifted his proud head, and looked out fearlessly with his majestic eyes.

"And I," said Olive, "thus!"

She stole her two little cold hands under his plaid, laid her head upon them, close to his heart, and, smiling, nestled there.

"And the loud, fierce wind swept by, but it harmed not them, thus warm and safe in love. So they stood, true man and woman, husband and wife, ready to go through the world without fear, trusting in each other, and looking up to Heaven to guide their way."

The reader will perceive that he has here the story of a Model Woman, not owing her power to superficial or sensuous attractions, but to the high, holy, and yet simple character of her mind and affections. This is what we have called a work of art; and we think we have in some sort justified ourselves in so doing, although compelled to omit even the names of several of the most interesting and important personages in the piece. But still our sketch is more of the nature than of the plan of the work, and the reader will have to fancy the thousand natural incidents that form the links of a narrative which he will perhaps consent, with surprise and regret at the necessity, to term a Novel of the Season.

INFLUENCE.

We have been impressed with a remark which we recently met in the published correspondence of Bishop Shirley; namely, 'The view of life which deepens on my mind daily is, that its very essence is influence; the nature and degree of our influence on others is the measure of our own existence, and power intellectual or spiritual,' and have been led by it into a train of cogitation as to what influence is, and on what it may be deemed founded.

It might be generalising matters too much to describe mankind as divided into the two classes of those who lead, and those who are led; and yet if we look around, we shall discover such to be in a great measure the case; the exceptions, namely, of such as are unsusceptible of influence one way or the other, commonly pertaining to individuals of neutral character. We deem the preceding axiom of the worthy bishop's, or the right reverend divine's, or at least the remark that follows,* to lean perhaps too hardly on the class of those who are the recipients, not the directors, of the

* See 'Memoirs of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man,' p. 316.

propelling power in question; for they may be persons of worth nevertheless, and have a mission of usefulness in their own way to fulfil.

A curious subject of speculation might at the outset be started, as to whether men or women have in general had most influence, and which have most ambitiously aspired to obtain it?—a question which at all events, as regards the history of private life in opposition to the great political arena of public events, we should be inclined to decide in favour of the female sex. But from what does influence itself spring? We desire to analyse the principle on which rests the ascendancy of mind over mind.

The most commonly adopted theory is that which has been transmitted to us in the well-known reply of Leonore de Galigni, who observed that 'she had used no other sorcery than that influence which a strong mind will ever have over a weak one'; and a corresponding declaration might have been made by the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough as to the nature of the control she exercised over the weak-minded Anne. This is resounding influence on its highest grounds. Decision of character is in fact the greatest moral lever that can be wielded: it clears a way for itself amidst opposition, and it is wonderful to see how feebler minds fall back, and instinctively give place to the master-spirit. The highest order of minds, we contend, are not subject to be thus acted upon. Possessed in themselves of those grand elements of quick penetration, firmness of purpose, and promptitude in action, which are so useful in steering one's passage through life, they are all-sufficient to manage the helm themselves, and need not to repose on the guidance of others.

We deem that the question of mental ascendancy has been too uniformly disposed of on the preceding hypothesis, or, as in common parlance, the phrase goes—the secret of all management is deemed to consist in great 'cleverness' on the one hand; the inference—frequently a false one—being, that the other party must necessarily be 'weak.'

It strikes us that other influences, not so readily taken into account, may be as often at work as this so frequently-practised doctrine of 'a strong mind,' &c.: the principle of all apparently being, the consciousness of some deficiency in ourselves, and the perception of an abundant supply of it in another, we involuntarily seek to imbibe by contact, and, as it were, strengthen a weak part.

This may serve in a great degree to account for the likings of the unlike.* We are both apt to ascribe a high value to gifts which we do not ourselves possess, and also in daily life will be found instinctively to cherish those who in any way conduce to our comfort or amusement. From this root of self-love, then, so inherent in the human breast, springs the influence which a mere capacity even to entertain will often give one individual over another. The dull or the weary man will make high account of him (or her) who shall succeed in pleasantly beguiling the passing hour; and such being the ability possessed by the young by reason of their good spirits—by the well-informed or witty who can daily strike out novelties in thought—nay, by the simply garrulous, who can always furnish small-talk—it is not strange that in the passive seasons of declining life especially, we should so often find that some favourite grandchild or companion, of 'even domestic, wholly obtains 'the ear,' as it is termed, of the person with whom they live.

This principle, which will be found to pervade mankind from the court to the cottage, forms a solution to the remarkable ascendancy which Madame de Maintenon, when no longer young, acquired over Louis XIV. When this monarch (who, by the way, is represented by the Duchess of Orleans in her 'Mémoirs') to have

been singularly deficient in conversational talent) found himself at that age when 'the voice of singing men and singing women' no longer delights, and *blasé* with a long life of self-indulgence, it was an invaluable relief to him to be able to command the hourly association of an agreeable woman. Of Madame de Maintenon it might be said, as it was of an English lady of rank nearly her contemporary,* that 'she was able to converse on every subject, from the *shearing* of silk to predestination'; but beside her colloquial powers, 'she exercised over the half-penitent, half-superstitious monarch a degree of spiritual control which formed in itself a separate ingredient of influence. She it was who urged him to acts of persecuting intolerance to his Protestant subjects as a fancied expiation for the sins of his past life; thus with the one hand administering opiates to lull his conscience, while with the other she presented cordials to revive his drooping spirits.

When we find history presenting us with a catalogue of names, male and female, of those who have figured as favourites to sovereigns, apparently without any adequate desert of their own, we conceive that the theory in question will afford a clue to the mystery. They supplied them with ideas, they enlivened the passing hour; though the peculiar talents which enabled them to do so have not of course been transmitted to us. Suffice it to know, that the effect was felt at the time. And such peculiar adaptation to the disposition of their royal masters was no doubt more the instrument by which Wolsey and the two Buckinghams worked their way at court, than by any question of abstract talent. The portrait transmitted to us of the first unfortunate duke of that name, favours our view by showing how exactly he, with his ardent, frank, daring nature, was suited to fill up the *hiatus*, as it were, in the character of the cautious, proud, and somewhat melancholy monarch; consequently the latter was soon led implicitly to lean on him. Again, in speaking of the sprightliness and elegant address of the queen, D'Israeli says—'Charles admired in Henrietta those personal graces which he himself wanted.' † &c. and the influence of this favourite wife has been generally received as matter of history. Yet in neither of these cases do we conceive there to have been any mental superiority in the parties exercising influence; and Charles, though not a strong-minded man *par excellence*, still hardly deserves to be called a weak one.

There is an ascendancy, we may sometimes observe to exist, even where decision of character and talent are all on one side; namely, that of an imperturbably calm temper over a rash and violent one. If the reader's observation corresponds with ours, he will, we think, find corroboration of this remark in many a domestic circle around—only modifying the idea of passion to what may be termed *impetuosity* of temperament—and it will be found not unfrequently to exist in wedded life, where the one party, raised perhaps from obscure origin, brings nothing but worth and sweetness of temper to the possessor of worldly advantages, fine genius, and an irascible disposition. Here, again, let us take the common and now well-travelled road of history. To what was the influence exercised over Peter the Great by his humbly-born wife attributable? To the uniform placidity of her temper, while his own was furious: in this all historians concur. Indeed, apart from the self-possession which Catherine displayed in the affair of Pruth, we search in vain for any records of greatness of soul, or specific ability in any way that the empress possessed; and even her personal charms—an endowment that so often yields sway *per se*—have never been insisted on. Madame de Maintenon, alluded to above, is likewise known to have been a remarkably even-tempered woman, and

* See No. 132 of this Journal.

* Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.
† 'Curiosities of Literature,' Charles I. and II. Henrietta.

the same well-wearing guplicy was a leading feature in the character of the celebrated Countess of Suffolk, who in the last century was so conspicuously distinguished as the favourite both of her royal master and mistress.

We believe that good temper, or at least the semblance of it, is essential in the long-run to the maintenance of female influence; the exceptions being where that influence, begun under particular circumstances, is continued, from force of habit, until a period when the yoke, though felt to be grievous, nevertheless cannot be shaken off. We have already adverted to the Duchess of Marlborough. Now her lively spirits, as *Sarah Jennings*, was in early life the precise quality suited as an antidote to her royal mistress's insanity. Anne needed in her young days rather to be excited than rocked to repose; but when, at a later period, the tyrannical rule of the favourite occasioned her downfall, we find her place supplied by the *good-tempered* Mrs Masham, whose ready obsequiousness was better adapted to soothe declining years, as well as to minister to that love of the 'divine right' which to the last formed such a strong ingredient in the character of this last of the Stuarts.

There is a moral ascendancy founded simply on conviction of worth, and which commends itself to our appreciation by unswerving integrity, by recognition of attachment to our best interests. This was the noble sway which the *virtuous* Sully held over the counsels of Henry IV. of France; and such was the nature of that holy spell which Fenelon cast about his pupil, when he attained over him an influence as remarkable as ever he depicted his own Mentor to have done over Telemachus.

In fine, influence, derivable from whatever source—and we have seen how the qualities of the head and the heart may be severally tributary—may be summarily defined, as to its effect, as a habit of making a certain individual our involuntary referee on every occasion, and deeming that his or her judgment must be 'the proper thing' by which to abide. And let it be added, that much frequently depends on the *prestige* that such individual bears about him: it is not always that our friend is *pre-eminently* clever, or judicious, or faithful, but 'tis 'our thinking makes it so.' In connection with this, let the force of habit be borne in mind: it is next to impossible to disabuse our minds as to the merits of a person who has long been the object of our regard, for the indolence of our nature renders us more disposed to abide by impressions already received—even if we begin to have a glimpse of their falsity—than to set out anew in search of truth. Thus influence will be commonly found to maintain its ground until driven out by a *stronger* influence—by one, for instance, in certain cases more adapted to some change in ourselves or our position.

The force of habit, and the prestige of instinctive reverence, combine most naturally—and it is right they should do so—in those whose relationship, &c. have given them, so to speak, an *ex officio* right of control over us. The very names my 'parent,' 'pastor,' 'master,' &c. convey to the ears of the young an impression that from the fiat of these sages there is no appeal, and their presumed superiority of judgment is deemed necessary to stamp propriety on every action. But when the period of pupillage is past, and the expanded importance of our position enables us successfully to resist any prolonged attempt at dictatorship, we become impatient at having others to think for us. Then it is that for parents or guardians, who would retain a moral influence over their young people after the right to coerce has passed away, it will be found of the last importance that their own disposition and abilities should be recognised to be of true metal, and bear to be 'weighed in the balance,' not merely deriving fictitious consequence in right of the office

they have filled. Where such is happily the case, the influence of friendship will often supervene to that of authority, and counsel be sought where it can no longer be obtused. It is at the period when young persons are emancipated from direct control that the *interregnum* of influence is most apt to be filled up, and then a friend or wife frequently steps in to assume the post of permanent adviser. If the influence be for good, all is well; but let it ever be borne in recollection, with special reference to the case of the ductile-minded, that the human heart, almost as much as nature, 'abhors a vacuum,' and that the causes which we have endeavoured to trace will, we believe, be found to be of inevitable operation. To deduce from them, in this place, any caution as to the associations we should permit to those for whom we are interested, might seem too trite, and would come more under the department of the moralist than of the physiologist. It would likewise diverge from the immediate point at issue, which has reference to the art of maintaining influence, not to what may be the possible effects of it upon others. Our remarks, as it is, have been too much protracted; and we hasten to conclude them, after having given expression to our own opinion as to what the grand secret is in which all influence may be considered bound up. It is contained in that pithy advice of Lord Chesterfield to his son, 'MAKE YOURSELF WANTED'; and the individual possessing those mental requisites which most immediately tally with our 'wants,' will ever be found to be him who will in time acquire the most influential control over us.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

'LOUISA, my love,' said Mrs Crawford, 'I don't at all like this method of yours, or rather want of method. It shows a sad fickle disposition never to finish what you have begun, but invariably to leave it for something new. Where are the slippers you were working for papa, and which you were so anxious to finish by Christmas-Eve?'

'In the chiffonniere, mamma. There is plenty of time. I have only the grounding to complete.'

'Then those warm winter mitts you began for Aunt Townsend. She would be very glad of them this frosty weather. You have had them in hand, I think, for more than a month.'

Louisa looked annoyed. 'I mean to finish them, mamma; but I am quite tired of hearing of them. I think you need not be so very particular. I only just want to do this new pattern of a courette before Emily Lawson leaves us.'

'I should not mind about it, Louisa, if this were a solitary instance. But I see the disposition perpetually manifested. If you suffer it to grow upon you, my dear, you will never do anything well. Then look at the waste of material! There are three or four unfinished pieces of rugwork of yours at this moment, thrust into different corners out of the way, faded and dirty from having lain about on chairs and sofas; and which I do not believe you will ever finish.'

Louisa, whose temper was by no means perfect, made a somewhat abrupt reply; and her mother, seeing that no further good could then be done with her, ceased to speak, and soon after left the room.

The courette took up much more time than the little girl had calculated upon—so much, that Emily Lawson was obliged to return home before she had seen her pupil safe through the intricacies of the pattern. But she left behind what she considered plain directions for its continuance and completion; which, however, proved so little intelligible without the personal superintendence of the instructor, that Louisa, after many fruitless trials, gave up the attempt in despair; and the unfortunate crocheted-work was con-

signed, like many of its predecessors, to the oblivion of some work-table or chiffonnier.

It was now the Thursday before Christmas-Eve, which fell on a Monday. Louisa's brothers and sisters had all nearly prepared their little presents for each other and for papa and mamma, which were to be hung, labelled with the names of the persons for whom they were intended, to the grand Christmas Tree that was then to be exhibited. Louisa, less fortunate than they, was working in desperation at the only present she was at all likely to complete—the pair of slippers for papa.

‘Louisa,’ her mamma called from her little bedroom, ‘come here before you do any more work, and arrange your drawers. I cannot allow you to leave them in such disorder.’

Louisa muttered an impatient exclamation, and obeyed; but in so hasty and passionate a manner, that her mamma remarked it, and desired her to be more gentle in her movements.

‘There is no occasion to hurry, Louisa. You know that I do not like you to fuss about, as if you had all the business of the house upon your shoulders.’

‘But I shall never have finished my slippers, mamma.’

‘That is your own fault, my love. I told you what would be the consequence of your persisting in working at that couvrette.’

Louisa went discontentedly back again to her slippers, muttering to herself as she did so, ‘I wish mamma would not be so neat. She might let me alone just till I had finished my present. How I do hate neatness and order!’

The Monday morning arrived, a joyful time to the little Crawfords, for every other occupation was laid aside that they might deck the Christmas Tree. A young fir-tree had been cut down for the purpose, and placed in a gaily-painted tub half filled with earth. Among the branches were numerous tiny tapers, fastened there ready for lighting at the time of exhibition. The children now, under the direction of their mamma, proceeded to hang oranges and apples by strings to some of the boughs, and to fasten among them bon-bons, gilded crackers, figs, bunches of raisins, and other such trifles. Then came the disposition of presents, chiefly their own handiwork, in conspicuous parts of the tree; and at this period of the proceedings mamma was requested to retire.

‘Where is Louisa?’ said little Emmeline. ‘We want her present to hang up.’

‘I will go and look for her,’ said James. ‘I am afraid she is in trouble. She was crying this morning; and when I asked what was the matter, she would not speak to me.’

Poor Louisa was sitting in a corner of the library, labouring at the grounding of the unfortunate slippers, the canvas on which she was working being so fine, that she could not, by the utmost exertion, advance more than one square in an hour. The tears were running down her face, dropping on the gay colours of the Berlin wool, and obstructing her gaze, so that she could scarcely see the stitches she wished to form.

‘Dear Loo!’ exclaimed her brother, running up to her, and throwing his arms round her neck, ‘what is the matter? Are you ill? Is any one angry with you?’

Louisa wept more bitterly than before, and turned away from her would-be consoler. But James took her face gently between both his hands, and made her turn it towards him again, and drop the covering pocket-handkerchief.

‘Come, dear Louisa, tell me, and I shall perhaps be able to help you?’

‘No, my dear James,’ sobbed the distressed child, ‘you cannot help me. It is quite hopeless. I wish—I wish I had attended to what mamma said.’

‘What is it, dear? Is it this work? You have only a little bit of this toe to finish.’

‘That little bit, dear James, will take—Oh, so long! I shall not be in time with it, if I work every minute of the day. There will be no present of mine on the Christmas Tree.’

‘Is that all, Louisa? We will soon manage that,’ said James cheerfully. ‘Say nothing about it. Wait until I come back, and I will soon supply you with a present or two for the Christmas Tree.’

He was hastening away, but Louisa stopped him. ‘No, brother,’ she said firmly; ‘I will not be so mean as to take the credit of any present that is not really my own. It is my own fault delaying so long, and I will patiently bear the mortification I deserve.’

James remonstrated, but it was of no use. Louisa dried her tears. ‘Come,’ said she, ‘the rest will be waiting for us.’

They were all very sorry when they heard the state of the case, and would have given up anything to console their sister. The Christmas Tree was at length complete, and the schoolroom in which it was placed was locked up until the evening.

‘Now, dear papa,’ said Harriet, who was a year older than Louisa, after a great many nods and signs had been exchanged between the children after tea, and James and Emmeline had been quietly in and out of the room several times—‘now, papa, come, if you please.’

Mr. Crawford good-humouredly allowed himself to be half dragged, half pushed by the exulting children into the schoolroom. There, with its dozens of tapers blazing merrily, giving the spiked branches that peculiar tint which they only assume by an artificial light, stood the Christmas Tree. The kind father of course made believe that he was much surprised, though the same thing had occurred to him for the last three years; and the younger children danced about and clapped their hands with delight, as he advanced towards the tree, and examined its decorations.

‘For dear Papa,’ he read on the label of a neat little box that was suspended from one of the principal boughs.

James blushed. He had a mechanical genius, and his father having on the last Christmas-Eve placed a small turning lathe and a neat assortment of tools beneath the shadow of the Christmas Tree, the boy had since made good use of them. His present to his father was a very handy little box, to place on Mr. Crawford’s writing-desk, for the purpose of holding steel pens, odd bits of sealing-wax, and so forth.

The children now began to look a little closer; for while their father pretended to be merely examining the tree, he was in reality feeling in his pockets for various trifles therein deposited; which he quietly placed on the earth inside the tub, as a kind of ornamental barrier round the tree.

‘Stand off! you young rogues,’ he playfully shouted, making a great demonstration of fists and squared elbows; ‘stand off, until I have taken possession of my share of the good things.’

‘Oh, papa! papa is eating all the figs!’ cried one. ‘There goes my great bunch of raisins,’ shouted another. ‘Me some!’ begged little Willie, the youngest. ‘Me, some, papa!’

‘Look here, Emmeline,’ said Mr. Crawford to his wife, who stood by enjoying the scene. ‘Some fairy has procured you the very thing you wanted—a new sheath for your spectacles; and here is a pincushion; and there a bag—all for you.’

‘Come away, papa—naughty papa,’ cried the children, who were tired of remaining inactive spectators. ‘Papa is doing everything.’

Papa was ousted from his prominent position, and then commenced a general distribution of the presents. Even little Willie had been able to contribute. With

his store of saved-up pennies he had walked with Harriet to the town on the previous Saturday, and there bought some pretty trifles for dear papa and mamma.

'Now let us look under the tree,' said mamma, when nothing remained on the branches but the tapers, and a few apples and oranges. 'Louisa, my love, the first present I meet with is labelled with your name.'

'Oh what a pretty box!' said the children. 'What is inside? Let me look.' 'And me.' 'And me.'

'Stop, my dears,' said their mamma; 'Louisa must open it herself.'

But Louisa did not seem in any hurry to move.

'Why don't you come forward to receive your present, my love?' inquired her father. 'It is a crochet and knitting-box, or whatever you call that work you are so fond of. I thought you would like something of the kind.'

Louisa blushed, and the tears stood in her eyes. 'Tell them, James,' she whispered, 'that I can't take it—I have given no present to anybody.'

When Mr Crawford knew how it was, he was very sorry; but he did not reprove Louisa just then, for her own sense of wrong was punishment enough, and he could not bear to see her young sorrowful face on that festive evening. All the children were made happy—each in his or her own way; and then they left the Christmas Tree in its native simplicity, with the remains of one or two dying tapers flickering among its branches.

The next morning was Christmas-Day, and no work was thought of; but the morning after—the children having no lessons that week—Louisa set herself with steady purpose to an undertaking she had planned in her own mind. Her mother coming into the school-room, found her in the midst of pieces of discarded rug and crochet-work, and skeins of knitting and crochet cotton, which she was sorting and folding up with the various pieces of work they were intended to complete.

'Mamma,' she said, rising and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, 'if I finish these, one by one, will you have hope of my amendment?'

'I shall indeed, my darling. By the time the last is completed, I trust you will have formed a habit of perseverance which will stand you in good stead all your life long.'

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—PRESENTS FROM CLIENTS—VEGETATION OF THE PARK—SCENERY OF THE RAINS—LAUNCH OF A STEAMER—CALCUTTA SET-OUT—VENAL MARRIAGES—DOMESTICS.

July 1st.—Still, up to this day, at this pleasant place, where, however, our occupations are too unvaried to furnish much matter for the journal, which has, to confess the truth, been of late somewhat neglected. We walk, ride, or drive when the weather is dry enough to permit us to get out. In the house we read, write, work, draw, or play with the merry children. All our evenings are devoted to music—a tenor and a baritone have come out in the voice department—the basso cannot leave his office just now; but our violoncello and one violin are here, so we are really busy; and, sitting honestly in judgment on one another, we are likely in the end to do our parts well, and get up for our admiring friends a very creditable concert.

4th.—Mr Black's sick partner, who, by the by, has got almost quite well, is an extremely intelligent man. He has been a long time out in India; and from the nature of his intercourse with all varieties of natives, he has had opportunities of judging of them more accurately than many others can have done, for he did not come out young, and he had been well educated at home, belonging to a family of respectability. He tells me he is often amused with the unfortunate impression made upon new arrivals by the result of their first slight and very limited observations. They are apt to

compare all they see with all that they remember; to mistake their own habits for customs necessary to all; to regard a long-cherished notion as an established truth—a law of nature! They make no allowance for the manners of other races, for the difference of climate, constitution, character, usage. He assures me that the people of this country are as happy as—happier than—the bulk of mankind; and that the reason why many of us doubt this, is because we, with our previous experience and turn of mind, could not make ourselves happy with the same very simple means. It was a gentle reproof for my frequent exclamations of pity for naked people fed on pulse, housed in matting, and lying on the ground. On the same principle I might weep that I was not born a princess! He showed me that the poor Hindoo, little as I think of him, is good-humoured, satisfied, content with his own ways, waiting for nothing beyond what he can possess, nor at present capable of enjoying any higher pleasures. And 'contentment being great riches, what more can we wish for him, and why waste compassion where it is not wanted?'

This philosophical conversation was disturbed by the entrance of a box-wahler with the most tempting Dacca muslins, on the display of which the gentlemen one and all fled to the billiard-table.

10th.—I am not sorry, after all, to find myself once more in my beautiful apartment at Chowringhee, even though the quiet life we led at that cool and pleasant bungalow was so much more to my taste than the company doings of this gay house. I was latterly seeing nothing of my husband, for he has really plenty of business. Another barrister has been laid up, and has left all his work to Arthur; and as every one tells me that he is sure now to succeed, we are going to prepare in earnest for our lengthened sojourn here, and we are actually arranging our establishment! We want to get a house in the town, in an airy situation, small, yet large enough to contain the law chambers; so that there being no carriage necessary for the transport of the gentleman, one pair of horses may do for both him and the lady, and we can either ride them or drive them as we like. We are no expense to my brother-in-law here beyond what we two consume in the eating way at his always abundant table, because all our servants are, like his, on board wages, as are all servants here: they all attend on their own masters, relieving the host and his household of every trouble; and if we were not here, some one else would be. That is indeed one reason why we wish to go, for we take up the spare apartment. Besides, we ought to have our own house, in which, as befits a man of business, we mean to live more quietly than we can manage to do here. We talked this all over at the Hive, and settled it, and announced it, and mean to act upon it at the proper time, having only yielded so far to Cary as to promise not to be too easily satisfied with a new lodging. I found a pair of very handsome Cashmere shawls waiting for me here from one of Arthur's successful clients; and a turquoise ring, a charm, I understand, from another. No one has again offered money. It is a system this I cannot like; but being the custom, and these presents not so very costly, I submit. I shall turn one of the shawls into furniture, this being also allowable.

Driving through the park yesterday at Barrackpore, when quitting it, I thought it all looked fresher than ever. The variety of the trees gives such a pretty effect to the scenery, the people and the dark richness of its massive foliage forming so good a background to the airy tamarind, with its light and tender leaf and its flexible branches: then there were clumps of curious bamboo, almost the usefulest of all most bountiful nature's productions to an Indian, combining the strength of a post with the lightness of a tube, and capable, while growing, of being bent or led into any

shape required for after purposes. There is a hedge of bamboo between the park and the road: it makes the best of all fences, growing quite thick at bottom, and carrying up an equal and very impervious barrier for thirty or forty feet as the eye measures. The stems grow quite like our copsewood, a great many from one shoot; and when cut over, they quickly spring again. On the eastern side of India they attain a much larger size than they do here. They are the same species as the cane, but more like a reed, such as one might expect to find in Brobdingnag; in fact this tree is classed with the grasses. The stems are hollow, except at the joints, above which they are constantly cut nearer or farther up the tube, at a proper distance, for different-sized cups or vessels. Houses, carts, utensils, fences, almost everything, is made of this invaluable reed. A plank or other bit of manufactured wood is scarcely ever seen in a native house, except in such as imitate the Europeans. The leaf is long and spiral, growing so luxuriantly, as quite to conceal the formality of the stems, so that when these are allowed to grow up together, the clump has a graceful shape, spreading out at the top like an arbour. The people, at a distance, somewhat resembles the Scotch elm, with the peculiarity I mentioned regarding the trunk—that it looks as if made up of several stems stuck together, of course affording no timber. The tamarind is most like our ash, but much more beautiful. There are one or two banyan-trees in the park by way of specimens, but they are young, and comparatively small; the effect of the shoots descending, with the long fibres attached, which are to take root, and to send up each a new tree, is very curious: they hang all round the parent from every branch like so many pendants. There are also in the park some fine trees of the cedar tribe in appearance, one or two of which show to much advantage in a group of more spreading kinds. Lord Wellesley seems studiously to have avoided planting all such trees as we suppose indigenous to the soil—the palm, the date, the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the mango—which was surely a mistake, as they are some of them beautiful, and all effective when well arranged.

There are a great many varieties of pretty flowering shrubs in the pleasure-grounds near the house, which the rains have brought out into great beauty; and there is a well-laid-out flower garden; but the flowers, to my mind, do not equal the flowering-shrubs. The pomegranate and the oleander always struck me, as the brightest among a bright show. The zoological rarities were few, and made but a poor appearance; so I have no tender recollection of any of these living wonders, saving my one friend among them, the portly elephant, whom we so frequently met in the retired lanes bringing home upon his huge back the load of branches for his supper, piled high behind the little mohant, always perched upon his neck.

12th.—Besides the vivid green, so ornamental to the once bare landscape, we owe to the rainy clouds a deep and varied sky, especially about sunset, such as we never saw during the clear hot weather, unless latterly just before a storm. The river now fills its banks, and makes quite a noble figure; and we still enjoy the luxury of sitting all day with open windows, though here at Chowringhee we lose what much enlivened the view from Tittyghur—the traffic on the Hoogly. Ever since the rains began, never less than from thirty to forty boats were in sight from the Hive, mostly sweeping down to Calcutta with the produce of the up-country. Some of these were very small and picturesque, others clumsy enough; scarcely any of them had decent sails, though all pretended to something of the kind. They are rowed by a greater number of men than one would suppose to be necessary, who do not sit like our boatmen—square to their oars—but incline their bodies sideways, and so lose half the power of their stroke—rowing up by numbers for want of skill, or perhaps

strength. Yet I have seen a heavily-laden boat dragged along by men—towed by them, walking at a good steady pace, without apparent difficulty; the stream, however, was in their favour. In speculating on the extent of this river-traffic, we must recollect that in India there is no land-carriage, except that upon a man's head or a bullock's back: these are no roads admitting of any other. Fancy what railways would do here; the change they would make—the wonders they would work; the ease with which they could be formed where labour is so cheap, and a dead level extends on all sides for hundreds of miles!

13th.—It is decidedly less airy here than it was in the country, but a great deal more airy in this Chowringhee road than it is in Middleton Row, just behind us, where I had to go to pick up a friend this morning, with whom I was to drive to see the launch of a new steamer. We proceeded first to the court-house, to secure Arthur as our attendant, and then we went on to the docks at Garden Reach. A shed had been erected close to the stern of the launch, which we found crowded with people, among whom our Parsee friends were conspicuous. They had, I fancy, something to do with the new vessel—part owners perhaps—at any rate they were in some authority: they came over to us, and conducted us close up to the fine boat, whose hull only had been visible from our first position. At a distance, the vessel looked very gay—we had been admiring her all the way we came—dressed up with flags; her decks crowded with people. The Parsees placed us very well, for the burra bibi, who was to perform the ceremony of the christening, passed close to us, supported on one side by a member of council, and on the other by the native owner, holding in her hands a smartly-decorated bottle of claret, attached by a long string to the launch. The workmen immediately began to cut away the blocks, and in a few moments off sprung the vessel, carrying the bottle with her, which swung against her side as she darted forward, and broke; while a sound, meant to inform us of her name, seemed to issue from the moving lips of the great lady, but was lost in the shouts of the multitude. There is always something exciting in seeing so many people collected together, all intent on one object of interest; but this particular crowd made the more impression upon me, as it was the first deserving of the name I had seen composed of these dark-coloured individuals in all their varieties of costume, and many of them so near to me, that their countenances and their actions were plainly observable. I thought them very still; their voices feeble, compared with the hurra that would have rent the air on a similar occasion in our own country. The only hearty cheer given came from the few Europeans present, and the loudest proceeded from some English sailors belonging to merchantmen in the harbour.

16th.—Arthur has bought a pair of Arab ponies and a little phaeton; a dead bargain, he thinks—cheaper than usual, I believe, for horses are dear here: L.100 the current price for a good riding-horse—L.150 not uncommon. These are less costly than the little equipage we first fell in love with, and not exactly so handsome, but quite good enough to satisfy me. A family going to the Cape were glad to dispose of all their chattels without delay; and as I really believe we shall not keep our health either unless we ride, in a country where, for so great a part of the year we find it impossible to walk, we consider this purchase a necessary part of the stock in trade, like the writing-table, clerk, pens, &c. We rode accordingly last night between two heavy showers, watching our time so well, that we did not catch a drop from either.

18th.—I have just had a visit from my little friend Selina, looking so happy, that I think she must, by some contrivance or other, have heard of the young cavalry officer. I don't believe she has forgotten him, though she is very impenetrable on the subject. We

tried her one day at the *Hive*, quite unintentionally of course. Something was said about a Miss Bayley's marriage. She had displeased her friends by confessing an attachment to a young military man, when they had disposed of her in their own minds to a middle-aged civilian. Nobody could understand her folly. Girls, it seems, don't come out to India to please themselves as to the future companions of their lives, but to assist their families by making such alliances as will benefit a whole sisterhood, the fortunate husband of the docile bride being expected to contribute the funds requisite for the next importation. It sometimes happened in the good old times that he has had to repay to the lady's relations the cost of his own bargain; but this fashion has passed away since rupees have been less plenty among the Company's servants. Poor Miss Bayley is, it seems, the advanced-guard of a considerable connection, sent for by an uncle to aid in the promotion of her train, and despatched by her mother with injunctions to sacrifice every feeling for the one object in view. And she has done so. She is a pretty lively girl, showily, but not well educated; and they exposed her fresh from school to the weariness of a five-months' voyage, under the care of some lady of whom she knew little, and where was a handsome man, her first admirer.

23d.—Some great man dead! the minute-guns are firing—have been firing for half an hour. We were all in much anxiety, fearing that a friend was gone, till word was brought that the mournful event had occurred in another presidency. This was a relief to us, but there would be the grief somewhere, and the sound was saddening. We hear the guns from the Fort very plainly when the air is very still, or when the wind sets this way, or when there is a hush among the busy crowd upon the Moydaun. The evening gun quite startled me lately one very quiet night: and I recollect a lady saying it half killed her with terror one day she was dining with the commandant, it appeared to bellow forth at her elbow.

25th.—We were much alarmed to-day by Caroline fainting twice. We sent at once for the doctor, who seemed to think she had only been over-doing herself a little with all these parties during the rains—seldom a healthy season. He has kept her on her sofa, leaving her some simple prescriptions; and as one can't trust these servants, I sat up with her for fear of any relapse; but she got to sleep early, and she has slept on, and it is now past midnight.

26th.—I could not sleep, for I had gone back in thought to childish days before Cary had seen Edward, when she acted as my governess and my nurse, sitting up with me, don't you remember, in some infantine illness, and so faithfully watching my slow recovery? I went out into the veranda, to walk up and down there a while, throwing a shawl over me, and putting the lamp into a shaded corner. It was very lovely this eastern scene: the clear sky, the stars so brilliant, the moon so full, the white, flat-roofed houses all peopled by gazers like myself, the white pillars of the verandas and the projecting porches shrouded in their screens of luxuriant shrubbery—all calm, and still, and peaceful, but not quiet, for the natives love these clear, cool nights, and the servants were awake, talking gently, and moving silently; and the measured tread of the chokdars, or night-guard, alone sounded above the murmur of the stillness. There are no public watchmen; people are therefore obliged to hire their own guards, as it would be unsafe to leave the premises unprotected.

30th.—Desired *ayah*, just in so many words, to send my carriage (how grand we have become!), at such an hour, to the court-house for her master. I heard her deliver the message to the jemadar, who was of course on the landing, in at least double the number of words received from me. He went to find the *sirdar*, to whom

he preached quite a sermon on this short text; and the *sirdar* decidedly made a lecture and a-half out of it for the coachman. The time occupied among them would have sufficed for the drive. In general, in this house we employ no medium of communication when we have an order to give; but, contrary to all Indian rule, send at once for the actual servant wanted, and tell him shortly what he is to do, otherwise a friend of yours and mine might 'lose a thrifit of timper,' as a merry Irish acquaintance, the tenor of our celebrated and rather delayed concert, would say. How true it is that these little household troubles fret us more than real disasters! It has sometimes been a difficulty to me to avoid anger for what anger would not cure—the indolence and the indifference of the servants. It is very nearly impossible to keep them in order. Their total want of pride in the appearance of the various articles of furniture they have charge of, and the damp of the climate, making rather an extra degree of care necessary, combine to render the task of supervising their occupations a very serious annoyance. Cary, who is active, fond of managing her family, and no great lover of quiet pursuits, has, I believe, pleasure in visiting every hole and corner every day within and without, including the stable department. What indolent I can make of these idle people I really fear to think of!

• THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

December 1850.

We are not all gone demented, though you may find it hard to believe the fact: there are some among us willing to hear, see, and say nothing, and work on hopefully. Our chemical philosophers, working in their laboratories, find the laws of affinities still pursuing their natural course; geologists have met with nothing especially marvellous to disturb their theories of up-heaval and subsidence; and the astronomer-royal has not yet been frightened out of his property by the appearance of any flatulent planet, comet, or nebula, in the field of his telescope. The world still circles where it did.

Among a multiplicity of matters pressing for notice, I am a little puzzled where to begin: perhaps Faraday's discourse delivered before the Royal Society as their Bakerian lecture may be taken as a worthy subject to lead off with—it would not be easy to select one more interesting. You are of course aware that this distinguished philosopher has been for several years pursuing his researches into the magnetic condition of bodies, during which he discovered the prime fact of the existence of a class of diamagnetics as well as magnetics; that is to say, certain substances which are repelled by the poles of a magnet, as well as those which are attracted. He now finds that the constituents of our atmosphere come also within these series: oxygen is attracted, while nitrogen is repelled. The first experiments were performed with bubbles blown in soap-suds, and afterwards bubbles of glass were used, which admit of being charged readily with any sort of gas, and so made available for experiment and inquiry. The result shows that oxygen stands in the same magnetic relation to gaseous bodies generally as iron to the other metals. Well, with these facts as a groundwork, Mr Faraday builds up a most ingenious theory in explanation of the magnetic phenomena daily observed in many different parts of the globe. These consist, as I have more than once explained in your Journal in articles on 'Terrestrial Magnetism,' in certain movements of the magnetic needles, or rather bars, suspended in the observatories at certain hours of the day. At about nine o'clock in the morning they begin a westerly movement, which reaches its maximum at some time in the afternoon, when the bar gradually resumes its former position. These movements, known as the diurnal variations, are greatest in high north or south latitudes, and least in

the tropical and equatorial regions. The cause of them has long been a paramount object of speculation among magneticians; and now, according to Mr Faraday, this cause is discovered.

To understand this, we must remember, that in proportion as iron is heated, so does its magnetism diminish: it is just the same with oxygen—increase of temperature, decrease of magnetism. Then also we are not to forget that the earth is a great magnet, with lines of magnetic force, as Faraday calls them, though other philosophers say they are only lines of direction issuing from one of its poles, and beshrining the temperate and equatorial zones as so many mighty rainbows, until they re-enter at the other pole. At the two extremities they are compressed somewhat closely together, but become more open as they rise high into space. These particulars being understood, we shall have but little difficulty in comprehending how that, when the sun rises, and warms the atmosphere, it immediately causes a change in the magnetic condition of the oxygen, and in the direction of the lines of force. Hence the tension by which the magnet is held in its normal position being weakened, it is left free to swing round towards the west, which is seen to be the case as the sun approaches the meridian. Besides this, which may be taken as the general effect, there are certain phenomena of disturbance occurring at irregular periods, and anomalies of movement dependent on position and climate, all of which are explicable by the theory. Mr Faraday was enabled to show from diagrams of the daily movements of the magnet at Hobart-Town, Toronto, St Helena, and the Cape of Good Hope, that the differences were apparent only, that each and all were under the same law; and in this way he solves another of nature's mysteries, one intimately connected with some of her grandest phenomena and most far-reaching operations.

The process is very simple, and yet how beautifully does it answer all the requirements of the hypothesis! and we may content ourselves by making use of it, as scientific inquirers agree to accept of the undulatory theory of light, until a better shall be discovered. It has been shown that a column of the atmosphere a foot square is equal to 8000 lbs. weight of proto-sulphate of iron; hence the fact of the magnetic condition of oxygen, and its modification under heat, becomes less extraordinary than might on a first view be considered possible.

In the course of his lecture, Mr Faraday mentioned a fact which deserves more than a passing notice. Oxygen, as he says, whenever it is brought into combination with carbonic acid, phosphorus, and other gases, immediately loses its magnetic property. Have we not here a key to the cause of epidemics? Admit that oxygen possesses a protective quality in virtue of its magnetism, and that it loses this when intermixed with miasmatic exhalations from towns or waste lands, would not the opposition assist in accounting for the diseases said to be propagated by atmospheric influence?

The question or fact of the earth's magnetism, as you will have seen, remains unaffected by Mr Faraday's elucidations. He claims only to have explained the cause of the diurnal magnetic phenomena which have been so assiduously observed for some years past. But to have gained an insight into one of nature's workings, is to have seized the clue to many; and, as there is reason to believe, the able philosopher whose lecture I have here sketched is already on the scent of the cause of gravity. May he be spared to realise his expectation! On quitting this part of the subject, it is but fair to mention that Bocquerel, well known as a careful experimentalist, had arrived at some results respecting the magnetism of oxygen, which were published a few months ago in the *Comptes Rendus* of the *Académie des Sciences*. He, however, stopped short of Faraday's application of the fact.

On St Andrew's Day last the Royal Society held their one hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary—to elect a new council and officers for the ensuing year; to hear the Earl of Rosse, their president, deliver an address; to see him give a gold medal to Mr Brodie, son of the famous surgical barge, and to Professor Graham, for their chemical researches, and the Rumford Medal to M. Arago, for his highly-valuable discoveries and treatises on physical optics, and the Copley Medal to P. A. Hansen of Seeberg, near Gotha, for his astronomical labours; and then—they adjourned to dinner. Philosophers must eat as well as ordinary mortals.

The Exhibition is of course a prominent subject of talk; indeed, were it desirable, I could fill three or four columns once a month with the gossip thereupon. The worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, desirous of showing what English modellers and chasers can do, have advertised their intention of giving away £1000 in a score of prizes for the best specimens of their craft in the precious metals. Chances here for somebody! The artificial flower-makers too, mean to show us a touch of their skill: they are preparing a wreath, which is to be stretched the whole length of the building, with garlanded pendentives, arranged so as to present a brilliant *coup-d'œil*. Then an enterprising map-publisher promises us a globe fifty feet in diameter, with all the continents and islands in high relief, and with galleries so disposed, as to enable visitors to view all the four quarters of the world, and the north and south poles to boot. It will be geography-made-easy on a large scale. And from some stony neighbourhood we are to have a huge monolith, to weigh at least twenty tons. Is this to be a *pièce de résistance*? What a pity that we can't have Ben Nevis at once, and cage the old giant over! Besides these curiosities, there will be a host of new inventions and mechanical wonders, such as will astonish unimaginative people. You may judge of anticipated 'remuneration,' to use a word from the pufser's category, from its being said of one of our city confectioners that he offered to purchase the privilege of supplying the refreshments within the transparent edifice for £3000—his offer was not accepted. As the roofing-in goes on, and the time of completion approaches, so does the popular curiosity increase; and the number of gazers in the park and around the building on a Sunday would suffice to people some half-dozen provincial towns. On other days, too, there is no lack of onlookers, including several hundreds of labourers, loitering round the gate in hope of being hired. Some of these poor fellows have walked up to town from great distances in the country, fancying that work and wages were to be had for the asking. It would amuse you to stand near while the dinner-bell rings, and see the army of workmen file out from the interior. If the weather be at all favourable, they bivouac in groups under the trees, or in nooks and corners, and so dine in public—the neighbourhood being as yet deficient in eating-houses. Thus, as you perceive, the building has already a history, which, interesting in the present, will become still more so in future. The Society of Arts are to hold one of their ordinary meetings in it at the end of this month.

Some of our artists and students in aesthetics are desirous that the Exhibition should be made the means of creating and diffusing correct ideas and principles on matters of taste wherein we prosy islanders are said to be singularly barren. Our costume, they say, admits of being greatly improved in style and material, and made more picturesque and varied without any sacrifice of comfort or convenience. They will find many ready to co-operate with them in a reform of raiment; and if they can only succeed in devising a graceful and easy substitute for our present ugly and oppressive hat, what a relief will they not afford to the masculine heads of all civilised communities! *Nil desperandum!*

Cheap gas and good water 'still continue' to be talked about. We have realised the one, and are in a fair way to obtain the other. The project of supplying the metropolis from the rain-fall on an extensive catching-ground is not yet abandoned. A recent exploration of the district which comprises several of 'Surrey's pleasant hills' has made us acquainted with an additional and inexhaustible source of the pure element in a number of perennial springs of remarkably soft and limpid water. Thus the objection that rain would be too uncertain a supply is got rid of. It would be a grand benefit could the new service be made available before May next, as one of the stipulations on the part of the Exhibition Commissioners is, that the providers of refreshments shall furnish filtered water free of cost to all who may require it within the building. Under the circumstances, we must hope that our present companies will lay on unstinted streams.

You will be pleased to hear that there is a prospect of the new park at Battersea becoming ere long a thing of form and proportions. The celebrated Red House, so dear to Cockney pigeon-shooters, has been purchased by government, together with such portions of territory as to them seemed meet, from which a suspension-bridge is to be stretched across to the Chelsea shore, so as to afford ready means of access to what will doubtless become a popular recreation-ground. Such an overgrown capital as ours is cannot well have too many breathing spaces. Besides the Battersea project, there is talk of a new entrance to St James's Park; of ventilation of the law courts at Westminster by means of a jet of steam; of the educational institutes rising up in various parts of the land. Free libraries and museums at Manchester, Liverpool, and Kidderminster; an atheneum at Bury; and schools in benighted districts. The rector of St James's has established a lending library for the use of his poorer parishioners. It is open one evening in the week for the issue and reception of books; the charge for reading is a half-penny per volume, and already such results have been manifested as show that this additional attempt to diffuse enlightenment is worthily appreciated. The Industrial School too, lately erected near Amerly, on the Croydon Railway, is regarded as a hopeful means of improvement. As it is the combined work of some five or six poor-law unions, we shall now have an opportunity of seeing whether any permanently-practical endeavour can be made for the effectual reclamations and humanising of pauper children. The establishment affords accommodation for six hundred boys, in apartments well warmed and ventilated, and provided with the essentials of in-door and out-door instruction. There is a covered play-ground, a farm-yard, and seven acres of land laid out as garden-ground, whereby such occupation will be furnished to the lads as will make them more useful in the world than slavish bands of oakum-pickers can ever hope to be.

A few items more, selected from a hundred. One of our electricians promises to exhibit by and by a model of a globe, made to rotate by currents of electricity circulating round it; some pianoforte makers are fitting coloured glass keys to their instruments, instead of the black and white bone which have so long been in use; reclamation of land is going on in the west as well as in the east—250 acres have just been conquered from the sea at Youghall; the railway returns throughout the kingdom, from January to September of the present year, amounted to £9,525,707, being one and a-quarter millions more than in the same period of 1849: and it is said that the number of passengers conveyed during the past year was more than double of the whole population, Ireland excepted. What will it be next year? There is comfort for timid sailors in the recent invention, by Mr Cunningham of the Royal Navy, of a means of reefing topsails from the deck. According to the

descriptions, 'the sail reefs itself, and from the time the yard is lowered, it is close-reefed in two seconds. The reefs may be again shaken out, and the topsail at the masthead in twenty seconds. It is well known to officers that many a reef is kept in during the night, and, in consequence, the vessel's progress is retarded, on account of a disinclination to send men aloft, more particularly if the weather be wet. But with this admirable contrivance sail can be taken in, and again made, in a short space of time, without sending a man aloft. It must manifestly save much anxiety, and do away with the risk of losing men off the yards when reefing in bad weather, more particularly in cold latitudes, off Cape Horn, &c.' The colonising expedition, which I told you some time ago had sailed for the Auckland Islands to establish a southern whale-fishery, has arrived safely, and taken possession. Seventy New Zealanders, already located there, have been indemnified for their cattle and clearings, and the two chiefs sworn in as constables. A bed of cockles, seven acres in extent, and as good as oysters, has been discovered, as well as timber-trees fit for building purposes, pigs and wildfowl, plenty of cabbages, and grass all the year round. Here are elements of prosperity, if wisely taken advantage of. M. Ferdinand Lemaître, a Frenchman, has submitted to the Académie a project for an 'aerostatic bridge' from Dover to Calais; another proposes the formation of 'a universal sanitary congress, to arrest and destroy the cause of cholera,' and others have come forward with a scheme to establish 150 telegraph offices throughout Paris and the suburbs, for the transmission of messages to all quarters—the communications to be kept up by connecting the various stations with one central office, where clerks would be in attendance to put the signalling parties into rapport.

KING OF STORKS.

There has been shot near Bedford, in the neighbourhood of Hawnes, that rare and valuable bird the *lanner falco lanarius*, the king of storks. It weighs two pounds and a quarter, near four feet in the stretch of its wings, and twenty inches length of body. This highly-prized and valuable bird is said by Montayne to fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Colonel Thornton, an expert falconer, estimates the flight of this bird in pursuit of a snipe to have been nine miles in eleven minutes, without including the frequent turnings. Audubon, in his 'Birds of America,' states that he has seen the falcon come at the report of a gun, and carry off teal, not thirty steps distant from the sportsman who killed it, with a daring assurance as surprising as unexpected. It has been presented to, and is now in, the collection of Mr Mantel of Bedford.—*Zoologist.*

DECLINE OF THE STAGE.

Managers at all times have had recourse to strange, out-of-the-way expedients to excite the flagging zeal of the public, and draw the million to the theatre. Hence the introduction of horses, elephants, lions, dogs, and even monkeys. But it is not fair to lay the whole blame of this on the ill-starred speculator, who must pay his salaries on Saturday, and whose natural good taste often revolts against the course necessity compels him to adopt. If legitimate talent ceases to attract, it is something to find even a Belgian giant, or a General Tom Thumb, to retreat on and supply the deficiency. Who in his senses would lay out a large sum on a vapid spectacle, if the sterling ore of Shakespeare or Sheridan maintained its current value? Many able writers and ardent lovers of the stage have thought differently, and have penned eloquent essays to show that the managers deprecate the national taste, that the decline of the stage is entirely owing to their obtuseness, that they pander to a depraved appetite, and that the public never fail to crowd the theatre when truth, passion, and nature are placed

before them. Alas ! all this sounds well in theory, but reduce it to practice, and the sandy basis of the opinion soon shows itself. For a time, indeed, the premises may be borne out by the conclusion, but the insatiate thirst after variety wearies even of perfection itself. The manager who tries to lead or reform the public will gain the honours of martyrdom long before he accomplishes his object.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

ENGRAVING ON TILES.

Ezekiel mentions that he was commanded by the Spirit to take a tile, and engrave on it a representation of the city of Jerusalem besieged by her enemies, and invested on every side (chap. iv. 1—3). ‘We may observe,’ says an able commentator on this text, ‘that God often suits prophetic types and figures to the genius and education of the prophets themselves. So the figures which Amos makes use of are generally taken from such observations as are proper to the employment of a shepherd or a husbandman. Ezekiel had a peculiar talent for architecture, so several representations are suitable to that profession. And they that suppose the emblems here made use of to be below the dignity of the prophetic office, may as well accuse Archimedes of folly for making lines in the dust.’ Nor did our own incomparable Matthew Henry understand the allusion better than those objectors. He observes, ‘It was Jerusalem’s honour, that while she kept her integrity, God had engraven her upon the palm of his hands; but now the faithful city had fallen aside, a worthless, brittle tile or brick is thought good enough to portray it on.’ Ingenious and beautiful as this antithesis unquestionably is, yet it is not true, for the prophet employed the material then commonly in use for public records. Had that unostentatiously-learned and most able commentator possessed the advantages which modern expositors enjoy, resulting from the extensive researches of travellers in Assyria, he would have known that the Assyrians engraved inscriptions and devices upon tiles, bricks, and cylinders of clay, while yet in a plastic state, and which, afterwards being baked in a furnace, faithfully retained the impression, without the loss of a single character, for centuries. Undesigned coincidences like this must assure us that this book of prophecy is both genuine and authentic.—*Blackburn’s Nineveh.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen or sixteen. The average age of cats is fifteen years; of a squirrel or hare, seven or eight years; and a rabbit seven years. Elephants have been known to have lived to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—‘Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun.’ This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to fifty. A horse has been known to live to the age of seventy-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. An eagle died at Vienna of the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years; pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live much above 190 years.—*Zoologist.*

GROG-SHOPS FOR WOMEN.

A respectable New York paper asserts that there are certain secret places in this city furnished in the most gorgeous style, and patronised almost exclusively by women of wealth and fashion, who go there first for ice-creams, &c. then for claret, champagne, brandy, mint juleps, sherry cobblers, and brandy slings. ‘This is no fancy sketch; there are at this moment scores of women of the first rank in society who have become inveterate drinkers at these places.’—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Born suckled on one mother’s breast,
Both nursed upon one mother’s knee,
Both by one father fondly pressed,
Who, proud to see his fruitful tree
Bearing twin blossoms passing fair,
Felt himself rich beyond compare.

And busy cheek was pressed to cheek,
And chubby arm lay locked in arm,
When, ‘neath their mother’s eye so meek,
They lay in love’s embraces warm;
And none except that watchful mother
Could tell the one child from the other.

Time passed—one was a wily boy
Robust of health, of stature tall;
The other wore a forehead high,
Of weakly frame, of stature small;
Their parents felt the double woe,
But bent with patience to the blow.

One was a dwarf, and one a fool:
How powerless each without his brother!
Yet when they plodding went to school,
How well the one could aid the other!
The dwarf was dux, the o’ergrown boy
Was king of every game and ploy.

Throughout the opening scenes of youth
They passed by all, admired and loved;
By mutual love and mutual truth
The strength of twainly bond was proved;
Mighty, invincible, combined,
Who shall divide whom God hath joined?

The high-browed youth toiled day and night,
The book to him a glorious sun,
Dispelling by its genial light
All doubtings vague, all shadows dun;
And in that furnace fire was wrought
One ingot pure of freeborn thought.

And where good heads were wanted, and
When mighty hearts were throbbing wild,
What spirit held supreme command
But his, that high-browed sickly child?
Who’d vowed to set his country free—
Who led her on to victory!

That strong-thewed brother, where is he?—
On in the van amid the brave:
A freeman ‘mong the dauntless free,
He found a hero’s glorious grave;
And by his patriot brother’s side
The hero fought, the hero died.

The combat o’er, the battle won,
All shout their mighty leader’s praise;
The loving twin, the duteous son,
The soul which lit the patriot blaze;
Alas! his heart’s best blood is shed—
He shares his brother’s gory bed!

Their birth was one, their death was one;
Clasped in each other’s arms they lay;
Their love was proved, their work was done,
They passed from life and time away;
And from their daisied graves there grew
A stately pine and weeping yew.

December 1860.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 367. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1851.

PRICE 1*½*d.

STATE BURDENS ON LITERATURE.

We are accustomed to rejoice in having a free press in this country. And in one great and important sense it is free. The state, nevertheless, imposes restrictions upon literature, the force of which is far beyond what even the state itself is conscious of. These literary trammels are fastened by the gentle hand of the excise-man, and are overlooked as only part of that general evil which consists in the necessity of raising a revenue. So insidious is the bondage, that we have even heard individuals, and these well informed in most things, expressing their belief that it is no bondage at all.

If an author has to advertise a new work, he pays one-and-sixpence to the government for permission to do so. Well, what is one-and-sixpence? A very small sum standing by itself; but then, unluckily, there is a multitude of journals in which the advertisement must appear, if the author or publisher would wish to have the whole public informed on the subject. It is also necessary to repeat the advertisement in some of the principal journals several times. If this be considered, it will be easy to see how soon five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds may be given to the state as permission to make known the publication of a single book.* When it is further considered that only a small proportion of the books published pay the expenses of paper and print, it will be seen that a publisher, advertising all his books alike, and very naturally laying on those which pay the losses of those which do not, will have a pretty large sum to reckon as the advertisement-duty burden upon his most successful productions.

Take the matter in another way. The number of advertisements of new books which appear each day in the *Times* is at an average about a hundred. In other four morning newspapers, the number on the day pitched out at random for the inquiry was a hundred and fifty. Assuming that this latter number is also an average, the total number *per diem* in five morning newspapers alone is two hundred and fifty. It therefore appears that the literature of this country pays £18. 15s. to the government every morning for permission to make itself known through only about the one-hundredth part of our journals! This is £5850 a year. The literary advertisements in the *Advertiser* are computed to yield £500 a year of duty. The returns from the other literary journals, and the newspapers which have a partially-literary character, are on

a similar scale of importance.* If to these we add the masses of literary advertisements under the covers of magazines and reviews, it will scarcely appear an unreasonable estimate that this class of notices pays in all £12,000 a year, being a little more than double what is tolerably well ascertained to be exigible through the five morning papers.

Think of this profession—a profession proverbially as stinted in its remunerations as it is brilliant in its results—taxed in £18. 15s. a day through only five of the journals! Think of so large a sum as £12,000 being even surmised as the annual amount of the tax which the literary men of this country pay for leave to toil in the business of amusing, instructing, and refining their fellow-citizens! A gentleman exposes his life in penetrating to some unfrequented region, and if he has the good fortune to return home, he writes an account of his travels for the information of his countrymen. This man, with no sordid objects in view, desirous only of extending the domains of knowledge, must pay a tax before he can be permitted to confer an obligation upon his kind. A learned student or experimentalist shuns delights, and lives laborious days, that he may be able to add some new truth to the brilliant stock already in existence, that so man may be the sooner able to comprehend the ways of God in the world, and accommodate his life to rational and happiness-conferring principles. If this man has to give his new truths in the form of a book, he must make up his mind to paying a certain number of one-and-sixpences. The most eloquent soul-stirring address on some public interest of the highest importance has to submit to tax before it can reach, in a book form, those whom its author proposes to benefit. A vast proportion of the books which appear in the world are the composition of a proverbially poor and struggling class, who endeavour by such means to make a livelihood, often while training themselves for higher efforts in behalf of their species. The poorest garretter of them all is taxed for permission to labour in that sad field. Our government, we believe, spends a few hundreds a year in pensions to literary men, and is by no means sure that it is doing quite a right thing in thus using the public money. But it has no hesitation in grinding twelve thousand a year, in this particular way, off the face of the literary fraternity generally. On the whole, it takes care not to encourage too much the making of books.

But the books published in this country pay another and severer tax. The paper employed is excised in the rate of fourteen guineas a ton, being about a fifth of the selling price of most papers used for printing. This being somewhat under seven farthings a pound weight, an ordinary octavo volume pays as tax but a small proportion of its selling price; and hence the burden is thought by

* Not many years ago, when somewhat greater reliance was placed upon the effect of advertising than now, £100 was understood to be the average cost of advertising a novel. In such a case, the burden of advertisement duty would be above the highest rate stated.

many to be a light one. Even though it were light, the question might be asked, Shall we tax the vehicle in which the glorious illumination of knowledge is to be spread abroad? The government itself is sensible that, however light, it must operate repressingly on the dissemination of books, for it expressly exempts the Bible from paper-duty, on an understanding that the circulation of the sacred volume may be thereby promoted. In reality, the difference between four and five in the price of the chief material of books, must operate considerably on the selling price of all of them, seeing that, to cover risk, and remunerate outlay, this original charge must be increased in no small degree to the purchaser. If we reflect, moreover, that the paper-duty on unsaleable book-stock must be charged on what is saleable before the trade of the publisher can be a thriving one, we shall find that, even on the highest class of books, the burden is not light. It is, however, on the great mass of cheap reprints, and cheap original works and periodicals, that the paper-duty tells most severely. Mr. Charles Knight, by his *Penny Cyclopaedia*, conferred a great benefit on the mass of the people of this country, but made nothing by it for himself. The work paid directly in paper-duty £16,500, but was burdened indirectly through that means to the extent, as he calculated, of £29,000. If even the smaller of these sums had remained with the publisher, his enterprise would have been splendidly remunerated. The *Miscellany of Tracts* of Messrs. Chambers—one of the most popular periodicals ever started—was given up when it had extended to twenty volumes. The publishers saw some advantages in limiting the work to this magnitude; but, if its circulation of 80,000 copies had been sufficiently remunerative to compensate for the labour attendant on the publication, it would have been carried on, and might have accomplished a still greater amount of good. Now this little work, at the time of its conclusion, had paid upwards of £5000 of paper-duty. Had that sum remained with the publishers, the profit would have been more than sufficient to induce them to go on with the publication. It may be said, why not take something equivalent from the quantity of paper and print? Because, in that case, the attraction of the cheapness would have been diminished, and the sale would accordingly have been restricted, perhaps to a point equally destructive of remuneration. The quantity of paper used annually in the office of Messrs. Chambers pays above £3000 to the state. 'That is to say,' as one of the firm lately remarked on a public occasion, 'we struggle, by means of infinite mechanical appliances, and by the highest available intellectual and moral resources, to aid in the education of the people of this country; and the state, which has never yet gone heartily into this duty itself, steps forward and imposes a burden of three thousand a year upon our exertions!' The publishing business has for some years past been rapidly going into the system of large transactions and small profits—the perfection of trade—and consequently the shade of price constituted by the paper-duties becomes always more and more telling on the business itself. Cases like those of Messrs. Knight and Chambers are peculiarly striking; but the same truth holds good in greater or less degree over all those large departments of business in which school-books and popular literature generally are concerned. A remission of paper-duties might not in every case secure a reduction of price in works already in progress; but it might tell there in allowing better materials to be used, and in affording a higher scale of remuneration to authors. All future works would of course proceed on calculations in which a duty-free paper would be an element.

The paper-duty is far from being inconsiderable in its effect upon newspapers. In the *Times* it is £16,000 a year. An English provincial newspaper, which is

the advocate of every truly liberal measure, and which spares no labour, and scarcely any cost, in making itself 'a good bargain' to its purchasers, pays about £1000 a year in paper-duty. This is a mere shade upon the single copy; but the profit of the proprietors is only a shade also, and this thousand pounds would raise their concern from a somewhat bare to an amply-remunerative one. The poorest country prints would save from £80 to £100 a year by a remission of the paper-duty, and this is a saving which would prove an immense encouragement to many of those small but useful concerns. We have in this country hardly any idea of the convenience of an untaxed press. A newspaper is with us so dear, in consequence of its taxes, that only rich people can afford one for themselves. Possibly the nineteen-twentieths go through a succession of hands, pass from town to country, and from country to town, in order that the expense may be defrayed or justified by the multitude of readers. The trouble thus occasioned is very great, and of course for a fifth or sixth reader the news are likely to be somewhat stale. The American has the *New York Herald* every ordinary day of the week for about a penny; and there are similar daily papers in almost every town of the Union which has 3000 inhabitants. The convenience of the cheap press is precisely the same as that of the cheap post. It is one of the things necessary in a community to complete the condition of a high organization. The comparative numbers circulated by the untaxed press of foreign countries is comparative to post-office returns since the Rowland Hill revolution. The publishers of the *New York Herald* have a circulation far beyond the *Times*. Proceeding at the rate it does, they expect it to be 100,000 in a very few years, besides a back-sale of equal amount per week, or 700,000 per week in all. The paper used for the *Herald* would in this country be taxed to the amount of £48,000 a year—a sum probably much exceeding the whole expenses required for obtaining intelligence for a first-rate London daily journal. A light tax indeed! It might be a trifle in the days of the printing-press; but in those of the printing-machine it is certainly so no longer.

The general apathy on, or ignorance of, the State Burdens on the Press, forms a remarkable illustration of the insidious nature of indirect taxation. Men childishly grumble at direct assessment—an honest, downright tax, perhaps of no unreasonable amount. To a far heavier impost, which assumes the base disguise of a part of the price of some article they are daily using, they submit with the patience of doves. This impost may press upon some of the springs of industry; it may check the noble economy of insurance, or discourage the community in moral courses of still greater importance. No matter—it avoids the unpleasant appearance or name of a tax, and may therefore remain. An enormous expense for collecting, and a frightful amount of demoralisation through smuggling, are part of the sacrifice which the public makes for the puerile satisfaction of not being taxed directly. Unhappy John Bull, not to know that, in whatever way the money goes out of thy pocket, it is so much abstracted from thy resources—so much the less in thy balance-sheet at the end of the year! It is not uncommon to hear some one of the twenty-eight millions mostly fools, one of their favourite writers pleasantly calls them, remarking that it is of no use taking off a tax from an article of ordinary consumption; because, when the leather-tax was reduced, nobody got his shoes sensibly cheaper. Can any one prove to us that the public was shod better or so well with a heavy tax upon the requisite materials? Grant

* These facts are from a short vigorous pamphlet, entitled, 'A Letter to Lord John Russell, from a Paper-maker.' Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1850.

it were but a penny upon a pair of shoes, the twenty-eight millions will undoubtedly pay this penny, and when the tax is taken off, they will get their shoes either so much cheaper, or, what is the same thing, so much better. One way or another, competition must bring the money to their side of the account.

We are sensible of going somewhat out of our ordinary path in thus advertizing to fiscal matters; but we trust to be excused for a little freedom on account of the great cause in which we speak. The Printing Machine is now the great instructor of this nation. Freedom to write, speak, and publish, is the highest boast of our state. The masses need knowledge for their right guidance, and the few are interested in giving it to them, lest in ignorance they misuse their power. But who can adequately describe on any space of paper the vast interests which depend on the diffusion of the productions of the press throughout the land? Shall a let be suffered to remain on this mighty and most serviceable engine, merely for the sake of a few hundred thousands of revenue? Forbid it every guardian genius to whom Britain has ever looked for protection, for guidance, or for help!

R. C.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

THE LAST TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PUSS IN BOOTS,'
'CINDERELLA,' 'LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD,' &c.

ONCE upon a time, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was born Charles Perrault. We pass over his boyhood and youth to the period when, after having long filled the situation of Commissioner of Public Buildings, he fell into disgrace with his patron, the prime minister Colbert, and was obliged to resign his situation. Fortunately he had not been unmindful of prudential economy during the days of prosperity, and had made some little savings, on which he retired to a small house in the Rue St Jacques, and devoted himself to the education of his children.

About this time he composed his fairy tales. He himself attached little literary importance to productions destined to be handed down to posterity, ever fresh and ever new. He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for the evening's amusement. Thus were produced in their turn 'Cinderella,' 'Little Red Riding-Hood,' 'Blue Beard,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Riquet with the Tuft,' and many other wondrous tales which men now, forsooth, pretend to call fictions. Charles Lamb knew better. He was once looking for books for a friend's child, and when the bookseller, seeing him turn from shelves loaded with Mrs Trimmer and Miss Edgeworth, offered him modern tales of fay and genii, as substitutes for his old favourites, he exclaimed, 'These are not my own true fairy tales!'

When surrounded by his grandchildren, Perrault related to them the stories he had formerly invented for his children. One evening, after having repeated for the seventh or eighth time the clever tricks of 'Puss in Boots,' Mary, a pretty little girl of seven years of age, climbed up on her grandfather's knee, and giving him a kiss, put her little dimpled hands into the curly hair of the old man's large wig.

'Grandpapa,' said she, 'why don't you make beautiful stories for us as you used to do for papa and my uncles?'

'Yes,' exclaimed the other children, 'dear grandpapa, you must make a story entirely for ourselves.'

Charles Perrault smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in the smile. 'Ah, dear children,' said he, 'it is very long since I wrote a fairy tale, and I am not as young as I was then. You see I require a stick to enable me to get along, and am bent almost double, and can walk but very very slowly. My eyes are so dim, I can hardly distinguish your little merry faces; my ear can hardly catch the sound of your voices; nor is my mind what it was. My imagination has lost its vigour and freshness; memory itself has nearly deserted

me; but I love you dearly, and like to give you pleasure. However, I doubt if my poor bald head could now make a fairy tale for you, so I will tell you one which I heard so often from my mother that I think I can repeat it word for word.'

The children joyfully gathered around the old man, who passed his hands for a moment across his wrinkled brow, and began his story as follows:—

My mother and your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linendraper, who, at the time I speak of, had been residing for three years in the Rue des Bourdonnais, close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening, having gone alone to vespers at the church of St Eustace, as she was hastening home to her mother, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying her, she heard a great noise at the top of the street, and looking up, saw an immense mob hurrying along, shouting and hooting. As they were then in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, Madeline in alarm hurried towards the house, and having opened the door by a latch-key, was turning to close it, when she was startled on seeing behind her a woman wrapped in a black mantle holding two children by the hand. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop, exclaiming, 'In the name of all you hold most dear, save me! Hide me and my children in some corner of your house! However helpless and unfortunate I may appear at this moment, doubt not my power to prove my gratitude to you.'

'I should want no reward for helping the distressed,' said Madeline, deeply touched by the mother's agony; 'but poor protection can this house afford against a brutal mob.' The stranger cast a hurried and tearful glance around; when, suddenly uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye upon part of the floor almost concealed by the shop counter, and rushing to the spot, exclaimed, 'I have it!—I have it!' As she spoke, she lifted a trap-door contrived in the floor, opening on a stone staircase which led to a subterranean passage; and snatching up her children in her arms, darted down into the gulf, leaving my mother stupefied with astonishment. But the cries of the mob, who had by this time reached the shop, and were clamorously demanding admittance, roused her; and quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father, who came down in great alarm.

After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. The mob consisted of two or three hundred miserable tattered wretches, who poured into the house; and after searching every corner of it, without finding anything, were so furious with disappointment, that they seized upon Madeline and her father.

'Deliver up to us the woman we are looking for!' they exclaimed. 'She is a wile sorceress, an enemy to the citizens of Paris; she takes the part of the hated Austrian against us; she is the cause of all the famine and misery that is desolating Paris. We must have her and her children, that we may wreak just vengeance on them!'

'We know not who you mean,' replied my grandfather, who in truth was quite ignorant of what had occurred; 'we have not seen any one: no one has entered the house.'

'We know how to make such obstinate old wretches speak,' exclaimed one of the ringleaders. He seized my mother, and pointing a loaded pistol at her breast, cried, 'The woman! We want the woman!'

At this moment Madeline, being exactly over the trap-door, heard a slight rustle underneath; and fearing that it would betray the stranger's hiding-place, endeavoured to drown the noise from below by stamping with her foot, while she boldly replied, 'I have no one to give up to you.'

'Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those

who dare to resist us!' roared one of the infuriated mob. Tearing off her veil, he seized Madeline by the hair, and pulled her to the ground.

' Speak ! ' he exclaimed, ' or I will drag you through the streets of Paris to the gibbet on the Place de la Grève.' My mother uttered not a word, but silently commanded herself to God. What might have been the issue Heaven only knows, had not the citizens in that quarter, on seeing their neighbour's house attacked, hastily armed themselves, and dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to reassure her almost fainting mother. After which, rejoining her father, she helped him to barricade the door, so as to be prepared for any new incursion, and then began to prepare the supper as usual.

While laying the cloth, the young girl debated whether she should tell her father of the refuge afforded to the stranger by the subterraneous passage; but after a fervent prayer to God, to enable her to act for the best, she decided that it would be more prudent not to expose him to any risk arising from the possession of such a secret. Arming herself, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, she performed her usual household duties; and when her father and mother had retired to rest, and all was quiet in the house, she took off her shoes, and stealing down stairs into the shop, cautiously opened the trap-door, and entered the vault with provisions for those who already were indebted to her for life and safety.

' You are a noble girl ! ' said the stranger to her. ' What do I not owe to your heroic devotedness and presence of mind ? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust He will permit me to recompense you here below.' Madeline gazed with intense interest on the stranger, as the light of the lamp in her hand, falling full upon her face, gave to view features whose dignified and majestic expression inspired at the very first glance a feeling of respect. A long black mantle almost wholly concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head. Her children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

' Thanks for the food you have brought,' said she to Madeline. ' Thanks, dear girl. As for me, I cannot eat; but my children have tasted nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave me your light; and now go: take some rest, for surely you must want it after the excitement you have undergone.' Madeline looked at her in surprise.

' I should have thought, madam,' said she, ' that you would make an effort to find some asylum, if not more secure, at least more comfortable than this.'

' Be not uneasy about me, my good girl. When my time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this place as it was to reveal to you the secret of its existence. Good-night, my child. Perhaps we may not meet again for some time; but remember I solemnly promise that I will grant any three wishes you may form ! ' She motioned to her to retire; and that indescribable air of majesty which accompanied every gesture of the unknown seemed as if it left Madeline no choice but to obey.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Madeline hardly slept that night. The events of the day had seized hold of her imagination, and she exhausted herself in continued and wondering conjecture. Who could this woman be, pursued by the populace, and accused of being a sorceress, and an enemy to the people ? How could she know of a place of concealment of which the inhabitants of the house were ignorant ? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault whenever she pleased, and, above all, the solemn and mysterious promise she had made to fulfil any three wishes of the young girl.

' Had you, my dear children, been in your great-grandmother's place, should you not have been very excited and very curious ? What think you ?

would you have slept a bit better than Madeline did ? I hardly think you would, if I may judge from those eager eyes.

The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Seated behind the counter, in her usual place, she started at the slightest sound. At one moment it seemed to her as if every one who entered the shop must discover the trap-door; at the next she expected to see it raised to give egress to the unknown. Still dizzy and bewildered, she scarcely knew whether to believe her whose life she had saved to be a malignant sorceress or a benevolent fairy. Then smiling at her own folly, she asked herself how a woman endowed with supernatural power could need her protection. It is unnecessary to say how long the time appeared to her till she could revisit the subterranean passage, and find herself once more in the presence of the stranger. Thus the morning, the afternoon, and the evening wore slowly away, and it seemed ages to her till her father, mother, and the shopmen were fairly asleep.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, she rose, using still more precaution than on the preceding night, opened the trap-door, descended the stone staircase, and entered the subterraneous passage, but found no one. She turned the light in every direction. The vault was empty: the stranger and her children had disappeared ! Madeline was almost as much alarmed as surprised; however, recovering herself, she carefully examined the walls of the vault. Not an opening, not a door, not the smallest aperture was to be seen. She stamped on the ground, but no hollow sound was heard. Suddenly she thought she perceived some written characters on the stone-flag. She bent down, and by the light of her lamp read the following words, evidently traced with some pointed instrument:—' Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes.'

Here Perrault stopped.

' Well, children,' said he, ' what do you think of this first part of my story, and of your great-grandmother's adventures ? What conjectures have you formed as to the mysterious lady ? '

' She is a good fairy,' said little Mary, ' for she can grant three wishes, like the fairy in Finetta.'

' No, she is a sorceress,' objected Louisa. ' Did not the people say so, and they would not have wanted to kill her unless she was wicked ? '

' As for me,' replied Joseph, the eldest of the family, ' I believe neither in witches nor fairies, for there are no such things. Am not I right, grandpapa ? '

Charles Perrault smiled, but contented himself with saying—' Now, be off to bed. It is getting late. Do not forget to pray to God to make you good children; and I promise, if you are very diligent to-morrow, to finish for you in the evening the wonderful adventures of your great-grandmother.'

The children kissed their grandpapa, and went to bed to dream of Madeline and the fairy.

The next evening, the old man, taking his usual seat in the arm-chair, resumed his story without any preamble, though a preamble is generally considered as important by a story-teller as a preface is by the writer of romance. He spoke as follows:—

It would seem that my mother, in her obscure and peaceful life, had nothing to wish for, or that her wishes were all fulfilled as soon as formed; for she not only never invoked the fairy of the vault, but even gradually lost all remembrance of the promises made her by the unknown, and the whole adventure at last faded from her memory. It is true that thirteen years had passed away, and the young girl had become a wife and mother. She had long left the house where the occurrence I have related to you took place, and

had come to live in the Rue St Jacques, where we now reside, though I have since then rebuilt the former tenement.

My father, as you know, was a lawyer. Though of noble birth, he did not think it beneath him to marry the daughter of a shopkeeper, with but a small dowry. He found in Madeline's excellent qualities, her gentleness and beauty, irresistible attractions—and who that knew her could disapprove of his choice? Madeline possessed in an eminent degree that natural refinement of mind and manner which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in some. She devoted herself entirely to the happiness of her husband and her four sons, of whom I was the youngest. My father's income was quite sufficient for all the expenses of our happy family; for a truly happy family it was, till it pleased God to lay heavy trial upon us. My father fell ill, and for a whole year was obliged to give up the profits of his situation to provide a substitute; and he had scarcely begun, after his recovery, to endeavour to repair the losses he had suffered, when a fresh misfortune occurred.

One night, as my mother was lying quietly in bed, with her four little cubs around her, she was awoken by an unusual noise to behold the house wrapped in flames, which had already almost reached the room in which we were. At this moment my father appeared, and took my eldest brother in his arms, while my mother had charge of Nicholas and me, who were the two youngest. Never shall I forget this awful moment. The flames crept and hissed around us, casting a livid hue over the pale faces of my father and mother, who boldly advanced through the fire. With great difficulty they gained the staircase. My father dashed bravely forward. Nicholas, whom my mother held by the hand, screamed violently, and refused to go a step further. She caught him up in her arms, but during the short struggle the staircase had given way, and for a few moments my mother stood paralysed by despair. But soon the imminent danger roused all the energy of her heroic nature. Your grandmother was no common woman. She immediately retraced her steps, and firmly knotting the bedclothes together, fastened my brother and myself to them, and letting us down through the window, my father received us in his arms. Her children once saved, my mother thought but little of danger to herself, and she waited in calm self-possession, till a ladder being brought, she was rescued.

This trial was but a prelude to many others. The loss of our house completed the ruin of which my father's illness was the beginning. He was obliged to dispose of his situation, and take refuge in small lodgings at Chaillot, and there set to work steadily and cheerfully to support his family, opening a kind of pleader's office for legal students; but his health soon failed, and he became dangerously ill. My noble-minded mother struggled hard to ward off the want that now seemed inevitable; but what availed the efforts of one woman to support a sick husband and four children? One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. I shall never forget my mother's face, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks when one of us cried—“Mother, we are very hungry!”

She now resolved to apply for help to the nuns of Chaillot; a step which, to her independent spirit, was a far greater trial than to brave the threats of the mob or the fury of the flames. But what is there too hard for a mother who has heard her children ask for food which she had not to give them? With sinking heart, and cheek now pale, now crimson from the struggle within her, she presented herself at the convent, and timidly made known her desire to speak with the superior. Her well-known character procured her instant admission, and her tale once told, obtained for her much kindly sympathy and some relief. As she was passing through the cloisters on her way back, she

was startled by a voice suddenly demanding—“Art thou not Madeline Perrault?”

My mother started; the tones of that voice found an echo in her memory, and though thirteen years had elapsed since she had heard it, she recognised it to be that of the being whom her husband was wont to call her ‘Fairy.’ She turned round, and as the pale moonbeams that were now struggling through the long dim aisle fell upon the well-remembered stately form, in its black garb and flowing mantle, it seemed to Madeline's excited imagination to be indeed a being of some other world.

“I made thee a promise,” said the unknown—“dost thou doubt my power, that thou hast never invoked my aid?” My mother crossed herself devoutly, now convinced that she was dealing with a supernatural being. The phantom smiled at her awe-struck look, and resumed, “Fear not; you have but to name three wishes, and my promise is still sure: they shall be granted.” “My husband—oh, if he were but once more well! I say not that to give life or healing is within my province to bestow. God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thine heart?”

“Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want!”

“This is but one wish, and I would grant two more.”

“I ask not, wish not for more.”

“Be it so, then, Madeline Perrault; hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders that shall reach you before twelve hours have passed over your head.” And she disappeared from Madeline's sight as suddenly as she had appeared to her.

My mother returned home in considerable agitation, and told my father all that had occurred. He tried to persuade her that the whole scene had been conjured up by her own excited imagination. But my mother persisted in repeating that nothing could be real if this was but fancy; and they passed a sleepless night in bewildering conjectures.

Early the next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman announced to my mother that it was sent to convey her and her family to a place appointed by one whose summons there was good reason they should obey. No questioning could extract from him any further information. You may well fancy how long my father and mother debated as to the prudence of obeying the mysterious summons. But curiosity at last prevailed; and to the unmixed delight of the children of the party, we all got into the carriage, which took the road to Paris, and drove on rapidly till we reached the Rue St Jacques, where it drew up before a new house; and as the servant opened the carriage door and let down the steps, my father perceived that it occupied the site of his house which had been burned down.

Our little party was met in the entrance by a deputation of the civic authorities, who welcomed my father to his house, and congratulated him on his being reinstated in the situation he had so long held with such credit to himself, and, as they were pleased to add, to themselves as members of the body to which he was such an honour.

My father stood as if in a dream, while my mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed to her; and hastily breaking the seal, she read—“Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified!”

“Only that I may be allowed to see my benefactress, to pour out at her feet my heart's gratitude.”

And at the instant the door opened, and the unknown appeared. Madeline, with clasped hands, darted suddenly forward; then as suddenly checking herself, uttered some incoherent words, broken by sobs.

“Madeline,” said the lady, “I have paid but a small part of the debt I owe you. But for you a ferocious

mob would have murdered me and my children. To you I owe lives dearer to me than my own. Do not deem me ungrateful in so long appearing to have forgotten you. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me also with heavy trials. Like you, I have seen my children in want of food which I had not to give, and without a spark of fire to warm their chilled limbs. But more, my husband was traitorously put to death, and I have been myself proscribed. When you rescued me, they were hunting me like a wild beast, because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his fathers, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes Madeline Perrault!

'But how can poor Madeline ever pay the debt she owes?' exclaimed my mother.

'By sometimes coming to visit me in my retreat at Chaillet; for what has a queen without a kingdom, a widow weeping for her murdered husband, a mother for ever separated from her children—what has she any more to do with the world whose nothingness she has so sadly experienced? To know that amid my desolation I have made one being happy, will be soothing to me, and your children's innocent merriment perchance may beguile some lonely hours. Henceforth, Madeline, our intercourse will not bear the romantic character that has hitherto marked it, and which chance, in the first instance, and afterwards a whim of mine, has made it assume. By accident I was led to take refuge in your house in the Rue des Bourdonnais, and instantly recollected it as the former abode of Ruggieri, my mother's astrologer. His laboratory was the vault which doubtless you have not forgotten, and the entrance to which was as well known to me as the subterraneous passage by which I left it, and which led to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the superior, and was about to inquire directly of yourself, when, seeing the effect of my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy once more. The instant you left me I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possessed, and money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of making once again your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy, I have still some influence, and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protectress.'

And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family, and it is to her I owe the favour and patronage of the minister Colbert.

'And now, children,' said Perrault, 'how do you like my last fairy tale?'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MOTHS.

THE numbers and importance in the scale of created beings of these usually so much despised insects, are not by any means so generally known, except to the 'scientific few,' as their beauty, variety, and interesting habits and economy deserve. The idea of a moth suggests to many nothing but a destructive little insect that eats clothes, and which they are too glad to be quit of if they can. It is also very generally employed as an image of insignificance and contempt; so that the poor moths are, by the majority of mankind, sadly contemned and overlooked. There are, nevertheless, among them some of the most beautiful objects of the creation; and the most ordinary are not without a quiet beauty, which accords well with their despatched period of flight—the quiet hours of twilight. Indeed it might almost seem a subject of wonder that

the Creator has bestowed on creatures intended only to come forth when they cannot be seen, such minuteness of penning and delicacy of tint. But beauty is scattered here with the same lavish hand as in other departments of nature. And certainly if the Author of nature has thought fit to create and adorn them, it must ever be one of the highest privileges enjoyed by his intelligent creatures to bring them to light, investigate, and admire them. Accordingly, it is found by those who commence it, to be a study of so fascinating a nature, that few who do so ever entirely relinquish it, but continue through life to draw fresh supplies of instruction and delight from its inexhaustible resources. To return for a moment to the subject of colour.

There are certain tribes of moths which fly by day, and in the sunshine, as well as by night; and these, according to the general rule observed in other departments of nature, are usually adorned with brighter colours and stronger contrasts, though it has been found that light has nothing to do with the production of colour, as in the vegetable kingdom, for insects naturally of bright hues, are all the more intensely so when bred in the dark; and as there is no rule without exception, some very dull-coloured species are day-fliers, while others of bright tints fly only by night.

The insects of this order, it is pretty generally known, are produced from eggs deposited by the perfect insect on or near the plants which are the appropriate food of the larvæ or caterpillars—a remarkable instance of what has been termed instinct, as the moths do not feed on these plants themselves, the small quantity of food which they require in the perfect state being derived from the nectar of flowers and other saccharine substances, of which some even do not partake, being destitute of oral apparatus. These eggs are greatly diversified in form and appearance, many of them forming beautiful objects under the microscope: those of the *Sphinges*, or hawk-moths, are generally smooth and globular; those of the *Bombyces*, to which tribe the silk-worm belongs, and which are *par excellence* the cocoon-making moths, are usually circular, but flattened; those of the great division of the *Noctua*, or true night-moths, are spherical, and beautifully ribbed, like little sea-urchins; those of the *Geometra*, or thin-bodied moths, are of various forms, generally more or less oval and depressed; those of the *Tortrices*, or leaf-rollers, flat and scale-like. These eggs sometimes hatch in a few weeks, sometimes require months, and sometimes half the year, according to the species. The first meal of the larvæ is generally furnished by the deserted egg-shells, and they then consume the plants upon which they are placed in various ways, according to the tribe or species to which they belong; and here, again, the greatest diversity of habit is to be found. Almost all the large moths—sphinges, bombyces, noctua, and geometrica—consume the leaves in a wholesale manner, shearing them down with their horny mandibles; feeding chiefly by night, to avoid the birds, and concealing themselves during the day in the ground, behind the leaves of plants, or on the bark; the appearance of many being admirably adapted to the latter mode of concealment.

The larvæ of the Tortrices, as their name implies, generally roll or curl up the leaves of the plants on which they feed, making nocturnal excursions from their tubular dwellings to consume the leaves around. But this is not by any means a universal habit, many

of them feeding on fruits and seeds, which they bore into and destroy; as, for instance, the codling moth (*Carpocapsa pomonana*), which commits such devastation in the apple-orchards of England; and the peamoth (*Endopis a pisana*), the larva of which is so often found in peas during the summer. Others live in the stems of plants on the pith, and others beneath the bark of trees.

It is among the *Tineæ*, however, that the most singular and diversified economy is to be found. This is the family which contains the so-much-deprecated clothes-moth—a species far from being the least worthy of our notice, as we shall immediately see. Many of these little insects—which comprise in their ranks the smallest as well as some of the most beautiful of the order—reside during the larva state in moveable cases of their own construction, which they carry about with them, and in which they pass securely the final or inactive *pupa* state previous to the disclosure of the perfect insect. These cases are generally composed of portions of leaves, &c.; but in the instance of the different species of clothes-moths, they are constructed of silk interwoven with portions of the wool, fur, or feathers which they have been feeding on. Now, as the case which the little larva makes when newly disclosed from the egg will not long contain it, despite the elastic nature of the material, it must either alter it, or make a new one as it grows. The former expedient being preferred, the little animal slits it open on each side, and inserts a strip of new material. It is then easily lengthened by additions at the ends; and in this way the cases of the full-grown larva are seen to be composed of a series of concentric oval rings, having the original small case for a centre above and below.

Many of the *Tineæ* share with the Tortrices the habit of rolling leaves; others reside in fixed silken tubes; while a considerable number mine in the substance of leaves, feeding on the parenchyma. Among the latter are some of the most exquisite of insect gems—the purest metallic tints of silver and gold being disposed in spots and bands on glossy black, brown, orange, or pale grounds. The brilliant metallic lustre of these resplendent spots and bars is produced by the exquisite polish of each separate scale of which they are composed, contrasted with those covering the rest of the wing; and the same thing occurs occasionally throughout all the other families. Many of the *Tineæ* likewise feed on seeds; others on fungi, lichens, &c.; and others, again, on dead wood, and beneath bark. One species (*Celechia malra'ia*) makes a gallery right through the seeds of the hollyhock while they are still attached to the receptacle. Another (*Tinea granella*) hollows out grains of wheat, &c. leaving nothing but the shell; committing sometimes great devastation in granaries, and finally boring into the woodwork, unabashed by even the hardest knots of resin, and wood which has been kilnized. A third (*Tinea cloacella*) forms long galleries in the solid fungi which grow on old trees. Others, of the curious tribe which the Germans very aptly name *Sackträger* (*Taleporia*), feed upon lichens, and stick over the outside of their silken cases grains of sand, and little chips of the lichen they are feeding on, to strengthen and disguise themselves.

The leaf-cases are constructed in the most ingenious manner by the larva of a delicate, narrow-winged genus of moths (*Caleophora*), which feed on the parenchyma, like the miners; but as they do not mine in the strict sense of the word, they first remove the epidermis, of which they form their cases. When the little inhabitants of these cases are full grown, they fasten themselves firmly to the leaf, by an attachment of silk round the mouth, and then turn quite round inside—no easy process one would imagine—so that the moth invariably makes its exit by the opposite end.

Some of the *Tineæ* spin beautiful silken cocoons for

the protection of the pupæ. One species (*Plutella dentella*), which feeds upon honeysuckle, constructs one of snowy whiteness, somewhat in the shape of a hammock. Another (*Plutella porrectella*), which feeds on the buds of the white rocket, makes a very similar cocoon, but of beautiful open network. It is among the Bombyces, however, that we must look for the most regularly-formed cocoons, of which the common or Chinese silk-worm (*Bombyx mori*) affords one of the most perfect examples. For ingenuity of design, however, though not perhaps in external beauty, it must yield to the flask-shaped cocoon of the emperor moth (*Saturnia carpini*), which is open at one end, but protected within by a number of stiff, converging points, which effectually prevent ingress, but yield to the slightest pressure from within. Very different from these is the hard, gummy cocoon of the puss moth (*Cerura vinula*), which will scarcely yield to the edge of a knife, and is not shaken by all the storms of winter, but from which the moth, nevertheless, makes its way with the greatest ease, probably by the aid of some solvent fluid. A still more aberrant kind of cocoon is made by many of the Noctuæ, most of which enter the ground to complete their transformations. It consists of earth, smoothed inside into an oval cell, and sometimes lined with silk. Here we might imagine there was still greater difficulty in the perfect insect making its escape, as the larva sometimes go many inches into the soil, which often hardens above them. In many instances, however, the pupa is furnished with points and hooks, directed backwards, upon the segments of the body, which prevent a retrograde motion, as by its exertions it gradually bores its way to the surface, which is reached in many instances before the moth is disclosed. Often, however, the moths themselves have to make their way through very rough substances, where it is surprising their soft, undeveloped wings are not materially injured. But it is their very softness at this stage apparently that preserves them, and it is but seldom that any defect is afterwards perceptible on the beautifully-developed insect. This most interesting process of development, after the pupa-case is thrown off, is one well worthy of our notice, and we shall therefore consider it rather in detail.

After lying in its cocoon, or in the ground, its appointed period, which varies from a few days to as many years, at length the critical moment arrives, when, if the pupa has been in too dry a situation, or exposed to the sun's rays, which harden the outer covering, it will not be able to burst its prison-house, and must perish ere long within the pupa-case. If, however, all has gone on well, the sutures of the plates which cover the head and thorax part by the exertions of the enclosed insect, which now comes forth covered with moisture, and immediately seeks some perpendicular object, as a tree, wall, or stem of a plant, which it ascends a little way, and then becomes stationary. The wings are now very short, but generally quite even, and without folds, exhibiting on a small scale all the future markings. If disturbed at this juncture, the insect becomes restless, and the process of expansion is retarded; and should it fall, as sometimes happens, and struggle among the herbage below, it is frequently stopped altogether, and the insect becomes a cripple for life. If none of these casualties occur, however, after a short time—which varies according to the temperature of the air and the strength of the insect—the wings begin to lengthen, assuming an undulated appearance, which gradually disappears as the fluids swell the nervures to their full extent, and the wings appear even, but slightly concave on their upper surface. To remedy this, they are now closed above the back, meeting at the tips, after which they are again brought down on each side of the body; the insect assumes its natural position when at rest, and in a short time is ready for flight.

One of the most interesting subjects connected with these insects is the amazing variety in the larva, both in form and colour, so that nearly every species, when known, may be recognised in this state as readily as when perfect. The principal families and genera, indeed, are characterised quite as much by the larva as by the perfect insect. Among the Sphinges, the larva are frequently adorned with bright colours, disposed very generally in oblique stripes on the sides. They are furnished with a projection or horn on the hinder portion of the body, and many of them possess a habit of elevating the head and thoracic segments when at rest, which probably induced Linnaeus to give them the fanciful name of Sphinx. Among the Bombyces the larva are frequently clothed with hair; sometimes evenly, as in the tiger, ermine, and fox moths (*Arctia*, *Spilosoma*, *Lassiocampa*); and sometimes disposed in singular tufts and pencils, as in the vapourer and tussock moths (*Orgyia*, *Dasychira*, &c.). Here also are some of the most singular forms anywhere to be met with. One (*Stauropus fagi*) is remarkably like a lobster; another genus (*Notodonta*) has larva which emulate the crooked branches of an old oak; a third (*Cerura*) has larva of the brightest colours, which carry both head and tail in the air, from the latter of which arise two singular diverging appendages. The larva of the Noctuae are for the most part smooth and cylindrical, and of dull colours, principally shades of brown, green, and gray; but some are ornamented with very bright tints, and clothed with hairs and protuberances, like the Bombyces, to which family some systematists have considered that they more appropriately belong. Their true position, however, would seem that of the link between the two.

The Geometrae are at once distinguished by the singular character of their larva, which are much elongated, with feet only at the two extremities of the body, so that when they move, it is by alternately extending the body, and forming it into loop, exactly resembling the Greek letter α . From this curious mode of progression they received their original designation of *Geometers*, or measurers. Here the prevailing tints are brown and green. Most of them are smooth, but a few are rough and tuberculated, which, added to their ordinary position when at rest—grasping a twig firmly with their hind-feet, with the rest of their body stiffly elevated at an angle of 45 degrees—greatly favours their concealment; and although the theory of *adaptation to concealment* has been laughed at on the ground that some larva are of very bright and conspicuous colours, yet it canhot on that account hold less true, supported as it is by indubitable facts. Throughout the whole of this family it is especially evident. Green larva in the position described above resemble leaf-stalks; brown ones, short dead twigs. Others are coloured suitably to their food and habits. One which abounds on moors (*Eupithecia angustata*) is of a delicate pink, like the blossom of the heath on which it feeds. Another species of *Eupithecia*, which feeds on the flowers of ragwort, is of a golden yellow. Another, found on the juniper, is exactly the peculiar bluish green of the leaves of that plant. But it is needless multiplying instances, which occur constantly to every observer of these insects. Again, it is worthy of remark that throughout all the different families, larva which feed on roots beneath the surface of the ground, or in the interior of stems, &c. where colour would be of little apparent use in any way, are generally nearly without it; those cases where it does occur; as in the larva of the goat moth (*Cossus ligniperda*), being again the exception, and not the rule.

In the Tortrices and Tinea, the larva generally taper more or less towards the extremities; some of them being quite fusiform, or spindle-shaped. Most of them are remarkably active in their movements, especially the leaf-rollers, which wriggle backwards out of their

cases on the slightest alarm, dropping by a thread of silk until the danger is over.

Having now taken a cursory and imperfect glance at these interesting insects in their preparatory states, our space not allowing us to do half justice to the subject—many parts of which have necessarily been passed over in silence—we may, in a future paper, turn our attention more fully to the perfect insects themselves, and examine some of the families more in detail.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Sir, there is nothing like the fine, full flow of London talk.—
Dr. JOHNSON.

LARGE cities have great faults. Of this there can be no question. First, the atmosphere is thick, heavy, and dark, denying the lungs in great measure the aliment necessary for carrying on the functions of life—sapping the very foundations of health—to say nothing of spoiling the complexion, a matter of some little importance to all, and to ladies on the shady side of thirty in particular.

Then the noise and turmoil of a great city, from the thunder of artillery on a day of rejoicing, to the ceaseless and nameless hum that would seem to fill the very realms of space!

Then the ever-moving panorama of daily life, the multiplicity of objects for ever crossing and re-crossing before the eye, threatening to obliterate its vision before the lapse of years shall have worked their inevitable destiny!

Then the dust of the summer, and the dirt of the winter, and the suffocating smoke of all seasons!

Verily, large cities have great faults; the fact cannot be evaded even by their most ardent votaries. Horace Walpole admitted it; Johnson did not attempt to dispute it; why, then, should I seek to deny what I feel to be undeniable? Happily, there can be no shadow without sunshine, so that a great city is not without its one priceless advantage—its cloak of charity that covers its multitude of sins.

The citizen within its walls, the stranger within its gates, the wayfarer within its streets, may each venture, in an honest way, to think his own thoughts, speak his own words, and rejoice in the unspeakable comfort of having an opinion and a will of his own. He may proclaim it from the pinnacle of St Giles's, the Column in Sackville Street, or the dome of St Pauls, if he choose to do so, and no one shall challenge his right to this glorious privilege. Yes, this luxury that would seem the birthright of Britons, is the peculiar grace accorded to its denizens by a metropolis alone. Talk of trial by jury and the *Habemus Corpus*! They do not deserve to be mentioned in the same category with it.

Such is now my settled conviction, yet how lightly did I appreciate it a single month ago!

La vie ne se revela à nous mêmes qu'avec le choc des occasions, says the French philosopher; and truly enough, since, but for the accidental circumstances I am about to detail, the full worth of one of the most valuable of the social comforts of life might never have been revealed to me.

In the beginning of September in the past year of grace, I made up my mind to turn my back upon London, where I have resided all my life, for Paris or Venice, as everybody else had been doing, but for a secluded village in a county that shall be nameless, nearly equidistant from London and the metropolis of the sister kingdom. Yes, I resolved to rusticate in real earnest—to snap at once a chain of annoyances great and small, which seemed to have accumulated upon me in *Balliol*, and seek in the serenity of the country that peace which seemed scared away from me in town.

My usually tranquil life had been invaded by a complication of losses and vexations, and I was on the verge

of a nervous fever. My income, never very large, had been diminished nearly a third by the depreciation in the value of railway property; my landlord, after beguiling me into renewing my lease for another seven years by a promise of doing to my house everything that the heart could desire, had finished by an evocative silence on the subject, which indicated very clearly his determination to do nothing at all; my new neighbour, Mr Marjory the solicitor, whose lady's elaborate civilities I had some difficulty in evading, had been heard to hint something about an action for trespass after having caught my nephew, a Westminster lad of fifteen, scaling the party-wall between our house in search of a vagrant ball. My old neighbour on the left had begun painting his house on the day of my dinner-party; but this was mere accident. My beautiful King Charles spaniel, with the shortest of noses and the longest of ears, had mysteriously disappeared, simultaneously with the arrival of the plumbers and glaziers; and the old friend to whom I lamented my loss, and the three guineas I had expended in advertising my misfortune, had referred me to the Life of Sir Astley Cooper for information as to the part he had taken in the final destiny of many a drawing-room favourite, by way of solution of the possible ultimate fate of mine; and finally, to complete my annoyances, when stung into an unusual fit of asperity and energy by all these *contretemps*, I had ventured to remind my middle-aged cook that it was unbecoming a woman of forty to encourage the attentions of a footboy of eighteen, I was struck dumb, by being requested to 'purwide myself' that day month, as she had been married to poor William 'a fortnight come Monday'; and after having served me faithfully for twelve years, did not deserve, she thought, to have her feelings rent by such remarks.

For these vexations there seemed but one remedy. I wrote to the friend who lived farthest from the scene of my worries, and accepted on the instant the invitation that annually arrived with the basket of game, but which had hitherto been put off with the platitude 'of the pleasure to come,' or postponed to that indefinite period, 'a more convenient season;' placed my house at the disposal of the newly-married couple for the remainder of the honeymoon: gave my parlour-maid leave to visit her friends and take her board-wages with her; secured the right-hand corner of the *coupe*, and bade adieu to every disagreeable, save the whirl of forty miles an hour, and the smell of the locomotive engine.

How calm and beautiful is nature even in the close vicinity of a great city! How invigorating the gush of fresh air that seems to welcome you as you emerge from the wilderness of brick and mortar—how broad and expansive the sweet undulations of upland and lowland—how refreshing to the eye the smooth green pastures—how holy seems the brooding silence of the country—how calm its solitude, only varied here and there by some secluded dwelling! Now and then may be descried some sign of mortal life in the progress of agriculture, but so few and infrequent, that it would seem as though the primeval curse had been withdrawn, and the teeming earth brought forth her rich produce irrespective of the labours of man.

Instinctively I felt about for my copy of *Cœliver*, that sweetest painter of pastoral life. Could I have forgotten it? No; there it was, and it opened at the passage—

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel.'

The *Sortes Cooperiana* had not been propitious. I closed the volume, contented to enjoy the present, and resolving not to be too solicitous for the future; and in this happy frame of mind I journeyed on, every milestone passed convincing me of the wisdom of my

decision, though it had been a hasty one. My crumpled nerves had already been smoothed into calmness; my mind had sympathised with my body. From the tremulous it had subsided into the peaceful, from the peaceful it had grown into the poetical, and from the poetical it had risen into the sublime; and I was in the midst of Milton's 'Morning Hymn' when the train stopped at the little station which announced the termination of my journey.

I at once descried the family livery on the platform. In a few minutes my wardrobe properties had been disinterred from the van, and full of pleasurable hopes and anticipations, I was in the pony-chaise trotting along cool green lanes, and within a quarter of an hour both my hands were clasped in those of my hypochondriacal male cousin at the garden gate, whilst a long silent kiss from his sister-in-law was as eloquent of welcome as the 'At last you are come!' of her low sweet voice.

My dear cousin herself installed me in my pleasant chamber; wheeled the low arm-chair to the bright crackling fire; drew out a hassock for my feet, placed a cushion for my head; and whilst the 'neat-handed Phyllis' was busied with the bandboxes, herself dispensed the fragrant coffee that was to solace me after the fatigues of my journey. How delightful was all this! Was it not worth coming a hundred miles to enjoy?

For a time we could do nothing but gaze at each other, and, with the freemasonry of affection, read the thoughts that were common to both of us. Since we had parted, nearly twenty years had elapsed. I was then a blooming miss in my teens, assiduously cultivating the airs and graces proper to the age, whilst she was the very type of finished womanhood. Calm as a seraph, bright as an angel, I had thought her when we met after her marriage tour. Alas! ere the anniversary of that day had come round, she was a widow in the house she had so briefly graced as a bride! and in compliance with wishes rather implied than expressed by her late husband, had thus continued ever since, meekly fulfilling to an exacting brother-in-law the duties of a wife, without either its dignity or its solace to sustain her.

How long our fit of social silence might have lasted I know not. I was aroused from mine by a stroke on an Indian gong. 'It is only the dressing signal,' said Lucilla, in reply to my look of inquiry. 'Dinner will be served in an hour; but I hope you will not trouble yourself to dress much, for I am sure my brother will excuse you after so long a journey. If, however, you will pardon me,' she added, 'I will go down to Charles now, as I can easily dress when you are in the drawing-room.'

Now, as I never had the slightest intention of changing my handsome black *moiré* dress on the evening in question for any other, I felt a little surprised that my cousin's permission to do as I chose in so simple a matter should seem to be necessary. However, I made no remark, but at leisure donned my *lèmi-toilette* cap, exchanged my rumpled muslin sleeves for a pair of lace ones to match it, drew on my gloves, shook out my handkerchief, descended the first flight of stairs, returned for my netting-case, and found my bachelor cousin installed in the most comfortable bergère in the drawing-room. I congratulated him on his good looks—at compliment from which he plaintively dissented, returning it, however, with much *empressement* of manner, and with, I doubt not, equal sincerity.

As the clock struck six, dinner was announced. My cousin, with the grace of Sir Charles Grandison, took my hand, drew my arm within his, placed me on his right side, and again bade me welcome to hearth and board.

Having so lately taken coffee, I was about to decline the soup, when I felt rather than saw the shadow of a shade crossing the bland countenance of my host. The suspended plate was therefore accepted, the servant

who was handing it seemed rather relieved, and I felt somehow as if I had been on the verge of committing myself.

The remainder of the dinner was pleasant and chatty, though, by the way, the subjects discussed were purely of public nature—the Queen and the royal children, Prince Albert and the Exhibition of 1851; and as we were all agreed in our loyalty, we had little to do beyond echoing each other's sentiments. We sat, I thought, rather long over the dessert; at length Lucilla gave the signal for our departure. Her brother rose and opened the door, bowed gravely as we passed, held it open till we crossed the hall, and then closing it very softly, returned to his port-wine and siesta.

I know not how it was, but though a bright fire burned in the grate, a sense of chilliness came over me when we entered the drawing-room; and as the evening was delightful, I proposed a walk in the grounds. Lucilla agreed that the sunset had been most brilliant, but continued, with her arm in mine, pacing up and down the room. At length I drew her through the conservatory to the very steps. She, however, gently prevented my egress, observing that perhaps dear Charles would prefer showing me the grounds to-morrow, if I did not much mind waiting till then. I remembered that Louis le Grand had drawn up with his own princely fingers the programme of the arrangements for visiting the gardens of Versailles, and is even suspected of having coveted, to his dying day, the office of cicerone to the fountains and terraces. I concluded, therefore, that my good cousin shared the royal predilection in this respect, and was quite satisfied to restrain my curiosity for his gratification until the next morning.

We resumed our chat and promenade together. How many trifling events lived in our remembrance, as one circumstance recalled another, which else might have slept in oblivion for ever! We spoke of the strong tie of affection that had bound us together, notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, and endeavoured between us to trace its origin.

I reminded her of many trifling kindnesses on her part which she had long forgotten, but which had had no small influence in the love I bore her; and was in the midst of a reminiscence of a rather early date, of which my childish awkwardness and her Christian charity formed the principal features, when I fancied I felt a slight pressure of the arm, and at the same time a jingle of spoons announced that tea was served. Had the sound startled Lucilla, or was the pressure a mute warning to be silent? The conversation had nothing in it either very treasonable or very confidential, and I concluded, therefore, that in the latter surmise I must have been mistaken. My cousin now made his appearance, roused up the sleeping fire into a bright blaze, and I could not help thinking that its ruddy light reflected as contented a trio as any in the country.

As the evening advanced, Charles challenged me to a game of chess. I accepted the proposal, as in duty bound, though I had much rather have fallen to talk. I, however, made the best fight I could; watched his tactics, and acted on the defensive, till, at the end of two hours, the board was cleared, and myself soundly beaten. 'Dear Charles' was in charming spirits, though too well bred to manifest much triumph at my discomfiture. He praised my play—I rather wondered at it—and promised me my revenge on another occasion. The wine and water was then brought in, and I retired to my room, where everything seemed redolent of dried rose leaves, lavender, and peaceful security.

The song of birds, the bright light, and the unwonted sound of the mower whetting his scythe, awoke me at an early hour. I turned to sleep again, but in vain: the entire change of scene and associations rendered sleep impossible, and I therefore arose and

regaled my senses by gazing on the bright landscape beneath me. Should I surprise Lucilla at the breakfast-table with a bouquet of my own gathering, as an evidence of my improved habits of early rising? Yes!—the temptation seemed irresistible! I threw on my shawl—for there was a freshness in the morning air to which I had not had time to become inured—and descended the staircase, where I encountered the housemaid at her duties. She looked at me with undisguised amazement, inquired if I was unwell, or had mistaken the hour, as it was only eight o'clock, and the family never assembled in the breakfast-room till half-past nine. I was about quieting her fears on the score of my health by passing through the open door into the garden, when a *something* in her astonished face reminded me of Lucilla's words, 'Perhaps dear Charles would prefer showing you the grounds himself.' I stood self-convicted; I had not even the presence of mind to get up a little shiver, and to profess to find the morning air too cold for a walk. I quietly retreated to my room, and unpacking my few books, read myself into patience until breakfast.

After a sufficient time for the comfortable digestion of that most comfortable of meals, my cousin proposed himself the pleasure of showing me the grounds. I congratulated myself upon the self-denial I had practised; bonnet and shawl were again, more successfully, in requisition, and taking his arm, I proceeded to make myself acquainted with the various beauties with which I was surrounded in a properly-accredited manner.

My host conducted me successively to the best points of view which the domain afforded, making me remark how a walk of upwards of a mile could be secured by following a winding path in the limited extent of a few acres. He led me to the sunken fence, which afforded an unobstructed sight of the park-like meadows beyond, while it effectually excluded trespassers, without offending the eye by any visible boundary. He called my attention to rare shrubs planted by the hands of distant friends—loving memorials of their regard—and exhibited flourishing exotics raised from minute slips by a process peculiar to himself.

I cordially felicitated my cousin on all his arrangements, for, in truth, they appeared to me singularly happy. The grounds were the perfection of good gardening; the rock-work was decidedly the best I had ever seen; and the rustic chairs and sun-dial might have been fashioned by Arcadian peasants of superior taste. He admitted, in a half-deprecating, half-gratified tone, that in his 'wretched state of health' his garden was a resource; observed, with a warmth decidedly complimentary, upon the real enjoyment of sharing one's objects of interest with a friend possessed of 'the virtue of appreciation,' and in the ardour of the moment intreated that I would afford him the advantage of my admirable taste, by suggesting some alteration for the improvement of his grounds, and thus link my name with those of the other friends who had aided to make them what they were.

Where everything seemed, of its class, to approach so nearly to perfection, it appeared a work of supererogation to suggest any change. At length, when duly pressed, I remembered having once seen the broad-leaved ground-ivy planted star-like, round the foot of a spreading beech, and that its glossy leaves, meandering on the green sward, looked like the spreading roots of the tree. I therefore suggested whether such an appendage to his own drooping Swiss lime might not perhaps enhance its beauty, even more than the closely-cropped turf by which it was surrounded.

My cousin listened attentively, seemed, I thought, struck with the idea, thanked me 'very much' for the suggestion, said he would think the matter over, and then proposed our return to the house, as he had, he

feared, little more to show me worthy my attention. Alas! his cordiality of manner had subsided into his habitual bland politeness. I felt that my usual tact, on which I specially pride myself, had here failed me, and reproached myself for the unnecessary caudron which had caused me to forget that a request for advice was too generally merely a claim to approbation.

We walked together to the vestibule, and I was on the point of returning to enjoy another stroll by myself, when Lucilla, putting some letters into my hand which had arrived in my absence, suggested whether I should not fatigue myself by walking any longer, and that, as many of our friends were aware of my expected arrival, we should doubtless have visitors, and perhaps, therefore, I would seat myself in the drawing-room with as little delay as might be agreeable.

As it was a matter of entire indifference to me where I wrote my two unimportant notes, I offered no objection to this arrangement; and having reformed my toilet, which my morning stroll had somewhat disarranged, I took my blotting-book and embroidery, and seating myself at a writing-table in an embrasure of one of the windows, commenced my morning's occupation. A sound of wheels, however, soon interrupted my employment. I exchanged my seat at the window for one next the sofa, leaving the post of honour vacant for the arrivals. Lucilla also arose, and in passing the table where I had been writing, gave herself the needless trouble, as it seemed to me, of closing my portfolio, and re-arranging the writing materials which I had been using. She received her guests with a grace peculiarly her own, presented me to them as one long known to them by good report, and we were soon gaily discussing the news of the day. It did not seem the *usage du maison* to work, so I laid aside the embroidery I had taken up on quitting my writing, and devoted myself exclusively to the conversation around me, which was carried on with much spirit and intelligence. Other arrivals succeeded the first party, and a long morning was thus cheerfully whiled away.

Once or twice I fancied my cousin looked at me with an air of some disquietude, for which I was wholly unable to account. I was conscious of being in a most amiable mood, and not in my worst looks; my *cachemire brode* I knew to be the mode, and my simple morning cap irreproachable; still I felt the look had some reference to myself, though on what account, I found it impossible to divine.

At length all the guests had departed. I congratulated my cousin on the pleasant circle she had drawn around her. She felt, she said, that they were fortunate in this respect, though the health of her brother precluded her from seeing as much of their neighbours as she could wish; and after a pause of a few minutes, during which I resumed my work, she inquired, with a little hesitation of manner, whether I never wore mittens.

I confess I did not exactly see the bearing of the question, but I answered that I did so sometimes, offering her, if she were in want of any, a selection from an assortment of every description, from the Irish gossamer to the veritable Maltese. I was about to add, however, that mittens were decidedly *passé* in London, when she interrupted me by smilingly thanking me for my offer, and observing that she would only trespass upon my kindness to ask me to wear them myself. I probably still looked rather puzzled, for she explained that she fancied some of our visitors had noticed their absence, and as every one wore them there, she feared they might think me rather odd. I was about to say what I thought, that if they did, I would endeavour to survive it; but Lucilla looked so meek, and fearful of having offended, that I could but kiss her, and promise to give no ground for any imputation on that score for the future.

Day succeeded day of tranquil uniformity, unmarked

by even the variety of 'the migration from the blue bed to the brown.' I thought of Rasselas in the Happy Valley, and reasoned as he did. I sometimes longed for a ramble instead of a promenade, and discovered myself that the path of daily life may be even too smoothly macadamised. My mind is by no means antagonistic; but I felt it would be a relief now and then to say, 'I differ,' instead of, 'Do you think so?'—the nearest approach to dissent that the nerves of my cousin seemed capable of sustaining.

At length the circle of visits having been received, it became necessary to acknowledge them. The return calls went off, on the whole, very satisfactorily, notwithstanding one or two shortcomings on my part. On one occasion, when closely pressed, I was unable to deny (for I knew both) that I thought worse men were to be found upon earth than even Dr Pusey, and few, better than Baptist Noel, though he had gone out from among us. I confessed that I had listened to the reasoning of Dr Chalmers on church establishments, and of Dr Wardlaw on the voluntary system, and thought with Uncle Toby 'that much might be said on both sides.' I acknowledged also that I read the two great rival reviews, and was not prepared to pin my faith exclusively on either. Alas! all this was inexplicable to my inquisitor, who recognised no divided allegiance, and whose motto seemed to be in the words of ancient Pistol—

'Under which king Bezonian?—speak, or die!'

As a matter of feeling, as well as of taste, I never undervalue the productions of any one, yet when called upon, on another occasion, to express an opinion on a Saracen in Berlin wool, I found I fell far short of what was expected of me, though I awarded to it the meed of praise it richly deserved, as 'a matchless piece of needlework.' Alas! I could not say that I should ever have mistaken it for a painting by Laadseer, as the fair artist assured me everybody else had done.

As the period drew near for my departure, I felt an increasing conviction that I was not adapted for 'life in a village.' I was sensible of a constant fear of offending some prejudice, or running counter to some prepossession. My preference of books to Berlin work was decided. I could not make a magazine last more than three days, or a memoir extend beyond a week. I was accustomed to be understood when I spoke in metaphor, and to be allowed the privilege of laughing at, and being laughed at by, those I loved, without being supposed to derogate from their dignity or my own. The general impression, that 'you may do as you like in the country,' appeared to me to be utterly fallacious: 'the crust of bread and liberty' of Prior's country mouse was certainly a delusion. Everybody seemed to live under a species of domestic espionage, and to labour under a constant fear of provoking the 'wonder' of his neighbour, to evad which appeared almost the business of life. The chains might be invisible, and light as gossamer, but chains they were notwithstanding.

• O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said, as plain as words upon the ear,
• The place is haunted.

I was almost afraid that Lucilla suspected my weariness, for she redoubled her exertions to entertain me. Alas! could she have diminished them one half, she would, I doubt not, have attained her object, for there is a neglect that is flattering, and a seeming inattention that is the perfection of welcome; for to be constantly reminded that you are a visitor, is not the best way to make you feel perfectly at home.

My cousins lamented my approaching departure, and urged me to extend my stay with them a little longer. I therefore delayed my journey a few days, to prove

that I was not tired of the country. They spoke of the blank my absence would occasion in their quiet household; and when Lucilla, with tears in her eyes, bade me farewell and God-speed, I felt a sense of almost self-reproach as I thought of the monotonous winter that awaited her, and longed to carry her away with me.

Oh how welcome was the distant view of the 'great wilderness of brick and mortar!' How tolerant had I grown of all its imperfections! How pretty seemed the roadside villas, as we approached its vicinity! How smart and trim, the young nurse-maids; how bright and intelligent the well-dressed children; and what an air of pleasant bustle and activity the busy streets presented! My spirits rose with the sight of the vitality around me: I would have done anything for anybody. In my fervour of rejoicing, I determined to grace my return, after the manner of the kings of old, by a general amnesty. I would no longer respond to Mrs Marjory's civilities by the 'mutilated curtsey,' and would even endeavour to tolerate (provided I had not so often) the stealthy step and lynx-eye of her respectable husband. I would make one more gracious appeal to the conscience of my landlord before finally giving him up as the most faithless of men; the memory of my lost favourite should weigh on my spirits no more, and the cook and footboy rejoice in a free pardon!

How pleasant were the first days of my newly-acquired liberty of action!—the recovery, as it were, of faculties that had seemed useless, if not actually burdensome. I could now question the soundness of a proposition without offending the propounder, or laugh at his favourite theory without having my good faith doubted for so doing. I could now and then lounge in my chair, or even put my feet upon the fender, without being supposed to have irrevocably compromised my dignity. I could acknowledge a belief that an English household might not be the worse for a French *cuisine*, and, not lose my character for patriotism; and confess to a friend my preference for simple blue over yellow, without the necessity for previous reference to the colour of her window curtains.

True, indeed, it is that blessings must be lost before they can be fully appreciated. The story of Peter Schlemil has ceased to be a mystery to me. I can sympathise in all the trials and perplexities of that much persecuted young man, and understand how the loss of even one's shadow may be a misfortune, after having all one's life had the comfort of possessing it.

MORLAND THE PAINTER.

THE biography of a painter, in most cases, if it could be truthfully gathered from the treasury of his own experience, would portray the action of struggling both within and without—struggling with the difficulties of his art, and with the social difficulties to which the pursuit usually subjects its disciples. In most cases the painter's career is marked at its outset by the uneasy fretting of energies chained to an uncongenial employment, from which, after an unfulfilled apprenticeship, it frees itself to follow the bias or instinct, whichever it be, which makes men resign present comforts, and often friends, to become painters. Then succeeds the epoch of economical troubles: the age of privations supported by hope, and ambition sustained by the consciousness of improvement—the age of withheld patronage—painful shifts for subsistence—of shifts (harder still) to maintain appearances—of overstrained physical and mental powers—of, sometimes, a pencil of late afternoon sunlight in the shape of acknowledged merit, and the sympathy and praise, not to speak of world positions, which it supplies—and, lastly, always, we know, that prophetic consciousness, which real genuine experiences of an aftertime of fame. This is a

skeleton life, which will fit most of those who have stamped the emotions of noble minds in form and colour, and whose long suffering under their labours we admire as much as their consummation.

To the subject of this sketch, George Morland, whose white horses, country storm, sensual pigs, and leaning pollard oaks, are nearly all that the sight-seeing public connect with his name, these general remarks will in no one particular apply. There is no early struggle on his part to be recorded either as to his art or his social circumstances—he never had to glance reproachfully at an unsold picture—he never lacked friends, admirers, or purchasers—he knew no evils of poverty but what he wilfully created, rather we should say, courted—and for the glory or reward which attaches to posthumous fame, the anecdotes sprinkled in the following outline will show at what value he appraised articles so difficult in this mammon age for a prudent person to pretend to value at all.

We wish it to be understood that it is in the light of a warning, and not merely a criticism, or for the sake of catering to the amusement of readers, that the notices of his life, now almost lost to the public, are reproduced. Our English Teniers had many of the rude social virtues: they would have been virtues but for one besetting, unresisted vice, which had a hundred lower satellites. George Morland, the painter of his day, lived and died a drunkard. Like Naaman, he was the captain of a host, but a leper. Alas for us, that such a leprosy should not in that age have been pronounced unclean! He was born in 1763 in the Haymarket, London, a lineal descendant of that ingenious mathematician, Samuel Morland, who received knighthood from Charles II. His father was a painter by profession, but of little note. At a wonderfully early period, his taste (whether by instinct within or accident without we determine not) was developed—a gaudy coach, stopping for a few minutes before his father's door, caught the boy's attention. The form lived in his mind's eye; an old pencil, rummaged from the debris of a painter's study, and a soiled piece of paper, equipped him with the instruments for reproducing the image. The drawing, which was wonderfully correct, was taken from his hand by the astonished father just as the urchin had concluded his first essay. It was shown about, pronounced a wonder, and forthwith his father dedicated him to the profession.

Before he could read, he was supplied with pencils and colours, and set down to copy the dull woodcuts which most of us can remember to have seen heading the doubtful poetry of Gay's fables. Such an employment did not harmonise with the lad's taste: he saw the figures never could run, and the paper was straightway covered with guinea-pigs and rabbits instead. As soon as he had arrived at the dignity of coat and breeches, he became a student at the Royal Academy of Somerset House. Here his time was equally divided between a keen attention to his studies and an indulgence in practical jokes, from the awkward consequences of which his extreme youth and the quaint piquancy of their nature seem to have saved him. It was during this noisome that he became acquainted with the excellencies and defects of Hobbema, Cuyp, and Ruysdael, the study of whose *chef-d'oeuvres* assisted much in the formation of his style.

During the first part of his career in this nursery he was regular and earnest in his studies—a lecture-room full of half-employed, and not quite reserved lads, was far more congenial than the dull study at home; but he met with older companions, whose habits and tastes out of the lecture-room were most depraved. For a long while, absorbed in the subject of his inner dreams, he fenced off their invitations to join them in their orgies. But one day he was tempted to enter a neighbouring tavern, and induced for the first time to taste

a glass of gin. A personal friend—one who often stood between him and ruin in after-days—records sorrowfully the criticism he uttered after swallowing his first dram—‘He liked it so very much!’ About this time he had attained wonderful proficiency for his age; but when he was about fourteen or fifteen years old, his father tracing symptoms of unsteadiness, took the precaution of apprenticing him to himself for three years, an arrangement which seems to have met with no opposition on his side. A still more dangerous example of vicious principle was suggested by his own father, though happily his successful career preserved him, if after-times at least, from any temptation to follow it. He possessed a wonderful faculty of imitating the masters of the Dutch school, whose every touch he knew. Copies of them, prepared by the son, were put into the market by the father, and sold as originals; one especially on an old oak panel after Hobbema, which deceived the best judges—a gross breach of honesty, for which the unprincipled parent subjected himself to an action for recovery. George soon found that he could turn his talents to a private account. Though closely watched, he found opportunities of painting small pieces, which were furtively let down from the study window, and received by agents below, who repaid him by the discharge of certain bills for spirits, the amount of such payment being regulated according to the actual area or square inches of canvas thus disgraced.

Young Morland was, as we might expect from one so fond of animals, an equestrian; and yet, strange to say, always an unskillful one. About this time he indulged his taste by bestriding certain sorry hacks, the property of a cautious stable-keeper in the neighbourhood. Here, too, he was obliged to defraud his father of his services, canvas, and time, to gratify his passion. Money being scarce with him, he paid the horse-keeper in kind, and painted himself and family as a set-off for the use of his beasts. At the close of his apprenticeship he left his father, and formed an acquaintance with a Mr Willam Wane, a mezzotint draughtsman, whose sister he shortly after married, her brother at the same time marrying George's sister. For a brief period after their marriages, the two young couples occupied the same house; but speedy dissension between the ladies ensued, and they parted company, Morland, then only twenty years of age, taking and furnishing a house near Kentish Town. Here for a while he lived soberly and steadily. His pictures sold as fast as he could produce them, and the society of his young bride chained him to his home. But soon comes a cloud. His wife, after giving birth to a stillborn child, fell into ill health, which marred her remarkable beauty, and impaired her cheerfulness. Very soon Morland began to absent himself from home in the evening; his old habit of dram-drinking revived; and some boon companions at such places as Mother Redcap's and the Britannia Tavern offered far more enlivening society to his taste than that of a sickly and querulous wife. It was now that his early habits of intemperance were fatally confirmed: from this period he may be said to have become a confirmed toper.

Still the mornings were given to the study—his taste was rapidly rising towards maturity, admirers gathered round him, and many an amateur considered himself lucky in having obtained the promise of the ‘next’ picture, thrown off, rather than elaborated, by the pencil of a young man under twenty-two years of age. With this success his ideas enlarged as to expense: a larger house, extravagantly furnished, was taken in the neighbourhood, and fitted up in a manner becoming the possessor of an income of little less than £1,000 per annum, chiefly, if not entirely, of his own earning. It was about this time that he exhibited, in Somerset House gallery, a picture, ‘Visit to a Child and Nurse,’ which was especially admired, and de-

servedly so. His fortune now was at flood-tide; but, hampered with evil habits and vicious associates, he trifled with his hour, and never again could find strength to rouse himself to a reform. His increased expenses began now to outrun his handsome income; his labours were generally foisted off, the picture having been paid for before it was painted, and the price frittered away in tavern bills. He was not twenty-six years of age before he had commenced a system which will show sadly enough the deep entanglements in which he was involved: this was to borrow money for a certain date, and when, at its expiration, he found himself unprepared to meet the claim, to *paint a picture for the renewal of the bill*. The unhappy young man thus actually paid the creditor a bonus for indulgence in time, equal often to the value of half of his debt.

In 1789 two historical or rather political pictures were finished by him, from which prints were struck, creating a great sensation. The titles, ‘The Slave Trade,’ and ‘African Hospitality,’ will partly explain the unbounded popularity which they obtained. Soon after appeared a series of six of a domestic character, entitled ‘Letitia, or Seduction,’ following a poor unfortunate victim through her sad career; and these were pronounced to embody the terrible vigour of Hogarth with such tenderness as Goldsmith would have displayed if he had changed the pen for the pencil. Passing on to 1790, George was earning money fast, and spending it much faster. His home was embittered by domestic grievances: a spleenetic wife, a crowd of duns, and often tipstaves dogging his steps, drove him for amusement and excitement elsewhere. Every morning, coachmen, grooms, and especially a body-guard of prize-fighters, amused him with their coarse jests while he worked at his easel. Spirits and wine in abundance were provided at his expense, and the levée generally terminated by the whole party sallying forth in a state of intoxication. Nor was his confidence in his sparring friends shaken when, one of them having borrowed a horse, which he forgot to return, and Morland having demanded his property, his instructor in the art of self-defence coolly remitted him of his inferior strength and science, and threatened personal chastisement if any further allusion were made to the subject.

Yet in the atmosphere of such a ‘soul-swamp’ as this he produced a picture entitled ‘The Fruits of Extravagance,’ which was a direct satire upon his own practice. The scene is a garret, occupied by a family group, with some wretched, crazy furniture, in keeping with the appearance of the room. A gentle middle-aged man forms the principal subject: he is sitting in a musing posture, with crossed legs, and hands tightly grasping one knee; at a little distance sits the poor meek wife, mending a tattered shirt; and near the chimney corner an engaging female figure is abstractedly using a pair of old worn bellows to kindle up the sinking embers, the wonderful art of the painter having given an air of age to the thin drapery in which she shivers, without impairing its cleanly appearance. A meagre, sharp-visaged boy, seated on the ground, is looking almost wolfishly into his Father's face, yes with a tear on his cheek; a party-coloured quilt, hung in a recess, screens off the wretched beds; bare lath protrudes from the damp-looking walls all around; and a few ornaments of broken china—keepsakes of better days—conclude the schedule. A noble lesson this! and yet the man who designed it was at that very time consuming a bottle of fizzy spirits during his morning hours of labour!

Morland's latter days were marked by a series of eccentric follies, half whim, half insanity, from a number of which the following may be selected as characteristic of the man:—He had been constant in his patronage of the neighbouring publicans, and had run in debt with and disappointed all of them so often, that

they unanimously refused him any further credit. To be revenged, he proposed himself for the office of borroughreeve, which appointment, however, he could not obtain, owing to his well-known unsteady habits. An acquaintance was nominated to the post, and Morland forthwith paid him five guineas that he might be allowed to act as deputy. The offer was gladly accepted, and immediately he commenced a series of annoyances against his quondam allies the taverners. Soldiers were billeted on them in shoals, spies placed on their houses, gaugers summoned at all hours, searches instituted on suspicion of concealed spirits. At last the victims rebelled, and threatened a prosecution for conspiracy: the sequel was, that George Morland was compelled to pay five guineas more to be allowed to resign the office. But these last few years of extravagance and low debauchery had already brought their punishments. Many times he had been arrested, to be only released by the interference of his friends; and no sooner was he at large again, than suspended mons for debt recommenced, officers dogged his steps at every turn, and only by a most intricate system of guarded doors, paid spies, and bribed bailiffs, was he enabled to evade fresh imprisonment.

This round of pecuniary difficulties, dissipation, low company, and, when hard pressed, really laborious attention to his profession, continued, with little intermission, until the close of the eighteenth century, which found George Morland deserted by all his better friends, broken in constitution, ruined in purse and credit; yet still, in spite of a declining style and vigour, as much as ever a favourite with the public. About 1798 he had been literally hunted out of London by the pursuit of the myrmidons of law. His exit was very characteristic; and its immediate cause was as follows:—A friend named Carts had advanced about a hundred and fifty pounds in an hour of need, on condition that a set of pictures should be furnished by a prescribed time. The bargain was not altogether a matter of friendship. Risk there was none. If the pictures could be obtained, the lender might expect eventually a very splendid interest on his venture. The money thus received by George was soon spent, and the terms to be fulfilled were forgotten. The day for payment arrived: Carts, having discovered his retreat, paid him a sudden visit, with a couple of officers, ready to arrest him. Morland had been employed on three pictures, almost finished, which had been purchased by an amateur, and were to be delivered the next morning. On entering his room, Carts, in a towering passion, bade him prepare for jail. He was then in the height of a Bacchanalian revel. Not a whit discomposed by the unexpected interruption, he took his angry creditor aside, and showing him the three pictures almost complete, promised that he should have them by daylight the next morning. Completely pacified, and ashamed of his sharp practice towards an old companion, Carts dismissed the officers, and was easily persuaded to join in the debauch. In a very short time he was made almost insensible, and conveyed to bed. Immediately Morland packs up his simple baggage, pictures and all, and starts by the morning mail for the Isle of Wight, leaving nothing for his gull'd creditor to carry away with him except a full-length caricature of himself, pinned to the wall of the apartment.

Having passed a week on the island, and taken a few sketches, news reached the painter that a pursuit was raised. In consequence of this he migrated to Yarmouth, and took up his abode at the inn. The next morning, while at breakfast, he was startled by the entrance of a party of six soldiers, with a lieutenant in uniform, who in courteous terms informed him that he was suspected of being a spy, and that he must consider himself under arrest. Fearing to give up his name and address, he merely assured the officer that he was a

travelling artist, and by way of proof opened his case, which contained two sketches, bearing every appearance of having been recently finished. In spite of all remonstrance, he was marched off by his body-guard to the nearest bench of sitting magistrates. The pictures were there laid before the dignitaries. The first was simply a spaniel, with a rough background of the island coast; the other a stable, in which stood the usual white horse, saddled for a journey, and a farmer outside, holding his purse, in an attitude of hesitation as to the amount of fee due to the ostler. Slight evidence, we may say, but most sapiently interpreted by the gallant officer. The former piece was supposed to be a symbolical notice, giving the enemy a plan of the island, the dog being supposed to designate the spot most favourable for the enemy landing. The latter was still more laboriously deciphered. The white horse was somehow held to represent the configuration of the bay, the stable being the island, the farmer the French paymaster, and the ostler the spy or draughtsman, who would not give up his work till the enemy paid him. Absurd as the whole charge may now appear, it was, in those days of panic, by no means too ridiculous to produce a serious discussion among the magistrates. After a suitable severe reprimand for having been suspected by them, Morland was released from arrest, and left to find his way, fourteen miles on foot to his quarters as best he could.

Soon after this absurd incident, he stealthily moved back to London, and became an inmate of the King's Bench. Having in due time obtained the rules, he occupied a house in the Lambeth Road, and for the fiftieth time plunged into his old courses. His house now became a very Noah's Ark: all kinds of domestic animals—cats, guinea-pigs, fowls, rabbits—filled not only his garden and paddock, but even his rooms; and from these he made numerous sketches. His friend Collins states that while here, in the space of less than four years, he produced nearly two hundred pictures—a seemingly incredible number, were it not that their generally small size, united with his wonderful rapidity of execution, may somewhat reconcile us to the statement. One evening a trip into the country, coupled with a dinner, was proposed, at which, under forfeit of heavy recognizances, Morland was to be present. On the morning of the specified day, Colling happened to call, and found him in very low spirits, the meaning of which was, that on examining his pockets, he found himself without a shilling. After a few minutes, Collins was invited into the studio, where, having picked up a volume of Swift, he commenced a desultory conversation with his dejected friend, who was just beginning to lay on the ground-colour of a new piece, not then outlined. Insensibly conversation flagged, and for an hour the fortunes of Gulliver entirely engrossed the reader's mind; at length, on looking up, he saw, to his surprise, that what had been on his entrance a mere white piece of canvas, was now a half-finished picture with three figures. Morland was too busy to notice his friend's surprise; he continued to be absorbed in his work; and within two hours and a-half this afterwards celebrated picture was complete, when Morland turned with an air of triumph and exhaustion to invite his friend's criticism. The only reply of Collins was to offer him a ten-pound note for it as it stood. The offer was accepted, the picture removed, the money paid; and within six hours the greater part of the sum was dissipated in paying for the evening's expenses of himself and friends. The picture, so strangely produced and sold, fetched afterwards forty guineas. Its value is now far above that sum.

But Morland's days were numbered: in 1804 the strong enemy of the human frame and mind, to whom he had been captive so long, closed upon its victim; his appetite failed, his cheeks sunk, and a bloodshot eye, a staggering gait, a vacant look, and especially

the tremulous hand so discernible in his later works, foretold a speedy death. For a little while, by dint of care and medical aid, he seemed to rally; but the drunkard's apprenticeship was served, and the wages were ready: a fit of apoplexy, followed by another still more severe, cut him off on the 22d October 1804, in his forty-first year. The genius who, by mere force of native power, when scarcely of age, was making nearly a thousand a year, and who possessed originally an iron frame and constitution, died in a sponging-house!

A few words on George Morland's art. Romance was not in his thoughts; he knew little of anatomy, and from nice discriminations his habits totally debarred him. His studies were for the most part confined to animals; and we believe that of those subjects that he has drawn so strangely natural, there were few which were not portraits preserved in his memory, or taken on the spot.

The aspects of social life were his great treasury. His storms are not grand, but they are all natural, and create a sense of discomfort rather than awe in the beholder. His horses are all natural in the extreme, and betray a minute acquaintance with their stable habits; but of all his rustic creations none surpasses the genuine Morland pig. The true epicurean model pig he has achieved; and if Sauvage's theory concerning a porcine dynasty could be established in Dreamland, Morland certainly wanted no qualification to entitle him to the office of court painter.

THE METAL-FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

WHEN we gaze in admiration at some great work of plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see realised first started into life, than to any difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such unity throughout; material, form, and dimensions, are so adjusted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughnesses or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. These stands the achieved fact in its perfect completeness: there is nothing to remind us of its progress towards that state, for the aids and appliances thereunto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realised creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze, have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attended on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these for the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength, and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses into fury, and then subjugates to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace hoars of brass—cannon upon cannon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing what we have yet seen of fire, and growing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonized with its own efforts; but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is too hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters, are scorched,

and if the ordeal last much longer, all will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above is a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides!

Lest it be thought this picture is too highly-coloured, or that it owes anything to the imagination for its interest, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Bavaria, it was Schwanthalter whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing ~~for the~~ cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might still be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty cwt. were added to the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought: nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now, not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and still increasing, as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who had directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot, but like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes, when his wife roused him with the appalling cry, 'Awake, awake, the foundry is on fire!' And it was so. Nothing could stand such terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the usual way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal, the consequences would have been frightful: the furnace would have been destroyed, and the 400 cwt. of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore, the burning rafters were covered, to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire!—the heat is not enough; the metal boils not yet! Through the

rafters burn, and the walls glow, still feed, and gorge, and goad the fire!

At last the moment comes!—the whole mass is boiling! Then the metal-founder of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams. ‘Let them burn; the metal is ready for the cast!’ And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out into the mould below.

All now breathed more freely: there was an end of misgiving and foreboding; and the rude workmen, as if awe-struck by what they had accomplished, stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal for extinguishing the burning roof.

In due time the bell of the little chapel of Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

STREET INDUSTRY OF LONDON.

The number of costermongers—that is to say, of those street-sellers attending the London ‘green’ and ‘fish’ markets—appears to be, from the best data at my command, now 30,000 men, women, and children. . . . But great as is this number, still the costermongers are only a portion of the street-folk. Besides these, there are, as we have seen, many other large classes obtaining their livelihood in the streets. The street musicians, for instance, are said to number 1000, and the old clothesmen the same. There are supposed to be at the least 500 sellers of water-cresses; 200 coffee-stalls; 300 ‘cats’-meat’ men; 250 ballad-singers; 200 play-bill sellers; from 800 to 1000 bone-grubbers and mud-larks; 1000 crossing-sweepers; another thousand chimney-sweeps, and the same number of turn-cocks and lamp-lighters—all of whom, together with the street-performers and showmen, tinkers, chair, umbrella, and clock-menders, sellers of bonnet-boxes, tyes, stationery, songs, last dying speeches, tubs, pails, mats, crockery, blacking, lucifers, corn-salves, clothes-pegs, brooms, sweetmeats, razors, dog-collars, dogs, birds, coals, sand—scavengers, dustmen, and others—make up, it may be fairly assumed, full 30,000 adults; so that, reckoning men, women, and children, we may truly say that there are upwards of 50,000 individuals, or about a fortieth part of the entire population of the metropolis, getting their living in the streets.—*Mayhew's London Labour and London Poor.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN LOOMS.

One of the partners in the firm of Messrs. George Ashworth and Sons, woollen manufacturers in Rochdale, and Mr. Thomas Mitchell, their manager, have patented an exceedingly ingenious mechanical contrivance, which detects the breaking of the web and stops the loom, with the shuttle and healds in the most convenient position for the weaver. An invention obtaining similar results has been applied to cotton looms for some time, but could not be used where wheeled shuttles were employed; hence the necessity for the patent now spoken of, which in noway depends on the form of the shuttle. In addition to this, the invention comprises a nicepiece of mechanism, by which any given number of picks can be inserted in an inch of cloth, independent of the interference of the weaver, or the use of weights and levers, which are entirely dispensed with.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE GERMAN ARTISAN.

The artisan, it is known, is compelled in most German states to expend several of the best years of his life in the ranks of the army; much of what he has learned in the workshop he has unlearned in the barrack. An

artisan whose ingenuity is great, and who may be possessed of ample capital, cannot establish a business for himself: he must wait until a vacancy has been made for him by the death or withdrawal of some predecessor in his trade—the law prohibiting more than a fixed number of persons of any trade from practising such trade; consequently competition is a thing unheard of, and there rarely exists any stimulus to achieve excellence.—*Art Journal.*

CHRISTMAS.

Child of humanity,
Wearied with vanity,
Dear must the dawn of this morning appear;
For the glad festival,
Happiest rest of all,
Comes to bring peace to thee—Christmas is here.
Peasant laborious,
Beautiful—glorious
Sound the sweet chimes, as they fall on thine ear;
All who toil drearily,
Witness how cheerily
Flies the good news around—‘Christmas is here!’
Ye that from chalices
Quaffing in palaces
Dream not of want, nor calamity fear,
Treat not disdainfully
Those who so painfully
Labour in penury—Christmas is here.
Christmas! what history
Equals thy mystery?
Angels to herald thee sang from the sphere:
Let us with gratitude
Own our beatitude,
Caroling joyfully—‘Christmas is here.’

S. C.

BOOK COLLECTING.

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them: the mere possession is a vanity. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads anything but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village, and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don’t *steal*!—a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority. If your friends are churlish, and wont lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can’t even subscribe, still you can *think*—you must try to remember what you have read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did in old Chaucer’s tale. You’ll save your eyes too; and when you get beyond forty-five, that point is worth attending to. After all, what do you collect for? At most, a few years’ possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, ‘That is good drink, if a man could only stay by it.’ So are rare and curious libraries good things, if we could stay by them; but we can’t. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and china go too, and are knocked down by the snarling, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poultier wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, whilst you are writhing in unspeakable agony.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 368. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

PARTNERSHIPS 'EN COMMANDITE.'

We lately took occasion to notice the establishment of associative trading concerns, composed of working-men, in London and elsewhere; and ventured to express a hope that societies of this nature, as possibly exhibiting in a practical way some improved view of artizan life, were deserving of sympathy and support. From communications that have since reached us, it would appear that the most serious obstacle to the progress of not only these, but various other trading associations, is the present state of the law of partnership. A word on this subject, therefore, may be thought not unworthy of public attention.

The law of partnership in England and Scotland is briefly this—that any one receiving even the smallest portion of profit in a business is deemed to be a partner, and is liable to the last farthing of his fortune to make good the losses of the concern. The only restriction on this broad liability is in the case of societies specially established by act of parliament, or by royal letters patent; but to obtain the benefit of these, or any other form of protective charter, will cost perhaps £1000; and, after all, unless guarded by a special legislative enactment, the limitation as to risk may be litigated and found unavailing. In short, the danger of investing in ordinary joint-stock concerns is so great, that comparatively few undertake the hazard; and consequently trading partnerships are confined chiefly to parties who are intimate with each other, and who each take a personal interest in the business. No doubt the unlimited responsibility of partners, irrespective of the extent of their shares, is designed for the protection of creditors; and so far the law has a good meaning. But in protecting the public from one evil, the law unfortunately, by the inflexibility of its provisions, commits a grave injury on society, and stands much in need of amendment.

What seems desirable is the continuance of the present law as respects all trading partnerships which neither wish nor require to alter their conditions; but to supplement this with a new law which shall provide for the union of parties who desire to place capital in trade on a risk commensurate with the amount of their investment. In plain terms, to have the benefit of a specially-protective act of parliament, without the formality or expense of an appeal to the legislature, or seeking for a charter which nobody understands. Partnerships such as we desire are by no means a novelty. They exist to a large extent in France, and also in the state of New York—a state which has lately put England to shame in the matter of law reform. In France, the kind of association we refer to is called

a Partnership *en commandite*; and we shall explain its more remarkable provisions.

According to the French code, there are three kinds of partnership, one of which is that *en commandite*, or *in commandite*; that is, a limited partnership, where the contract is between one or more persons who are general partners—jointly and severally responsible—and one or more other persons, who merely furnish a particular fund or capital stock, and are thence called *commanditaires*. In such concerns the business is carried on under the associated name or firm of the general partners only. The names of the special partners with limited risk do not appear, nor do these partners take any active management; were they to do so, they would assume the responsibility of general partners. They may, however, advise as to any course to be pursued, and are at liberty to inspect the books and affairs. From these provisions it will be observed that the special partners, or *commanditaires*, occupy a position analogous to what is usually termed *sleeping partners*, but without the risk of these persons. In the event of a bankruptcy, the special partners are liable for nothing beyond their investment or share; and they can claim no dividend till all the other creditors of the partnership are satisfied. The law of limited partnership is precisely the same in the state of New York; and in France, as well as in America, partnerships of this class cannot commence till they are inscribed in a public register, with the names of all the partners, and their several shares and risks. By this registration they are fully known in the trading community, and no one is deceived as to their real character.

The advantages flowing from these limitations are obvious. Capitalists in quest of means for investment place such sums as they can spare in the hands of small traders, on the agreement of receiving a certain share of the profits, and that without being haunted with the fear of being dragged into bankruptcy and ruin. If the concern prosper, well and good—a reasonable profit is realised: if it fail, the money is lost, and that is all. When we say *capitalists*, we do not exclusively refer to men with vast fortunes, but include persons with small savings of £50 or £100, which, instead of being necessarily, as with us, deposited in a bank at 2 per cent. interest, may, by the commandite system, be put out in trade with a fair hope of bringing from 6 to 10 per cent. interest per annum. As tending to relieve small traders from the obligation of borrowing or discounting bills, the plan is said to work admirably; while as regards the promotion of business it has been of the greatest consequence.

The subject of limited partnership, as now described,

was some years ago under the consideration of parliament; but being a novelty in Great Britain, it naturally failed of support. In the report of Mr Bellenden Ker, presented to parliament in 1837, that gentleman observes—“With respect to the working of the law in France and New York, as far as information has been obtained, it appears to be beneficial; and certainly, as regards the French law, the cases which are reported do not afford evidence that this branch of the law of partnership furnishes any peculiar facilities for committing fraud on creditors. In France, according to the opinions of some well-informed merchants, it is very useful, as affording the means of directing to commercial enterprise much capital which would not be so employed; as affording the means of bringing forward intelligent and skilled persons, who have not capital to enable them to enter into commercial speculation; and as enabling a retiring trader to leave in the business a portion of his gains, and thereby continue the credit of the house to its successors, which the retiring partner might not be inclined to do if his whole fortune were to be liable to the partnership engagements. The principal arguments in favour of the measure are—that capital is wanting in many districts for safe commercial enterprise, and is not so beneficially distributed as it would be if partnerships with a limited responsibility were allowed: that, by the present law, the increase or productiveness of national capital is retarded or diminished: that much additional capital, which is now lent on foreign loans, would be employed in the commerce of this country; and that the combination of capital and skill would be best obtained by allowing limited responsibility: that laws having the effect of compulsory protection are mischievous; and that many respectable firms would be enabled to obtain advances of capital on terms less disadvantageous than those in which it is sometimes procured from large commercial houses, who, on making any advances, either stipulate or expect that, in addition to the payment of the highest rate of interest, the borrower shall also purchase a portion of his goods from them—a mode of dealing rarely favourable to the borrower; and that, in fact, the security to the creditor would often be greater under such a system than it is at present, when the trade is carried on either by means of credit or with borrowed capital.”

A remarkable instance of the value of *commandite* partnerships is mentioned in the evidence of Mr A. Levinger, commercial traveller for a house in Basle, Switzerland. This house, wishing to take advantage of the law of limited partnership, established a sugar-refinery on French ground, about twenty miles from Basle. Here, he goes on to say, “a *commandite* was established for two active young men, formerly clerks, and well-known in Basle; a large capital was immediately subscribed and paid down, and it was advertised in the *Basle Gazette* that so many, perhaps a dozen gentlemen, had subscribed and paid down half a million of francs as a capital, for which they were to receive 5 per cent. interest, and a half share or two-thirds share of the profit; and the two *gerants*, or managing partners, should have the sole management and the sole signature. This concern prospers to this day; and there is a striking case in one general way, which is the city of Mulhausen, on French ground, in the department of Haut et Bas-Rhin, which is now a second Manchester, which would not have risen to one-tenth part of the importance and riches it pos-

sesses now, were it not for these *commandites*. All the capital they traded with these thirty years, to my knowledge, was lent by Swiss houses of Basle, Zurich, &c. to these French borderers, and has returned more than 100 per cent.; in fact it has become a city of palaces, and now, though so much inland, buys the raw materials at Liverpool and Manchester; manufactures, at the utmost north-eastern part of France, printed cotton, and sends it back to England, paying even 30 per cent. duty, or smuggling it at 15 per cent., and sells it now in Cheapside, which my cousin did last year [1835]. Such *commandites* might be established by laying before the Chambers of Commerce here the deed and proofs of their establishment, and announcing it in the *London Gazette*, by which the liability of the contributors or shareholders would be limited to the amount subscribed; the capital of the young, enterprising, and yet prudent men, published; and every change of partnership afterwards announced, without the too formal and too expensive method of the present acts of parliament and charters.”*

All parties concur in representing that the United States could not possibly have attained their present prosperity without the law of limited partnership. By one authority we see it stated that—“If there be prosperity in the United States—enterprise—full and profitable investment of capital—steamboats traversing the rivers, and speeding not only along the coasts, but to remote parts—a commercial navy traversing every sea, and sweeping “even to the uttermost parts of the earth”—railways which intersect the entire of that mighty continent—and cities springing up, as it were, in a single night—this has mainly resulted from the aggregation of small means into large amounts by means of limited partnership. Capital, energy, industry, and skill, form a very formidable combination. The cotton-spinners of this country complain that they are too many, and have even held meetings, and set on foot subscriptions, for the purpose of drafting a portion of their number out of the country. The labour market of England may be overstocked; but the United States will receive this surplusage, employ it, and pay it with high wages. There, provided they are temperate in their habits, and attentive to “the main chance,” there is great probability that they will not only do well, but prosper. The small cotton-spinning factories in America are all doing well. There is no such thing as “short time” nor “half wages” there. The demand is very much greater than the supply, and so it will be for many a long year. The American factories are founded and worked in this manner:—A man of capital in the United States gets three or more good cotton-spinners, and sets them up in a small factory driven by water-power, of which there is abundance: the cost of the first factory established in Lowell was only 3000 dollars. They pay him a rent for the factory, and a partnership is formed to work it. The capitalist puts down a limited sum, say £2000. The men put down what they may have to invest; small sums perhaps, but their real capital in the concern is their labour. There is one partner with money, and three or four with skill. The workmen strain every nerve to gain a profit, for it is profit which alone can

* We extract the above from the work, ‘Partnership on *Commandite*;’ Effingham Wilson, London, 1845. For much practical information on *commandite* and other partnerships, we beg to refer to an able digest, entitled, ‘Commercial Law, its Principles and Administration,’ by Leone Levi, &c. London: 1850.

give permanency to the concern. They know that, in case of loss, their monied partner, whose £2000 is sunk, will leave them. If they succeed, they can throw their gain into the concern to increase the capital, and the monied partner would probably join in extending a profitable concern. All this would be done—it is done constantly—because the law of limited partnership was free there.'

Readers of the *Times* will lately have observed in that newspaper letters from 'a Banker' on the subject of partnership with limited risk, in which views similar to the foregoing are expressed. He ascribes the surprising increase in American shipping to the readiness with which skilled men with slender means can procure capitalists as partners. 'There is nothing in the state of the American law to prevent a shipowner from having many *commanditaires*, or to prevent capitalists from applying their money to the extension of the American mercantile navy upon a system of restricted liability; and no doubt very many ships are so owned. Thus we see that an American capitalist, without involving himself in such unlimited liability as he must necessarily incur were the law in America the same as it is here, may and can profitably encourage honesty and enterprise at home. An Englishman also may, if he pleases, advance a limited sum to an individual ship-owner or a firm in the United States, receiving the profit attaching to that sum, but not incurring any liability beyond the amount for which he is registered as a partner. Could an Englishman enjoy the same facilities at home for employing his money? And could the enterprising and industrious English captain, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, add to his means by a similar process? Without wishing to introduce any matter foreign to my subject, I cannot help here expressing my belief, that if a comparison were instituted between the emoluments which an English and an American captain respectively obtain from their profession, it would be found that the Englishman is greatly underpaid. The law, besides this, as we see, shuts him out from the advantage he might otherwise derive from the opportunity of obtaining capital, and setting himself up in his business, by recourse to the system of partnership *en commandite*. The Englishman is therefore under very many disadvantages compared with the American; and this does not apply to shipping only, but to all the branches of industry and commerce. The law should therefore at once be changed, to give parties at home the same facilities for obtaining capital as they have abroad. In this respect the commercial code of England and America should be assimilated forthwith.'

Much more might be said of the advantages likely to arise from the introduction of *commandite* partnerships; but we need only refer to one class of benefits—namely, the extension of schemes likely to improve the condition of the humbler orders. For example, plans are almost daily proposed to get up improved dwellings for workmen; but while many generously-disposed individuals would be willing to risk £10 or £20 as a commercial adventure in working out such schemes, all are deterred, from the fear of being involved as partners. Consequently the schemes, after being talked and sighed over, are laid aside as impracticable. But for similar fears, hundreds would extend help as capitalists to workmen associated in trade. Here, then, in the form of an antiquated legal institute, we bring before the artizan classes a distinct evil, palpably injurious to their interests. What subject more worthy of being pressed on the attention of the legislature?

NOTE BY ANOTHER HAND.—It occurs to me that by such an improvement in the law of partnership as is here pointed out, an immense advance might be effected in the *moral* condition of the working-classes. The small extent to which saving is carried in these

classes has often excited surprise, more especially when contrasted with the habits of the class of small traders, whose gains are in general no better. There must be causes for this; and may it not reasonably be surmised that one of these lies in the want of channels of investment and improvement for the spare money? The little trader feels that every new pound is a new power in his business, and an exaltation of his prospects. The artizan can only keep it in a bank at small interest, till perhaps some accident deprives him of the whole. It is obvious that the principle of hope—on which the conduct of men in the world so much depends—would be much more stimulated by the having a little money ventured out in business with a good return, albeit at some risk, than by having a sum lying cold, hard, and comparatively unfruitful in a bank. Hence I can see a moral regenerative force in partnerships *en commandite*. There would be incidentally an economical advantage, in as far as by that arrangement, men desirous of employing small sums in trade would be enabled to join good concerns already established, and thus save from setting up small rival ones, in which any gain that arises is apt to be entirely swallowed up in expenses. The multiplication of shops and other concerns so far beyond what is necessary for the convenience of the public, and the great waste of money in rents, assistance, and other expenses which follows, may be considered as owing in a great measure to the difficulties and hazards which at present attend association. Let these obstructions be removed, and a clever tradesman, who was beginning to flourish, would find himself supported and advanced in the world by the spare capital of those neighbours who at present are tempted to set up a counterpart of his shop next door, or on the opposite side of the street. There would also no doubt be a saving in iniquity; for we could not expect to see so many tricks and lying professions resorted to for the securing of custom, as what appear to be necessary in the present over-excited state of the competitive principle.

A DINNER IN THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

EUGENE MARSOUIN is, without exception, the most eccentric young man it was ever my fate to fall in with. Handsome, well-made, even striking-looking, both men and women are always sure to turn round and stare after him as he strolls along the Boulevards of Paris, his only walk, for he was never known to extend it farther than the Place de la Concorde. The Champs Elysées is to him an unknown land. He came to Paris ten years ago as a law student, and took a cheap lodging, at £12 sterling per annum, in the Rue de Seine. Here he vegetated on his allowance of £4 a month, and made an effort to study. But the effort was almost vain: he fell asleep over his law books, and was never known to rise in time to attend to the morning lectures. At the end of three years, in the twenty-first year of his age, he had made so little progress, that his father determined to recall him. But Eugene was too idle to pack up his things for a journey, too indolent to engage anybody to do it. His portress, a good old woman between fifty and sixty, cooked his dinner for him, fetched him novels from the circulating library, and arranged his room. He could not change his existence. His father threatened to stop his allowance, but Eugene wrote back that he would just as soon starve as travel two hundred miles.

About a week later he was called on by a lawyer, who announced to him the important fact, that his mother's eldest sister, a maiden lady, had just died, and left him 12,000 francs per annum—nearly £500 sterling. Eugene made the lawyer sit down, rose from his own chair, and taking up his student books, one by one put them on the fire. He then returned to

his chair, and proceeded to calculate what this allowed him to spend every week. The lawyer stopped him, and demanded instructions. Marsouin told him to receive his money for him, and to let his old woman have it, at the rate of 230 francs every week, on his written order. The man of law readily consented, got him to sign the necessary papers, and bowed himself out.

The existence of Eugene Marsouin scarcely changed. He kept his old lodging at L.12 a year, but he had it beautifully furnished; he removed old Catherine from the porter's lodge to the post of his sole servant; he dressed well; he subscribed to two libraries, to be sure of having the book he should want; and instead of dining at a sixteen-penny ordinary, took his dinner à la carte, now at the first *restaurant* on the Boulevards, now in the Palais-Royal. He awoke with clock-work regularity at eight, took his chocolate, and turning round in his bed, went once more off to sleep. At eleven he again awoke; and lounging half-dressed in a huge arm-chair, attacked his breakfast. It was composed of various delicacies, of which he scarcely ever ate two mouthfuls; but he amused himself by lazily cutting up some small pieces, and offering them on a fork to his old servant.

'Here, Catherine, eat,' he would say. This was in his days of effervescent gaiety; for if he was at all grave, he said nothing, but sat stupidly looking at his bottle of wine. About two he was dressed. If a friend came in, he was generally discovered lying on his back puffing huge volumes of smoke towards the roof.

'What are you doing, Eugene?'

'Nothing.'

'What are you thinking of?'

'Nothing.'

This was his universal answer. About three he would take his hat, his cane, and his gloves, and descending the stairs, make slowly for the first bridge which led him across the water towards the Boulevards. As an invariable rule, he dined one day at the *Café de Paris*, the next at Very's. He said he was fond of variety, and showed it by this regular alternation between two houses. He dined well, sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend, if he happened to meet him exactly in his way. He then took his coffee, lit another cigar, and strolled home. A divan, his pipe, and a book, were his ordinary resources of an evening; except when a party of friends came in, and then he roused himself sufficiently to order punch, &c. and sometimes ventured on an unexciting game. But he never encouraged late hours. He could not live without his eleven hours of bed.

And thus did his existence move on for years. He neither changed in habits, manners, nor looks. When the Revolution happened, he was annoyed at having to dine at home for a few days; and that was all the effect it had on him. As he did not sell out of the funds, his income continued unabated; and as soon as the last shot was fired, he resumed his placid existence. He was not a bad fellow, though so essentially selfish and wrapped up in himself: he would often rouse himself slightly to serve a friend, and took in good part the practical jokes sometimes played upon his indolence and absence of mind.

One morning, a few months after the Revolution of February, Marsouin had just risen to his eleven o'clock breakfast, when a knock came to the outer door. Eugene looked uncomfortable, but nodded to Catherine to open. A young man immediately entered. He was tall, well dressed, and strikingly handsome. Intellect was stamped on every feature of his face. He was, however, ghastly pale; his cheeks were livid, his eyes hollow and fiery. He came in with a poor attempt at a strut, and sank in an arm-chair.

'I have come without ceremony to breakfast with you,' he said, with a terrible effort at a laugh.

'What,' replied Eugene indolently, after a languid

shake of the head. He really liked his old school-fellow Gustave de Simonet, but he rarely could muster more emotion than he now showed. Gustave was four years younger, and an artist, hard working, and full of talent, and they met rarely. But they both remembered the friendly days of school, and kept up their acquaintance.

Gustave ate quietly, and with evident caution. He touched no wine, but drank a large bowl of chocolate. As he made his breakfast, his cheeks flushed, his eyes lost their horrid glare, and when he threw himself back in his chair, he seemed a changed man. Seizing an instant when Catherine was away in the kitchen, he exclaimed, 'This is the first meal I have eaten for three days!'

'Gustave! you want to give me an indigestion!' cried Eugene, looking like a man who had seen a ghost.

'I am serious,' replied the young artist; 'and having been pretty nearly starved for four months, have come to ask you to use your influence to get me a place of say a thousand francs a year (L.40).'

Eugene heaved a deep sigh. He saw trouble before him.

'Could I not lend you a thousand francs?' he said.

'Eugene! I have not lived for four months on a two sous of milk and two sous of bread for breakfast, and on six sous of meat and bread for dinner, since the Revolution—I have not lain three days on my divan starving, to come and borrow money. I ask for work! I cannot just now find artistic work; let me get a place as copying clerk. You have influential relations.'

'My dear fellow, I am a lazy dog, but there is my hand. Reach me that writing-desk. I will give you a letter to the Countess de Montdely, which will serve your purpose. She has great weight—I forgot with which minister; and she is my cousin. I have only seen her once, because she lives in the Faubourg St Germain, and I hate to go out of my way. But she invites me once a week, and my father reproaches me every month for not going. Some of these days I will.'

Gustave, rather surprised at his long speech, handed him pen, ink, and paper. Eugene took the affair in hand with intense energy, wrote off four pages in a very short time, and then sank back almost exhausted in his chair. Gustave thanked him warmly, and without offering to read the note, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed it. Eugene then gave him one of his cards, and stating that this was her reception-day, hurried him off that he might reach before the general company. He further appointed to dine together at Very's, in the Palais-Royal, at six. Gustave borrowed five francs of his friend. With this he bought gloves, had his boots cleaned, and hired a cab. At two o'clock he was before the superb hotel of the Countess de Montdely.

He rang, and entering the large and well-paved court, inquired of a tall maid if the countess were visible. The man hesitated, but rather civilly, as doubtful of admitting a stranger at that hour. Gustave produced the card and the note. The domestic bowed, and showed the young man up a splendid flight of stairs into a perfectly gorgeous *salon*. He then again bowed respectfully, took the card and note, and retired. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before Gustave, who was admiring a rich collection of pictures, was interrupted by the quick entrance of a lady. He started involuntarily, and then bent profoundly to a lovely young creature, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and sparkling with animation. She was not more than three-and-twenty.

'Be seated, monsieur. I pray you,' she said after a rapid glance at the artist, from eyes in which stood fresh-started tears: 'my cousin is a most strange person. He quite forgets the Revolution, and the death of my husband. He writes as if my husband were alive, and enjoying the confidence of the late king. This is

most annoying. It is true that when my husband was alive—he has been dead two years—I had some little influence, and could serve my friends.'

'Madame,' exclaimed Gustave, rising, not wholly unable to disguise his sorrow, 'I am very sorry!—'

'Monsieur,' said the young widow a little impatiently, 'are you aware of the contents of this letter?'

'Madame, I understood it to be a note recommending me to your notice for some modest place.'

The countess handed it to the artist, who, with burning cheeks, read it in every detail of his misery and suffering. He rose again, his eyes boyed with humiliation and shame, and muttering something about the folly of Eugene, was about to rush wildly from the room.

'Monsieur, have a little regard for me,' said the countess somewhat quickly, but evidently with much emotion, at the same time ringing her bell. A servant came.

'Deny me to everybody. I wish to consult with monsieur about the Eastern Gallery, and about my portrait, which Monsieur V— has so long neglected. Let the gallery be ready in half an hour,' and then she continued, when they were once more alone—'I am rich, fond of pictures, and shall be proud to find you employment suited to your talents. Do you paint portraits?'

'That Diana of Poitiers over your own picture is mine,' said the young artist modestly: 'Eugene bought it of me two years ago.'

'It is the only politeness I ever received from him,' replied the countess, not without much satisfaction, for the painting was full of talent and promise: 'I hope you will paint me as well?'

'Madame,' cried Gustave impetuously, 'you offer to take a poor unfriended artist by the hand. I can never show my gratitude.'

The countess shook her head, and led the way, after some farther conversation, to the picture-gallery. While waiting for this to be ready, Gustave told his whole history. The countess pressed him so delicately, he could not refuse, especially when Eugene had told the worst. Madame de Montdely casually explained that she had married the aged ambassador, who had been her husband, to settle some disputed claims about estates, at an age when she had no will of her own. Both of an imaginative cast of mind, the countess and the artist soon became good friends, and before an hour, had got rid of all the reserve of strangers. The widow, used to the world, and to all kinds of society, found pleasure in the talk of the ambitious, talented, but poor artist; and when she came to settle with him the hours of her sittings, the best position for her to sit, and other details, they were already on familiar terms. Gustave was a gentleman, in every sense of the word, and this the lady at once saw.

At last the young artist took his hat to go, long before the countess seemed at all inclined to be fatigued with his company. She then told him that several public men dined that day at her table, and she should be happy to see him. Gustave remembered his engagement at six, and politely declined. He did not mention with whom he was engaged, lest he might be tempted to disappoint him who had served him so efficaciously. The countess seemed a little surprised at his not accepting her invitation, and at his preferring to keep an engagement in the Palais-Royal.

'Poor, handsome, talented, modest, unacknowledged in the ways of the world,' said the countess as she sat musing alone after his departure; 'this has always been my ideal. Married at seventeen to a good old man, a formal diplomatist, who was like a second father to me; thrust into the society of nothing but politicians, I always dreamed of taking a real husband from the talented crowd of struggling geniuses. One has fallen in my way. I like him much, and fancy I shall like

him more. He seems a man of honour and principle. That is all I ask, for I will never marry a man to whom I cannot confide my property. Ta! ta! ta! here am I like a wild girl talking of marrying, and I know nothing of the man! Who is he going to dine with to-day? If I knew, I might judge him better.'

The countess rang, and ordered a carriage and her companion to accompany her—another protégée raised from misery. In ten minutes more she was on her way to the Palais-Royal, and soon lounging along the arcades, as if in search of something. It was just six o'clock, and she saw Gustave walking in the garden before the café of the Rotonde, as if waiting for some one. The gay young countess felt a little annoyed at her own curiosity, but the desire to know who was his companion in the dinner overcame all. A quarter-past six, and still no one came. Gustave went and looked in at Very's, but the person he expected was not there. Then she saw him turn his back to the crowd, and count his money. It seemed only to be a few coppers. Half-past six, and Gustave seemed to grow impatient. The poor fellow was hungry. He seemed anxious and doubtful. Suddenly he darted away towards the Rue Vivienne. The countess, who was beginning a second round in the arcade, stood still and looked, all the while leaning on the arm of the astonished Mademoiselle de Fonsec. In five minutes Gustave came back with a small loaf in his hand, which he began to break and eat. No one noticed him. He still walked up and down, but evidently not as if he expected a dinner. Suddenly, as he began his second loaf, a thought seemed to strike him, and he moved in the direction of the Faubourg St Germain. But in a minute he stopped, looked at his soiled gloves, felt his cravat, and turned back. Decidedly he would dine on dry bread.

The countess now hurried back to her carriage, convinced that Gustave was to have dined with some one, and not some one with him. The whole force of the affair was now in the question—Was he to have dined with a man or with a woman? Lucie de Montdely, in all her experience in society, young and beautiful as she was, had never been in any way affected by the passion of love. Neither was she now. But the talent and misfortunes of the young and handsome artist had excited in her an interest she had never felt before; young as she was, she was quite persuaded that, should inquiry satisfy her as to his honourable character, she should feel much more.

About twelve o'clock the next day Gustave rang at the door of Eugène Marsouin. Catherine opened, and to his surprise he found the Countess and Mademoiselle de Fonsec breakfasting with the indolent Eugene, who was, however, trying to look amiable, and eager to oblige. He looked intensely relieved when he saw Gustave.

'I came,' said Gustave, after paying his respects to the ladies, 'to reproach you with keeping me an hour waiting for you in the Palais-Royal. I refused an invitation to dine with Madame la Comtesse, because you had made me a promise to dine with you at Very's.'

'Fatal mistake!' cried Eugene with a tragic air. 'I was so confused yesterday morning, I must have said Very's; but it was my day for the Café de Paris, where I waited dinner an hour for you. Why didn't you speak to the garçon—he would have told you?'

'So, monsieur,' said the countess with a smile which unconsciously was radiant, 'you deserted me for my cousin? I shall punish him by making him dine with me to-day; and as I know his indolent habits, I shall send a carriage for him. You recollect, Monsieur de Simonet, that this day at two is my first sitting. Will you take a seat in my carriage?'

Gustave accepted, and that afternoon the picture was commenced. Three times a week did the young man stand before the canvas, and strive to make a copy

of the living, breathing, beautiful thing before him; but it was more difficult than he expected. The beauty, grace, and unaffected charming character of the young widow, the easy and elegant familiarity of her tone to her *protégées*.—Mademoiselle de Fonsec was always the companion of these sittings—the real nobleness of her character, and, above all, the deep gratitude which he felt for her kindness to him, produced a result which would have been surprising if it had not been produced. Gustave made scarcely any progress with his picture.

About two months had passed away. It was May last year; the three were in the very midst of a sitting. Lucie was leaning back in her chair, while Gustave corrected some defects in the expression of the countess's eyes. A servant suddenly summoned Mademoiselle de Fonsec away. As the door closed behind her, the artist let his pencil fall. He stood pale, and almost with tears in his eyes, before the lovely woman.

“Madame la Comtesse, I give it up. I cannot complete your picture: it is a vain attempt. I am not worthy to do so.”

“What mean you, sir?”
“Madame, I am frank and honest. I have looked too often on your face for two months past. No artist can paint the features of her with whom he is madly, hopelessly in love!”

The countess closed her eyes an instant, and spoke not; then she rose, and advancing near to the young man, who stood with his eyes fixed on the unfinished portrait: “Why hopelessly, Gustave?” she said, laying her hand on his arm.

Half an hour later, when Mademoiselle de Fonsec returned, and entered the room unannounced, she started back, and would have retired. Gustave was kneeling at the countess's feet, one hand in his, the picture of proud, unalloyed happiness. Lucie was speaking in a low tone, and telling him of some project for their mutual happiness.

“Come in, Laura,” said the countess with a sweet smile, “and share our happiness. We are affianced, and all the world must soon know it.”

It was in June, and at the church of the Madeleine. The door was crowded by carriages. It was a splendid wedding; all the *fonctionnaires* of Paris were present, and all the leading men in the arts, for a rich and beautiful member of the *ordre* of the Faubourg St Germain was giving her hand to a young and talented artist. There were some sneers about the matter, but only a few. Most persons agreed that it was a well-assorted match. The pair were equal in all but money, and Gustave brought genius, while Lucie brought gold. He was, even in these days, at least her equal.

It was a warm day, and the crowd smiled as Eugene Marsouin, with a grim countenance, ascended the steps of the splendid church. The poor man suffered intensely from heat and a day of dissipation. He had actually risen at ten o'clock! But he was really attached to both Lucie and Gustave, and he did not seriously grumble. He resisted, however, strongly an “invitation” into the country; but at last he yielded, and spent the autumn of the year with the happy couple. He has, moreover, so far broken in upon his habits, as to dine once a week with them during the season; and he never fails, after the first glass of wine, to deplore his mistake about the invitation to Gustave, and to apologise for giving the other so poor a dinner in the Palais-Royal. The husband and wife always laugh, and I hope they always may. Certainly in all my experience of life, which has been varied enough, though short, I know not a happier, a more deserving couple, than Gustave and Lucie de Simonet. Their love is founded on mutual esteem, and no worldly feeling has any share in its composition. They advise Eugene to follow their example, but he declares that he could

never endure a courtship and a wedding, to say nothing of the chance of finding a wife who would bear with his eccentricities. But perhaps in time he may envy the happiness of his cousins. “We shall see.”

MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

The subject of the present sketch was born on the 25th April 1769, at Hacqueville, in the department of l'Eure, not far from Audey, the birthplace of Poussin, the greatest painter of the French school. His parents were respectable agriculturists, and had four children, two boys and two girls, of whom Mark was the eldest. In the earliest days of his boyhood he manifested a decided taste for mechanical pursuits, and what is called exact science; and on being sent to the seminary of St Nicaise at Rouen, soon grew tired of studying Demosthenes and Cicero. Naval science, machinery, mathematics, and design, possessed greater attractions for the young scholar, and absorbed his mental powers. During the vacations, which were spent at his father's house, his greatest pleasure was to pass the day in the workshop of the Hacqueville joiner, where his faculty of investigation and thirst for knowledge declared themselves in endless questionings, which the worthy artificer replied to with the best of his ability.

It was in this shop that Brunel acquired his knowledge of tools, and of their manipulation, and that ideas of mechanics began to assume a definite form in the brain of the future engineer. When twelve years old, his skill in turning was such as would have satisfied a good workman. He constructed also models of ships and instruments of navigation and music—proofs of ability which were far from being satisfactory to his father—a man of rigid character, who wished his son to enter the church, or to follow some mercantile calling, and who resisted the youth's inclination for a profession in the mechanical arts with all the weight of parental authority. “Mon cher Isambard,” he would say, after having opposed a host of apparently sensible objections to his son's wishes—“Mon cher Isambard, if you take up that line you will vegetate all your life.”

This parental prognostication might have been forgotten in that day, when industrial art had scarcely begun to develop the mighty resources which it has since put forth. Now we may smile at its shortsightedness; but then the application of steam as a motive power was in its infancy—spinning and weaving had not become supereminent branches of trade. The only cotton-factory in that part of Normandy was at Louviers: the attempts made to introduce machinery into Rouen had been ignorantly and destructively resisted by the populace of the city. The first steam-engine imported into France from England was landed at Rouen in 1793 under the eyes of Brunel.

On leaving the seminary, at the age of fifteen, Mark Isambard obtained his father's permission to pass some time at Rouen, where, under the eye of M. Carpentier, an old friend of the family, he went through a course of lessons in drawing, perspective, and hydrography. Delighted with the astronomical notions acquired in his nautical studies, he undertook a series of observations of the celestial bodies on his return home, his observatory being a plain a little distant to the north of Hacqueville, greatly to the astonishment of the peasantry of the village, who were set agape at seeing the youth “measure the sun.” Shortly afterwards, his attention having been excited by an octant in the possession of his hydrographical tutor, he made a similar one, his sole guide being a treatise of navigation. The instrument not proving to his satisfaction, he re-examined and reconsidered its construction, and, assisted by a few crowns which his father ventured to risk for such a purpose, he made another of ebony, and was content with his performance. Two octants, which he

subsequently used while a sailor, were also of his own fabrication, and, with the facts previously adverted to, may be taken as indications of intellectual and mechanical precocity.

Brunel's hydrographical studies, and perhaps the influence of his friend M. Carpentier, who had been a trading captain, led to his entering the navy as simple volunteer in 1786, from which date, up to 1793, he made several voyages to the West Indies, without seeking any higher rank in the service. While fulfilling the laborious duties of a mariner, he was always remarked for gentleness, gaiety of disposition, skill, and extreme intelligence. *Le Marquis*, as he was called, in a jeu de mots upon his name—*Marie I.*—was beloved by the crew and passengers, whom he astonished by the diversity of his talents, of which he gave a notable instance by constructing a pianoforte during their stay at Guadeloupe.

In 1793 Brunel became involved in a dispute which led to his departure for a foreign country. At a meeting of one of the political clubs in a café at Paris, he had dared to raise his voice against the ferocious doctrines of the demagogues of the day, and in consequence risked his personal liberty. He, however, obtained permission from the minister of marine to pass over to America, where he hoped to find scope for the exercise of his abilities.

After staying a few days in New York, the young Frenchman set out for Albany, where he met two of his compatriots, who were preparing for an exploring journey through the unsettled lands to the borders of Lake Ontario. Brunel offered to accompany them, and act as captain of their party—seven individuals in all—in their remote and difficult enterprise. The object was to take possession, in behalf of a French company, of uncleared lands, comprising about 220,000 acres, and to survey and lay down plans of the property. The expedition presented somewhat of an adventurous character, from the uncertainty as to the precise situation of the lands, which lay between the 44th degree of latitude and the Black River. The party were provided with two tents, ammunition, and other necessities; and for the two months that the survey lasted, encamped in the woods, in a strange country, with whose character they were entirely unacquainted, and succeeded in accomplishing their purpose.

Brunel often dwelt with pleasure in after-life on the incidents of this journey, in a region which subsequently became the property of Joseph Bonaparte, and related that Louis-Philippe, when king of France, on hearing his narrative of the exploration, remarked that the party had *royagé en principe*. The monarch himself had visited these countries with two of his brothers; and, being unprovided with travelling gear, not unfrequently found themselves obliged to pass the night without shelter, and far from human habitation.

In 1794 Brunel's career as an engineer may be said to have commenced. He was appointed, conjointly with one of his companions of the exploration, to survey the country from Albany to Lake Champlain for a canal, to connect the waters of the lake with the river Hudson. In the execution of this work he displayed so much ingenuity in overcoming difficulties, as clearly to establish the peculiar character of his genius. He afterwards sent in a plan for the Houses of Congress at Washington, which, in its well-considered, yet noble and handy composition, uniting elegance of form with majesty of arrangement, excelled all competitors. Although greatly admired, it was thought to be too costly and magnificent a palace for republican legislators. Subsequently, modification of the same plan was chosen as the original of the Bowery Theatre at New York. Besides these, Brunel was employed in other public works—the fortifications erected for the defence of the city, and the establishment of an arsenal and foundry of artillery, in which his novel and in-

genious contrivances for boring cannon, and for moving heavy masses of metal with facility, showed that, like Brindley, he could bring a host of fertile ideas to bear on the work immediately in progress.

While thus developing his talents as architect, mechanician, and engineer, Brunel felt a desire to exhibit his powers on a higher stage. To compete with men of science seemed to him not only possible, but attractive. Several reasons induced him to fix his abode in England, not the least important being his attachment to Miss Sophia Kingdom, with whom he had become acquainted in the family of his friend Carpentier at Rouen. They were married in 1799; and in the amiable qualities of his wife Brunel is said to have found a fitting accompaniment to his own eminent abilities.

He made his débüt in this country by an autographic machine designed to copy drawings, maps, and written documents of a very complicated nature. Although of secondary importance, this invention laid the foundation of his prosperity in England; and from that time he rejected all the offers and invitations made to him to leave the land of his adoption for the service of other governments.

In England we have no privileged corps of engineers as that of the Ponts-et-Chaussées in France, which requires from its members a certain preliminary and indispensable amount of study. Here any one who will may profess himself an engineer; but before he can be called upon to undertake any work of importance, he must have displayed intelligence and capacity. Hence Brunel, whose early studies were less complete than those of other individuals devoted from their youth to exact science, but whose constructive talent was incontestable, was enabled to rank himself among the chief of English engineers. The success of his autographic apparatus encouraged him to further efforts, and ere long, his machine for the manufacture of block pulleys was made public.

He had first conceived the idea of this machine in America; but, considering that it could be employed advantageously only by a great naval power, he did not make it known prior to his arrival in London. It was not without encountering and conquering a jealous opposition, and struggling against the multiplied irritations provoked by his French origin, that he at length succeeded in obtaining a trial of his plans in the arsenal at Portsmouth. For this opportunity of proving his ability he was indebted to the friendly offices of Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, and to the countenance afforded him by General Bentham, to whom the marine service of England owes much of its efficiency. Among other projects imagined by the general, was one also for a block-making machine, which he was about to carry into execution, when Brunel, at that time but little known, submitted his plans to him. Their superiority was at once perceived and recognised by the general: he not only renounced his own designs, but declared for those of his competitor. The ingenious machinery was completed in 1806; since when, it has performed with admirable precision, and furnished the British navy with blocks superior in all respects to those before used. The government acknowledged their approval of Brunel's contrivance by a grant of £20,000—a sum which in a short time was more than saved to the nation by the economy of his process.

In the fitting out of vessels of war, and the operations of the dock-yard, about eighty sorts of blocks are used, of different form and size; some complicated, others simple, with one or more wheels, traversed in certain instances by one or several axles, but all requiring the same exactness and solidity. A whole chapter might be taken up by a description of the block-factory at Portsmouth, without conveying an adequate idea of the simplicity of the manufacture,

which can hardly be gained without a visit of inspection. Logs of wood are first cut to the required lengths by a cross-cutting saw; these are afterwards brought to the various dimensions by means of circular and reciprocating saws; the blocks are then bored, mortised, the angles removed with the 'corner-saw,' and shaped in an apparatus which revolves with extraordinary rapidity. The next operation is to make the score or groove to receive the strap, either of metal or hemp, when, with a few touches of hand-labour, the shell of the block is complete. The final process consists in inserting the *lignum vite* sheaves, which are prepared by the same machinery.

In 1801 the Admiralty employed Brunel to effect improvements in the national establishments at Chatham and Woolwich, and it is said that he introduced order and economy where he had found only disorder and dilapidation. It was then that he constructed the steam-sawing machinery, with vertical and circular saws, which execute their work with marvellous speed. From the revolving saw for ship-timber, he passed by refined stages to the circular saw for harder and finer woods, which doubled the number of veneers into which each inch of plank or log could be divided, and has consequently tended materially to the cheapening of articles of furniture.

Besides these inventions, Brunel produced a machine for making wooden boxes of various shapes and dimensions; for making nails, an apparatus controllable by a child's hand, and striking many thousands of nails in an hour; the hydraulic packing press; two small and simple machines, designed one to twist, measure, and skein sewing cotton, the other for ruling paper; the fabrication of crystallised metallic plates for ornamental purposes; the construction of flat arches of wide span, with bricks and hydraulic cement, without centres or scaffolding, by the sole adherent force of the mortar, combined with fibrous or metallic bands; combinations for suspension bridges; and a machine for making seamless shoes for the use of the army.

The latter was brought into operation in 1813, invalid soldiers being employed in the process, at the suggestion of the Duke of York. With this machine thirty men could produce one hundred pairs of shoes in a day. The principal difference between them and ordinary shoes consisted in the superiority of the workmanship. But excellent as these shoes were, they presented one inconvenience—the sole not being stitched to the upper leather, they could not be resoled; and besides this economical defect to prevent their general use, the termination of the war led to a reduction of the army. After two years of trial, the machinery was given up.

Navigation by steam could hardly fail to attract the attention of such a man as Brunel: the construction of one of the first Ramsgate steamers was intrusted to him, in which, as is said, he introduced the principle of a double pump. And it was he who urged the Admiralty to build a steam-tug for towing at sea—an operation the possibility of which had previously been doubted. Its success and wide applicability are no longer matter of speculation.

We next find Brunel engaged on a machine with carbonic acid gas as the motive power. Faraday had proved by decisive experiments that this gas, as well as several others, when submitted to pressure at a low temperature, became condensed and liquefied, and afterwards, on the application of a moderate heat, vaporised with an enormous expansive force. The thought had once occurred to Davy that this tremendous property in the gas might one day supersede the use of steam, and it was to the realisation of the idea that Brunel devoted his abilities. His apparatus admitted of the liquefied gas becoming alternately expanded by heat and condensed by cold; but the difficulty of producing metallic cylinders or receivers

sufficiently strong to resist the explosive force of the gas on the slightest increase of temperature, was a hindrance, not yet surmounted, to the useful applications of which it is susceptible. It was patented by the inventor in England and France, so great were his hopes of reducing the energetic agent to tractability. This result has been, however, reserved for later times, and he who shall first accomplish it, may hope for fame not less ample than that which yet honours the memory of Watt.

But of all Brunel's works, that by which he will be most remembered is the Thames Tunnel. The idea of such a project had been present to his mind long before it was carried into execution; for when the emperor of Russia visited England in 1815, the enterprising engineer submitted to him a plan for a tunnel under the Neva, a river over which the permanence of a bridge would be doubtful, owing to the great accumulation of ice during the intense winter frosts and its sudden disruption in the spring. The necessity for passage across the Thames, without interrupting the navigation of the stream, had led to two attempts to effect it by subterranean means—once in 1799 at Gravesend, and again in 1804 near the present tunnel. Brunel, therefore, found a favourable reception for his views when he first published them in 1823. Science, art, and trade, were all interested in the result.

The history of this subterraneous edifice is so well known, that to have called attention to it in this place is sufficient. It was commenced in March 1825, and opened to the public in the same month of 1843. The water broke in more than once during the progress of the excavation; and so formidable and disastrous was the last irruption in 1828, that the entire abandonment of the works was for a time deemed inevitable. Brunel's energies and resources, however, did not fail him; for each emergency he found a remedy; and at length his persevering genius triumphed. It is not the first time that Norman capability has shown its strength on English soil; and it affords another instance, if more were wanted, that genius has no geographical limitations. Mankind are nearer akin than they commonly believe.

If a man lives in his works, Brunel has left perpetuations of himself in many parts of the United Kingdom. His reputation was such as to cause him to be consulted and employed on works in several of our most important ports and manufacturing towns. His genius was of that nature which can occupy itself successfully with great designs or small endeavours. It is related of him that, being one day at a party where the card-tables stood open, Lady Spencer playfully requested him to produce a contrivance for cutting and shuffling the cards without the aid of fingers. A few days afterwards, Brunel presented the countess with a little machine which effected the desired object. To this apparently insignificant circumstance he may perhaps have been indebted for much of the encouragement accorded him by the agents of government by her ladyship's influence.

In stature Brunel was below the middle height; the expression of his features was modest and benevolent, yet stamped with genius in the amplitude and development of his brow: to look upon it was to feel the assurance that a brain of marvellous energies lay beneath. The gentleness of manners which he manifested when a boy characterised him to the last. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1814, and was chosen as one of the council, and vice-president of that learned corporation in their session of 1832-33; and in 1841 the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. Towards the close of his life he was frequently the subject of a disease the first approaches of which had been felt about the time of completing the tunnel; and his death took place in December of 1849. He had lived to nearly the venerable age of eighty-one, rich in the

esteem of those who knew him best, and could understand his worth. He left a widow, and two daughters, both married, and a son, whose reputation worthily perpetuates that of the father.

Such are the leading incidents in the life of an individual who, in common with Franklin, Brindley, Herschel, and Watt, began life in a humble sphere, and won fortune and a name by his own persevering endeavours. Sir Mark Isambard Brunel experienced what has so often been experienced by others—the opposition of events and persons, material as well as moral obstructions. That he conciliated the one, and removed the other, is perhaps to be attributed to the 'high character of his inventions, the dignity of a career devoted entirely to usefulness, and the elevated tone of his private virtues;' these have gained him 'the celebrity which now distinguishes his name; the admiration of men of learning and of labour, and the affectionate remembrance of all those who, fortunate enough to know him personally, could appreciate his simple and noble character.'

For the substance of the foregoing notice we are indebted to a memoir recently published in the 'Travaux de l'Académie de Rouen.'

P E N - T R O T T E R S.

'THAT is a strikingly clever novel,' said I to my friend Wilford the other day, as we were walking together.

'It is,' he replied: 'I hope the author will not sink into pen-trotter; but by the haste with which it was followed by another (and from its haste, of course an inferior one), I see great hazard of it.'

'Pray what do you mean by a pen-trotter?' I inquired: 'the term is new to me.'

'It is my name for a literary hack, and one which was suggested for my own edification and warning when I found myself in great danger of becoming the thing it defined.'

'I did not know you had ever been a candidate for literary distinction,' said I.

'I was though,' he replied; 'but it is now some thirty years ago, when you, my friend, I apprehend, as yet were not.'

'And what did you write? I should like to know, for I would certainly be the reader of your lucubrations.'

'Then I think you must make interest with the trunk-makers, to give you an opportunity of overhauling the inside of their wares. I do not know where else I could send you for works that have been forgotten these twenty years.'

After a little more bantering, I succeeded in drawing from him a sketch of the circumstances which had nearly involved him in the occupation of a pen-trotter, and which I shall give, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

'It was my misfortune,' said he, 'to be born with very little to do, and the inheritor of an estate which made it a matter of no particular consequence whether or not I did that little. Hence I dawdled away my three years at the university, without what is called distinguishing myself, unless, indeed, as a crack hand at the beating, riding, driving, and other pastimes peculiar to many young gentlemen in *statu pupillari*. I got my degree, however, and being my own master, I launched upon London and Paris life with the zest of twenty-one, and became sated and sick of it sooner than might have been expected. I believe this desirable result was hastened in my case partly by the nature of my mind—which is not fitted for conventional and artificial views

of human life—and partly (perhaps principally) from my meeting with a very severe and unexpected disappointment on the side of my affections. These are strong things with some people' (and he fetched a heavy sigh)—'they were always strong and earnest with me. I was fool enough to dream of constancy and solidity in a coquette. Poh! such froth! such whipt syllabub!'

'But the pen-trotting?' said I, anxious to recall my strong-feeling friend from the labyrinth into which he was wandering.

'Oh, true, the pen-trotting. Well, I was languishing and pining away with the burthen of having nothing to do; nauseating the very name of what is called amusement; broken-hearted, yet scorning myself for every sigh that misery wrung from me, when suddenly it occurred to me that I would write a novel. Never was a spirit better charged with the materials for a love-story, and never, *let me tell you, Jack*—(and most significantly did he five times nod his head as he uttered these five words)—'never, as I believe, did any love-story do its work more faithfully than that strong effusion of my heart—my heart, mind you, not my pen! The heart was the agent there: really 'twas a sweet employment—I love that book even now.'

In vain I asked its title: he was inexorable in withholding it; but this mattered little, as I doubted not that among some of our mutual acquaintance I should easily come at it.

'Thus far, you observe,' he continued, 'the thing was well. I wrote naturally and easily, and found in a harmless, if not in a particularly elevated occupation, a delightful resource—a pleasant city of refuge wherein to hide myself from vain and humiliating regrets.'

'And what could ever make it otherwise?'

'Just the intoxication of success; just that delicious chalice of profit and popularity which more or less inebriates everybody who drinks of it.'

'Surely there are not many that find this cup of fame and gold so deadly as you seem to have done?'

'I can only tell you the effect it had upon me. I was sober enough while writing my first work, for it was occupation I wanted, and not cash. I never dreamed of its making any noise in the world; and when I offered it to a publisher, it was not on account of any money I expected for the copyright, for I asked none, but simply because it would be pleasant to see myself in print, and still more delightful to watch, unobserved and unsuspected, the effect it would make upon young people, wounded and broken-hearted like myself.'

'Had you any difficulty in getting it accepted by a bookseller?'

'A good deal; quite enough to show me what a soul-crushing thing it must be to depend upon literature as a means of subsistence. That manuscript, Jack, enfolded in brown paper, travelled first to a great publisher at the West End, who kept it three months, and then returned it "with much regret that it was not in his line of publication." It then went to the Row, to a great firm there, who would none of it. At last a certain publisher, now no more, undertook to bring it out upon the terms of our sharing its profits, if any. I neither looked nor longed for any; but the book making its way, on the strength of its truth to nature, a second edition was called for in about three or four months, and Mr W—wrote me word that he hoped at the ensuing Christmas to hand me a hundred pounds. Jack, did you ever have the vision of a hundred pounds, and yourself perched upon a pedestal in the Temple of Fame, before your mind's eye?'

'Never!' I replied.

'Well, until you have some experience in this kind of gratification, you must be lenient to the frailty that

inclines the heart to enjoy and greatly covet the prolonged possession of it. To sit down and write another novel was the work of the next three months you may be sure—hundred pounds don't grow on every bush; and people don't often find themselves enshrined in the Temple of Fane as easily as if they had been brought there in their sleep. 'Twas a pretty position, and I meant to keep it; but oh, Jack, be lenient once more, I say, to the frailty of human nature, when I confess to you that the hundred pounds—the hundred pounds, did I say?—the many hundreds, for of course I should grow in my demands for any future work—this pleasant many hundreds, then, of golden sovereigns, and all the charming things of which they stood the representatives, looked lovelier still in my money-warmed imagination, than the niche in her temple which Fane proffered me.'

'It was not in human nature to be otherwise than very much pleased with both results,' said I. 'Without the stimulus of fame and profit, who would undertake any work of labour and difficulty?—though yours, to be sure, could hardly come under this class of efforts.'

'At the best, it could not be supposed to involve much study or labour,' he replied; 'but even that which all works of the mind and fancy demand I found it so difficult to give to it, that at length I threw up the occupation altogether, just as I would have smashed the brandy bottle that was secretly enslaving and degrading me.'

'I cannot understand why you should have been driven to this extreme measure,' said I. 'Could you not compel yourself to pursue the thing quietly, and in subordination to other engagements?'

'Why no, really: that is just where the danger and difficulty of the matter existed, and where it ever will exist, to persons thus peculiarly tempted. Money is power; not, indeed, of the most exalted kind, but of the most available for all human purposes. Hence there is no sort of stimulus that so completely enervates and confuses the mind, and occasions it to lose its proper balance.'

'But how? I am at a loss to understand in what way a person like you, in no need of such a stimulus, should be thus its victim?'

'Well, it was in this sort of way it operated:—I found myself in a hurry while writing. There was not, as in the first instance, a throwing myself into my subject; and thus absorbed, forgetting everything of the real and tangible, and living in the invisible and imaginative region of my interior world. There was none of that earnest and sincere pouring forth of passionate remembrance, which was so mournfully sweet as often to make me linger over my employment as I would in the society of a dear delightful friend; but (oh, Jack, I can scarcely bear to speak of the base reaction!) there was a counting of pages and lines, and a sordid calculating of how many would make a volume, which I do declare to you I was ashamed of, even when I practised it.'

'That was rather low, I must confess,' said I.

'As low as it is, I believe it is what most successful novelists come to; for when lines make pages, and pages make books, and books make money, every word has its price; and, in point of fact, it sometimes happens that an amplification of words forms the staple commodity of ware. Thus hastened into the market. The producer of them is in a hurry to get rich; that is the simple and right interpretation of such rapid and voluminous authorship; and it's all Canterbury to call it anything else.'

'Well,' said I, laughing, 'I agree with you in some measure; at least I do think that the rapidity with which "another and another still succeeds" in the wake of a successful novel, is rather deteriorating to the proper self-respect of the writer, and also to the respect due to the public; for it is not possible that

proper pains should be taken, and the mind allowed to revise and mature its conceptions, when thus constantly working.'

'Working!' and he hastily interrupted me; 'working do you call it? Grinding is the more proper word—grinding, if you please! Depend upon it there is no work in pen-trotting. There is not time for it. Hey! Presto! get the steam up! and grind and thrash away to be first in the market. That's the secret of successful literature, Jack; and that is the fate which I hope does not impend over the author of the book we first talked of.'

'I am sure I hope it does not,' said I; 'for we want a few such vigorous pens in the department of fiction.'

'I doubt whether we shall have them,' he replied.

I asked his reason for this doleful doubt.

'I can only go over the same ground, and say that the excitement is too strong,' he replied. 'When a person finds that to write a novel, or anything else, involves no more trouble than to write a cheque which he knows will be honoured, how is it in the nature of possibilities that he should not be drawing on his banker (the public) as often as possible?'

'It is a strong temptation no doubt; but you broke through it, it seems.'

'Yes; but how? Only by forswearing the occupation altogether. I could not have withstood it had I gone on with it. But I have a habit of listening to an interior counsellor, as Socrates had; only we may differ perhaps in the name we give this companion of the mind.'

'And what did this bosom friend say to you?'

'Solid, excellent, though somewhat stern truth. "Do you know what you are about?" it asked of me. "Do you know that you are in a false, sordid, low position of mind? Are you aware that it is the love of wealth, the plain, mean, unmistakable craving after money, that is actuating and enslaving you in this pursuit? Do you not see that every book you write (I wrote three, Jack, in fever heat!) is getting more hastily, crudely, and emptily conceived and executed? Are you content to become a mere literary hack—a truckling, trading, contemptible pen-trotter." Where the word came from I cannot tell you, Jack, but it struck upon some chord in my nature which most exceedingly disengaged, though it could not disown it. "A pen-trotter!" I mentally repeated; "no, that I never will be. I will be still a while, and let things cool, and see what comes of it."

'And thus at last nothing came of it. "Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!" I think your views of the matter are extreme and exaggerated,' I continued; 'but it is your nature, you know, a little to overdo things. How would the many thousands who have to depend upon their literary exertions for a livelihood—how could they get bread to eat were they to anatomise and refine upon their proceedings after your fashion?'

'Poor souls!' and he gave a heavy sigh. 'It is not of this class that I consider the genuine pen-trotter to come. God forbid that I should brand with any name of contempt those individuals whom the force of circumstances constrains to labour with their pen! It was not of such persons I thought or spoke. It was of those who, like myself, had a career of important influence opened up to them, and who, under the strong excitement of success, merged the nobler object of extensive usefulness in the poor, isolated selfishness of getting money.'

'Perhaps they do not altogether lose sight of the higher motive,' said I; 'or at all events not to the degree you suppose? In fact I don't believe that you yourself did so to anything like the extent you are pleased to describe. But you like to take human nature, and more particularly I think your own nature, on its most infirm and disagreeable side.'

'I always take the bull by the horns,' said he.

'Keep out of its way, and don't meddle with it at all.'

'Good counsel; but this wild animal of Self is always putting itself in our way; and then and there, I say, take it by the horns—look it in the face. Never be ashamed of seeing and knowing the worst of yourself, Jack. The thing to be ashamed of is the putting a fine embroidered robe of spangles and satin over the old Adam, admiring the beauty thereof, and strutting unabashed in all the dreams and dramas of self-love; at once the idol and the idolater in your secret "chambers of imagery." In short, once admit the dominion of self-love and self-pleasing, and there is not a single precious and exalted sentiment that will not be trampled to death whenever it stands in the way of these all-absorbing influences.'

'Well, now I can go along with what you say,' I replied: 'now that you come down to the common-sense of things, I can understand and sympathise with your sentiments.'

'I will tell you,' said he, 'where I draw a distinction, and where I think as much haste as you will in writing and publishing is quite allowable—always in those who have to live by their exertions in this way. People must live, although some impudent French sovereign (Louis XIV., was it not?) doubted the necessity. Let them live, then, as best they may. Again, there is a class of authors whose range of authorship and its whole success depends upon their seizing hold of the public mind in a particular way, and keeping themselves constantly before it in that way, and no other. Fancy so and so'—(and he named one or two popular writers)—'being lost sight of for two or three years, and then coming out in a philosophical novel—coming out, I mean, with any work that would induce thought, and contain sentences that you would wish to remember for personal edification!'

'The sale of their productions would be wofully reduced, I fear,' said I.

'Of course it would. Well, then, to writers of this kind I would grant a large license for rapidity of publication. A man in that case writes to amuse: it is his line, and his mine, and let him work it in the best way he can. He has found it on his own estate, and he has a right to get what ore it yields—whether gold, silver, copper, or tin.'

'It's not much gold, I am thinking, that comes showering forth from mines so continually worked,' said I. 'But gold does not seem the thing that people want from literary diggings now-a-days. These are not the times for people to produce anything that appeals to the deeper and nobler principles of humanity. Everybody is in a hurry. They are going somewhere else—they have got something else to do than to sit down and think. Everything is strange, startling, rapid—a meteoric flash, and no more of it; and people who would write to be read, must in some sort adapt themselves to the public taste.'

'People who would write to be read must do as you say,' he replied; 'but people who would write to be felt, to be remembered, to be resorted to again and again in their works, and in those works to speak to something deeper, something nobler, than the sofa-reclining "lead-me-something-amusing-to-read" of the public mind, must take time and pains, if not to write, most certainly to revise what they have written.' How many thousand crude imaginations require pruning away, which fancy, more particularly when it is vivid and luxuriant, pours forth in its first fervour! How many forcible conceptions demand consideration both as to their truth and the proper application of it, all of which needful measures require time.'

'You are thinking now,' said I, 'of works of a different and higher calibre than a novel, which was the point we started from.'

'No, I am not; I am thinking of the novel as occupying a place in a very important, because a very influential department of literature. I am thinking of the novel as presenting a vehicle for the conveyance of every sort of impression which the most "comes home to men's business and bosoms." For where are our realities but at our firesides? Where are our characters—where are we, in short, ourselves, but at home? The domestic demonstrations, Jack, the "never-ending, still beginning" drama of home life. That is the circle in which my sympathies move, and oh the matchless way in which the pen of some novelists has moved a magic wand over it! Do you ever tire of the touches of nature from Jane Austen?'

'They are wonderfully neat and clever; but still, Wilford, it is but a sort of Dutch painting after all.'

'It is not in the highest department of novel writing, I grant; but it is great in its way. It manifests no ~~have~~ no substitution of words for things. It is this seizing of the strong points of human nature in its every-day dress which constitutes the charm and the usefulness of works of fiction. And this, I say, is not to be done—'

'Without genius,' said I, willing to condense the argument, of which I began to think we had had enough.'

'Certainly not without genius,' he replied; 'but not also without something else; without which no genius will avail to keep a writer from making shipwreck of his gifts; and that is, a high and noble aim of usefulness, as well as of amusement.'

'That is to say, you would weave a sermon between every three or four pages I suppose?'

'I would never stop to preach. There would be no need to make formal harangues "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Only let any man or woman of competent ability and experience in human affairs, interweave in a tale, or novel, or whatever you like to call it, such circumstances and their results as they themselves have certain knowledge of, and the events of life will preach their own sermons. But when, instead of this, the process is to make a book for the market—a three-volumed lucubration that is to sell for so much money—it is nothing else, I declare, and will maintain, than a regular systematic science of pen-trotting; from the which—to end where we began—may all authors of works of power and genius be henceforth and for ever delivered!'

'Well, I have no objection to say Amen to that; and therewith our walk and our dialogue came to a conclusion.

M A L T A A N D G I B R A L T A R.

Of all the fortresses from which Great Britain watches the movements of the world, Gibraltar and Malta are the most extraordinary; and we think the author of the 'Nile Boat' and 'Forty Days in the Desert' has exercised a sound discretion in choosing them for the subject of his new illustrated volume of what we hope will prove to be an annual series.* These three volumes are all intimately connected; and all exhibit a degree of tact which is not often met with in productions of so elegant and luxurious a character.

Mr. Bartlett is an unpretending writer, who never assumes to be what he is not, or undertakes what he does not know he is able to perform. He writes, therefore, with ease and confidence as well as modesty; and, disclaiming all pretensions to a special originality, he gives a roundness and completeness to his subject which is highly satisfactory to the reader. The account of Malta is historical as well as descriptive—taken

* Gleanings Editorial and Antiquarian on the Overland Route. By the Author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1851.

from books as well as personal observation; and there are few persons, however well acquainted they may be with the subject at large, who will not be happy to read the fortunes of the Knights of St John in this striking and compendious form, and illustrated by pictorial sketches in a high style of art. Malta is what he justly calls it—the stepping-stone to Egypt and the Dardanelles, the post of observation from which France and Russia are overlooked, and an impregnable station for our Mediterranean squadron. Originally a sterile rock, owing a great portion of its very soil to importation, it is yet the most populous island in the world, containing a population of 100,000 souls, or 1200 to the square mile. Although the pasturages are so limited, the breed of cattle is remarkably fine; the oxen, asses, and mules are of superior size and quality, and the mares were formerly sent by the Grand Masters as valuable presents to the sovereigns of Europe.'

Malta is about the size of the Isle of Wight, but so different in character from that 'garden of England,' that the principal streets of the city of Valetta are flights of stairs. The general aspect of the country, however, is still more remarkable. 'On clearing the fortified enclosure, we issue into the open country, over which an extensive and striking view suddenly bursts upon the eye. On a hot dry day, and under a glaring sun, it looks almost like an arid desert of white stone, thinly veiled here and there with a patch of feeble verdure, or sparsely dotted over with round black-looking carob-trees; and one is utterly perplexed as to the sustenance of the dense population with which it evidently teems; for, look which way one will, large villages, or *casas*, everywhere salute the eye, solidly built, and invariably overpowered by large and handsome churches. After the rains, however, this bare surface is suddenly carpeted with a most vivid green; and then, although there is nothing worthy of the name of scenery to be met with, it is really pleasant to perambulate the island—the pleasure being mainly derived from the spectacle of industry triumphing over natural obstacles. A mere rock, to which, from its central and important position, a crowded population has been attracted, every practicable nook has been laboriously cultivated—the rugged soil cleared of the stones with which it was covered; the "crop-rock," which formed the surface, broken up; and the bed of subsoil which is beneath it brought out and industriously laboured, while the more impracticable portions have been covered with a coating of foreign soil. The island has thus been rendered extremely productive—cotton, still extensively grown, being the great staple in the time of the Grand Masters, under whom its manufacture was a source of immense wealth. But the fields of beautiful *silla*, or clover, indigenous to Malta, are what will more especially strike the eye of the stranger. It grows from three to five feet from the ground; its luxuriant leaves, surmounted by a large crimson flower, have at a short distance all the beauty of a plantation of China roses. Groups of broad-leaved fig, or carob-trees, thickets of prickly pear, and gardens filled with pomegranates and vines, and evidently cultivated with extreme care, at intervals also relieve the general meagreness of the landscape, which, after all, gives us the idea of a desert, only to be maintained from lapsing into its native sterility by that same laborious industry which originally reclaimed it from barrenness.'

This singular rock, however, was the centre of some congregation of the human kind long before the time of the Knights of Malta—long before the fiso from savagism of the nation that is now its master. But the ruins of what is called the temple of *Hagiar Chem* defy conjecture. 'Was anything ever seen so strange and inexplicable—so unaccountably intricate and eccentric—so unlike any known monument, from the rude triangular circle up to the consummate proportion of the

Grecian temple? Or, to form a somewhat clearer idea, let him clamber upon one of the highest blocks, and cast with us a bird's-eye glance over the interior of the enclosure. Even then he will not be much the wiser. These strange irregular circles, formed of upright stones, surmounted, Stonehenge-like, with transverse ones—these doorways and passages, and flights of steps—these rude altars—this odd jumble of nooks and niches—this enormous enclosure of colossal stones, battered and disintegrated by time and tempest, till all trace of the shaping-hammer is gone; what are they—and who reared them? The mind insensibly associates them with some religious purpose—with the rites of some dark and debasing creed.' These weird-looking circles once resounded perhaps with the orgies of extinct superstitions; and upon these altars the blood of innocent victims may have poured forth in sacrifice; or, as some suppose, the structure may have been intended as a burial-place, since in this edifice, and another presently to be noticed, are chambers evidently sepulchral, and bodies, urns, and pottery have been dug up within. Perhaps they may have served for both purposes—have been at once temples and tombs. But, whatever they were, no one could look upon them as we did, in the profound stillness of a summer noon—unbroken but by the hum of the gilded fly, or the rustle of the lizard as he furtively stole forth, and then disappeared again, from among the chinks of the masonry—by the soft waving of the scented wild-flowers and silken rye-grass—or wandered about their gray avenues of stones, with the wild and desolate landscape around, and the blue sea, upon which imagination pictures the barks of the roving Phoenicians, to whom tradition assigns the structure, without a feeling of intense curiosity, and almost of awe, which perhaps no other description of edifice is, in an equal degree, calculated to call forth.'

There are other remarkable ruins, called El Mneidra, of the same kind, but displaying a higher degree of arrangement and constructive skill. They stand on the brink of a precipice overhanging the sea, and no other work of man is seen on this desolate part of the coast, excepting some solitary watch-towers, erected as look-outs for the Barbary corsairs.

From Malta our author sailed to Gibraltar, and his first view of this equally celebrated Rock is given with spirit:—"The Rock ahead!" was the joyful sound that saluted us next morning as soon as we turned out of our berths. We hurried on deck: there it was, sure enough, not yet having taken off its night-cap of white sea-fog—a huge, indistinct, mysterious monster—looking as it might have looked to the first Phoenician navigator whose daring keel first broke the stillness of a sea to him unknown. As the sun rose higher, the mists gradually dispersed, and disclosed every detail of the majestic spectacle. Europe and Africa, hitherto separated by a wide extent of sea, were seen gradually approaching each other, till they almost appeared to embrace. On the right we admired the romantic shores of Spain, rising from gentle, corn-covered slopes into bold brown hills, swelling into purple mountains. On the African side, more dimly seen, were the rock and fortress of Ceuta, backed by the tremendous precipices of Mons Abyla, or "Apos' Hill," forming with the Rock of Gibraltar, which boldly occupied the centre of the view, the two "Pillars of Hercules," the entrance of the strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic Ocean. This was the sight I had so often wished to see. As we approached the eastern side of the rock, connected with the Spanish shore by a low, sandy isthmus, it towered above our ship in one long unbroken precipice of fourteen hundred feet in height. At its foot, near its northern extremity, crouched the little village of Catalan Bay, the only one in view, with its white houses, looking as if it must inevitably be crushed some day by falling masses of rock. Running

rapidly along the eastern side of the rock, we turned its southern corner along its western side, which fronts the deep Bay of Gibraltar, when, Proteus-like, it assumed an appearance entirely different. Ranges of batteries rising from the sea, tier above tier, extend along its entire sea-front, at the northern extremity of which is the town. Every nook in the crags ~~of~~ castles with artillery; white barracks and gay villas, embowered in green gardens and groves, occupying the midway ascent; while above towers in rugged grandeur the summit of the Rock itself. No contrast could possibly be more striking: on the one side a scene of crowded life, on the other an absolute solitude. The whole prospect is one of the most exciting description; and our first impression of Gibraltar altogether surpassed even the highly-wrought anticipations we had been led to form of it.

This variety of surface is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Rock, and the combinations of scenery it presents are such as could be expected only in some very spacious area. Among the villas which stud the side of the Rock, is one which may compare with any for the romantic peculiarity of its site. It consists of two ranges of large and airy apartments of only one storey, with a shady corridor, running along two sides of a quadrangular space, elevated some height above the road, and laid out as an Italian garden, with its ranges of statues and fountains abounding in parterres of flowers, and hedged with fragrant box. Clusters of cypress, orange, and palms, and tufts of flowering shrubs, form an impervious shade against the fervours of a Mediterranean sun, and mingle their odours in the intoxicating atmosphere of the south. Seated under these trees, and looking upward, the Rock, broken into precipices, and covered with wild shrubs, is seen overhanging and sheltering the garden; while through the thick foliage below peep out the blue bay and its white sails, the town, and the mountains of Africa and Spain.

Among the wonders of the Rock, where everything is wonderful, St Michael's Cave deserved special attention; although it is supposed, we cannot tell with what truth, that the whole Rock is honeycombed with galleries and caverns. Travellers visiting the abyss we have named usually provide themselves with blue lights from the Signal Tower, the effect of which throws a congenial illumination upon the Pandemonium. Our guide lighted a pile of brush, which, as it blazed up, dimly disclosed to us a lofty vault-shaped dome, supported, as it were, on pillars of milk-white stalactite, assuming the appearance of the trunks of palm-trees, and a variety of fantastic foliage, some stretching down to the very flooring of the cavern, others resting midway on rocky ledges and huge masses of congelation, springing from the floor, like the vestibule of some palace of the genii. At a given signal the blue lights were now kindled, when the whole scene, which had been but imperfectly illuminated, flashed into sudden splendour—hundreds of pendulous stalactites, before invisible, started into view—the lofty columns, with their delicate and beautiful formation, glittered like silver, and seemed raised and engraved by the wand of enchantment. But this glimpse of the splendours of the cavern was, alas! but momentary; for our lights speedily burning down, we were compelled to retreat before we were involved in dangerous darkness. Their exit in utter darkness was not made with absolute equanimity of mind; for they remembered that an apparently bottomless pit had yawned at their feet on one side as they made their way in. Another traveller describes the effect of torches, stones, and crystals, thrown into the gulf by his party, and mentions the disastrous fate of a soldier who attempted to explore it, and never returned. But Mr Bartlett goes a pitch beyond this. 'This chasm bears, moreover, somewhat of a sinister character, and it has been supposed that

more than one unfortunate has met with foul play, being enticed within the cave by some assassin, and after being plundered, pushed into this horrible gulf, as a place that would tell no tales. Shortly before our visit, a gentleman who was desirous of exploring the place, caused himself to be lowered with ropes, bearing a light in his hand; but what was his horror, so soon as his foot came in contact with resistance, to find that he was treading upon some substance that yielded to the pressure, while at the same time the pale gleam of his torch fell upon the ghastly features of a murdered man! The extent of the cavern never having been ascertained, it of course affords abundant materials for the imagination; and the vulgar devoutly believe that it communicates beneath the Straits with Mons Abyla, and thus afforded a path to the numerous colony of African apes which still form a remarkable portion of the population of Gibraltar.

After all, Gibraltar is more important to the English traveller than to the English nation:—'Whether this stronghold is, or ever will be, after all, worthy of the immense expenditure that it has occasioned, has been called in question. A recent writer has observed that Gibraltar lives on her former credit; and that as it has cost us an enormous sum, we conclude it must be of corresponding value. Yet, destitute as it is of a harbour, like that of Malta, it cannot be a fortified stronghold for our fleet in the Mediterranean; it can hardly, as will already have appeared, be said to close the Mediterranean against a hostile squadron. It is not, to say truth, very clear what it commands, or what it protects. A conjunction of circumstances might, however, arise in which it would prove of importance. Since the establishment of the Overland Route it has acquired a new value, as one of a chain of posts connecting England with her Indian possessions. One thing is certain, that having expended millions upon it, and covered it with the prestige of a glorious defence, it is not very likely to be given up, especially as it is understood that, by improved management, it is made to pay its own expenses. Yet unless international morality be indeed a fiction, every one who knows how it fell into our possession, and that when it was reluctantly ceded to us by Spain, it was on the condition that it should not be made a nest for smuggling, must desire to see the end of a system which, though we defend by *might*, we cannot justify by *right*; and which is as discreditable to our national good faith, as it is justly provocative of the hatred of the Spanish nation.'

The smuggling here mentioned, we are sorry to say, is the principal trade of Gibraltar. We not only occupy, without any adequate temptation, a portion of the Spanish territory, but make use of it to deluge Spain with our contraband goods. That this is the deed of the English government cannot be denied, since the authorities are not only all aware of the practice, but occasionally make use of their guns against the Spanish revenue force:—'The smuggling boats, felucca-rigged, and carrying a heavy gun concealed under their netting, take in their cargoes at the Rock, and watch their opportunity to effect a landing on the neighbouring coasts, where the "contrabandistas," a daring body of mountaineers, are ready to carry the goods into the interior, assisted, it is said, by the co-operation of certain Spanish officials, who find their account in encouraging them. The Spanish government maintains a number of fast-sailing *guarda costas*, or revenue cutters, which keep a sharp look-out, and will sometimes cut the smugglers from under the very batteries of Gibraltar, at the risk, however, of being sunk by our guns, if invading the jurisdiction of our waters—a fate which has befallen more than one of them before now.'

From these few extracts, the reader will perceive that there is abundance of interesting and amusing information in the volume; but this refers only to its

literary department. As a work of art, we must add, it possesses very considerable merit, having nearly thirty steel vignettes, and more than a score of woodcuts, all beautifully executed.

A M B E R.

Surrounded with a vivid charm as the relic of a bygone vegetation, amber is yet invested with a greater scientific interest from the fact that the very name—*electrum*—bestowed upon it by the Greeks, has been perpetuated in that given to the greatest and most mysteriously all-pervading of the natural forces.*

Upwards of 500 years before Christ, Thales, the philosopher of Miletus, discovered the power which amber possesses of attracting to, or repelling from, itself certain substances. Exulting with joy, and perhaps dimly foreseeing the important truths hereafter to be deduced from this discovery, he announced to his admiring and wondering school that this amber contained within its substance an essence, or living principle, 'which, lying dormant, was awakened only by friction, and then wandered forth to attract to itself various surrounding particles,' laden with which, it returned into its own body. Such were the first faint glimmerings of our knowledge of Electricity.

That amber was known to, and valued by, the ancients long before the date of this discovery, has been amply proved, though some difficulties have been cast on the page of its early history, on account of the name *electrum* being also applied to an amber-coloured amalgam of gold and silver. There is no doubt, however, that amber is in some places actually referred to by Homer; for instance, where he describes a necklace made of 'gold and silver, bound or held together by amber.' And again, where he classes together, or rather places in opposition, 'gold and electrum, silver and ivory'—proving that it was at this period in use as a *gem*; though probably its odoriferous and inflammable properties first gave it its value, and brought it into notice as *incense*.

That the Phoenicians, the early merchants of the south, traded in amber is well ascertained; but whether they actually reached the shores of the Baltic, or even the western Cimbrian coast, or whether they received it from thence through the medium of Britain, remains doubtful, though the former opinion appears to be gaining ground. We must, however, remark that amber, in tolerable quantities, has been found in Britain itself, and that its use by the ancient Britons has been evidenced by the disinterment of amber necklaces, or detached beads, from different barrows. Tacitus appears to be the first writer who *positively* mentions the amber of the Baltic, the trade in which furnishes Humboldt with a beautiful example of the humanising influence of an inland traffic, though in but one single article of use or luxury. The amber alluded to was handed, as it were, from people to people throughout the length of Germany, and so across the Alps (where a road, sacred to commerce, was protected by all the neighbouring tribes) to the banks of the Eridanus, or Po, from whence it circulated through the south of Europe—thus bringing us at once to the typical myth of the *sunstone* of the Eridanus; in which, when Phaeton was struck into the Po, his sisters remained lamenting on its banks until they were turned into poplars, while their tears continued to flow in the form of amber, being, as Ovid tells us,

'Hardened into value by the sun.'

This beautiful allegory was still more closely connected with the region of fable by the nations of the East, who

made the tears of which amber was formed to be those of a certain sacred sea-bird; thus the poet—

'Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept.'

Strange and varied, indeed, have been the origins assigned to this substance, which has been alternately removed from one kingdom of nature to another, until, fixed by the magic wand of science, its proper birthplace in the vegetable world was conceded to it. Here, as in many other instances, we find the accounts of Pliny more correct than those of many of his successors through a long series of ages. He considered it to be the resin of either the poplar or a 'cedar of the pine kind.' On this account the Romans called it *succinum*, from *succus*, the juice of a tree; and by this name it is still known in our medical language. By later writers it was supposed to be a natural mineral; and we find the careful and accurate Ray, in giving his opinion respecting some amber from Thedle Thorpe, on the Lindsey coast, qualifying his decision by saying—'I am but a learner, and a very young one, in *minerals*, &c. Others regarded it as animal matter which had undergone some peculiar alteration from the action of the waves. Some affirmed that it was a sea-plant, which, growing at the bottom of the deeper parts of the ocean, was occasionally broken, when its fragments were washed on shore. Others went so far as to imagine that, because insects were found in it, it was produced by them. Petrin indeed concludes that it was honey mineralised by vitriolic acid, and that the flies, &c. were killed on touching it by means of its electricity; for insects, he says, are not found except in substances on which they feed; pithily adding, as indisputable proof, that 'where bees are found, amber may be discovered!' The mysterious doubt with which it was surrounded was further increased by alleged instances of clear and legible Hebrew and Arabic characters being found enclosed in its substance—an idea which very probably originated in what Göppert and Dr K. Thomas of Königsberg have proved to be specimens of fossil mould. Gradually the vegetable theory regained its ground, until at length it was clearly and universally acknowledged that amber is the fossilised or bituminised resin or gum of some of the cone-bearing trees—of kinds, however, which, according to Göppert, were far more resinous than any of the recent species, as this substance is produced not only as in our present trees—between the wood and the bark—but also, as proved by the microscope, in the wood itself following the course of the medullary rays.

Lignite, or, as it is more generally termed, wood-coal, brown-coal (Braunkohle), or bovey-coal, abounds on the Baltic coast of Prussia—and here, too, is the largest known deposition of amber; yet, until a very recent period, the obvious connection between the two substances was unnoticed. It is true, indeed, that the frequent occurrence of fossil wood on the shores—trunks of enormous trees being sometimes exposed by the action of the waves—induced the peasantry of the district to distinguish it by the name of 'amber-wood'; but the learned drew a broader inference from the fact, and decided, says Dr Thomas, that the trunks were those of the palm, and that consequently the long-disputed situation of the garden of Eden must of necessity be on the Samland coast! To the above-named gentleman we are chiefly indebted for the attention which has recently been given to the subject. In the year 1829, he accidentally met with some fir-cones on the hills along the coast of Rauschen, which were, in opposition to his own opinion, pronounced to be recent. Determined, however, to decide the question, and encouraged in his own belief by an account—which appeared almost likely to fade into fable—of the finding, some years before, of a fossil fir-branch, with well-preserved cones, in the Hubenük amber-district, he, as soon as circumstances permitted it, properly explored the locality,

* The name amber—or *amber*, as it was formerly spelled—is derived from the Arab term *ambra*, and indeed some of our older English writers use the word in its original form.

and was amply rewarded by a collection of cones of various species. As before-mentioned, amber had long been recognised as the resin of a conifer, and it was now apparently shown in connection with the conifers from which it was formed—an idea which was strengthened by the fact, that many of the pieces of fossil-wood, on being burned, gave out a smell of amber. For greater accuracy and certainty, however, these cones were transmitted to one of the highest living authorities on fossil woods, Professor Göppert of Breslau, who, after careful examination, stated that two species reminded him so exactly of the now existing forms, that they could not be distinguished from them; while the others, which formed the greater portion of the collection, 'were forms which do not now exist.' Yet he negatived the idea that these ancient trees were connected with the origin or occurrence of amber, partly founding the denial on the non-presence of the smell of amber in some of the wood and cones, and partly adhering to a theory that the amber of the Prussian coast had originated in an abundant vegetation which grew on an island of temporary existence, and of the date of the Tertiary formation, which rose to the north of Samland in the Baltic.

Dr Karl Thomas afterwards investigated the subject, with results which seem to require little besides a candid examination to secure their general adoption. In the first place, he treated a portion of the fossil wood, which had no smell of amber, with nitro-sulphuric acid; it gave no useful explosive matter, but yielded a resin strongly reminding him of the artificial musk produced from amber by nitric acid. In consequence of this result, Dr Reich submitted fourteen fragments of the wood, which were selected at random, and which appeared to belong to different species of coniferae, to examination; thirteen of which yielded succinic acid, as did also cones from the same bed, though they were also devoid of any smell of amber. 'If, then,' says Dr Thomas, 'the occurrence of succinic acid, except from amber, is so problematical that amber may be considered as its only source, we must admit also that the coniferous woods which contain it belonged not only to the amber Flora, but that they were that portion of it which actually yielded it;*' and, as a necessary consequence, that though other species may co-exist with the amber-trees, the principal mass of wood to which the lignite owes its origin is amber-bearing.

The next argument which may be advanced is found in the geological outline of the Samlandic coast, given by Dr Thomas as that with which he is most intimately acquainted, and of which the following is a brief abstract:—

A seemingly horizontal stratum of sand and coal-bearing clay, which is an alluvial product, reaches from Lapihn to Warnik. Between Warnik and Grosskuhren a peculiar sand formation—in which amber is sometimes found, though always much worn and outwardly decomposed by the atmosphere, while in the subjacent beds it is constantly in the natural state—rises from the sea-level, making an angle of fifteen degrees west; it is composed of parallel layers whose limits are marked by the deposition of red ochre. These layers are vertically cut through by tubular fossil bodies resembling encrinites, and also contain other marine remains. Under this sand-bank, and extending in similar directions, lies the stratum of amber earth, which is blue or mottled; this earth has been explored wherever it rises high enough above the surface of the sea. Beneath this is the bed called Schluff, which is only distinguished from the above, by its having no amber. Carbonised wood, of coniferous character, and similar to that at Rauschen, is found in this amber layer, while sharks' teeth, together with impressions of echinites, have been found

in both the amber and the schluff beds. From Grosskuhren these layers continue at the same angle of elevation to the villages of Great and Little Kuhen, where they rise to the height of from forty to sixty feet above the sea, and, to the great profit of the miner, expose the amber beds. The western extremity of the formation is covered, behind Little Kuhen, by hills apparently of diluvial structure; but it crops out again from the superincumbent mass, so that the Samlandic shore presents a most interesting profile of the formation. At Rosenorth the strata dip rapidly to the south, so as to elude observation, but at the same time rise abruptly from the sea to the south in such a manner that the separated strata are merely covered by a diluvial loam of ten feet thick. Another member of the amber formation lies almost horizontally in the coast hills of Dirschkeim, in which the amber bed, which lies four feet deep, is not very productive, but it evidently extends under the sea, as has long been shown by the quantities of amber thrown on that part of the coast—a storm of but moderate length and violence on the first day of January 1848 having brought to light a very brief space no less than 800 pounds.

Attention having been thus drawn to the subject, every fresh examination seems to tend to the confirmation of the inferences of Dr Thomas, and will probably lead to the result which he announces as his great object—namely, to the enlargement of our knowledge of the localities of amber beds, with a view to increase the supply of this valuable commodity. Already it has been discovered at various points along the coast of Prussia, as well as inland; in parts of Russia, and in Siberia. Sicily may rank next to Prussia as an amber-producing country, but the substance appears to be very widely distributed over the world. In Britain, amber has been dug up in the neighbourhood of London, and it is sometimes washed up by the sea on the north-east coasts; while Pennant mentions the cliff of Holkerness as a clay formation from which amber is sometimes washed out in considerable quantities, but always covered with the coating, caused by atmospheric decomposition, which is mentioned by Dr Thomas as appearing in the amber of the sand layer near Warnik.

The uses to which amber has been applied are various; and though not now prized so much in jewellery as formerly, yet it is still greatly valued in the East as a material for the mouthpieces of smoking apparatus, as well as for many articles of decorated furniture; while its agreeable and wholesome scent, together with its inflammability, render it an almost necessary ingredient in perfumes and incense. Regnard, writing in 1681, expresses the great astonishment which he, who 'made so little use of it,' felt on finding that it formed the principal article of commerce between the Dutch and the nations of the East. And in the anonymous account of Thibet in the eighteenth century, published by Pinkerton, mention is made of the merchants whose practice it was to collect amber beads for sale in the markets of Bütan—as Thibet is called—where it was so valued for the purpose of burning at feasts, in the Chinese fashion, that the *sére*, or nine ounces, of beads which at Patna were purchased for from 30 to 40 rúpis, were resold in Bütan for from 250 to 300 rúpis. In Eastern lands, the smell of this burning amber is considered a specific in headaches of every description. The ancients prized it at a very early period for its medicinal powers, and it still takes its place in our healing list. Some time ago the vapour from burning amber was received on woollen cloths, with which rheumatic or paralytic limbs were afterwards rubbed; but this is now quite discontinued, it having been long acknowledged that it was the friction, and not the vapour, which formed the remedy. The use of powdered amber in cases of hysterics has also been almost abandoned as ineffectual; but the *rectified oil*,

which is of a highly bituminous nature, is still applied in paralysis, rheumatism, and as a warm stimulant, in complaints of the spine, as well as in hæping-cough and other convulsive attacks. It is also said that intermittent fevers of long standing have been cured by it. The fracture of amber is conchoidal, and its specific gravity 1.078. The succinic acid is procured from it by heat, and the oil is afterwards separated from it by repeated washings; but if the acid be exposed to lengthened heat in a closed vessel, the oil becomes thick and dark, and leaves a residue of 'thick black smiting coal.'

The whole of the Prussian amber 'fishery,' as it is termed, belongs to the king, and yields him a considerable income. In the time of Regnard—when it belonged to the Elector of Brandenburg, since merged, first in the duchy, and afterwards in the kingly power of Prussia—it produced about 25,000 crowns a month, but we do not imagine its profit to amount to nearly that sum at present. After a storm, or an unusually high tide, the amber coasts of Prussia exhibit a scene of the greatest animation and interest; for though a guard of soldiers is drawn up on the beach for the prevention of any infringement of the king's rights, yet it is a day of unwonted activity for the peasant. In fact the glances and uncertainties attending the gathering of amber give it all the charm of a sport. Men, women, and children issue forth as soon as the tide falls low enough, and hasten in cheerful groups to take advantage of the hours which shall elapse before the return of the sea to claim and cover its own.

Very different accounts are given as to the size of the lumps in which amber is generally found, but most modern naturalists agree that it seldom exceeds a pound-weight in one piece: yet Regnard tells us that the Margrave of Brandenburg presented the emperor of Russia with a chair of amber, which was supposed to be the greatest curiosity in the world; and that he also gave the dauphin—by whom we suppose he means the hereditary grand duke—a mirror of the same, which was considered a masterpiece. Santos talks of a lump found on the coasts of Melinda in 1596 so large, that a man might easily hide behind it; and adds that no person could be found who was possessed of money enough for its purchase, and that it was consequently broken into smaller fragments. We should remark that, notwithstanding various rumours to the contrary, no method has been yet discovered of joining amber into one piece, as the application of heat separates its particles.

STREETS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The public thoroughfares of the metropolis were unpaved, and were little better than the country lanes; the inhabitants, and even the butchers, threw the offal into the streets, and swine revelled unmolested in the gutters. In Paris a French prince of the royal blood was killed by a fall from his horse in consequence of a sow running between the animal's legs. An order was issued to prohibit them from wallowing in the muddy streets; but the order, it is said, excited the anger of the monks of the abbey of St Anthony, who from time immemorial had enjoyed the privilege of turning their swine into the public thoroughfares. The monks argued their plea with such pertinacity, that it was found necessary to grant them an exclusive right of sending their pigs about town without molestation, only requiring that the holy fathers should turn them out with bells hung round their necks. The swinish multitude grew fat upon the filth, and formed, with the kite-crows, and other ravenous birds, the only scavengers of the busy streets of Paris and London. In France the people were allowed to throw out of their windows into the street filth of the most offensive nature on calling out three times, 'Gare l'eau!' The principal streets of

Paris were not paved until the latter part of the twelfth century, and those of London not until a much later period. Holborn, the great artery of modern Babylon, through which pour in quick succession the loud, busy, rattling stream of life and commerce, was not paved till the commencement of the fifteenth century. Some of the minor streets were scarcely passable. Narrow lanes with hedges, broken only here and there by a straggling house, were the primitive Wood Streets, Gray's Inn Lanes, and Aldgate Streets, of modern times; some would venture to traffic them in the day, but few would risk such perilous thoroughfares at night. Some of the streets were so bad in the prosperous days of King Henry VIII., that they are described as 'very foul, and full of pits and sloughs; very perilous as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot.' Along such dangerous paths the traveller at night had to grope his way about town in total darkness, except he was near enough to be guided by the lanterns on the steeple of Bow Church, which served as the only landmark to the bewildered stranger.—*Lights and Shadows of the Olden Times.*

THE MOON IN THE MORNING.

BACK, spectral wanderer! What dost thou here?
Are not the streets all thrilled with morning beams,
While the hill-city bathes in misty streams
Of living gold; and ever and auncar
The fresh breeze from the Firth sweeps coldly clear?

It shall be morning! I step forth as one
Who bears youth's royalty on heart and eye;
As if those pale years at my feet did lie
Like dead flowers, and I crushed them! and passed on
Boldly, with looks turned forwards—backward, none!

Oh breeze and sun of morn! Oh castled steep,
And distant hills that dream in still rejoice!
Oh infinite waves, that with unceasing voice
I know are thundering on the bay's curved deep,
Wake ye my spirit from its palsied sleep!

Yea, I will grasp it—life's fair morning-time;
I will put strength into these pulses dull,
And gaze but on God's earth so beautiful,
And change this dirge into a happy chime
That to His footstep may arise sublime.

I look up to His heaven. Ha! art thou there,
Dim, wanling moon! watched, a bright thread, at eve;
Then fuller, till one night thy beams did weave
A magic light o'er hill and castle fair;
Back, thou pale ghost! haunt not the morning air!

Blank thing! Would I could blot thee from the sky!
Why troublest thou the brightness of the morn?
'I do but as all things create or born
Serve my appointed course, and thee—I die.'
This answer falleth downwards like a sigh.

I have said ill. Then, pallid crescent, hail!
Let me look on thee, where thou sitt'st for aye
Like memory—ghastly in the glare of day,
But in the evening, light. Grow yet more pale,
Till from the face of heaven thine image fail.

Then, rise from out earth's gloom of midnight tears
A new-born glory! So I know 'twill be
When that pale shade how ever following me—
Unexorcised phantom of dead years—
Grows an orb'd angel, singing in the spheres.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 369. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

A PARISH CLERK'S TALE.

I AM not a garrulous old man, though young folks think me so, and pay no heed to what I say. Young men are not now what they used to be when I was young. I was brought up with old people, and learned old people's caution and steady habits. I profited by the experience of others. I had no need to squander my health and money in learning wisdom, to starve in after-life, and drivel of what I would do if I had the world to begin again. My old uncle taught me to be careful, and saving of money, and repeated to me the maxims of 'Poor Richard' till I got them by heart. He warned me, too, of all the cunning devices of the evil heart of man; and when artful rascals, who look upon a youth as a prize, sought to inveigle and bring me to ruin, they found me a match for them, and left me to seek for easier prey. I saw through the lying stories of those who live upon the industry of others. I knew the worth of their boasts who call themselves 'jolly fellows,' with which they would have enlisted me in their devil's army. Social companions forsooth! I have seen them meet an old acquaintance in the street—a lank, shabby, pale-faced, fishy-eyed specimen of what they were coming to themselves—and slink away; or if they couldn't do that, stare him in the face, as if they had never seen him before, and pass on. God forgive me, if I chuckled at the sight, to think I had no need to wait for years to know the result of such a life, but could see at once the boaster and the humbled side by side. As to women, although I have never married, I once looked forward to the time when I should be able to keep a wife. I was not poor, but I was too prudent to marry, and run the risk of a family to support, till I had ample means, and to spare. I didn't run after girls, as some young men do: I had my living to get. Leminded my own business. If a steady, virtuous woman, likely to have made me a good wife, had come in my way in the course of business or otherwise, I should have been glad to marry her; but I never found one, and so I was never married. However, that does not grieve me! I have a contented mind; I have much to be thankful for: I never was a grumbler.

When I look back upon my life, I don't think I have more sins to answer for than my neighbours—nor so many perhaps. I can only remember one very grave fault that I have committed, and that tormented and haunted me enough; indeed I think it nearly drove me mad for a time. I have expiated, and done all in my power to repair it; and it did no harm to any one in the long-run, as we shall see. Except this, I do not find much to reproach myself with. I have always

paid my way, to the farthing and to the day; and I ~~had~~ expected others to do the same. I have shown respect to authorities; I have never got into trouble by breaking the laws. I was a regular attendant at church before I was a parish clerk, and after that, it became my duty, in a double sense, so to do. I have not been an uncharitable man, though I never gave to whining beggars and impostors, like a fool with more money than brains; however, I gave many a guinea to charitable institutions, where I knew that committees of intelligent gentlemen would investigate, and sift the truth from the lies, and bestow my money upon worthy objects.

I repeat I am not a garrulous old man. If I happen to talk much, I mean much. I do not mumble over and over one thing. I am eighty years of age, but I have more life in my old body than any two young men I know. My memory is as strong as ever it was, and so is my eyesight. I remember what I am going to relate as well as if it all happened yesterday, although I speak of forty years ago, and everybody who knew me then intimately is dead and buried.

My uncle left a sum of money between me and my sister—enough to keep both of us pretty comfortably. I was not on friendly terms with any other relative but her. I know what relatives are; I have seen enough of them. She was a widow, without children; but she and her husband had adopted a little girl. I don't know where they found her: I never asked. I never took much interest in children. All I know is, they both seemed bent on spoiling the child, and making her unfit for everything; which they would have done, no doubt, if they had lived. But they didn't: they died—he first, and she afterwards. I was very sorry for both of them. I didn't know any one I liked better; but, however, it was not for me to repine at the decrees of Providence. I was with my sister constantly in her illness. I cannot say what was her complaint; some say she fretted after her husband. She was only eight-and-twenty, and, if I am any judge of beauty, was a nice-looking woman. She was more grieved to leave the child than anything else on earth. She loved her better than me, her own brother. This is generally the way with people who have no children ~~of~~ their own, and adopt a strange one: it's a plaything for them. Let them have nine or ten, and slave to keep them, and they will tell a different story. The girl sat with her day by day—read to her from the New Testament—gave her the medicines, and prepared what food she could eat. She was a sensible child enough for ten years old, and a pretty child too. The day my sister died, she told me she had provided for her, and intreated me to be a friend to her: and I said

I would. She held her in her thin arms, and played with her hair, and kissed her; and some time afterwards leaned back upon her pillow, and spoke no more. We listened, but we could hear no breathing. We put a mirror against her mouth, but it was not tarnished: she was dead. The doctor wrote his certificate, and went for some one to lay her out. Meanwhile I opened her drawers, and found a will, which I put in my pocket for safety, and then sealing up all boxes and drawers, I roused the child. I had to drag her away from the body like a soldier's dog. I took her home with me.

I was at this time clerk of a parish in the heart of London. I had given up all other business, for this and the collecting of rates occupied all my time. My employment was an agreeable and a respectable one. The church was situated up a long yard, as silent and retired as if it had been in the country. Moss gathered between the pebbles round about, for seldom anyone came up there except on Sundays, and then the church was never more than one-third full. It was a heavy building, erected soon after the fire of London. There was a small churchyard, in which, in spite of the sprinkling of grass seeds, only a few thin blades ever made their appearance. Here and there were a few dilapidated tombstones, their inscriptions obliterated with soot and rain. We had long ceased to bury any one there; all coffins were placed in the vault, a few steps down from the level of the ground. This was a stone chamber, under the whole extent of the church. Here we piled up the coffins, one above the other, like clients' boxes in an attorney's office. The place was damp, and they rotted fast. However, when a funeral was coming, we put all the new coffins on the outside for show, and burned some lime to purify the air; and when we had sprinkled the ground with sawdust, it looked very clean and comfortable. The undertakers used to tell the mourners that it was as nice a little vault as ever they had seen. Inside, the church had a mouldy smell. The pulpits and pews were oak, with much carvings about. From the roof was suspended a long brass candelabrum, with innumerable candle-holders branching out. Round about the organ there hung several banners and old gauntlets. I do not know their history; they probably were saved from the old church before the fire. Only the minister and myself lived up this yard. Mine was an old-fashioned house, of which I only occupied a part. The rest was empty, for I had not been able to let it. It was thither that I took the child to live with me.

She continued to sob, so I sent her to bed with my housekeeper. I sat down to read the will, although it was past midnight, for I was curious to know its contents. The dispositions were rather strange. First, it appointed me executor, with nineteen guineas for my trouble. Nineteen guineas to me! I must say I felt rather angry. As to my trouble, I should have thought nothing of it; I did not want any recompense for that. Who would not undertake such a duty cheerfully for his own sister? It was only the look of the thing. To leave me, her only brother, about enough to purchase two suits of mourning! This prevented my being put to any expense for her to be sure, but I thought it was cutting rather close. I was not in want of money, it is true; but that did not justify her in forgetting her own flesh and blood. There was something unnatural in it. Next, she left all the residue of her property to me in trust, to apply the interest in bringing up the child till she was twenty-one, or until her marriage, when the principal was to be vested in her. There was no restriction whatever—nothing to prevent her property being taken to pay a spendthrift husband's debts. I reflected on the dangers to which that child would be exposed if the will were suffered to be proved. She would grow up into a beautiful woman; there was no doubt of that. Before she was seventeen,

some fellow would fall in love with her, or pretend to have done so. I had no power to prevent his marrying, and dragging her down to ruin; and if she escaped that, and reached twenty-one—she should like to know who fixed twenty-one as being years of discretion: he knew little of life, whoever he was. On the other hand, if I destroyed this will, I was my sister's only next of kin, and her estate would be mine. I had no wish to wrong, but to protect the child. I could still extend the income in educating and maintaining her, as my sister intended, and I could bequeath the principal to her if she behaved well. I ask any man whether there was any great crime in all this? Some people would have done it like a matter of business, and never have thought of it again. Yet because I had the boldness to carry out my resolution, I have been fool enough to torment myself for years, and to the verge of madness.

My determination was fixed. I looked round the room, turned the key till it covered the keyhole, and drew down the curtains, though the shutters were fastened on the outside. Then I took the will and flung it on the fire; but before the paper had time to ignite, a thought struck me, and I snatched it off again. I had had a brother and sister, who emigrated many years before. We had heard of their deaths, and I believe they were dead; but might they not have some representatives, who would one day perhaps claim and carry away two-thirds of this money? To be sure they might. I had no right to endanger the poor child's fortune like that. Now, if I kept the will, I could at any time pretend to have found it, and shield myself against any such claims. So I resolved not to destroy, but to secrete it somewhere, in case of need.

At the end of a week, the vault under the church was again swept and sprinkled with sawdust. My sister's coffin was added to the number of outsiders. Only myself, the little child, and the old woman who laid the body out, were present. Our worthy relatives had understood that no will had been made, and did not trouble themselves to attend. However, they were not done with me: The next day they came down in a body, and insisted upon the house being searched from top to bottom. I did not refuse their request. I had the place thoroughly searched, and they were convinced, and departed, after plentifully reviling the deceased and her next of kin. Soon afterwards I obtained letters of administration, which, as my sister had no debts, put me in possession of all her property.

No one suspected me: my character was above suspicion. I had been executor and trustee, and had often held large sums of other people's money. My honesty had stood every test. Forty years I had lived in that neighbourhood, and nobody had breathed a word against my honour. I was universally known for a grave and upright man, and had the confidence of the parishioners, who elected me to my office almost unanimously. I was not wanting in boldness; I had the consciousness of a good purpose to sustain me. As to my relatives, will or no will, they would get nothing; I had not robbed them of a halfpenny. I knew that, and could look them in the face.

However, no sooner had I passed the excitement of the first fortnight, and got, as I may say, out of danger, than the thought of what I had done began to torment me. I could not find a place which seemed to me safe enough for depositing the will. Little children are very curious. I always suspected my housekeeper of prying, though I had never caught her at it; but I know what old women are. They must have something to gabble about. How did I know that she had not a key to fit the very place in which I had put it? She would find it perhaps one day, and spread the intelligence through the neighbourhood, or perhaps retain it, and threaten me with exposure, and extort money from me, and make me her slave. I resolved

not to keep it at home. In the church, on a spiral stone-staircase leading to the belfry, was a closet in the wall, in which I kept the rate-books and vouchers for safety against fire. It was double-barred and studded with nails, and had a massive lock with intricate wards, of which I only kept a key. It was here that I finally deposited it.

I felt a little more easy, for it was no compunction of conscience that had troubled me. I feared only the result of my act becoming known. So long as I carried the key about me, I knew no one could open the closet but myself. However, soon afterwards a little incident arrived to disturb my tranquillity. I was sitting one evening alone checking the receipts torn out of my collecting-book with the cash in hand, when my house-keeper announced a stranger, who wanted to speak with me. I desired her to show him in. He was a little man in black, and he introduced himself as having acted as solicitor to my late sister. If I had had any colour in the cheeks, I believe it would have left them at that moment. I begged him to be seated, which gave me time to collect myself, and ask what was his business with me?

'Your late sister,' said he, 'died rather suddenly. I have only this day heard of her death, and I understand no will has been found.'

'None,' I replied: 'my sister died intestate.'

'It is strange,' said the lawyer: 'I can say that I prepared a will, which she executed about two years ago, leaving all her property to the little child she had with her. Now she might have added a codicil to that will without consulting me; but I think she would not have destroyed it without having another one prepared.'

He looked at me intently, but I did not shrink. I felt sometimes like a coward before imaginary terrors; but under the pressure of an actual necessity for boldness, my courage seldom forsook me.

'Every search has been made,' I replied, 'in an open manner, and in the presence of my relatives, but without success.'

'It is remarkable,' said the little man musingly. 'Unfortunately a duplicate was not made. I remember the terms were rather unusual, by reason of her instructions. She appointed you executor, but would not make your permission necessary to the marriage of the infant. She said, laughingly, that a bachelor was not a fit judge on such matters.'

'Ha!' I exclaimed. 'She perhaps repented of leaving the child thus unrestricted, and destroyed the will, intending immediately to make another, and not expecting to die so soon.'

'It is possible,' replied the lawyer; 'but I can hardly believe that she would allow her little favourite to remain an hour exposed to the possibility of being left unprovided for.'

'As to that,' I returned, 'women are not so cautious as lawyers. However, I had myself frequently heard my sister say that she had amply provided for the child. Indeed I was so convinced that such was her intention, that I have taken her under my care, and intend to charge myself with her maintenance and education, as well as providing for her by my will.'

My visitor seemed satisfied, from my manner, that there had been no foul play, and after some apologies, took his departure. But he left me alarmed. It was the first time that any one had breathed a suspicion that a will was still in existence. I did not know where such a suspicion might end. I sat till a late hour brooding over it. The possibility of my secret being discovered, and myself being dragged to prison, stood up vividly before me. I saw myself pointed at by my neighbours; forty years of integrity gone for nothing; every little harmless act of my life raked up and misrepresented, to fit the theory that I had been all along a cool rascal and a profound hypocrite. And I was

suffering all this on account of a remote possibility of some one, whose existence no one but myself had imagined, suddenly coming from the other side of the world to claim a share in the money! It was too much. I resolved to destroy the will.

An accident diverted me from my purpose for a while. The rector, who had been some time ill, was taken worse, and I was to and fro at his house constantly. He was a young man, but was much liked in the parish. He was attacked with consumption. Some said his house was too near the vaults to be healthy. I don't know how this may have been. I lived on the other side of the church, as close to the churchyard as he did for twenty years, and I never felt any the worse for it. He died at last. It was near Christmas, and the weather was cheerless, and bitter cold, with snow upon the ground. I was with him at the time. I have seen many deathbeds, but I never saw any one die so kindly as he. He rose up in the bed with agony, struck his head violently with his fist, and died with his eyes staring half out of their sockets.

The sight had moved me. I had no sickly sentiment; but I was a man, and had a man's feelings. I returned home in a thoughtful mood, inclined to be more kind than usual to all about me. I met the girl upon the stairs, going up to bed, with the candle in her hand. Having been much occupied, I had scarcely spoken to her since my sister's death, and my heart half reproached me with having neglected her. She bade me 'good-night' quickly, and would have avoided me; but I called her back, and patted her on the head, and bade her enter my room and sit and talk to me by the fire. I saw she feared me, but I attributed it to her not knowing me yet. I sat beside her; but she shrank from me. I spoke kind words to her; but she hung down her head and cried. I felt angry to find my kindness repelled. 'What is the matter with you?' I asked sharply. She continued to cry. A thought struck me. 'Some one has been speaking to you about me,' I said. 'Some one has been poisoning your mind against me—saying you would have had a deal of money but for me, or some other falsehood.'

'Oh no, no, uncle!' she exclaimed, sobbing violently. 'I know you are very kind to me: I know you are my only friend, and I am grateful. But my life is so different now to what it used to be when mamma was alive. I never see any old faces now; I stay all day in this great house, and I wander about alone, and sit in the empty rooms, and think of poor mamma, till my heart is almost broken like hers. This is all that makes me cry—indeed it is.'

Notwithstanding her explanation, I felt sure that there was something more lurking at the bottom of her heart. It was not probable that an infant should grieve incessantly for two months. Besides, having lost every friend in the world, it was natural she should feel a love for a new benefactor, who fed, and clothed, and housed her, while other beggar children shrank in doorways from the inclement season.

'Go,' I said, 'you have some secret which you will not tell me; but I shall find it out. Go to bed, and pray for a better heart and a more thankful spirit!'

She rose and went, without saying a word. My suspicion was confirmed. This was, as it were, another cloud in the horizon! I was excited: the events of the day, the dreariness of the weather, and, above all, the baseness and ingratitude of the world, had wrought me almost to a frenzy. I reproached myself with my tardiness in neglecting to destroy the will. I went to bed, and brooded long over these things till I fell asleep: my dreams were vivid and terrible. Every possible evil which could arise out of my act passed before me in fearful reality—the altered faces of my old friends the parishioners; myself arrested and dragged through the streets; the trial, and the terrible reprimand of the judge, pointing to my previous good

character, and contrasting it with the degraded position into which I had brought myself. And all this to a man who had done nothing that he could not justify to his own conscience—who had wrought a little harmless evil only that good might come—who at most had been guilty of an imprudence. Forty years of age is not so far removed from youth that every trace of its indiscretion and erroneous judgment should be expected to be entirely obliterated. The little lawyer was the witness who had found the will. I heard him relate the suspicion which induced him to bribe the pew-opener to show him all the closets in the church to which I had access; how the very strength and security of the one on the stairs induced him to think that I had chosen that for my hiding-place; and how they had procured another key and obtained the evidence of my guilt. I reproached myself bitterly for allowing the fatal document to exist. I clenched my teeth and fists in anger with myself. I could have dashed my head against the dock for my folly.

My passion awoke me: I panted with the exertion in my sleep: The perspiration trickled down my cheeks like great tears. The veins in my neck and head were swollen and throbbing, as if all the blood in my body had rushed there; for my limbs were cold, like those of a dying man, when death begins in the extremities. I had but one thought: it was to arise and dress myself, and go immediately to the closet in the church, to satisfy myself that the paper was still there; and if so, to destroy it without a moment's delay. I could not wait till morning; I could not turn to sleep again; nay, I could not rest in my bed till I had assured myself upon this point.

I did not know how long I had slept, and my watch had stopped at eleven. I looked out of the window, but it was too dark to see the clock in the tower. I had no superstition in my nature—I had been well schooled against that: I would as soon have entered a church at night as my own house. If my housekeeper awakened, I could say I was going over to the rector's house, where it was known that there would be some one up all night, and it might be supposed that something urgent had occurred to me relative to the deceased. However, I had no wish to awaken her; so I took my keys, and having lighted a candle in a horn lantern, and wrapped it about with my handkerchief, to hide the light, I walked down stairs in my stockings. Then I unlocked the street-door slowly, and put on my shoes; afterwards I put the key in the lock, on the outside, and turned it back, so that I could shut the door; then pulling it out again, the lock fell back, and fastened the door without noise. It was a keen frost: there was no wind, and the snow had ceased to fall, although it lay deep and untrodden upon the ground. Everything was still and desert, as if I had been many miles from any human habitation. I walked a shuffling step, to obliterate my footprints. As I was about to turn the key in the little side-door, I was startled by the clock suddenly chiming the four quarters: it struck slowly two. The hammer vibrated audibly for half a minute, and left the silence deeper than before.

I shut the door behind me, and unveiled my lantern. A man of weak nerves might have been terrified. My lamp threw a faint glimmer for a yard or two, around me: all the rest of the church lay in thick darkness. I had first to go into the vestry-room, at the bottom of the aisle, for there hung the key of the entrance to the staircase. At length I reached the closet, and my heart beat with joy on finding the paper exactly as I had left it. I locked the door again hastily, and descended.

I had been a little excited, it is true, but I knew what I was about. I was no madman. Moreover, I was never the man to fancy and coin things out of my own fears. But, as I am a living man, I heard footsteps behind me, descending the staircase from above! I walked quickly, and regained the vestry-room, when I

listened, and heard them no longer. A terrible conviction oppressed me that I could not completely destroy the will. However, fire seemed the surest means, and I opened my lantern to get at the candle.

The room was three steps below the pavement of the church, and from where I sat, looked right down the aisle. The light at first obscured my sight for things beyond; but suddenly, feeling that there was something standing in the doorway, I lifted up my eyes. Oh my God! there stood my sister, looking at me! My lower jaw fell, like that of a dying man! I stared at her in silence for some time. At length I spoke.

'What do you want, sister? Speak—tell me!'

But she stood still, looking at me sorrowfully, and saying nothing. She was not in night-gown or shroud, but dressed as I had always known her. Some of my courage returned to me at the sound of my own voice.

'Oh, sister!' I exclaimed, 'if you are angry with me about the child, I will repair all. I will restore to her the money. Indeed I had no wish to wrong her.'

But I stopped. My words, which I had repeated to myself till they became a conviction, seemed to me false. My terror made me view my conduct in the light of a cruel fraud. I can't blame myself now. I might be as great a fool again, if I were so wrought upon. A world of pious resolutions rushed through my mind. The tears fell from my eyes.

'Oh, Lucy!' I continued, 'wait only till to-morrow—give me only till the blessed daylight comes again, and see how I will act. I will be another man: I will lead a different life: I will be kinder to the child: the money shall be hers: I will aid her and protect her while I live.'

I spoke earnestly, as if I had said a prayer. I did not see her go, but she was no longer there. I shaded my eyes with my hand to see more clearly; but she was gone. I waited some time, fearing to go into the church. At length I stole out with my lantern, slammed the door behind me, and hurried down the aisle, and out into the cold air, locking the door behind me. Explain this as you will. I care not who disbelieves it. I know it to be true, for I saw it all with my own eyes. For many months the memory of this night influenced all my actions.

In the morning I descended and sought the child, and told her I was sorry for my roughness to her overnight, and coaxed her into being friends with me. I gave out that I had accidentally discovered the will under the green baize cover of a family Bible, part of my sister's effects, which I had preserved. The little lawyer was thoroughly convinced of the injustice of his suspicions when I told him how I had discovered it, and requested him to get it proved.

I could not rest in the neighbourhood. Strange ideas possessed my mind at that time. It seemed to me a slow suffocation to live among the masses of habitations, and in the smoke and gloom of London. I pictured to myself country scenes, where I longed to pass the rest of my days—the girl my sole companion. Moreover, I could not enter the church without a shudder; and the form of its great tower, opposite to my bedroom window, at night fretted my spirit, and cast a breadth of shadow across all my dreams.

I sent in my resignation, and the vestry met and passed a vote of censure of the manner in which I had discharged the duties of my offices. The chairman expressed the regret of the meeting, and its high sense of my integrity. I could not in my heart accept their compliments. Under the influence of an unhealthy feeling, the simplest and most innocent actions of my past life seemed to me the effect of baseness and cunning. I taxed myself secretly, like a religious fanatic, with crimes which I had never committed. Happily I am not now what I was then. I know we are none without sin, and at church I call myself a sinner as sincerely as others do. But I do not take that to have

a strictly literal meaning. There are many worse than I; nay, if all men acted as uprightly, the world would be better than it is.

'Come,' I said to the girl one fine spring morning after all my arrangements were completed—'we are going away from here to live in the country among woods, and meadows, and corn-fields.' The thought seemed to make her happy. She put on her bonnet, as if we were going to take a short walk, and went with me to the coach. We took up our abode in a small village on the banks of the Thames, about thirty miles from London.

She seemed at first to take a delight in her new way of life. But she was a sullen, fretful child. I could scarcely get her to speak. I felt she did not like me; nay, I believe she hated me in her heart, though, with her deceitful lips she would call me 'dear uncle,' and cry when I was angry. What wonder, then, when I knew my kindness towards her, and all that I had undergone on her account, if I came to dislike her in my turn? I could not help treating her with some rigour. I was her guardian, and I was bound to train her up properly, and endeavour to eradicate evil propensities. This I did, though I never struck her. I was sick of her. I will tell the truth: I was not sorry when she died. It was exactly one twelvemonth from the night when I crept into the church. The weather was exactly similar—still bitter cold, with snow deep upon the ground—the sky heavy with snow ready to fall.

My sister's property returned to me, according to the provisions of the will. And all this shows me the folly of doing a wrong act even with a good intention. Principles must be adhered to in spite of all consequences. Do well, and keep out of disgrace, and you'll find it will answer better in the long-run. 'Honesty is the best policy!' This is an old maxim, and if the experience of an old man of eighty be worth anything, it is a true one.

TEA AND POTATOES.

TEA and potatoes are such common articles of our dietary, that we are apt to overlook the important effect they have had upon modern civilisation and social progress. And yet there is no doubt that their introduction and extensive use have very greatly influenced us, and that for the better.

The mode of living of our ancestors was very different, as far as regards food, from our own. Butcher-meat seems to have formed the greater portion of at least two meals in the day. Farming, however, was in so wretched a condition, that a stock of food for winter could not be provided for more than a very few domesticated animals. It was therefore the custom to fatten as many animals as possible upon the summer's grass, slaughter them, and salt their carcases for winter consumption. In the houses of even the highest nobility fresh meat ceased from appearing upon their tables by Christmas, and animals could scarcely be fattened in summer before the end of July. People in a lower rank of life could not procure a supply of fresh butcher-meat for more than three or four months of the year. The writer of this article remembers seeing the remains of this mode of living in a remote district in the north of England, to which agricultural improvements had not extended. Here a family who lived by 'tealing' woollen goods by hand—a practice now and for long quite obsolete—had a few acres of land, upon a portion of which they raised oats, the meal of which was made into unleavened cakes. The remainder was in grass, upon which, during summer, they fattened an ox, which was slaughtered and salted in November. These oat-cakes and the salt beef constituted, together with cheese, almost their sole food during the winter.

Our ancestors used along with butcher-meat bread

made from oats, rye, and to a smaller extent wheat. They possessed kail, and perhaps red cabbages, but scarcely any other kind of vegetable. When the wife of Henry VIII. desired a salad, she had to send to Flanders for it. A root, formerly called potato, but now extinct with us, although we believe it is cultivated in Spain to this day, was in use in the fifteenth century. This was the plant alluded to by Shakspere in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'—'Let the sky rain potatoes and hail kissing confits.' The true potato was brought from Virginia by Hakluyt in 1584, but did not come into general use for two centuries later. The Jerusalem artichoke, still too much neglected, was brought from Brazil in 1617. Turnips were first cultivated to any extent during the Commonwealth. Carrots were brought into England by the Flemish refugees during the reign of Elizabeth. Other vegetables are of still more recent introduction; and there is no doubt of the fact, that our forefathers consumed, in addition to bread, scarcely any other vegetable food excepting kail, and that only in very restricted quantities.

Then their ordinary beverage was fermented drink. The higher classes consumed wine, partly imported from France, and partly manufactured at home. Those lower in social position seem to have preferred ale and intoxicating drinks prepared from honey, such as mead and metheglin. The quantity used of all these drinks appears to have been very great.

The mode of living now practised strikingly contrasts with the above. Farming—much as it has to learn, and it has very much—can now sustain and fatten animals even more readily in winter than in summer; and salted meat, excepting in the form of ham and bacon, does not constitute an important article of food. Very much less butcher-meat, however, is consumed than formerly. For the last seventy years potatoes have been extensively cultivated, and form one of the standard dishes of the masses. Tea and coffee, particularly the former, have to a great extent taken the place of fermented drinks, and as beverages of the morning meal, have quite superseded them. A man, to say nothing of a woman, who would sit down to a breakfast of corned-beef, oatmeal cakes, and strong ale, would now be considered a lunatic. The consumption of tea in this country is really enormous. It is probable that 500,000,000 of gallons of its infusion are annually drunk; a quantity which would fill 9,000,000 ale-hogsheds.

So great a change in the daily mode of life would naturally be expected to produce a change in the condition of society. And whether owing to these causes or not, a change certainly has taken place. In the first place, human life is very much extended; as is shown by the tables drawn up something less than a century ago for the calculations of the insurance companies of the average number of deaths for each year of life, and which were doubtless correct at the time. Moreover, many diseases which, besides shortening life, produce much sickness and incapacity for active exertion, are now banished. Ague, for example, and other intermittents that were the constant pests of our progenitors, may be pronounced to be virtually extinct. This, however, is not owing to a change in the national mode of living, but to the extended drainage of the country. But the alteration in the diet, and the introduction of potatoes, have abolished one dreadful, very dreadful disease; and the substitution of tea for strong ale, especially, at breakfast, has completely changed, and changed for the better, the type of the greater number of diseases to which mortality is liable.

There is a disease commonly known by the name of sea-scurvy, not that it is peculiar to or has any necessary connection with the sea, but because it has in modern times been most carefully observed on board ship. It was formerly the scourge of northern Eu-

rope almost every winter, and besides causing great mortality, gave origin to much suffering and incapacity for the active employments of life. So great were its ravages in Denmark, that about two centuries ago the medical faculty of Copenhagen published a 'codalium' for the benefit of the poor in that country, giving an account of its causes, prevention, and cure. In Scotland it was prevalent under the name of *black legs*. It is described by all the medical writers of the times, and all agree in stating that it prevailed in the latter part of winter and spring, and that it uniformly disappeared in summer and autumn.

But though scurvy was endemic at these seasons in Europe, it was where people suffered great privations, and were crowded much together, that its symptoms were most distinctly witnessed and described. It is in armies, in cities during sieges, and in long voyages, that the malady has attracted greatest attention. During the siege of Breda by the Spaniards in 1625, the inhabitants and the garrison were severely affected with scurvy, and in the middle of March (the end of winter), an inquiry being instituted, 1608 persons were found to be suffering from it, and the number increased daily until the surrender of the town towards the end of June. In 1720, in the wars between the Austrians and the Turks, when the army wintered in Hungary, many thousands of the soldiers perished of scurvy; nor did the disease, although every kind of treatment was tried, abate until summer. In the British troops stationed about a century ago at Quebec, which had been taken the year before from the French, scurvy extensively prevailed. The force amounted to 6000 men, and so much did they suffer from want of vegetables and fresh food, that before the end of April 1000 were dead of scurvy, and 2000 men so shattered in constitution, as to render it necessary that they should be invalided. Even in late years, when our troops were not supplied with a due amount of fresh vegetable food, scurvy has broken out, as it used to do every year with our whole population. In 1836 it prevailed to a great extent among the troops at the Cape of Good Hope. It first appeared in July, and continued till December, a period corresponding with spring in our latitude. The men had no harassing duty to perform, but were not supplied with vegetables. The records of continental armies present innumerable instances of the appearance of scurvy among the men when the supply of fresh vegetable food was diminished.

The same consequences of a deprivation of fresh and vegetable food have occurred not unfrequently in our jails. One of the most remarkable, because one of the most thoroughly-investigated of such instances, occurred in the spring of 1823 in the Millbank Penitentiary. Here scurvy broke out because the prisoners had not their usual allowance of fresh succulent vegetable food. In 1836, 1837, 1838, many cases of scurvy occurred in our jails, all of which could be clearly traced to the long continuance of a diet in which fresh vegetable food did not form a part.

The earliest account of the existence of scurvy at sea is to be found in the narrative of Vasco de'Gama, the discoverer of the passage to India by the Cape. He had a hundred and sixty men, of whom a hundred died of scurvy. In the subsequent voyages of the early navigators still more disastrous results were produced by this cause. Sir John Hawkins (reas admiral of the English fleet sent against the Armada) affirmed that during the twenty years he had served at sea he could reckon ten thousand sailors who had died from this disease. Admiral Hosier, who commanded seven ships on the Jamaica station in 1726, actually lost two successive crews in each ship from scurvy, and eventually died of a broken heart at the sight of the desolation that surrounded him. Dr. Lind, an undoubted authority, states that during the year which terminated at the peace of Aix-la-

Chapelle, scurvy causes were more destructive, and occasioned more deaths than the warlike operations of both French and Spaniards. Even so late as 1795, the Channel fleet, under the command of Lord Howe, was so ravaged by it, that very serious apprehensions were entertained of the efficiency, if not of the very existence of the whole fleet. The cause was the failure of the gardeners' crops at Portsmouth through the severity of the winter.

The most familiar example of the ravages of scurvy is that of the crews of the squadron of Lord Anson, sent to capture the Manilla galleon. He buried four-fifths of his men, and on arriving at the island of Juan Fernandez, out of two hundred survivors of his flag-ship, only eight were capable of duty. Sometimes, indeed, a whole crew has perished from scurvy, as in the case of the Spanish ship *Oriflamme*, which was thus left to be driven about at random, until she was at length discovered with the dead bodies on board. No wonder that the disease, though common to land and water, received the name of the Sea-Scurvy.

It was frequently observed that fresh vegetables prevented and cured the sea-scurvy. Still, so strong in many is the dislike to innovation, that it was not until Captain Cook sailed round the world with a loss of only one man, that the Admiralty ordered each man in our navy to receive a daily allowance of some vegetable acid. The consequence was immediate: the diminution of sickness and death was in the proportion of four to one, and scurvy was by the change completely banished from our fleets.

In the navy the vegetable acid fixed upon is lemon-juice. It is selected on account of the convenience with which it may be stowed away; and the discipline of the service is such, that no difficulty is felt in enforcing its daily use. It would be impossible to manage this upon land; and fortunately we have a substitute in the potato, which is the only fresh vegetable that can be eaten without satiety every day; and as long as it is so consumed, the community may depend upon being safe from that scourge of our ancestors—land-scurvy.

We every now and then, however, get a warning that we cannot neglect this invaluable root with impunity. Cases of scurvy from time to time appear in our lunatic asylums and our jails, and it is in such cases invariably found that the rations of potatoes have been wanting. Dr Baly, the physician to the Millbank Penitentiary, observes upon this subject:—' Whenever this disease (scurvy) has prevailed, there the diet of the prisoners, though often abundant in other respects, has contained no potatoes, or only a very small quantity. In several prisons the occurrence of scurvy has wholly ceased on the addition of a few pounds of potatoes being made to the weekly dietary. There are many prisons in which the diet, from its unvaried character, and the absence of animal food, as well as green vegetables, is apparently most inadequate to the maintenance of health, and where, nevertheless, from its containing abundance of potatoes, scurvy is not produced.' It will be in the recollection of our readers, that during the construction of the Hawick Railway, the navies, owing to the high price of potatoes, resumed the barbarous dietary of a previous age, and subsisted upon flesh and bread. As a natural consequence, an epidemic of scurvy broke out among them.

We have dwelt so long upon potatoes, that we have very little space left for tea, the other article in our dietary which has helped to completely change the physical condition of ourselves as compared with that of our forefathers. Passing by some very important effects upon the public health usually allowed to be

* It still too often occurs in the mercantile marine of this and other countries.

produced by tea, we will only cite one that is not generally known.

It has long been familiar to physicians, that the type of diseases has completely changed. When we read medical authors of one or two centuries ago, we can understand the diseases which they describe and their symptoms; but we rarely or never see such now-a-days. We read of violent and sudden inflammations, pleurisies, pneumonias, and the like, extremely ardent, and after much suffering, rapidly causing death. Sometimes they yielded indeed to immediate and profuse bloodletting, which in its turn produced a cachectic state of the system, from which the patient was long in recovering, or perhaps never did recover. Then we read of fevers, with furious and ungovernable delirium, passing on rapidly to a fatal termination. Now, we never or rarely witness such things. Like our dispositions, our diseases have become milder, and the absence of these fierce maladies and of the Sangrado practice (a physician in moderate practice does not bleed perhaps now more than once in a twelvemonth), must in a great measure be ascribed to the substitution of tea for ale to breakfast. Hakluyt, when he brought over his first potatoes, and the East India Company, when they bought two pounds two ounces of tea, 'as a present for his majesty,' little thought what a boon they were conferring upon society!

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

The 'constant reader' of the newspaper always reads, or at least glances at the advertisements. Those who merely take up the broad sheet to glean the passing news of the day, might think time so employed wasted or ill-bestowed; but the experienced and leisurely newspaper reader knows better. He has discovered that the department mentioned contains bits of news, and information, and amusement, very varied, often very curious and useful, and such as are to be obtained through almost no other channel. He has learned gradually to find in it something more: something to open his mind, to excite his imagination, to soften his heart. In the case of a metropolitan print, it appears to him to be an epitome of London, just as London is an epitome of the world; and his soul expands as he sees within its grasp, in one sweep, as it were, of his mental vision, the joys, the sorrows, the recreations, the sufferings, the longings, and attainments of society—in short, the whole social microcosm. And from long practice, his experienced eye, ranging from column to column, can pick out all that is peculiar and interesting in these paragraphs as readily as a deer-stalker can detect a royal hart upon a distant hill-side, or an alderman the tid-bits of turtle in the wide tureen. An acquaintance with the order in which advertisements are usually arranged, according to their classes, accounts for this facility, which to the uninitiated would look like an instinct. On the peculiar class of advertisements, for instance, of which we have thought some specimens might prove amusing to our readers, the connoisseur can pounce at once. They are to be found almost exclusively in one paper; but if that one paper unfailingly, and always in the same position in its columns.

Most newspaper readers have observed for themselves, or have heard allusions to, 'the second column of the *Times*.' At the top, generally of the second, though sometimes of the third, or even the fourth column of the first page of that wonderful journal, appear day by day announcements so miscellaneous,

and at the same time so peculiar, that it is impossible to find a term wide enough and yet sufficiently distinctive under which to class them. They are 'the advertisements in the *Times*' second column.' They are generally short, three or four lines being the average length; they seldom extend beyond six or eight, and sometimes consist of only a single line, or even a single word. Though they do not admit of close definition, it may be said that they fall into two classes—first, those that are intended to lead to the recovery of persons or things lost, stolen, strayed, or fled, or the discovery of the owners of property found by honest persons, or persons who are willing to be honest—for a consider-ation; second, those that are intended as mere media of communication with persons unknown, or desirous of remaining anonymous, or who, though known, choose for any reason to conceal their whereabouts, or hide their correspondence in mystery.

For a month or two past we have occasionally amused ourselves by cutting out from time to time one or two of these queer little bits of print from our copy of the *Times*; and anybody who cares to be at the same trouble, might at any time, we believe, in less than six months, amass quite as complete and varied a collection.

Those advertisements which we have reckoned under our first class embrace a very wide range of objects. At one time the announcement aims at the recovery of a father of a family, at another of an umbrella with a black handle; to-day of an erring son, to-morrow of a stray terrier. Dogs are a very frequent subject of advertisement—lost and found; such as Newfoundland, Skye terriers, pointers, retrievers, and 'curs of low degree.' And so are husbands and wives, but more especially the former. If the two sexes are equally liable to go missing, it is remarkable that the husbands so rarely advertise their loss. Jewellery, too, is often sought for—bracelets, rings, watches, brooches, lockets—and rewards of various degrees offered for its recovery. Among miscellaneous articles lost we note—a letter with money enclosed, bank-notes, bills of exchange, a paper parcel, a parcel-book, a pocket-book, a Chinese parrot, a bunch of keys, an umbrella, a cane, a lady's boa, &c. &c. Of the notifications of obviously serious import and interest we scarcely feel authorised to say much. They refer to private affairs, and nothing but the voluntary publicity given to them would justify our reprinting the following specimens here. In such cases all styles of appeal are to be met with, from the simplest request to the most painfully-urgent supplication. Thus some are in plain, business-like style; such as—

'William Henry D. is requested to write to his friends at No. 8 immediately.'

'Bl**ks.—Write at once to the undersigned, out of regard to yourself and your family. If you do this, all will be well, for all parties are favourable. Believe me, this is true—G. O. N. G., XXVII.'

'D. M.—S., having left his home on Saturday, the 27th of July, is requested to return to his disconsolate wife. By so doing, all that has passed will be forgotten.'

Some are a shade warmer, as follows:—

'E—n S—th, who left his employers' on the 7th inst., is affectionately requested to return to his friends, and all will be forgiven.'

'To the party who left home in the afternoon to visit the eldest sister.—You are most earnestly intreated to return home. The step taken was wholly unnecessary. Come at once or communicate. Most of your family do not yet know of your absence.'

'The friends of two ladies, who left their homes together, are earnestly requested to communicate confidentially, by letter or otherwise.'

Another absentee—'Is earnestly requested to go to his

brother Thomas without any delay; his presence is absolutely requisite for the security of his friends, who are arranging his affairs. He may implicitly depend upon perfect freedom of action.'

Another is informed, as one of the evil consequences of his position, that his wife is in the greatest distress, and is affectionately intreated to write to her immediately.

A wanderer is invited to return, or write to his disconsolate parents, or any of his friends—not because of their disconsolateness, but because 'they can greatly promote his future prospects.'

Some of these cases no doubt are bad enough, but here the domestic tragedy deepens—

'Caroline.—She is dangerously ill; her life is despaired of: come at once.'

'H. P. C. is earnestly requested to see the party who is broken-hearted by his unaccountable conduct. The secret is safe. Write, or they cannot live.'

'Alfred—Your father is no more. For your own sake, for the sake of your M—, to whom your absence is real, you are implored to write. Will you not even attend your father's funeral?'

To another undutiful son it is said—'Return at once, and save your distracted mother from death, or, what is worse, madness. Communicate with your father. Arrangements can be made for you to be with him. Delay not.'

And to another, 'who visited his father's house between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, that if he does not return before Wednesday next, not only will the life of his oldest relative be endangered, and his own be thereby rendered miserable, but his future prospects may be utterly ruined.'

The withdrawal and continued silence of a husband make him too late, apparently, for anything but devoted love. 'Your wife and family implore you to give them some address. Although you (from the great anxiety I have been in) have seen little outward show, you cannot know the deep anxiety of my almost broken heart. Oh that we could have communicated with you! The kindness of public and private friends, could they have drawn you back, would have reinstated you. I intreat of you to empower me to communicate with you.'

Here is another gentle and loving appeal from a friend—'Dear Sophy—The loving hearts and true friends you have left only await your immediate return to prove to you their sincerity by the heartfelt reception they will offer you. Delay but a little, and you yourself know how bitterly you will and must repent it. Your friend Fanny.'

'And here is one, no doubt from an alarmed sister—'Maria H., pray come to me. I have been all day searching for you all over London, and have sent money home. Sorrow enough.'

These two last are, as it strikes us, peculiarly touching and suggestive. Their two or three lines contain a story full of misery and pathos.

In addition to the above, there are not infrequent advertisements of individuals missing, with careful descriptions of their persons, dress, manners, &c. These are sometimes inserted with the view of bringing the individuals to justice for misdemeanours or crimes, but more frequently they emanate from the friends of persons who have left their homes, it may be from some whim or slight cause of offence, and whose return is desired for their own benefit, no less than for the satisfaction or consolation of those they have left. 'Left his home, a youth,' &c. is a common beginning of these advertisements, and it is surprising how many there are of them. Boys or lads, induced by a juvenile longing after a seafaring life (inspired perhaps by our old friend Robinson Crusoe), constitute, we presume, a considerable portion of the class. In an advertisement before us, for example, the 'disconsolate parents' offer, if their son will let them know where he is, 'to make arrangements for him to go to sea, if he wishes. Some-

times, however, young men leave the comforts of home, and give up to torturing anxiety their relatives and friends, merely to gratify a love of wandering and adventure, the remains, doubtless, of that savage instinct which distinguishes the man of what is called nature from the man of artificial society. A case of this sort of self-exile occurred within our own personal experience, which could not be accounted for in any other way. The young man, after several months of wandering, communicated with his family, and ultimately returned to them and to his studies, and now fulfills the duties of life like any commonplace mortal. Such an escapade, however, is dangerous, and we fear is not often attended by so pleasant a denouement.

A good many of these advertisements are of a purely business-like character. Thus a reward of £25 is offered for information such as would lead to the conviction of the thieves of some silk goods from a shop in Cheapside; the widow of a man killed by a railway accident requests witnesses to send their addresses to her solicitor, evidently to assist her claim for damages; and for some similar purpose, we conceive, is the following:—

'Wreck of the *Superb*, from St Malo to Jersey.—Should any of the surviving passengers have arrived in London, and will communicate immediately with Mr J—, 81 Queen Street, Cheapside, he will feel greatly obliged.'

Many intimations from solicitors inform persons named that 'they will hear of something to their advantage,' by applying to Messrs So and So. Acknowledgments of donations to charities are also made through this singular medium. We have one before us acknowledging £100 given to a missionary society; and many references to the receipt of 'conscience money' from persons who had forgotten to pay their taxes: it is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who is usually favoured by these virtuous delinquents. Not uncommon either are such sharp intimations as this:—

'If —— does not fetch his things away, left at my house in May 1849, within seven days from the date hereof, they will be sold to defray expenses.'

It is not very clear in this undated advertisement whether the things were to be fetched away in seven days, or were left seven days before; but the conscience of the careless owner would no doubt be able to interpret.

The more remarkable and mysterious communications, which we have arbitrarily ranked in our second class, we must be content to deal with very cursorily. They are exceedingly miscellaneous. Here is a semi-sporting one:—

'Volteur.—Beware of the Derby.—S. is requested to call on his brother as soon as possible, in order that arrangements may be made for his return to his employer without delay.'

Many are requesting communications of one kind or other:—

'If Mr N. will communicate with Leonard, he will oblige.'

'Pimlico is requested to give the fullest particulars addressed as before; also where a letter can be directed.'

'Important.—If this should meet the eye of the gentleman who dined at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden, on Monday, November 11, he is particularly requested to communicate to such an address.'

'G. S. A. is requested to send her marriage certificate by the first post.'

'E. is requested to write to A., at his residence, instantly, under initials, before his departure, which is daily expected.—(Signed) Huit Astres, non pas L'Astre. There are sermons in stones.'

'A. F., the gentleman who sent, about a month ago,

from the country a sealed brown paper parcel to a solicitor, with strict injunctions to keep it safe and intact, he is earnestly intreated to instantly communicate with his relatives, or with the solicitor referred to, as circumstances of the most urgent nature require the immediate presence of A. F., whose explanations will be favourably received by all parties."

To these requests we append a few acknowledgments:—

‘ Fishing.—A. B. thanks Q. for his very polite note.’

‘ R.—A thousand thanks for your kind consideration of my wants. Let me earnestly intreat you to give me some address, where I may write you a line.’

‘ To a Well-wisher.—T. F. wishes only the restoration of the lost, and has no further intentions. Will a Well-wisher send T. F. his name, address, and appoint a place to meet him in London on Tuesday?’

‘ A. B. C.—The communication of the 13th inst. has been received by N., who will be greatly obliged by some further information, and promises A. B. C. the strictest secrecy.’

‘ B. B. agrees to the plan, and is satisfied, as it is the wish of the party.’

‘ L.’s letter has been received and destroyed, and he shall not again be troubled.’

‘ Received, ii. Cor. 6, 17, 18, with sincere thanks. A. R. is desirous to know the right application of the above text.’

This last is a somewhat peculiar one, for in the text there is a warning against touching ‘the unclean thing,’ which the recipient would of course understand to be money. Many of the following receipts refer, likewise mysteriously enough, to sums of money:—

‘ Restitution.—L.20 received by post.’

‘ Shareholder—received. Anonymous and conditional subscriptions declined; L.5, less the expense of this advertisement, is held at the disposal of “a shareholder.”’

‘ E. G.—Received L.60.’

‘ No. 82,287 again received. But you have raised a scruple.’

The figures here we presume to be the number of a bank-note. The additional remark is mysteriously significant. Here is an appointment made—

‘ A. B. C., 92 Piccadilly, this evening.’

A few strange zoological paragraphs give an agreeable variety—

‘ A. W.—The Wolf is not dead, but has been dangerously ill. Letters are intercepted. I trust no one. Break not your pledge. Communicate personally.’

‘ A. W.—The Dog “Wolf” is dead. The experiment has fully succeeded. The “Bear” mourns. “Tidus vale amicus.”’

‘ The One-Winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies.’

‘ Somerset.—S. B. The mate of the Dove must take wing from England for ever, unless a material change takes place.’

At times we have a little Greek, or Latin, or French. We give a specimen of each, such as it is—

‘ *Ausop, xas Ausopos.*—A note with the above address has been left. Directions for forwarding it are requested.’

‘ Non veni, non vidi; with many thanks.’

‘ Ilz honur ne manque que ‘toi seul. Welcomes in poverty. Ecris. Viens. Je meurs.—Jennie.’

Many are more remarkable for brevity than anything else. Our first of three short ones is evidently from a friend of Oliver Twist’s, for, like him, he simply asks for

‘ More.—W. C.’

‘ E. F.—Write. Why did you wait?’

‘ There is a letter for H. B., as before.’

It would appear that the aristocracy are not above taking advantage of the facilities of the *Times*’ second column—

‘ Egypt.—If the Hon. H. A. M.—y will forward his address to Lord M.—, he will hear of something to his advantage.’

Its character for peculiarity and mystery is also sometimes dexterously pressed into the service of ordinary advertising. Thus the following curt announcement—

‘ A Bit of my Mind.—A. M., March 25,’

appeared in several successive numbers of the *Times*, and when the phrase had thereby become familiar to many thousand eyes, it next met them as the title of a series of papers in *Punch*, ‘ A. M.’ being the initials of Miss Amelia Mouser.

The most impenetrably and provokingly mysterious are those printed in cipher. They defy even speculation. That which heads our examples looks like an insane attempt to put into words the war-shrieks of a Red Indian—

‘ Suhwyb zhoo — Qrw bhw — Brx, pdb vdilob — Ydxjkwrq Whudhfr, Edordoo Khdwk.’

‘ No. 3.—S. Impi. F. npi. C. qgnl. F. pil. ogpk. S. ongq. of. C. hgo. Inho. B. hqk. egki in F. hnlo. C. nhqg. B. qkl. F. pil. C. qikl. in. D. qkl. C. qmgh. Austens F. klmn. are. now qphi to B. qnp. C. lpi. pmig. hlpn F. pil. S. nlgk. E. lpg. F. ihm. —J. de W.’

‘ No. 6.—Slmipi at Cognl and Fpink. Fmhqo olhi Chgo. Fpgnun Komin 22d Fmnhq, oing Epgig, and Fnpkl by Enhkpk, Foghm npmq opgi. Chgik and Cnhqg Fnpqm, Cqkup in Fhio. Cponl Smigl Enpql Sonqh. Fkqpo hlpk mhqo olhi, Enqkh. Clgi S. to Fmlgi Cqkin.—J. de W.’

‘ T. R. 45.5 3d414349h11936dt7p79t763wy78kt759tp7713 7y7u09h1927537f164694h1v3t843dt7uw311p81yf78839t 7814769181839-31.’

‘ 31 3 1 389 p 79 1t 74897 63 d 4832 1 3 d1 7 y7471 h 389 17 58 t p 77 1 317 b 3211 1 f 787 h 31 v 3683917 312 h 71 h 38 p 81 y 131 53 h 318 f 875 y 7 u.’

But there is no natural ending to this sort of work, and we must leave off in the middle, giving first a little random lot, some of which are so very peculiar, as to baffle while they challenge curiosity:—

‘ Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.—M. P., who travelled in the express up-train on Tuesday, the 25th of June, takes this medium to apologise for anything he said likely to have given offence to * * *, and hopes this advertisement will be seen by the party.’

‘ Lost.—The person who took in mistake a dark Penang Cane not belonging to himself, from the Polytechnic Institution, on Wednesday evening last, is requested to return it to the check-taker there.’

‘ A lady desires to express her thanks to a gentleman for his kindness to her in Regent’s Park on Friday morning, May 31st, which long illness and absence have prevented her acknowledging before.’

‘ W. M.—Yes.—It shall be brought forward this evening. Read the first paragraph (with note), page 84, and law, No. 3, page 85, of the Book of Constitutions.’

‘ Anonymous.—“Confidential.”—The “Good Fellow” would really be obliged if the “Friend” would help him out of the “scrape” by a little further advice as to the “party.” Direct the letter, with the Christian name in full, to No. 8.’

‘ To A. B.—I intend to oppose, but others should join me. I shall be glad to receive another letter without delay, and I will consider it confidential.’

‘ If C. H. will immediately return the book, agreeable

to promise, A. D. will think nothing further of the matter.'

'The number of obliterated postage stamps required by the young lady about to enter a convent being already collected, it is particularly requested that no further contributions may be sent.'

After all this darkness and mystification, our readers will be glad to get hold of a substantial and intelligible fact; and for ourselves we are delighted to have at length something to rest upon as we conclude. We give, therefore, with no small pleasure as our last specimen of the curiosities of advertising literature, the following simple and manly—no pun intended—announcement:—

'Mathew Mann has left his situation.'

WANTED—A PROSECUTOR.

PUBLIC feeling has lately been scandalised by accounts of the cruel treatment of a servant-girl by her master, a person moving in the rank of a barrister in London. Our sole reason for referring to this lamentable case is to direct attention to the perplexity of the examining magistrate—a perplexity which continued for several days—on making the discovery that nobody appeared as prosecutor. A crime of no ordinary nature seemed to have been committed, yet no one presented himself as vindicator of the law. Not until a public excitement had been created, did a person connected with the poor-law take the field as prosecutor. And, after all, except from motives of humanity, it is difficult to see why this official should have come specially forward on the occasion.

Still more recently, there has been a case in the bankruptcy court, which gives equal cause of astonishment. It appeared, on an investigation into the affairs of a bankrupt trader, that in his capacity of actuary of a National Security Savings' Bank, he had embezzled large sums of money lodged by depositors. The judge (Mr. Commissioner Holroyd), in dealing with the civil case, had no power to punish or even to challenge the robbery. That department of the affair fell to be prosecuted criminally, but there was no one to prosecute. In delivering his opinion, the judge declared that 'this was one of those numerous cases which now almost daily occur, exhibiting the want of a public prosecutor.' And so a heinous offence has been committed—hundreds of poor people have been cheated of their money—but, singularly enough, it is nobody's business to undertake the duty of prosecution!

Happy land, where the misfortune of being plundered of our property brings an additional loss of time, anxiety, and money in seeking for justice! With the obligation to prosecute in his own name, and probably at his own charges, the wonder is, that any one tells the story of his wrongs; and there cannot be the least doubt of the fact, that under the pressure of this obligation vast numbers of offences are never inquired into, and the perpetrators escape punishment. Greatly, indeed, must we admire that nice sense of public duty which leads a man to reveal aggressions on his property, when the revelation is sure to bring neither restitution nor thanks, but a positive repetition of loss.

One scarcely knows whether most to pity or laugh at the stolid indifference with which a great and enlightened people submit to an evil which is acknowledged to be in all respects discreditable and grievous. Can any ingenious observer explain why, with a constantly recurring necessity for a public prosecutor, no public prosecutor is appointed? It is the more strange that, in another part of the same island, and in a country under the same monarchy and legislature, there has been a system of public prosecution from times beyond the reach of record. There the Lord Advocate, with his deputies, prosecutes all grave offences for the public

interest, at the public expense, before the higher tribunals; while to all inferior jurisdictions an officer charged with similar responsibilities, and styled Procurator-Fiscal, is, as a matter of course, attached. In short, no private party in Scotland is ever called on or expected to prosecute criminally. An offence is with us viewed not as a private or personal, but as a public wrong. The individual may have suffered, but it is the law which is outraged; and accordingly the law is publicly vindicated. All this is so reasonable, and, as experience has shown, works so smoothly and satisfactorily, that we are at a loss to understand why the English, with this example at their very doors, should not long since have adopted similar expedients. We should imagine there is only one rational explanation. Let the subject be brought before any individual Englishman, and he will at once avow that the appointment of a public prosecutor is desirable. But whether from negligence, or a too engrossing attention to ordinary pursuits, no such opinion is aggregately expressed. The entire control of law matters is committed to lawyers, and lawyers are, through the influence of education and interest, the natural enemies of change, however obviously it may tend to the public benefit. Besides this solution, it is to be remembered that the English abound in strange contradictions of character. Stern lovers of truth and justice, they are also admirers of what is old and national; and hence, notwithstanding professions to the contrary, they are slow to admit in a practical way of any institutional novelty. Had the practice of public prosecution come in with the Wittenagemot, had it been sanctioned by Hengist and Horsa, or even obtained a fixity from William of Normandy, all good and well. The case being otherwise, the introduction of such an arrangement may be considered as almost beyond hope. England has had its religious and political reformation; its law reform is yet in a great measure a thing in the womb of time. Much is heard of the marvellous abilities of lord-chancellors and chief-justices; works are eloquently written in their praise; we read of industry the most persevering, uprightness beyond the reach of challenge, learning the most profound! Far be it from us to dim the glories of these lofty personages! Nevertheless, the circumstance that they are at the head of systems of administration unintelligible in their language and forms, and which possess the faculty of half-ruining nearly all who are dragged within their influence, cannot but produce a certain lowering tendency in public estimation, scarcely compatible with true hero-worship.

While we write, a case of oppression, under colour of law, has attracted so much notice, that one might venture to hope it will not fail in its due effect. A man has been liberated from prison after a confinement, through mistake, of fourteen years; the original ground for his incarceration having been some species of contempt of a Chancery order!* Fourteen years under lock and key by a mere misconception! After this, we shall require to speak with some degree of moderation of the Bastile and *lettres de cachet*!

The Court of Chancery, out of whose proceedings the foregoing instance of privation of liberty originated, is unquestionably the inert and uncompassable obstacle that stands in the pathway of reform, and till it is either extinguished as a nuisance, or vastly reformed in its operations, little good can be expected. Lately, the subject of Chancery reform has been under some sort of discussion. It has been shown by an intelligent American lawyer, that in the state of New York the administration of law has been united with equity, in a simple routine of courts, much to the satisfaction of practitioners as well as of suitors. The explanations of this gentleman, valuable

* For a notice of this case see the *Times* of December 29, 1850.

as testimony, afforded a glimpse of nothing new. Law and equity have always been united in the practice of the Scotch courts; and if reform is to assume this character, it is comfortable to know that there is no actual necessity for seeking models beyond the Atlantic. But will English law-reformers, either in this or in the matter of public prosecution, copy from Scotland? Already, indeed, after much doubt and debate, they have copied from Scotch practice in two particulars. We refer to the privilege enjoyed by the prisoner of addressing the court by counsel, and to the establishment of county courts for the recovery of small debts by a cheap form of process. Why should they not make another importation from the North? Let them be under no apprehension of conferring too great a compliment on Scotland by so doing, for the system is not peculiar to her, but exists, in descent from feudal times, in most of the other countries of Europe.

A DOMESTIC MAN.

[The following sketch is translated from a French feuilleton, and shows amusingly enough our volatile neighbours' conception of the character of a gentleman who busies himself with the minutiae of household affairs more than is usually thought consistent with masculine dignity. The species is Gallic, but the genus may be found throughout the four quarters of the world, and we doubt not also in Australasia.]

'Wife, my handkerchief! give me my handkerchief! It ought to be on the arm-chair, in the middle window.'

The lady invoked came out of her dressing-room, and gave the handkerchief to her husband, who had not yet risen. Ere applying it to his face, he paused, and began to examine it closely.

'This is not mine: my handkerchiefs have no coloured borders: 'tis yours, Caroline.'

'Very possibly, my dear.'

'Yes, it must be yours; but then your handkerchiefs have blue borders, and this is brown: what is the meaning of that?'

'It means, I suppose, that I have also handkerchiefs with brown borders.'

'Really? How long have you had them?'

'Since I bought them.'

'But you never told me you had bought them.'

'Really I did not think it necessary to do so. Am I never to purchase the smallest article without asking your permission?'

'No, no, I did not mean that; but you see it was natural that I should be surprised at finding a handkerchief with a brown border.'

Monsieur then got up, and when nearly dressed, looked for his slippers: he could not find them, and rang for the servant.

'Jeannette, where are my slippers?'

'Here, monsieur'—pointing to the floor at the foot of the bed.

'There! And why did you put them there? Is that their usual place, I ask you?'

'I don't know, monsieur.'

'Stupid! Under that arm-chair near the chimney is their proper position. Remember that in future: nothing must be out of its place in my house.'

Breakfast was served. Madame read the newspaper while she drank her coffee, and monsieur knelt down and toasted some bread before the fire. Presently he said, 'Caroline, did you put a log of wood on the fire last night after I went to bed?'

'A log, my dear! I don't know; what are you saying?'

'One would suppose I asked you the question in

Hebrew! When I left the room last night at ten o'clock there were two logs on the fire—quite sufficient to last for the remainder of the evening. I don't want to hinder your having a blazing fire if you feel cold; but you ought to tell me how much wood you put down, for now I see the burned ends of three logs; and how could there be three if you had not put on another?'

'Really, Antoine, you bore me to death with your logs! I'm sure I never remarked whether wood was put on or not. I am reading a most interesting paragraph, and you interrupt me to ask about a morsel of wood!'

Monsieur was silent; but he whistled an opera-tune between his teeth, which he always did when not well pleased. After eating for some minutes, he began—'This milk is not good; there is very little cream on it, and I don't think the milkwoman gives just measure. The pan ought to hold a certain quantity, and then we should know. Have they a pan on purpose for the milk?'

No answer. Caroline continued to read.

'Don't you think I am right? By having always the same measure, we could tell whether we got the proper quantity in the pan.'

'Yes, yes! we will get a pan—ten pans if you like—only let me read in peace!'

'I did not say ten; I said one: it will not cost much. I know a place where I can buy a very nice one for twelve sous. Ah! this butter is not good. How much do you pay for it, Caroline?'

'I don't know.'

'How is that?'

'Jeannette buys it.'

'But I presume you look at her bills?'

'Oh, certainly. Now I recollect—the price is thirty sous.'

'Jeannette!—Jeannette!'

The maid appeared, with her mouth full of something she was eating.

'What's the price of this butter, Jeannette?'

'Thirty sous, monsieur.'

'The pound?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Much too dear. I ate some the day before yesterday, when I breakfasted with one of my friends, which was far better than this, and cost but twenty-seven sous.'

'Then monsieur asked his friend to tell him the price?'

'Of course—why not?'

Jeannette was retiring, but her master stopped her.

'What were you eating when you came in, Jeannette?'

'Some of the cold leg of mutton, monsieur.'

'Ah! was not there some of the beef remaining that was dressed on Tuesday?'

'It was finished long ago, monsieur.'

The maid retired, and her master muttered to himself, 'I think some of the beef ought to be there still.'

'When the time comes for sweeping the sitting-rooms, monsieur contrives to be always in the way of the broom, watching lest the servant should leave any dust in the corners. The girl, who does not approve of this supervision, manages adroitly to sweep the crumbs, &c. into her master's shoes, and to fill his eyes with fine dust.'

When monsieur is going to walk out with his wife, he examines and criticises every part of her toilet.

'Are you going to put on that gown?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'It fits you very badly. I see you are taking your lilac bonnet.'

'Certainly. Is it not pretty?'

'Tolerably. But I don't like the flowers in the border. Why have you taken the lace off your black visete?'

'Because it was too handsome for the visete, which is now growing shabby.'

'I assure you it looked very well with the lace.'

To please her fidgety husband, poor Caroline was obliged to recommence her toilette, and it ended in her becoming so tired and annoyed, that she refused to go out at all that day.

One morning she told Antoine that she wanted to purchase two or three summer dresses. He did not reply, but the next day he brought her three pieces of some gaudy manufacture, saying triumphantly as he presented them, 'Am not I a polite, attentive husband?'

Caroline feigned to be pleased, in order not to disappoint him, but the dresses were by no means to her taste; and they had cost considerably more money than she would have given for pretty ones.

Regularly before dinner, out busy man of the house made it a rule to go into the kitchen, and take an affectionate survey of the spits, stewpans, pots, and saucepans, with their contents. He would then call the cook—'What is this, Martha?'

'A fricassée of chicken, monsieur.'

'Are there mushrooms in it?'

'Certainly, monsieur.'

'Very odd, I can't see them! Ah, yes, there they are! Have we vegetable soup to-day?'

'Yes, monsieur; here it is.'

'I see. But you put too many carrots: how many are there now in this soup?'

'Ma foi! monsieur, how can I remember? Do you think I reckon the carrots I put in?'

'You ought to do so. I'll venture to say there are at least six in that pot;' and monsieur stoops gravely over the steaming soup, and tries, with very indifferent success, to count the vegetables; while the angry Martha feels greatly inclined to pin a dishcloth to her master's coat.

During dinner monsieur's peevish prying comments are so numerous as to defy repetition; but on this occasion he ended by reproving his wife for fastening her napkin to her dress with one pin instead of two.

In the evening some company arrived, and monsieur scolded Jeannette because two of the gentlemen forgot to dust their shoes on the mat. He then went to superintend the mixing of the *eau surle*, and afterwards ran to assist in taking off a lady's bonnet and shawl, saying, 'I'll put them in a safe place for you, madame: when you are going home, ask me for them, and I'll get them for you!'

It happened, unluckily, that monsieur, in his anxiety to do things better than any one else, put the articles into a room which was seldom frequented by any but his favourite cat; and when the lady was going away, she discovered, to her horror, that her beautiful cachmere and delicate satin bonnet had been converted into a very comfortable cradle by Madame Puss for the accommodation of five interesting little strangers, who had made their appearance during the last hour!

Before retiring to rest, our domestic man always visited every room in the house, to see that all was right, and every candle extinguished.

Servants seldom stay long in the house of a 'domestic man': they ask for their wages, and go away; but as

his wife cannot follow their example, it becomes her truest wisdom to bear with his feelings, and to seek by gentle influence to lead his mind towards loftier and more dignified pursuits than that of prying into the details of domestic management.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

MONOTONY OF CALCUTTA LIFE—THE RAINS—THE JEMEDAR AND HIS BANDEE—A PARKEE FAMILY—A SCOTCH PARTY.

August 1.—Life in Calcutta is almost as monotonous as it is at sea. Everybody does everything exactly at the same time, and nearly in the same way. One after the other in regular routine follow the never-varied occupations of the day—if we may call them such, for there is little to do—no outdoor employments, and few absolutely necessary within. Yet our existence is easy, quite devoid of care, and that is in itself comfort. Arthur and I, out of perversity, will not show ourselves and our new equipage in that everlasting Course. There being no dust now, we drive through all the byroads, and in this way we have seen a great deal of the neighbourhood. On our riding evenings we take a counter round the race-ground, which we both enjoy exceedingly, having had latterly for our occasional companion one of the chaplains of the cathedral, a kind and very agreeable man. Idle people can hardly pass their time happily here; they have to depend so much upon their own resources, and there is so little to do or to see beyond what they can prepare for themselves. Such persons, indeed, only get through the hours without much enjoying them anywhere; but they have helps in other lands, which are wanting here. This causes many Indian men to resort to curds when they can't command billiards to while away the long mornings, and they welcome these eternal large parties as their chief resource for the evenings. Our small family party is certainly very fortunate in this respect. Our gentlemen are all men of business; our ladies none of them idle; Helen and Mary have their children, Cary her orderly habits and her home correspondence; I my journal, the greatest resource in the world; besides which, I am studying the language, and pass an hour every day with a moonshie, that I may be better prepared to manage my part of the household in our new abode. Then we have our music besides, and fifty other pleasant pursuits when the weather is cool enough to permit us to engage in them. What I miss most is our poor: no sick to feed, for they won't touch our victuals; no ragged to clothe, for they need no covering; no ignorant to teach, for their doctrine is not our doctrine. One hardly feels as if doing one's full duty here. All seems for self almost; or perhaps it is the pride of our nature offended at not being 'up and doing,' our vanity that likes to offer assistance, forgetting that there are quiet as well as active virtues, and that, 'charity never failing,' we can exercise it always, if we be so inclined, in one way or another.

2d.—When the rains first set in, I fancied the air would continue as much cooler as it then seemed to become. The temperature is lower, as is seen by the thermometer, which is never higher now than 84 degrees. Still, a hot and breathless feeling fills the atmosphere before the heavy showers, and a steam rises often afterwards, oppressive to me, though others do not complain of it. The open windows and the cloudy sky are great improvements, however; for the fiery blast which entered during the hot season, when by chance the outward air got admittance into our darkened chambers, was not the least like wind from heaven. I used then to long so for the evening hour, when the sun sinking to the level of the earth, we feared his rays no more, and flinging open the venetians, seemed like prisoners released to breathe the freer air while looking out on all sides unrestrained. An account of Bombay, given us last night by one of the members of the law Commission,

made me envious. The greatest heat at any season there is 88 degrees, and no hot winds; a hill station within reach where there are no heavy rains; Malabreishwar at no great distance; just as good as the Neighgherries for slight indispositions; the scenery, too, quite beautiful. We were all enjoying the moonlight on the roof of this high house, looking over most of our neighbours' far into the distance, palaces all round us, the esplanade, the fort, the river, the distant town or suburb, all indistinct, and all interesting; and we did not feel alone. Several of the nearest house-tops had people on them—native ayahs and bearers, with children beside them, looking so Eastern in their white garments, the men all turbanned, and the women with the saree flung over their head and shoulders, falling in long drapery to their feet. Our new friend described Bombay—its fort, and town, and harbour; its plain covered with villas; its noble bay crowded with wooded islands, high and rocky, and adorned with caves, and images, and temples; shipping far outnumbering ours: the wide sea around, and for a background a chain of the ghauts piled up irregularly into fantastic shapes, high towering towards the clouds. We were quite struck with the picture. 'After all,' added he, 'rupees are more plenty here.'

3d.—I saw to-night, in almost every compound, the large pans of earthenware of native manufacture, set out to catch the rain water for the next year's consumption, or, more properly speaking, the store of drinking water for the next eight months, until the rainy season come again. It is preserved quite sweet in the large jars I formerly described, by a process of which the obdars are apt to make a mystery. Over each of these open pans is set a frame of bamboo, supporting a loosely-spread sheet of coarse canvas, with a stone in the middle of it to insure the proper dip, like a jelly-bug, through which strainer the rain is filtered into the pan underneath. In these pans it is to remain some little while in order to settle, that all impurities may fall to the bottom, when it will be poured carefully into the jars, and set by for use. Ayah tells me that some obdars put alum and other similar substances into their jars of preserved rain water, which consequently becomes hard. The best plan is to run a red-hot iron down into the jar every ten days or so, and then fix on the top so as to exclude the air. I always think that, drunk plain, the water has a vapid taste; but it is quite sweet, and answers perfectly for general use. The natives call it English water; they are very anxious to get a little, and have no other name for it; and I fancy, however well looked after, many an obdar makes a few stray annas now and then by obliging his friends with a chatty of pure water. I remember after first landing, when Cary took us over the house, I was quite struck with the water godown, where all these large jars were ranged; and then to hear what they contained—so carefully husbanded, so precious—the size and shape of the jars was no longer my greatest wonder. Do you recollect our all laughing so much at Edward long, long ago, when I was a very little girl, and he was visiting us for Cary's sake; you asked him one evening what was the greatest luxury of all the many luxuries of the East, and he answered so gravely, 'A cup of cold water?' How little do any of us, brought up among English comforts, know of what the world is made! The luxuries of the East—mere contrivances to make existence endurable—necessaries here—and thought nothing at all about unless we should happen to miss them.

The loudest clap of thunder we have yet heard shook the house to-day. It was really rather frightful, and some damage was done in the suburbs. Also the steeple of one of our churches was struck by the lightning, and after came such rain as quite satisfied the obdar; for the last look I had of his pans they were all overflowing. Arthur walked home through it all,

cooled effectually after the hot court, where he had been detained very late, as he has been so often latterly, that we never wait dinner for so busy a lawyer.

8th.—We met to-day Rahun Roy, the adopted son of Ramohun Roy, who has just arrived from England, where he has been educated. He was visiting the wife of Mr Black's long partner—we cannot call him sick partner now—with whom Caroline and I had gone to spend the morning. She was busy with a dirje at one end of the veranda, making under her directions her children's frocks. A cook was at the other, with his charcoal stove, and pots, and other requisites, to whom she was teaching some stew. Half-way between them sat a jeweller, with all the implements of his trade, mending a bracelet. To this scene of industry we were ushered by the jemadar, a strikingly handsome man, who always amuses me by the excessive pretension of his manner. The whole class are very grand, quite theatrical; but Mary's jemadar exceeds all jemadars in the airs and graces of his calling. He rises from the landing at the head of the stairs with the dignity of some Prince Achmet or Houssain of the fairy tales; and there he stands, so turbanned, so shawled, and with such a glittering dagger! His motions back the other attending bearers with such a solemn wave of his gracefully-flexible hands, and precedes the company into 'the presence' with such noiseless dignity, that I can never keep my gravity, nor help fancying myself looking on at a play, these stately proceedings being so little suited to our home position. No wonder half the girls have their young heads turned. There is nothing striking either in the appearance or the manner of Rahun Roy. The Company's servants are said to look very shy upon him: they do not like the notion of a native becoming one of us. At home they gave this lad a writership, but the appointment was cancelled after a representation from the government here. The most liberal persons seem to think it was premature, nothing being as yet ready for the success of such an experiment. They say, too, that people at home, or just fresh from home, are incapable of comprehending the matter. One would suppose that the better we were all educated, whatever may be our variety of complexion, the better should we perform the duties that fall to us. Some young man, a great Sanscrit scholar, going to take a professional part in the bishop's college, dines with us this evening: a Persian, a wonderful Persian adept, is promised us, for to-morrow. After such learned repasts, what may not be expected from my peer!

15th.—Went to-day with Helen, who has a great mercantile connexion, to visit the newly-arrived family of a Parsee—quite an event, as you shall hear. We were received at the door of their pretty garden-house on the Circular Road by the head of the house himself and his two elder sons, all looking supremely happy. The twenty-five souls just imported from Bombay are established for good in this suburban residence. There are the father, his wife, their daughters and their husbands, with their children, their sons and their wives with their children, a nephew, some cousins, and then a considerable number of attendants. It is two-and-twenty years since the old Parsee parted from his wife. His eldest daughter was then six years old, and his youngest son an infant. The sons were always sent for here as they grew up to a useful age, but the mother and daughter the old merchant had not seen from that time to this. Such a thing was never heard of as for a Parsee woman to travel, to go by sea, nor perhaps in any other family has it been even thought of—everybody looking upon this bold proceeding as a step in advance of the age, the customs and the prejudices of all classes of the natives being so much against it. Should not all credit be given to the spirited individual who thus breaks through such a barrier to improvement; and all due praise to the courage of the old lady,

his wife, to whom the effort must have been extraordinary? I know not whether the Persians so entirely seclude their women; the ancient Hindoos, I hear, did not; but from the time the banished Guebres settled at Surat, they adopted the Mussulman habit, if they had it not before, of never trusting their wives and daughters beyond their gardens, unless closed up in a carriage, or perhaps very early in the morning, when those of lower class or of an older age may go to the bazaar, or to tank for water.

The Parsees, whose name, I believe, is a corruption of Persians, first found refuge at Surat after their expulsion from their native land on account of their dissent from the established religion. By and by a certain number removed to Bombay, which must have been just such an event to the race as this family making up their minds to come here. The men have always been great wanderers, travelling at once wherever business required their presence, but the women have been invariably stationary. Besides their retired habits, one reason given for their always remaining strictly at home was their dread of abandoning the Sacred Fire which had been brought with them from Persia, and has been kept burning ever since at Surat—some three or four hundred years. A portion of it was duly carried to Bombay, where every preparation had been made, at great cost, to enable them to keep up their peculiar ceremonies. Probably a small quantity has been conveyed here; but if so, it has been quietly arranged, for nothing has been heard of it. The ladies of this household have announced it as their intention to receive all visitors, gentlemen included, as many of either sex as are kind enough to honour them by an acquaintance. They threw off their exclusive habits at sea, where they mixed naturally with the other passengers, thus losing gradually any little awkwardness consequent on so great a change in their manners. I cannot think any of them handsome, merely agreeable looking. The mother may have been a beauty, and there still remains a fine expression of intelligence and benevolence. Though only forty-two, she has the air of seventy, so early do the native races lose the charm of youth. The wives of the sons, and the daughters, all look older than they really are. They generally marry at fourteen, having been betrothed in their infancy, often when only three or four years old, which is also a Hindoo custom. The betrothal is frequently celebrated in a most expensive manner, and the bride in most instances accompanies her little bridegroom home to his parents' house, where she is brought up to suit the family she has entered. At the second or actual marriage, the costly magnificence displayed at the first is seldom repeated—it is for the most part a private festival. Helen speaks Hindostanee so well, that she entered into quite an animated conversation with the younger ladies; while my stammering attempts, very kindly assisted by the mother, got on, I thought, remarkably well too. It is an easy language, very meagre, without much grammar—no great effort of memory required to get a tolerable knowledge of it. The Parsee gentlemen all speak English fluently, and they announced their intention of having it immediately taught in their family. What a step will this be!

The dress of the ladies was very handsome, very short petticoats of striped silk; English shoes and stockings, both certainly innovations on their national costume; a tight half-high jacket, with short sleeves, of a richer silk; and a saree—a large long web of silk thrown in a peculiar fashion over the head, from whence it descends to the shoulders, enveloping the upper part of the person, with the exception of the right arm, and being gathered into full folds round the waist, it falls in a graceful drapery over the figure. These sarees were of bright-coloured figured satin; this being a toilette evidently full dress. The ladies were covered with jewels. Pearls and emeralds and

gold sparkled on heads, necks, and arms, which last were absolutely loaded with bangles. Long pendants dropped from their ears, and standing up beside the nose, fixed by a ring through the right nostril, was a branch, or in some cases an open circle of gold, from which emanated small stems of the same metal, each bearing on its point a fine pearl or diamond, or emerald or sapphire. Some people in time get much to admire this very peculiar ornament: the Parsees themselves greatly esteem it. I consider it the very reverse of becoming. On common occasions much less splendid dress is worn, and inferior ranks are, of course attired suitably to their condition; but, as I understood, the form of the costume was in every particular the same, and a jewel or bit of gold or silver essential to complete the poorest toilette: the bangles being always numerous, and made of coloured glass, when better cannot be obtained. The hair was very neatly arranged, the complexions fair—much fairer than the Hindoo; teeth good, and large lalzunge-shaped eyes, full of expression. The children were merry little creatures: the little boys, full of fun, dressed up like the Eastern princes we see upon the stage—tunics of rich silk, embroidered in gold and silver, the two younger at least with pretty fantastic turban caps: the eldest boy was of the age when they adopt the less picturesque attire of manhood, stiff high cap and all; the girls were very sedate, in dress exact imitations of their mothers; and a baby, curiously swaddled up like a bundle of silk, had bangles both on arms and ankles, and a net of seed pearls over her hair. It was really an interesting visit, giving such promise too of what will come. We promised to repeat it before very long, and took leave amid a storm of civilities.

20th.—Such a merry party as we have been at! Arthur has been in love for some time with two persons here—a Scotchman and an English wife, about both of whom he raves, so I have to make up my mind at any rate to listen to him. They are great people too, and I am to be flattered by their notice. This was some particular day with them; it was therefore a compliment to be remembered on it, and it was a peculiarly select party; and altogether Arthur assured me it would turn out a white day. We found fourteen people assembled, all bearing the one surname. We two were the only guests unconnected with it. During the dinner it was very pleasant, all the party shining in the enchanting art of conversation. In the drawing-room afterwards a lady sat down to the pianoforte, and played a real Highland reel so well, that up jumped a gentleman to dance to it. He set, as they called it, before another lady, who could not resist his comically-beseeching invitation, and this brought up a second pair, and by and by a third, and so on, till the whole Scotch company were twirling and turning, and reeling and setting, and flinging and shuffling, in a way perfectly astonishing to us two English spectators; and it truly was the liveliest, lightest, neatest style of dancing I ever looked at. This wild sortie over, the performers, in fits of laughter, threw themselves on the sofas, spent with fatigue, but only to rest before fresh exertions; for a violin having been sent for to accompany the pianoforte, the largest man among them began to flourish about the room in a strange sort of dance, which he called the Chantreuse, doing such difficult steps as were really astonishing, which, when they saw how greatly all this diverted us, brought out his nearly as heavy brother, who proposed to out-shine all previous feats by executing these same mysterious steps in the smallest given space—a bit about a foot square chalked out for him, and then he proceeded to a still higher branch of art. He laid two sticks across upon the floor, and danced over them, his feet figuring in and out and round about, and this side and the other side, without ever once touching the sticks, so that they were not in the least dis-

placed: he called it *Gillie Callum*, and quite screamed with fun when we tried to repeat this Gaelic name. Then they all jumped up, and receded away again, sometimes to a slow measure, which was very graceful, and the steps beautiful; then they sprang about to quicker time, cracking their fingers to a sound like castagnettes, and giving a short shout now and then, the most inspiring cry ever uttered, and receding off after it like mad people. The violin was the greatest improvement to this wild music: there was something in the sweep of the bow at times which gave such spirit to the dancers. I fancy it was very well played, this being a common accomplishment among the Highlanders. The first pair then volunteered a real old Strathspey, danced rather slow by only two persons: it was in the Irish jig style, but a different measure—much more stately. It seemed also to be a game of fun or mischief, for the partners followed one another here and there, set at each other, ran round each other, the fingers cracking merrily, sometimes gaily, sometimes saucily, sometimes almost angrily. The lady had the best of it; for, after many evolutions, she pursued the vanquished gentleman fairly into a corner. By way of conclusion, four of the gentlemen got up to dance the reel of Tulloch to such a tune as would have made even the lame try to move, and stirred up the paralytic. I could not sit: I never was so excited; the music, and the dancing, and the shouting, altogether carried one out of one's self. Well might Arthur assure me this would prove a white day; so many happy people—clansmen I fancy—a great tie, all meeting on the banks of the Hoogley, so many thousand miles away from their mountain home, all well, all thriving, and all with the warm heart for the land of their birth; and the spark of nationality awakened by the music of their country remembered in childhood! It was a moving scene.

Supper was requisite after such active doings: it was a truly merry one; and to add to the enthusiasm, an old bottle of whisky was brought out which had been smuggled to India by one of the party, and had been treasured up for some such heart-stirring occasion as this. Most of it was converted into punch, in which we all drank to another happy meeting. I have not an idea what o'clock it is: I only know I cannot sleep; those stirring whoops are in my ears still. I hope the punch may not have affected the head. Surely all these people will be nearly dead to-morrow.

NEW ART OF SILVERING GLASS.

Of all the fabrics that now contend for the palm of beauty in art manufacture, glass is at once the most elegant and the most superb. Coloured or gilt, our modern works in this pure and fragile material begin to excite just admiration, owing especially to the almost perfect quality of British glass. This circumstance has enabled our glass-stainers, with their improved artistic taste and chemical skill, to compete with and distance completely the antique productions in stained-glass, some of which have long remained the wonders of art, from their imperishable quality of colour and quaint expression of character or design. In common coloured ornaments, formed of glass pervaded by colour, the Bohemians have long eclipsed the world, and we had till lately no expectation of being able to compete with them in any department of ornamental glass manufacture, although their material, as stated in the 'Revue Polytechnique,' is understood to hide its imperfections under the cloak of the colour interwoven. A recent invention by Mr Hale Thomson will henceforth place the British manufacturer far ahead of all such competition in the production of ornamental glass. It consists in coating

the inner or reverse surface with pure silver. To this process it is, that we owe the gorgeous orbs that begin to appear in London and Edinburgh drawing-rooms as pendants to the gaselier. The exhibition of the varied results and applications of this novelty in art is, however, still comparatively unknown, being almost limited in London to the private friends of the patentees, and in Edinburgh only displayed at one establishment in Princes Street (Mr Millar's). The extraordinary reflective power of the surface, and its capacity to throw back rays without more cleaning or polishing than might be required by a window-pane or common tumbler, render the process specially applicable for the reflectors used in railway signal lamps and in lighthouses. It is contemplated even to employ it in the construction of astronomical instruments, and not only so, but already have its extraordinary powers in the multiplication and reflection of light been rendered available in surgery as an important auxiliary in conducting the most difficult operations.

The dull amalgam applied to ordinary looking-glasses, and which derives nearly all its lustre from the glass, the back being opaque, and devoid of radiance, can bear no comparison with this silvering, which is effectually beyond the reach or possibility of being tarnished or impaired, except by the destruction of the object into whose superficies it is interfused. A sparkling warmth emanates from the metallic radiance, contrasted with which the Bohemian glass is merely pretty or tinselly. The gorgeous glow of the antique Venetian glass, the secret of which is now a lost art, seems here restored; but even the Venetian absorbed the light, and before its exquisite beauties could be described, had to be held up, whereas the English silvered glass flashes back the light, and at night, when surrounding objects are obscured in partial gloom, is then most radiant and conspicuous. Professor Donaldson, in a recent address to the Royal Architectural Society, in advocating the use of this gorgeous material in shop fronts—which would give us indeed crystal commercial palaces, and eclipse in London the boast of Augustus at Roife, of having found it built of brick, and left it of marble—pointed out that, independently of the silvering, many of the tints produced are entirely new, and such as no combination of prismatic hues had hitherto disclosed to the most experienced colourist. The nomenclature of art has in fact at present no vocabulary expressive of these novel results. But purples, sapphires, pinks, vermillions, pearls, bronzes, and every chromatic hue from brightest steel to deepest gold, are thrown up in this new argentine reflection. Another characteristic never, according to the German prints, attempted since the discovery of glass itself by Hermes the Syrian, distinguishes this manufacture—that is, embossing. The thing, it is true, is an optical delusion. To the touch, the apparently raised or sunken surface, dead or frosted, cut or burnished, does not exist. But the eye nevertheless beholds such results.

Crystal silver cups, goblets lined with burnished gold, eperges, candelabra, wine-coolers, salts, tazzas, ink-stands, ewers, sugar-boxes, and all sorts of ornaments, are the objects to which we have seen this invention applied. Candlesticks it seems impossible to distinguish from actual silver; and looking-glasses, with frames made in the same piece, are warmly praised by the Liverpool press, where it has been stated that frame and glass together, composed of embossed and variegated glass, have also been prepared expressly for the residences of certain eminent London artists from designs furnished by themselves, and are perhaps a greater source of astonishment than any of the smaller achievements in chimney, toilet, or table ornaments. But the mirror globes which we have already mentioned are in their exquisite simplicity the gems of the whole collection. Of all sizes, of all colours; from two to thirty inches in diameter; from the capacity of half

s pint to that of forty gallons, these magnificent mirror-balls, placed on the shoulders of an Atlas, or under the talons of an eagle of bronze, are at once the type and glory of this exquisite art.

STEAM MOTIVE POWER IN 1700.

The discoveries which are from time to time made in the Egyptian tombs authorise the belief that many of the inventions and machines of the present day were known to the ancients, and used by them. A gentleman who is curious in such things, says the *Baltimore Patriot*, sends us the subjoined extract from the *History of China*, by Père du Halde, which was published in 1741 (folio edition). It is certainly nothing less than a miniature locomotive and steamboat which was here noticed. The extract is taken from a description given by Du Halde of the various inventions made by the Jesuit missionaries in China for the instruction and amusement of the Emperor Kanghi, who died in 1722. The inventions there described were made about the beginning of the eighteenth century:—‘The pneumatic engines did no less excite his majesty’s curiosity. They caused a wagon to be made of light wood, about two feet long, in the middle whereof they placed a brazed vessel full of live coals, and upon them an eolipile, the wind of which issued through a little pipe upon a sort of wheel, made like the sail of a windmill. This little wheel turned another with an axle-tree, and by that means the wagon was set a-running for two hours together; but for fear there should not be room enough for it to proceed constantly forwards, it was contrived to move circularly in the following manner:—To the axle-tree of the two hind wheels was fixed a small beam, and at the end of this beam another axle-tree passed through the stock of another wheel, somewhat larger than the rest; and accordingly, as this wheel was nearer or further from the wagon, it described a greater or lesser circle. The same contrivance was likewise applied to a little ship with four wheels: the eolipile was hidden in the middle of the ship, and the wind issuing out of two small pipes, filled the little sails, and made them turn around a long time. The artifice being concealed, there was nothing heard but a noise like wind, or that which water makes about a vessel.’—*Boston (American) Journal*.

CULTIVATION OF MIND AMONGST ARTIZANS.

In the course of my life I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with many individuals of the working-classes who had, by self-education, attained not merely a large amount of knowledge, but a high degree of mental cultivation and refinement. At this moment I could name to you some half dozen of my artizan friends whose acquirements and intellectual refinement would do honour to any scale of society. All these men are, to my knowledge, good and contented workmen, and regard their own position in relation to that of those above them in the philosophical manner I have pointed out. They all cherish the knowledge and the love of knowledge which has become part of their mental being, as the grand treasure of life, as a talisman which, by opening up an endless source of happiness to themselves, and disclosing the real sources of happiness in others, has equalised to their view all differences and distinctions among men of a merely worldly character. These men are all extremely temperate in their habits; and they are unanimous in the opinion that the dreadful intemperance of the lower classes—at once the curse and the disgrace of this country—is mainly owing to their ignorance. The beer-shop and gin-shop are frequented because they supply, in their degrading sociality, the materials for mental occupation which their frequenters have not within themselves, and too often cannot find in their own family at home. To see how perfectly compatible is the existence of such a mental state with the condition and habits of labourers of the very lowest class, we have only to refer to the lives and writings of those noble brothers, those heroic peasants, John and Alexander Bethune, whom I cannot but regard as having a lustre on their country, and even on their age,

by their matchless fortitude and independence, and indeed by every virtue that could adorn men in any station of life.—*Dr Forbes’s Lecture on Happiness, &c.*

SECRETS.

I’VE a secret in my heart, and I can tell it unto none; But I say it softly to myself when I am all alone. It retches in my bosom like the centre of a rose; All its perfume, all its sweetness, from that hidden centre flows.

And yet I am not joyful; oft-times I weep and sigh: ‘Tis a holy thing this guarding of a sweet, sweet mystery. I can tell it unto no one, and the tears that sometimes start

Are but the blest relief unto an overwhelmed heart.

But I whisper it to tiny waves, of fresh and low-voiced streams,

To forest birds and flowers, and to angels in my dreams; And to me the birds’ gay carollings a meaning eye contain, And the flowers and the streamlets tell it all to me again.

The whole fair world of nature my precious secret knows, I have told it to the summer sun and to the winter snows; To the beauteous earth beneath, and to the holy heaven above,

I have lift my voice exultingly, and cried—‘I love, I love!’

Ab! there’s yet another secret nestled in this heart of mine;

Since it came there, life has been to me so happy—so divine!

And joy burst in upon my soul so keen, ‘twas woe-nigh pain

When first I knew the blessedness that I was loved again!

The world is far more beautiful than e’er it used to be— Surely a change is o’er the earth, or has it come to me? Is there more music in the air, more brightness in the skies?

Or is the music in mine heart, the sunshine in mine eyes?

Oh happy world! oh happier heart! oh gracious Heaven that gives

Such joyfulness as this to gild our lowly human lives! The sun of Love pervadeth o’er my spirit with its rays— I am dazzled with its brightness—my faint soul dissolves in praise!

ZETA.

Just Published.

Price 3s. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. sewed.

LIFE AND WORKS OF BURNS—VOL. I. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS.—Being the 15th volume of CHAMBERS’S INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING LIBRARY.

Price 2s. cloth boards,

FIRST GERMAN READING BOOK. Edited by DR ALEX.—Forming one of the volumes of the German Section of CHAMBERS’S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

Price 6s. strongly bound;

LATIN DICTIONARY. By DR KALDSCHMIDT. Edited by DR SCHMITZ.—Forming one of the volumes of the Latin Section of CHAMBERS’S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

Or separately, the Latin-English Part, &c.; English-Latin Part, 4s. 6d.

Price 7d.

CHAMBERS’S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

PART XIII.

CONTENTS.—No. 49. Water Supply of Towns.—50. Ancient Scandinavia.—51. The Last Letter.—The Somnambulo.—52. Life of an Indianman.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 29, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Argyll Street, London; and J. MCGLASSON, 50 Upper Jackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 370. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

PROGRESS.

We have heard much during the last few years of Progress—by which seems to be generally meant an advance of the physical and moral conditions of society. To promote this progress by the education of the masses, and the diffusion of intelligence through all classes, has been a ruling object with many active minds; while, on the other hand, a portion of society has appeared almost as devoutly bent on establishing a retrogressive movement. Prominent as the idea has been amongst us, there are several misapprehensions, or imperfect apprehensions, regarding Progress.

It has even been a question whether the destiny of humanity does really involve such an idea at all or not. Those who take the negative or doubtful view, point to large portions of the earth, as Asia and Africa, where, to all appearance, there has been no progress whatever for many centuries—in many parts of which, indeed, there has been retrogression. It may quite well be, however, that the movement is liable to indefinite retardations, and even partial retrogressions, and yet be a true onward movement in the main. Geographical accidents, producing isolation, paucity of population, or physical unhealthiness, have evidently much to do in determining the matter. Accidental contiguity to rude warlike nations may cause a partially civilised one to be thrown back or effectually checked. Such things are to be admitted. Yet it may be questioned if even in those nations which appear to be the most stereotyped, there is not some small change almost constantly going on. The most receivable theory seems to be this—that, conditions being allowed to have an influence, the rate of the progress is rapid in proportion to the amount of time passed over: so slow at first as to be imperceptible; then a little faster, so as to tell during a few centuries of history; finally, so rapid, that one generation is sensibly in advance upon that which immediately preceded it. Thus the Asiatic nations, for example, may be only in one of those early stages of progress when the movement is so slow as to escape superficial attention. Supposing the same conditions to last, the next two or three thousand years of their history may present only a slight improvement of the rate of progress. But the chance, to be sure, is, that European civilisations will break in and communicate an external impulse entirely subversive of the present rate. Perhaps India is at this moment brought up by the British domination to about the ratio at which England itself was in the time of the Heptarchy. The last fifteen years have probably done more for China than any influences at work within her for progress during the last thousand.

There is something sublime both in the vast spaces of time required for the problem, and the accidents by which it may be affected. In a rate like that of most Asiatic nations during the time we have any knowledge of them, a generation is nothing. The individual man wakes into the world, goes on labouring in his course through youth, maturity, and old, and dies without having been able to appreciate the slow movement of that index on the dial of time. The dust and the memorials of such a set of generations is of scarcely any more importance in the moral retrospect than that well-compacted mass of the leafy honours of many successive summers which we can trace in a stratum of peat-bog. But who can tell when the Interference is to take place? Amidst all the monotony, Providence brings, some morning, a fleet of strangers breathing totally different aspirations, and from that day the ratio of speed is changed. All old things begin to pass away, and men begin to find literally a new heaven and a new earth placed before them.

Even in the most progressive nations a generation is not of much account. Amongst ourselves, seventy years pass, and produce only a number of minor changes. Manners are softened in some particulars; improvements take place in matters affecting the convenience of life; classes of men take a more enlightened and liberal aspect. But it is given to few such spaces of time to see great revolutions in thought and opinion, in politics, in religion, or in the plan of society. The individual must be content to see only his small part of some of those grand movements, the issues of which form landmarks in history. It were well for the most forward class of minds to see and resign themselves to this view of their lot. Seeing with tolerable fulness and clearness what society is working towards, they are apt to chafe themselves in vain efforts to realise what only shall be vouchsafed to their children's children. Better to reserve themselves in a calm anticipation of the joys to come—glad to think that such things are to be, though they shall have gone far hence before they are. Minds of this class, by their vehemence, often retard the movement they desire to promote. It is just one of the fatal points in the history of all great causes, that first the tremendous obstructions raised by their injudicious advocates are to be overcome. But this is not all. By aiming directly at remote results, the efforts of the progressive are rendered of comparatively little avail, seeing that remote results are not to be immediately achieved. The true duty of all who wish to see the best interests of humanity developed, is to promote whatever intermediate things promise a partial benefit towards the main object. The generation in short, should seek to do

only a generation's work. If it does that well, without attempting anything further, it will be more in the way of a true progress than it could be by the most energetic efforts to propel the general machine beyond the rate of speed which, in spite of everything, the general mind will determine.

This counsel, it must be observed, is only applicable to extreme cases. It would not do to bind down every mind which entertains generous and aspiring views in behalf of humanity to some tame ideal of what is possible to be done in any particular space of time. In fact they will not be so bound down. It is their nature to be ever pressing on the bounds of the practicable; and this, within a certain limit, is an admirable and serviceable feature of such minds, tending to overcome petty difficulties, and really to produce an acceleration of the mass of inertia. One could almost say that there is an idea of progress seated in human nature, and filling a space in what may be called the end or final cause of life. Most men will be conscious, in the latter part of their course, of having originally burst in upon it with a vague consciousness that there was something to be done in the world which they were to have a share in doing. It led them on from year to year, always perhaps getting a little duller, according as it was found unverified, but yet always exercising a sustaining power and forming a lively enjoyment, until at length the approach of the night, which closes man's work, turned their thoughts to other objects too apt to be neglected in the noon and pride of the day. We had almost said that a sense of the vanity of the feeling at last steals over the mind; but surely that cannot be vanity which has an evident place amongst the influences by which the great ends of Providence are worked out. A man's day's work is not a vanity because he sits down weary and perhaps disgusted with it at the close. Neither is this impulse a vanity merely because its force is at last spent. Its effects remain, though perhaps too small to be appreciable. With a reflecting mind the worst disappointment that can take place will be that attending the correction of the original idea that something great and definite was to be done, and to be seen done. In at length finding that we can only do our part, and that perhaps a small part, towards some huge result to be realised long after we shall be forgotten, our sense of power will be sensibly mortified; but still we may rest tolerably satisfied with the consideration, that we have done all that God designed a single generation to do in the case. It is scarcely necessary, moreover, to suggest that some higher pulse of joy is yet to be awakened in another state of being in looking down on the accomplishment of the good work to which our mortal hands contributed.

Although there certainly is some such impulse as this in human nature, it obviously is of very different degrees of force in different nations. How vivid among the Anglo-American people—how dull amongst the Esquimaux! But so also is the sense of beauty dull or brutalised amongst some people. So also are some nearly deficient in industrial inclinations. If torpid, or at least inactive, amongst the great majority of mankind, so also can it be dispensed with as a source of enjoyment. The poor wanderer of the desert, the miserable savage, the neglected low-living portions of Celtic nations, as the Highland cotters amongst ourselves, will be found content if they only can obtain immediate daily necessities. Sad, indeed, it is to reflect how so many on the face of the earth, and from age to age, this mortal life is little better than that of the most abject insects—the siliceous animalcules, which only leave their dust for future generations to tread upon. The fact no doubt has its import in the Great Decree, though we do not readily see it. But it may

meanwhile be allowable to congratulate ourselves on having attained a point so different in human progress, when, in the very idea of that progress, and our workings upon it, some of the purest sources of happiness are laid open to us.

MORAN SHILLELAH.

SOME years ago a packet-boat, in which I had sailed from an English port to cross the Channel, was fearfully tossed about in a squall, and finally driven into the open sea far from the place of her destination. The passage, which was generally made in a single day, thus became long and perilous; and it was no small relief when, after being eleven days at sea, we hailed the brig *Swallow*. It received on board the passengers and crew, and took in tow the remains of our little vessel, with its broken mast and shattered rigging. Among the passengers was an aged and venerable-looking Irish priest, whose name, I learned, was Murphy. He was accompanied by a lad—an object perhaps as revolting, at first sight, as any that ever wore the semblance of human form. Moran Shillelah had been an idiot from his birth: he had reached his eighteenth year without having acquired a single idea; he had no articulation, and his only talent appeared to be that of imitating with tolerable exactness the movements which he witnessed. In the midst of the storm he assisted the sailors, accompanying their nautical strains with a singular one of his own, consisting simply of 'La-la,' like the song of a nurse putting a child to sleep. These syllables were modulated to every tone, and made to express every emotion of the poor creature, from the highest joy to the deepest despair or wildest terror. Whether he performed his devotions, or climbed along the masts, or partook of the sailors' rations, or received a glass of grog or quid of tobacco from his new friends, or suffered a manual intimation of the awkwardness of his work, it was the same 'La-la,' varied by intonations, which determined its meaning. At night he crept to the feet of the priest, and fell asleep, lulled by the roaring of the wind and the motion of the vessel's pitching and tossing, which kept alarm awake in every bosom but that which never harboured a hope or fear for the future. The assiduous and self-possessed conduct of Moran in the time of danger gained the good-will of the sailors; and when he was transferred with us to the *Swallow*, its crew became no less favourably disposed towards him.

The fate of Moran was as sudden as it was melancholy. One day he fell from the top of the mast, dashed his head on a hatchway, and was killed on the spot. Every one on board seemed concerned for the event—the cabin-boys, who used to smile and nod when he passed them; the officers, who had sometimes given him brandy; the old sailors, who had repeated his monotonous 'La-la'—all seemed to have lost something; but poor Father Murphy was inconsolable. The crew desired to bury him as a comrade; and the priest consented that they should use their own rites and customs, on condition that, during the ceremony, he might read the Latin prayers of the Romish ritual. The body was sewed up in a hammock, wrapped in sailcloth, and stretched on a trellis which is generally used for this purpose; two canon-balls were deposited at the feet, and this mummy-like object was placed between two gun-carriages on the middle-deck.

In ordinary cases, eleven in the morning is the hour for funeral solemnities in English vessels; but in the present, the state of the weather occasioned a delay. The night came, dark, gloomy, and stormy; numerous lanterns were lighted, and attached to the bulwarks at regular distances; and the great mast, hung with lamps up to the yard, swung with its burthen of brightness before the breeze, which was freshening every moment. The great bell summoned the crew: every head was un-

covered, the rain beat on the naked foreheads of the men, and the spray dashed over the mortal remains of the idiot. I have seen coffins on which names of renown were engraved; I have witnessed funerals rendered pompous by the vanity, theatrical by the affected grief, or revolving by the party spirit that directed the ceremonies: and who is there that has not observed mercantile speculation and thoughts of gain following the most lamented to their long home? But a funeral-service on board a ship at night, and in a storm, banishes every trivial thought; and never did I witness obsequies more affecting than those of poor Moran. Imbecile as he was, and the most helpless of mortals, the idiot was the acknowledged possessor of a human, an immortal spirit; and now two different religions met to honour his burial: the wind and storm chanted his funeral dirge; and a crowd of brave mariners stood uncovered round his corpse!

The sea ran high, and the prayer-book of the old priest was drenched with the dashing waves and pouring rain, as he murmured his solemn litany. There was no English chaplain on board, and the captain took on himself the office of reading aloud the service of the Reformed Church. The bell ceased its tolling; all the sailors pressed around the bier, and kept profound and reverential silence. When the captain pronounced the words, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection, when the sea shall give up her dead,' the trellis was heaved into the water; the body, weighed down by the cannon-balls, was engulfed, while the trellis, being fastened to the bulwarks, remained hanging by the ship's side. All was over; the stormy night gave place to a calmer day, and we landed at Ostend.

On the following day it was my lot to be again Mr Murphy's fellow-traveller, and on our way to Paris he related to me the story of the poor idiot in the following words:—

His mother was a widow, who lived some years ago in one of the suburbs of Dublin. A little stall, on which apples and cakes were exposed for sale, constituted all her wealth, and this unfortunate child the sole object of her care and affection. Never was a creature so low in the scale of being honoured with the human name. That continual swinging of the body which you have remarked, and the senseless repetition of the syllables 'La-la,' made up the sum-total of his existence. His confidence in his mother seemed the only instinct by which he was allied to humanity. Some schoolboys in the neighbourhood of the stall delighted in tormenting him, and he had neither strength nor spirit to act on the defensive. When stones were thrown at him, he crouched down, and clung to her side, repeating his plaintive cry. The poor widow was herself a helpless enough being, and could scarcely even protect her little store against the depredations of the boys. She went by no other name than 'the idiot's mother,' and it were useless to relate the many cruel tricks that were played upon her. It is true she was ugly, decrepit, and dis eased; and her cry of rage against her persecutors was less like the human voice than the nocturnal hooting of the owl. I had a passion almost daily to pass the corner of College Street where she kept her stall. At first the sight of the child—half-brute, half-man—appeared disgusting, and there was little in the mother to mitigate the repulsive feeling; but in the end my pity was awakened, and my interest deeply excited.

If that flat head, with low, sloping forehead, hanging jaw, and projecting eye, hardly animated by a vacant stare, made one ready to shrink with horror, God Almighty, whose works are incomprehensible, had placed a heart under this ungainly and almost brutal exterior, a soul of exquisite tenderness, though ignorant of itself. Moran was beneath many a brute in understanding, but above man in the faculty of lov-

ing. His mother was all the world to him: when he saw her pray, he imitated her gestures; and at night, when she had lain down on her mat in the garret where she lodged, he would kneel and kiss her feet, murmuring an imperfect litany. No articulate sounds escaped his lips; it was a mental orison without human words. Surely the idea of God had never entered that narrow head; and yet I know not what hymn of gratitude and love may have thus arisen. It seemed a mechanical and instinctive piety towards God and towards his mother: he saw Deity through her; she was to him the visible image of religion, morals, social life, the past, the present, the future. In the morning, at five o'clock, when she went to take her usual stand, he kept a little in advance, looked all round to see if the enemy was in ambuscade, and if he perceived the object of his terror, he ran back, pulled her gown, shrieked his 'La-la' with a loud and terrible voice, and thus put her on her guard. At night, when she folded her stall, and returned home to bed, carrying her goods on her head, and holding the boy by the hand, the children of the purlicue used to run shouting after the idiot; but he hid his head under her old black apron, and sought protection in the maternal bosom.

These wretched beings, who lived but for each other, began to excite my interest, and I endeavoured sometimes to relieve their poverty. In this deep and disinterested maternal love I found a refutation of Rochefoucauld's doctrine; for what enjoyment could she hope from Moran? The idiot absorbed half of her slender gains, and much of her time also was spent in tending the wretched object that could neither put on his clothes, nor attend to the most common wants of his own life. But had you seen her frantic despair one evening that she had left her stall for a few minutes, and missed him on her return, or the relief when she found him soon after in the midst of the highway, flying from a troop of juvenile banditti, screaming his two syllables with a strength that revealed the extremity of his distress!

One day I was surprised to see neither the woman nor child at the corner of College Street. I knew where she lived, and went to see what had happened. Perhaps you have never seen a garret in the purlicue of Dublin, and I will not distress you with its description. I found the poor woman lying dead, the child stretched beside the corpse, holding it in a close embrace, and singing his melancholy dirty in a voice more plaintive than ever. Though incapable of forming sentences himself, he seemed at times to comprehend in part what was said to him. On seeing me enter, accompanied by some people of the house, he rose and fixed his tearful eyes on us; his hand pressed that of the corpse, and his intonation became deeper, as he looked from us to it, and repeated, 'La-la!—la-la!'

He allowed himself to be removed from the body, and sat down on the ground in a dark corner.

'What shall we do with him?' asked the landlord. The idiot lifted a handful of the dust which lay thick on the floor, sprinkled it violently on his head, and began again to cry in a clear, sharp, piercing voice, 'La-la!—la-la!'

It wrung my heart to witness the affection of the poor imbecile. I got the mother buried, and took Moran home to my parsonage. For a time he was inconsolable. During the whole of the first year he repeated every morning the syllables with which he used to wake his mother, and in the evening he searched for her and cried. At length, the ceremonies of our worship caught his attention, and diverted him from his sorrow: he imitated the gestures of the peasants, kneeled as they did, and behaved with decorum in the chapel. To listen to the chanting, to inhale the incense, to light the tapers, to follow the processions, became the only pleasures of Moran Shillelagh,

and it would have been barbarous to forbid them. By seeing the mass so often celebrated, he learned to perform the easy duties of an acolyte; and the attachment he had shown towards his mother was gradually transferred to me. If I was sick, he stayed by my pillow; if I was absent for some days, he crouched in a corner of the parsonage, and refused to eat. It might be but the mechanical fidelity that a dog has for its master; but it gained on the heart of a poor priest excluded by his vows from more tender ties, and Moran became very dear to me, in spite of his imbecility.

I was appointed to a curacy in one of the wildest districts of the south. It was a perfect paradise of verdure, the wildest portions of it exhibiting brilliant mosses, and rocks enamelled with flowers. My parsonage was situated near the banks of the Suir, in the county Tipperary—a kind of grotto, artificially ornamented, serving me for a dwelling. There are many Roman Catholic parsonages of this kind in the remoter parts of Ireland, formed in caves, and buried in the moss. If the beauty of the landscape, and the profound quiet of my retreat, were sources of delight, I found in the barbarism of my flock abundant cause of sorrow. It was impossible to discover exactly why they fought, but they fought continually. There seemed to dwell among them a thirst for blood, a passion for murder, without the hope of any advantage to be gained from it; the bad elements of human nature, the mark of Cain, was in them and on them. They complained of nothing; expressed no sense of grievance; yet grouping themselves under different leaders, they killed each other in drink or in play just to pass the time; to feel life astir within them, to create a sight and an object of interest. Factions which neither aimed at nor accomplished anything, had their chiefs; and wars which had no object, had their trophies of death. Their parties of pleasure were almost invariably scenes of blood: these people had nothing to lose but their lives, and these they exposed in very sport. In many cases the exasperation of political and religious animosity added stimulus to this native bravura, and revenge perpetuated it from generation to generation. The history of these peasants was composed of tragic, hideous scenes, mingled in Irish fashion with reckless folly, and even mirthful glee.

Moran and I lived as we could amid this savage population. I was beloved, and the poor imbecile was perhaps more venerated than myself. He never spoke; he was obviously unmoved by human passions; and this alone, in a place where religion was pushed to fanaticism, was sufficient to stamp him with a preternatural character. In the eyes of the Tipperary peasantry Moran was like a marble saint that had descended from the Gothic pilaster. As he had been sheltered from persecution ever since he lived under my protection, and now more than ever felt he had nothing to fear in the sanctuary of the little chapel, all his former timidity was gone: when he passed among the people, dressed, as he chose always to be, in the canonical habit of an acolyte, they saluted him with the deepest respect, and he replied by making the sign of the cross. You cannot conceive what was the influence of Moran's presence in the chapel! His silence, his measured chant, his slow step, his vacant eye, separated him from human kind, and to these ignorant people he seemed a messenger of Heaven—a being above our race!

I had been about six months in this parish, and the fame of Moran's sanctity had spread more than twenty miles round. One morning I could not find him; he had left the house at daybreak, and all my search for him proved fruitless. Three weeks elapsed, and still I could hear no tidings of him, when we met again under singular circumstances.

The county of Tipperary was a prey to the quarrels of two parties, the *Caravans* and the *Shanavests*—

Anglice, cravats and old coats. On both sides heroes had been hanged, and the felons received popular canonisation. To tell you why they were enemies is more than I can do; they seemed to hate each other instinctively, under the influence of some hereditary party spirit which few of themselves could explain. The fair days were especially consecrated to the display of their martial fury. On these occasions my pastoral authority was utterly powerless; even the civil and military force failed to make any impression on their habits.

One day in August—a fair day—the heavens shone in all their glory, and the beautiful valley of the Suir presented a lovely aspect. I rose early, and left my dwelling, sad in spirit, I confess, for the absence of the boy. I climbed a neighbouring hill, surmounted with the ruins of a fortress whose interior stairs had resisted the ravages of time, and here I sat down. I watched the long windings of the clear, deep, rapid, powerful river, which set in motion so many corn-mills in its course, and without overflowing its banks, filled with an abundant stream the verdant bed which nature had assigned it. 'Here,' I said, 'is an emblem of genius combined with virtue; here is energy without violence, depth with calmness, and riches without excess.' In the midst of my reflections, my eye wandered over the village of Golden, near which a great many people were collected. I was surprised at their silence; some were seated on the sides of the ditches, others formed into groups scattered over the market-place, but all perfectly quiet, and apparently without occupation or excitement.

Now I heard the sound of horses and arms, and perceived to the left, at the foot of the hill, a detachment of cavalry, accompanied by magistrates on horseback, and a battalion of infantry. It was evident that a disturbance was expected, and I hastened down with sad forebodings. The fair was over; the sale of the cattle had been hurried through; no one had dreamed of overcharging on the one hand, or cheapening on the other; and the peasants, leading away their cows and sheep, seemed impatient to clear the field for the combatants. I found myself in the midst of gigantic, half-naked men, armed with heavy clubs; peasants concealing knives and pike-heads under their brown coats; looks of fury and hatred in every countenance; and too plain it was to me that the storm was about to burst. Just then the bugle sounded, and the soldiers fled off. Called out to suppress the commotion, and seeing no appearance of it, the authorities had beaten a retreat, satisfied that there would be no occasion for their interference. Scarcely were they a quarter of a mile off, when a long shout burst from the multitude. To the cry succeeded a fearful pause; the ranks formed; the two hostile parties, each about fifteen hundred strong, who had been long interdicted by the priest of the adjoining parish from the pleasure of murdering each other, advanced into this valley, which was without the pale of his jurisdiction. Most of them were half-naked, and their weapons consisted of clubs, knives, pikes, swords, and sticks. In front of the Caravans walked a little child, dragging a sack on the ground, and crying with all its might, 'Twenty pound sterling for the head of the Shanavest!' In less than a minute the hostile force turned out from the neighbouring thicket, and the infant herald was struck down with a stone. My blood froze at the sight! I rushed towards the madmen in the hope of restraining them by a religious influence. Stones were flying thick around me; I was struck on the shoulder by an enormous flint, which knocked me down, and I fell between the two bands. I was not recognised, and my secular costume inspired no respect among these furies, most of whom were from the neighbouring villages, and did not know me. I was likely, therefore, to be trampled to death in the onset. After lying a few minutes, I

know not how many, stupefied by the violence of my fall, I opened my eyes again. Both armies were on their knees, and there proceeded from these masses neither cry of triumph nor groan of discontent, but a long deep sob. Some sudden, strange feeling of remorse had seized the whole multitude. I felt a protecting hand on mine, and near me was an unknown being, covered with a white surplice, kneeling with a crucifix in his hand, and murmuring prayers. As soon as I attempted to rise, the joyful intonation of 'La la!' burst from his lips, and I recognised the idiot boy.

Moran had been induced to accompany some other devotees on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Patrick, and returned at the critical juncture in full costume. He was barefooted, enveloped, as I have said, in a surplice, carrying the bell at the end of a stick, the rosary hanging at his breast, and an enormous cross, with which he had furnished himself in my sacristy, surmounting his staff. Having seen me fall in the midst of the enraged combatants, he had advanced fearlessly to the spot, stretching out his crucifix towards both parties alternately. He was believed of course to be a celestial mediator, and the people prostrated themselves in adoration. When I looked around, there were above three thousand men in the valley, all silent, and gazing on the idiot with surprise and emotion. The chief of the Caravats kissed the end of his girdle, but the leader of the Shanavests was dead. I was carried home, and the two armies dispersed. Moran and I of course became more than ever inseparable; and when I had occasion to make this journey to Paris, to secure the property of a deceased relative, he could not be left behind.

'My poor, dear Moran!' sobbed the priest, as he finished his narration.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THERE are few persons in the middle and upper ranks of life who, in their meditative moments of joy or melancholy, do not feel that they are thinking poetry, and do not recall unconsciously from the recesses of their memory some snatches of sympathetic song. The poetical pieces commonly summoned by this electric process belong, perhaps in undue proportion, to a single mind, which has contrived to place itself *en rapport* with a wider circle than usual of the refined and intellectual of its fellows. The very power, however, thus exercised over the heart defeats the claims of the poet to personal consideration; for his thoughts are ours, the images that spring up in our fancy are its native produce, and even the sweet tinklings of rhyme that haunt and bewitch our ear seem, through old habit, like the inborn music of our own soul. Numberless are the incidents of our daily existence which give rise to this refining process, conferring a moral life upon the material one, and spiritualising Circumstance, 'the unspiritual god.' Touched by this magic, My Own Fireside are words of power which fill our eyes with delicious tears; the Youngling of the Brook—the loveliest and the last—becomes the dove of our weary ark; the flow of time is sanctified by the memories of Told Years Ago; the first Gray Hair on the brow we love is associated with ideas of imperishable beauty; the Death of the First-born is hallowed to our hearts by its agonies and consolations, and to our fancies by the image of the gentle mother trying to impart the comfort she does not feel—

'She would have chid me that I mourned so blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears so wild as mine!'

These are the titles of only a few of certain gushes of song that many men of the present day will feel to well up in their hearts in the ordinary circumstances of life; and yet, notwithstanding their being constantly reminded by the various printed selections of English poetry, many of them are ignorant, or at least can only recall the fact after consideration, that they are indebted for them all to Alarcic Watts.

The writer of purely imaginative poetry is in a different position. His appeals are not to the heart, but to the cultivated faculties. He trains the mind to appreciate his own conceptions, and his identity is never lost sight of even in his loftiest flights. It is for this reason among others that we hail with great pleasure the appearance of the collected works of a poet of the opposite stamp, and in a volume of unrivalled taste and elegance;* but before coming to the book in a more special manner, we would indulge in a few remarks on the style of poetry which is the forte of our author.

The idea that the farther down we go in society, the more nearly we approach the state of nature, is not peculiar to a spurious philosophy: it infects even poetry and poetical criticism. Thus in all ages the poetical language of nature has been put into the mouths of herdsmen and shepherdesses; and from the idylls of Theocritus and the eclogues of Virgil, down to the calendar of Spenser and the pastorals of Browne and Pope, we find the muses and the god of love consorting habitually with the tenders of cattle. This conjunction seems odd to those who are acquainted with the manners of these lowest classes of society, these unskilled workers of our own time, and they make no scruple of suspecting that the pictures it gives rise to are absurd and unnatural. Poets may make an escapade from the world of life to the world of imagination; but when they forsake the realities they know for the realities they do not know, they are no more likely to be successful than their pastoral brother Des Gueaux, who haunted the fields for a whole season with a crook, a pipe, a sword, and the court jacket, invented as a badge of distinction by his master Louis XIV., to qualify himself for writing *naturally* about sheep and shepherds!

It must be admitted, however, that the swains of the classical pastoral do not belong to the present working-day world, and that Pope even proposed that it should be lawful to endow them with some unshepherd-like smattering of astronomy, as well as some notions of piety to the gods. But more recent writers conceive that in the humbleness of the employment, and the destitution it implies of all social conveniences, lies the charm of natural poetry; and in imitating the ancients, they would copy Theocritus only in his rusticity. The poetry of a more advanced stage of society is stigmatised by them as *conventional*: the muse is held to be absurdly out of place in a drawing-room; and the affections that swell beneath an embroidered corsage are regarded as artificial. Such notions have distorted at times even the genius of Wordsworth, and perhaps have permanently injured his fame. A soul like his should have known that we are only now advancing gradually towards our state of nature—that we are in the midst of our progress from the seed to the full-grown tree—and that the angel Poetry has been appointed by God to attend our steps whithersoever we go. No poet of the heart requires to look for his thoughts and images beyond the position in which he is himself placed in society. The world is full of song, if our ears can only catch and our souls comprehend it; and we but lose the music that is actually around us in listening to the indistinct sounds that float in the vague and mysterious distance. For

* *Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems.* By Alarcic A. Watts. With Forty-one Engravings on Steel. London: Longman. 1851.

this reason the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' considered as a poem of the affections, is a far finer pastoral than the 'Aminta' of Tasso.

The popularity of Alaric Watts's poems is owing to his nice, perhaps instinctive perception of the truths thus alluded to. He finds his muse, not in the fields, not in the woods, not on the mountains, not in the depths, but at the light, warm, elegant fireside of our middle ranks:—

'My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunch of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!'

His instrument is neither the Doric reed nor the lofty harp, but that sweet sympathetic lute whose only plectrum is the passing wind—

'A wild, Aeolian lute, whose strings,
By nature swayed, no sounds impart,
Save when some fitful feeling flings
Its breeze-like impulse o'er my heart;
But waking gentle echoes oft,
Where prouder strains might fail to move—
Fond, brooding thoughts, and visions soft,
Of fireside peace, and home-bred love.'

The work is characteristically dedicated to his wife, to whom he presents, with kindly, loving, yet courtly gallantry, the revelations not only of his inner life, but of his personal and social existence; and the fitness of this dedication will be recognised when we say that Mrs Watts is the author of some of the pieces which rank with all but the best of her husband's.

In the 'Poet's Home' we are presented, in poetical language, with a picture of the every-day scene with which taste and competence would surround a refined and intellectual man of the middle rank; and it is curious to compare it with the 'Home of Taste' of Ebenezer Elliott, where the proud mechanio, 'rich as a king, and less a slave,' sits throned in his elbow-chair reading Locke, with his foot resting on an actual carpet! They are *both* homes of taste; the pieces are both genuine poetry; and they both throw around our hearts the link, to use the words of the laureate of the working-classes—

— 'the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs.'

The poet of Alaric Watts has more numerous and elegant requirements. You find your way to his cottage through all the wealth of woods and waters, and in entering, have to bend your head beneath the tendrils of the jasmine—

'Bright confusion revels there,
And seldom had a realm more fair:
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined;
Tomes of wild, romantic lore,
Culled from Fancy's richest store:
(Caskets full of gems sublime
From the teeming sea of Time;) Poet, Fame herself hath crowned,
People all the walls around.

Mystic fragments strew the ground,
Like the oracles profound
Of the Delphic prophetess,
And as difficult to guess!

Crystal vases filled with flowers
Fresh from evening's dewy bowers;
Knots of ribbon, locks of hair,
Love-gifts from his lady fair;
Violets, blue as are the eyes
That awake his softer sighs,
And reward his love-sick lays
With their smiles of more than praise;
Here, a broken, stringless lute;
There, a masquer's antic suit;
Fencing foils, a Moorish brand,
Trophies strange from many a land,
Memory's lights to many a scene
Where his roving steps have been:
Armour bright of one who bore
Chivalry's tried lance of yore;
Breast-plate rich, and shield of price,
Veined with many a quaint device;
Sword of proof, and mailed glove,
With the crested helm above;
And many a pictured form of grace,
Many a sweet but pensive face,
Stamped in beauty's richest bloom,
Sheds its halo through the room;
Like the smile of primal Light,
Making even Chaos bright!'

All these are what Elliott calls 'a bridge of rainbows' across the gulf of woe; and Watts, with the same poetical philosophy, holds them forth as the true medicaments for a wounded and wearied mind. The following is part of a remonstrance to a friend who complained of being 'all alone':—

'Not all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage;
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a consecrated page:
Youth's dreams; the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore, are still thine own;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh, how canst thou be all alone?

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call—
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft's His tenderest mercy shown;
Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!'

With elegant tastes like these—a connoisseur of art, and a worshiper of music—it may easily be conceived how Alaric Watts, gifted with the power of flinging his thoughts into melodious verse, should have been able to exercise the influence we have described over the hearts and imaginations of others. Look, for instance, at his manner of recalling the image of one of those girl-loves whom even the grown man remembers with a start and a thrill, and a look of wonder and

almost incredulity thrown into the abyss of the past:—

‘ We met when hope and life were new,
When all we looked on smiled,
And Fancy’s wand around us threw
Enchantments sweet as wild:
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring;
The bloom, that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring’

What though our love was never told,
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shown:
The touch, that thrilled us with delight;
The glance, by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed.

We parted, chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bowed;
And blessings died upon my tongue
I dared not breathe aloud—
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand;
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
Of magic power to me;
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee:
And long through many an after-year,
When boyhood’s dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on!

The touch of nature in these lines, where the boy is represented as striving for wealth and fame for the sake of his girl-mistress, reminds one of the delicious verses of Motherwell to Jeanie Morrison. It is in such passages that Watts is most powerfully *felt*; they rise upon us like thoughts and memories of our own, which we wonder to find appropriated by another. The following is one of these fine, and, we think, original thoughts:—

‘ He never said he loved me;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name! ’

Among the gems of this volume are descriptions that occur here and there of works of art. We can merely mention, as belonging to this class, the verses on a picture by Howard, ‘A Lady in a Florentine Costume,’ which is too long for quotation; but we are tempted to extract two stanzas from a poem on the Sleeping Cupid of Guido:—

‘ But who would wound a breast so passing fair?
Look! in immortal beauty where he lies:
His flushed cheek pillow'd on his hand; his hair
Clustering, like sun-touched clouds in summer skies,
Around his glorious brow; his twice-scaled eyes
With silken-fringed lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve; and lips whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms, all sweetness and
repose.

Hush! for a footfall may disturb his sleep;
Hush even your breathing, for a breath may break
His visioned trance! But no, ‘tis deep, most deep;
The last low sigh of evening fans his cheek,
And stirs his golden curls; the last bright streak
Of parting day is fading from the west;
Dim clouds are gathering round yon mountain’s peak,
Yet still he sleeps: and his soft-heaving breast,
Bright wings, brow, lips, and eyes, are redolent of rest.’

The reader will be struck with the gracefulness of manner so remarkable in these stanzas; but the following is quite a curious specimen of the masterly our poet has acquired over style. It is a paraphrase of the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter of the book of Ruth, and it appears to us to be absolutely perfect of its kind:—

‘ Intreat me not to leave thee so,
Or turn from following thee;
Where’er thou goest I will go,
Thy home my home shall be!

The path thou treadest, hear my vow,
By me shall still be trod;
Thy people be my people now;
Thy God shall be my God!

Rest of all else, to thee I cleave,
Content if thou art nigh;
Whene’er thou grieveest I will grieve,
And where thou diest, die!

And may the Lord, whose hand hath wrought
This weight of misery,
Afflict me so, and more, if aught
But death part thee and me!’

We regret that we must not illustrate our opening remarks by still finer specimens; for these, numerous as they are, have been already appropriated by the various books of selections that have from time to time appeared during the last score of years. It may be well, however, to inquire into the real merits of a poet so different from the rest of the tuneful throng around him; and this resolves itself into an inquiry into the relative merits of the poetry of the imagination and the poetry of the heart. The former was wholly unknown to the ancients; and although in this country its beginnings may be traced in the age of Elizabeth, a long interval followed, studded with illustrious names, coming down even to our own day, all of which belonged to the original faith. At this epoch Shelley and Keats may be considered as the revivers; if not the institutors, of the imaginative school; and at the present moment there are few writers of note who do not belong to it.

The defects of this school consist chiefly in its extravagance, for imagination in itself is an essential element of poetry; but its great error is, that its appeals are made to the few, not to the many—that it looks upon poetry as an exercise of the wit or ingenuity, not as an instinctive revelation of the heart. Read any one of its finest productions to a mixed audience of the learned, the ignorant, the vulgar, and refined, and see how small a proportion of the listeners will even affect to be stirred into sympathy or enthusiasm! It has often occurred to us that the delight even of the initiated may have somewhat of the same origin as that which is inspired by one of those intricate pieces of music where a popular melody meanders, like a line of silver, through the cloud of wild variations that accompany it. We are bewildered and carried away by the art of the composer, as he whirls us into unknown regions; but when we come once more upon the thread of genuine song, we recognise it with a burst of admiration which we suppose to be elicited by the composition as a whole. On this principle the exquisite bits of nature we meet with in Tennyson redeem his affectations and impenetrable obscurities.

Poetry, like religion, is addressed to all classes of mankind. It has no mysteries but those of the heart, which the learned can no more comprehend than the ignorant. Its sentiment is universal, though its materials are different: the lyrics of Burns, though dealing in unknown images, are as well appreciated in the palace as in the cot. If the purely imaginative school of the present day owes its popularity to anything more than

a passing taste, then the world, from the Homeric era downwards, has been mistaken in its views of the catholic nature of poetry. But we venture to think that we are just now in one of those falls that occur periodically in all the affairs of time, and that by and by we shall again listen to the master touch that makes 'the whole world kin.' In the meantime, so far as the poetry of the affections is concerned, Rogers must be considered to occupy the vanishing point in the procession of the past, and Alaric Watts to follow, in the present generation, with devout and reverent steps.

So much for the nature of the poetry: with regard to the book, it stands, as we have said, among works of the kind unrivalled in taste and elegance. We are not in the habit of wearying our readers with notices of artists of whose genius we could offer no specimen in justification of our opinions; and all we shall say, therefore, on the subject of the illustrations is, that they are forty-one in number; and that, taking them generally, they are exquisitely engraved after many of the first painters of the present and recent times. This, in fact, will be a permanent work; for if the poems should be hereafter reprinted in a cheaper form, the volume will still remain in the cabinets of the lovers of art.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

THE ZUYDER ZEE—KAMPEN—THE DILIGENCE—ZWOLLE—FELLOW-PASSENGERS—MLPPAL—WALK TO HELL—RICKSOORD.

It was on a bright Sunday morning that the steamboat in which I had taken my passage to Kampen started punctually at six o'clock from the pier at the Haring Pakkerij, the general rendezvous of travelling craft. The view of Amsterdam, as seen from a distance on the IJ, is singularly novel and striking: the city seems to rise directly from the water without any solid foundation; and but for the steeples, and here and there a higher edifice than common, you might fancy it to consist of a screen of houses only, for there is no raised background of streets or buildings such as form picturesque effects in many towns on the coasts of other countries. Scarcely a shade of smoke was visible; and the sloping sunbeams flashed and twinkled from gilded weathercocks, brightly-painted gables, and long rows of windows, shifting rapidly as our vessel cut the water. Presently we shot past the point where the IJ unites with the Zuyder Zee, and I had taken my last look of Amsterdam. We had left the pier in company with another steamer; but here our courses diverged: she was bound to Hoorn and the Helder, while our direction lay across to the eastward. There was just breeze enough to temper the heat, and produce a gentle rolling swell, and make the trip agreeable. The shallowness of the water was indicated by its pale sandy hue, varied occasionally by a darker tinge as we passed over a deeper hollow. Its calms are not less acceptable to dwellers on its shores than to travellers on its surface; for it is the most terrible watery foe with which the Dutch have to contend. At one time—about the tenth century, as is supposed—a fresh-water basin, Lake Flevo, lay somewhere in the region now covered by the southern half of the Zee. It received the Yssel, and discharged a stream into another lake, and thence by the Vlie to the sea, then fifty miles distant. In 1170, Lake Flevo rose to such a height, that the water spread over the land as far as Utrecht, and the people of that town caught fish from the walls. The dimensions of the lake, and the liability to further destruction, were greatly increased by this flood. In 1230, one hundred thousand persons were drowned in Friesland, and from this date the encroachments were rapid: the barrier islands on the sea-board were diminished in size, and the channels between them

deepened, so as to admit the passage of large ships. By the wasting action of successive inundations, the Zee grew to nearly its present extent—80 miles long, and from 20 to 40 wide—by the beginning of the fifteenth century. On some occasions the water has stood eight feet above the surface of the dikes in Friesland and Gelderland, which two provinces are most exposed to danger from the Zuyder Zee: in them the loss of life and property has been in the highest degree severe and lamentable. The risk along these inland shores is far greater than on the Atlantic coast. The wind most dreaded is one which obeys the circular law of storms, beginning at the south, then sweeping gradually round, and blowing for a time from the northwest. This pours in such a heaped-up mass of water from the German Ocean and Arctic Sea, that the dams, except under extraordinary circumstances, are too low to repel it, and meadows and farms, towns and villages, are overwhelmed. The tide runs with great velocity through the channels between the islands, particularly at the Helder, or Hell's-door, as the Dutch name signifies, applied doubtless because of the furious currents, as was the term Hell-gate to the swift and confined tide-race in the East river, a few miles above New York, about which Washington Irving has written a pleasant legend. The growth of the Zuyder Zee (Southern Sea) has thus resembled that of the Haarlemmer Meer, but on a much grander scale. The successful results in the drainage of the latter have led several enterprising individuals to believe that the larger expanse, or a portion of it, could also be laid dry. The average depth of the two is about the same, excepting certain cavities in the Zuyder which are very profound. Hence the formation of a barrier dike in water not more than twelve feet deep appears to be a less impracticable undertaking than would be supposed possible on a first impression. The project—as yet only talked of—is to construct a dike, with buttresses and floodgates across the narrowest part of the Zee, from Medemblik or Enkhuyzen, on the peninsulaed portion of North Holland, to Stavoren in Friesland. The reclamation of so large an extent of land would be an important addition to the safety and prosperity of the Dutch nation, and prove the most famous of their territorial conquests. The cost, as estimated, would be £5,000,000 sterling.

The distance from Amsterdam to Kampen is sixty miles: the passage occupies about six hours. We were for some time altogether out of sight of land. Gradually the isles of Urk and Schokland rose in the view. Had time permitted, I would have liked to visit one or the other of those lonely dependencies; for a singular and primitive state of manners prevails among the inhabitants. They build their houses above the ground on piles, and have but little communication with the mainland. The clergyman of each place would doubtless be able to speak French, and thus any difficulties from an unrefined provincial dialect would be overcome.

There was remarkably little intercourse among our passengers: smoking was evidently a more acceptable occupation than talking, and not a few drank gin and bitters. However, I contrived to engage one in conversation who knew a little French and English: he was ready to hear about the social habits and mechanical exploits of Englishmen. Indeed I scarcely spoke to a person in Holland who, next to his own country, did not profess the highest admiration of England, and, above all, for her noble example (so they called it) in free trade. The Great Exhibition, too, was a favourite topic; and if but half of those who declared their intention of visiting it do really come, we shall have much ado to find accommodation for them. After a while, my companion observed that the English and the Dutch ought to be good friends, for there was so much in common between the two languages; 'and if you go to Friesland,' he added, 'you will find still more striking

instances. Some words are precisely the same, and the saying goes—

'Butter, bread, and green cheese,
Is good English and good Fries.'

Towards noon the low shores of Overijssel and Gelderland came full in sight. We were approaching what looked like a long narrow reef; presently we turned its extremity, and had entered what is called the *Ketel diep*, the channel which serves to prolong and render navigable the mouth of the *Yssel*. The combined action of the stream and the tides has here formed a shoal, which in some places rises above the surface of the water, and in others is strengthened by the usual means—bundles of willow sticks, so as to produce a continuous bank nearly two miles in length. Coarse tangle and flags grow from its muddy surface, and help to solidify it, and afford shelter for numerous flocks of sea-birds, which darted about in short jerking flights, and shrieked discordantly when disturbed by the noise of our paddles. Midway upon it stands a small rude hut, built of wattle and straw, tenanted by a fisherman, whose boat was moored close by: a more dreary residence could hardly be imagined. Ten minutes more, and we were fairly within the river: on our left some hundred head of cattle were grazing in a spacious meadow—the *Stads-veld*, or common field of the town. Opposite, on the right, stood Kampen with its three spires, pleasantly situated on the rising bank. The town holds ancient rights over a portion of the adjacent *Zee*. From time to time land has been reclaimed from the water; and this has become so valuable, that the municipal imposts are lighter than at any other town in the country. Provisions are consequently cheap; and Kampen has thus become a favourite residence of half-pay officers and other persons of moderate income. They can live here with small means in greater comfort than elsewhere. This fact would perhaps account for the multitude of respectable-looking people waiting the steamer's arrival. The day before, I had made inquiries at the office in Amsterdam as to the best means of getting to Fredericksoord: but on this point the clerks were ignorant: they thought I might gain some information at Kampen. Immediately, therefore, on landing, I pursued my inquiries; for some time in vain, until the agent, pressing through the crowd that had gathered round, came up and said, 'Mynheer, you must take the diligence to Meppel.' This, on the map, did not appear to be the most direct route, but he assured me there was no other; I therefore paid my fare, which, instead of one florin, as advertised, was two and three-quarters, the difference being made because I had not taken a ticket at Amsterdam for the whole distance. It was the only instance of advantage being taken of me during my journeyings. The diligence was waiting; I got into the coupé, where two young men were already seated, and off we went.

Excepting occupation for the eye, I expected rather a dull ride; but we had scarcely cleared Kampen, when my opposite, addressing me in English, asked, 'Are you going to Zwolle?' I was somewhat surprised to hear my native tongue in this remote corner of the land, and well pleased to have the opportunity to converse with so intelligent an individual as he in question proved to be. In reply, I stated my intention to visit the sugar colonies at Fredericksoord. 'Ah,' he said, 'you don't find many people who know much about them, or where they are. I don't myself; but you won't be far wrong at Meppel. I should like to talk to you—my name's Klinkenberg.'

The country we now traversed was less flat than at the south of the *Zuyder Zee*: the occasional elevations were, however, very slight, and large districts are flooded every winter. It is mostly pasture land, but wild-looking, and ill kept, showing that the Dutch are yet in the secondary or mechanical stage of

agriculture. They have plodded through the rough preliminaries, and there remained stationary, making few or no endeavours after the refinements of cultivation, notwithstanding that theological students receive instruction in agriculture, so as to be able to diffuse the knowledge in their respective parishes when they become ministers. Besides ditches, there must be a well-combined system of tile-drains before land can be brought into anything like a fertile condition; and steam must be employed instead of wind to remove the surplus water. The latter element is too uncertain, for a freshet may occur while crops are on the ground, and destroy them, unless prompt means of drainage are at command, such as have produced extraordinary effects in our Lincolnshire fens. A ten-horse power engine will drain a thousand acres. The first cost of such a machine will be less than £1 per acre, and its maintenance afterwards 2s. 6d. per acre; and its work in a few days will exceed months of windmill drainage. It is easy to see that in implements and other agricultural appliances the Dutch are far behind the English. Still, improvements have been made; the impetus of free trade has roused an appearance, if not the reality, of enterprise in Holland. Even within the last two or three years, the lands on which we looked from our vehicle have changed very much for the better. A ready market for cattle and grain is the immediate exciting cause, and wherever I went, I heard the remark, 'England has done well for Dutch farmers: if any one in our country is well off, it is the farmer. He has plenty of money, slaps his pocket, holds his head high, and goes into the towns and buys stocks.' The latter practice is perhaps too prevalent, and money is invested in the 'Frankfort Threes' or the 'Amort. Synd.' which ought to be expended in improving the land. It is to be presumed that, with such advantages accruing to the exporters, the importers and consumers on this side are equally benefited.

English is much studied in Holland: scarcely a mercantile counting-house in which one or more of the clerks cannot speak it, as well as French and German, in addition to their own language. M. Klinkenberg was no exception, and he, as in all other cases that came within my notice, preferred English to French. 'We can speak French at any time,' he said, 'but we are always glad to speak English whenever opportunity offers, for the sake of the exercise.' He will never complain that I, for one, did not encourage his linguistic efforts to the utmost. He had been on business to Rotterdam, and was now returning to Groningen, his native place. It appears that the difficulty of obtaining a situation in Holland is not less great than in our own country. A youth is expected to enter a counting-house and work three or four years for nothing, after which he will receive a salary of 400 florins a year, raised subsequently to 600, 800, and 1000. Sometimes 1500 are given, and my friend hoped to secure a post with this amount of emolument. To dress befitting his situation costs him 250 florins a year; 30 florins for a second-rate paletot, to say nothing of under-garments. Board and lodging costs from 30 to 60 florins a month; and taking the highest rate, 1000 florins a year just enable a man to live respectably. Some, however, contrive to save from 100 to 200 florins annually out of their income.

'As the diligence was to stop for an hour at Zwolle, we agreed to dine together.' In due time we arrived at the town, the capital of Overijssel. The vehicle went at a walking pace through the streets, and stopped at the door of an hotel; and here I found the walls of the public-room well furnished with maps, plans, timetables, &c. We ordered a *biefstuk*, which was presently set before us, with pickles and potatoes. My request for a glass of beer received the reply which seems to be invariably given to foreigners in Holland, 'The beer is bad!' whereupon we each took a quarter bottle of wine.

The meat, though acceptable to hungry travellers, was another verification of the oft-repeated assertion, that you cannot get a good beef-steak out of London. After dinner, we took a hasty walk through some of the streets, not daring to stray far, as starting-time is most rigidly kept, whether on land or water, in the Netherlands. One or two of the police of the town are generally in attendance to see the vehicle off, as was the case at our departure; and immediately that the stroke of two sounded from the tall church-tower close by, we drove out of the inn-yard. There were now two new passengers with us—one a pedlar, the other a horse-dealer; the former had a heavy pack of threads, tapes, cutlery, and looking-glasses, which he hoped to sell in a peregrination along the byways of Drenthe and Groningen to the frontiers of Hanover—a portion of the country which presents few or no natural beauties to relieve the weariness of travel. All except myself were smokers, and the most assiduous I ever saw. No sooner was one cigar or pipe burnt out, than another was lighted—a ceaseless fumification! Had it not been for the motion causing a draught through the open windows, the annoyance would have been intolerable. Tobacco can be bought so cheap in Holland—some as low as fourpence per pound—and the atmosphere is so depressing, that the universality of smoking is not much to be wondered at. Besides which, by leaving some few articles of luxury and necessity to the people at small cost, the government carries out its policy the better—that is, with less of interference—in greater matters. Like ourselves, the Dutch have to provide an enormous sum every year in the shape of interest upon debt before the other demands of the state can be supplied.

There was no lack of population along the line of route; wherever we passed a cottage or two, or a village, there the peasantry were strolling lazily about, or lounging under the shade of a hedge, engaged in rustic gossip. All were dressed in their Sunday attire, and as nearly every man and boy wore a scarlet neck-erchief, the effect of their costume was enlivened. Some of the men had on tight-fitting striped vests of purple cotton, and loose drawers, decorated with numerous rows of glittering bell buttons, reminding you of the tumblers and posture-masters that make their appearance at fairs. Every woman wore her *oorzijer*, ear-iron, as it is called, whatever the metal may be; but with the exception of a few who had on the gold plates peculiar to Friesland—extremely hot and heavy they are under a scorching sun—their heads were encircled with a fillet or hoop of silver or polished iron, from which a straight piece descended on either side, and covered the ears, just as is seen on the iron skull-caps of fighting men of former days. These were the embellishments of maidens and matrons. The youngest girls looked less comely, for their heads were covered with a tight-fitting cap of red cloth or cotton, bordered by what resembled a shaggy black worsted boa. The sight of them set you thinking of woolly-headed African warriors frizzed up to look terrible on the eve of a battle. There were numbers of pigs too, grunting in nooks and corners, or wallowing in stagnant pools, showing that the people were possessed of available resources. These cottagers get, as farm-labourers, from three to four florins a week wages: the average during summer is a half-florin a day, in winter twenty cents (fivepence). Most of them, however, have a large garden or small farm of their own, which is frequently cultivated by the wife, while the husband goes to work at one of the extensive farms in Friesland. On several of these, which are worth 200,000 florins, it is not unusual to keep from thirty to forty persons.

The country as we went on became somewhat pictorial. At intervals it was thickly wooded, and beyond there you caught glimpses of shady winding

lanes, such as you hardly expect to see out of England, or of a stripe of green that looked like a forest-gla de as it ran far among the trees, seeming the more cool and inviting in contrast with the extreme heat of the weather. The smooth brick-paved highways of Holland, by facilitating locomotion without jolting, enable you to look about without inconvenience; and the journey, which I had fancied would be dull, proved, on the contrary, very pleasant—always excepting tobacco smoke. There was no want of conversation; each one knew something that was novel or interesting to the others, and we kept up the talk with right good fellowship. M. Klinkenberg pressed me strongly to go on with him to Groningen. 'We shall arrive at midnight,' he said, 'and to-morrow you will see the finest square in Holland.' I was under the necessity of declining the invitation, on which he urged the university, and the interest there would be in observing affinities of language; 'for,' he added, 'we are not far from Friesland, and we say—

Butter, and bread, and green cheese;
Die dat niet sesen kan is geen oprecht Fries.'

This was another version of what I had heard on board the steamer in the morning. The last line means—'He who can't say that, is not a genuine Fries.' But all his persuasions failed to make me change my plans.

At five o'clock we came suddenly between scattered groups of people sauntering along the hot bare road, while on each side lay grassy meadows and hedgerow paths across the fields quite deserted. They were some of the inhabitants of Meppel, a clean little town, into which we presently drove. On making inquiries at the inn where the diligence changed horses, I ascertained that Fredericksoord was three hours distant by way of Steenwyk, on the high road to Leeuwarden. I bade adieu to my friendly companion, and walked on without any delay. All the population, as might have been supposed, were in the streets indulging themselves with a stroll prior to evening service, and numbers were congregated in the market-place, where several fruit-stalls were set up, and loud cries resounded of *kersen!*—'cherries, two-and-a-half cents the pound!' Apparently a pedestrian traveller, with a knapsack at his back, was a sight not often seen in the locality, for every eye was on me as I passed, and once or twice a party of boys sent a derisive shout after me. There was very little touching of hats here as compared with the practice in the southern provinces.

Soon after turning into the Leeuwarden road, I came to a long slope, a great earth-wave, as it were, a mile broad, stretching far away across the country. From the top of this the steeple of Steenwyk was visible, and a wide expanse of bare and dreary-looking landscape. I fancied myself close to the village; but so numerous and deceptive were the sinuosities of the route, that it took me more than two hours to accomplish the distance. Here, as at Meppel, the people were out walking or sitting about on patches of grass in quiet enjoyment. There was no noise in their Sunday recreation. Just before entering the place, you leave the highway, and take a cross-road to Fredericksoord, which, as a cattle-driver informed me, was a *dit uurt*—literally, a *thick hour*, further. The route lay across the broadest meadows I ever saw; the eye ~~was~~ not taken in their limit; but though a route, it could scarcely be called a road. It was a loose sandy track on the green plain, into which your foot sinks and slides back with every step, and you find out, if you never knew before, what really fatiguing walking is. In winter it must be nearly or quite impassable. A row of short white posts are indixed along its margin at regular distances, probably to serve as guides in uncertain states of the weather. An hour passed: still no signs of my destination; the league was indeed a *thick one*!

Now a turn in the road brought me among scattered trees, wild and staggering hedges, where labourers' cottages from time to time presented their high-pitched gables to the route, with the eaves of the roof descending to about four or five feet from the ground. There was little about them indicative of Dutch cleanliness or neatness. The sun had set, and I was beginning to feel weary, when I came to a plantation of oaks forming a pleasant avenue, at the end of which stood what appeared to be an arched gateway—it was the white-painted frame of the bridge over a canal. I crossed, and was in Fredericksoord. Lines of trees that seemed interminable stretched away in the dusk before me; immediately on the left stood a long low building—it was the *logement*, or inn. My entrance surprised the elderly host and hostess; the latter, however, bustled about, and prepared tea for me. As a matter of course, I had to tell who I was, where I came from, and where I was going. When they heard that I had come to see the colony, they sent, without acquainting me with their purpose, to apprise the director of the fact. His residence adjoined the inn, and I was yet at table when he paid me a visit.

After reading the document, he made a few general remarks, with a view to ascertain the precise object of my visit, and promised to send me in the morning a guide who could speak French, to conduct me over the establishment, and show me all that I desired to see.

THE BONZE'S VISION OF YEARS.

WHEN St Francis Xavier and the learned bonze Furandoma, in the middle of the sixteenth century, concluded their celebrated dispute, on which the faith of the entire court and city of Fucheo had been supposed to depend, they parted in mutual astonishment—St Francis at the bonze's inveterate prejudices, which stood out against the host, notwithstanding all the logic he had spent upon him; and the bonze at the saint's obstinate refusal to believe, according to the doctrine of transmigration, that he had sold him a quantity of cheap silks at a certain Eastern port exactly five hundred years before. The bonze departed to his college, after intimating to the authorities his private opinion as to the management of troublesome strangers; while St Francis returned to mass-saying and sermons. But excepting a large increase of the bonze's popularity, and some half-dozen converts to the new doctrine, things in Fucheo went on much as they had done before the saint landed or the bonze emerged from his college.

So closed the year 1549, and dawned that of 1550, on the capital of the ancient and powerful kingdom of Bungo; but the close and dawn found place only in the reckoning of St Francis and his few missionary brethren. The nations and empires around them in the far East had followed a different computation through many a dynasty, and being zealous for orthodoxy in all its forms, the saint particularly enforced on his converts a consideration of the 1st of January, as it was recognised throughout Europe at that old-style period. The more effectually to fix this part of his teaching in their remembrance, he determined to celebrate that New-Year's Day with a mass, and a sermon of unusual length and solemnity, at which their presence was specially enjoined. St Francis and his assistant counted the proselytes carefully when they assembled at an old warehouse built by early Portuguese traders in the city, from which the mission records tell us he had ejected certain spiritual inhabitants long in undisturbed possession, by converting their chosen apartment into an extemporary chapel. But one of the flock was missing. In spite of clerical commands, Nanqui, the sandalwood-merchant, was nowhere to be seen. His defalcation was not to be passed over in silence, for Nanqui was at once the least certain and the most

important of the proselytes. He was of true Japanese descent; his family had been reckoned among the nobility of Bungo; he was believed to be learned beyond the wont of merchants, and his trade in sandalwood was considerable.

It was therefore without surprise that his subordinate brethren of the mission saw the *Apostle* of the Indies, as soon as mass and sermon were over, clothed in the identical ragged gown in which he had rebuked the pride of the Venetians, and denounced wrath upon the vices of Malacca, take his way to the house of Nanqui, to seek an explanation of his absence. Nanqui did no business that day, as his porter informed all inquirers, but sat in an upper room, into which only his counting-sticks and customers of special mark were ever admitted; for the merchant kept his accounts in Eastern fashion, with the help of the aforesaid instruments, and his money was believed to be deposited in that room. The saint was nevertheless admitted without ceremony, to find his proselyte engaged with neither counting-sticks nor coin, but with a thin volume, such as composed the most select libraries of his country. It was bound with japanned wood, and written on silken leaves. A faint suspicion of relapse or heresy creased the mind of Zavier; but, true to the policy of his order, no trace of it appeared in glance or tone, when, after responding to sundry Japanese compliments, and being established on the seat of honour in the centre of the room, he inquired, 'What has happened to detain my son from mass on this morning of the Christian year?'

Nanqui in reply explained that his great ancestor, Kori Qu, on whom the hundred and fifty-fifth sako of Japan had conferred the yellow sash and dignity of perpetually silent bonze, and who was known from Cochin to Kamtchatka as 'the divider of time,' from the improvements he had effected in the Japanese calendar, having attained to both his honours and wisdom chiefly by the revelation contained in that volume, had commanded not only his own descendants, but all who desired instruction, to read it on the first day of every year. In compliance with this injunction the prudent trader in sandalwood endeavoured to compromise matters between his family saint and his adopted teacher by transferring the old duty to the Christian New-Year's Day.

'It is doubtless an excellent book,' said St Francis, who perceived that the merchant's pride in his great ancestor had still the advantage of his later faith, and whose knowledge of the Japanese language belonged rather to the practical than the literary order. But even the saint was curious regarding what a perpetually silent bonze had to say, and therefore added, 'Let me also hear the wisdom of so renowned a sage?'

Thus requested, Nanqui placed himself in that most reverent of Japanese postures, on his heels, turned back the few silken leaves he had read over, and recommenced his ancestor's narrative in a tone of self-satisfied humility:—

'Kori Qu, chief of the silent bonzes, by whom this tale was written, was once a schoolmaster in the town of Teik See. In those days the teachers of youth were honoured, but none more than Kori Qu, for through the judicious method of instruction, and the general exercise of the bamboo, for which his school was celebrated throughout Japan, he sent forth many distinguished scholars, to shine in court and temple. Besides serving his country to this extent, the schoolmaster was renowned for his skill in stars and seasons—navigators from every port sent to consult him as to lucky days for sailing, and families of the first rank arranged their marriage feasts according to his announcements of benignant planets. His school was flourishing, his household prosperous, and he had completed a correction of the calendar, which had been his secret study for fifteen years, and was to make his name famous in the annals

of the East—yet there remained in his days one root of sorrow, for his only son, Linn Ho, had hitherto defied his utmost efforts to make him a scholar. It grieved the soul of Kori Qu to think that there should be no heir or successor to his fame, when he had gone to join the other sages of earth in the moon. He thought with inward bitterness of the remarks which common men might make on the notelessness of his son; for Linn Ho was growing fast to man's estate, and his long-despairing father sat in the now empty school, casting a last earnest look over his laborious correction, which was to be submitted to the sako's inspection next day, while his family were engaged in preparing the feast of time, to be celebrated as soon as the gongs of Teik See should announce that another year had commenced, for it was the evening of the vernal equinox.

"It is complete," said he at last, finishing the survey; "his sublimity will doubtless approve, and distant times will rank my name with those of the sages who have taught men to reckon their years. Yet I cannot teach mine own son a tittle of the knowledge I have gathered," continued Kori Qu, the shadow rapidly following the sunshine of his soul, as he recollected how many blunders Linn Ho had that day made among the five ancient dynasties in the hearing of the school. From that grievous fact the father's mind naturally reverted to his own school-days, and the triumphs of learning he had achieved, to the envy of rival scholars and the glory of his teachers. "Small were their pains and great their reward compared with mine," said Kori Qu, with a half-grudging remembrance of the labour he had expended not only on his own, but on other people's sons, how poorly it had been recompensed, and how lightly esteemed; for the schoolmaster felt that in this respect morals and manners had degenerated since his youth.

Just at that point his reflections were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a strange company: they were men belonging to no nation of which he had ever heard or known, yet their faces seemed familiar as those of old friends, and he marvelled how or in what manner he had offended them, for almost every one looked reproachfully upon him. Kori Qu was skilled in politeness as well as in learning, and he rose to make his compliments; but they were cut short by the oldest of his visitors, a man of simple look and flaxen hair, who said,

"Master of Teik See, thou hast grown wise and famous; the youth of the province crowd to thy school for instruction, and rich men inquire of thee concerning the stars, but we are thy teachers, whose lessons thou hast neglected, and whose wisdom thou hast despised. We have counselled thee in all thy goings under the sun. We have opened to thee the page of knowledge, and made known the mysteries of life. Instructor of the simple, let us behold some recompence of our labour!"

"Friend," said Kori Qu, "thy wrath and good-breeding striving hard for command, "I owe you nothing: ye never were teachers of mine, though your faces are not strange to me. Where we have met I know not; but this is certain, that I studied languages at the chief school of Fuchuo, and science in the college of Jeddoo, the records of which will testify to the fact. I say it in all humility that my masters were honourably paid, duly reverenced, and undoubtedly proud of their scholar."

"All but us!" cried the whole company in chorus. "Dost thou think to deny us, because it is said we are dead and forgotten? Know that we are of those who never die. Our shadows haunt the memories of men on earth, and we reckon with our scholars before the Judge of the grave. Therefore, oh master of Teik See, refuse not now our claims!"

"It may be that my memory has slept," said Kori Qu; "a great fear fell upon him, as he perceived that not all were their faces indefinitely known to him, but that he had a dim recollection of having somehow

before seen the volume which every one carried in his hand. "It may be that the voices of the past have forsaken me; but what books are these?"

"They contain the lessons we have taught thee; know them at least if thou hast forgotten thy teachers," said the flaxen-haired man opening his volume. Like all the rest, it looked used and worn. Its binding was plain boards, and its leaves of coarse bark paper, like the books allotted to young scholars in Japan; but with those poor pages, as the stranger rapidly turned them, there came up pictures of a low dwelling among rice-fields by a river which he knew, of children at play under tamarind-trees, and of many a group in which the learned schoolmaster recognised his mother's face. He stretched his hand for the book, but the stranger shut it, and stepped back to make room for a man of bolder aspect, who opened his before him. It had been gay with gilding and painted flowers; and as its leaves were quickly turned, they showed pictures of towns which he had seen, and schools where he had studied, of early companions whom his memory had long reckoned among the old, the distant, and the dead; but the volume was closed as the first had been, and its owner made room for another.

Kori Qu remarked of him, that notwithstanding his endeavours to look no less brave than his company, something of fear and subjection had manifestly crept upon him. The faces of women embellished his volume, but chiefly that of the schoolmaster's wife Tisoma; and as that virtuous lady had been for some time sojourning among the chosen women in Paradise before this tale was written, it may be noted that the book so ornamented was larger and more worn than all the rest, and also that Kori Qu did not stretch his hand for it.

Many were the pictured volumes thus shown him by that strange company; and at length he saw among them his school, his house, and his children. The books which contained those scenes were by far the most closely written, but partly in an unknown tongue; while here black and there golden lines crossed their pages, and were at times strangely blended.

"Let me look on that volume for a moment!" cried Kori Qu to the last, for every page he turned showed some picture of his son.

"Thou hast read them all already, and will again at thy reckoning time. Unworthy scholar! hast thou forgotten at once both lessons and teachers?" cried the whole company with one voice, pouring on the schoolmaster all manner of reproaches for carelessness, neglect, and ingratitude to them. The clamour increased beyond endurance, and Kori Qu making a great effort to reply, started up from the table covered with his papers on the calendar, to hear the gongs of Teik See resounding in his ears, for the sunset light streamed through the empty school, and the voice of his wife Tisoma summoned him to the household feast. The strangers, with all their books and pictures, were gone, and Kori Qu knew that in that dream he had communed with his years. Men said that ever after the day of the vision he was less dreaded by his scholars, and more gentle with his son, who indeed never became a sage, but was known as a most successful grower of cotton: and in the after-days of his father's great honour in Bungo, this narrative was written for the instruction of all who will be admonished.

Nenqui here concluded, with a strong suspicion that his auditor had been asleep, and the saint did rub his eyes slightly as he observed, "My son, I fear there is something heretical in that tale, though the duties of a missionary do not allow me time to point out the erroneous passages; but if, like a good Christian, you commit the volume to my care, I will send it to the general of our order by the first ship, and receive as soon as convenient his opinion of its orthodoxy."

The trader in sandalwood had some hesitation in parting with the work of his ancestor, not to speak of

its Japanned bindings, till assured on the faith of St Francis that it should pass through the hands of all the great doctors in Christendom, and carry his name with it. In short, the saint departed with that book in his ragged pocket, and it is said to have been actually sent to Europe; but as the Christians were banished from Bungo in the following year, and Nan-qui preferred resuming the Bonze faith to losing his sandalwood warehouse, he never learned the conclusion of St Francis' general concerning the volume. Some say that Kori Qu's tale is still to be found among rare and curious manuscripts in the Vatican Library; others that it was included in the Inquisition's last consignment of heretical books to the fire. We have not yet ascertained which account is true, but the narrative seems worth preserving. It speaks of a far Eastern people, in the knowledge of whose language, customs, and faith, Europeans have made little progress since the days of Zavier's mission. Yet the attenders of Christian churches, and the readers of broad sheets in our gas-lighted towns, may learn to look backward on the teachings of time, and perhaps to make some allowance for less advanced scholars from the Bonze's Vision of Years.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

January 1851.

If Madame de Sevigné were your correspondent now, she would very likely begin with an event, and qualify it by a long string of adjectives, with which it would become the most curious, the most singular, the most remarkable, the most extraordinary, the most wonderful, the most astounding, the most marvellous, the most bewildering—that makes Dr Mantell put on his spectacles, and Professor Owen look to his homologies, and the Zoological Society hold up their hands—and wherefore? you will be ready to exclaim, or mutter something about a mountain and mouse, after all this preparation. Well, the wherefore is, that a large bird, the first ever seen (that is, by civilised folk), has been knocked down by a valorous hunter somewhere on the banks of the White Nile, and is now in the hands of that famous ornithologist Mr Gould, who will shortly render a true and faithful account of the *rara avis*. And so I shall say no more than that the creature has long legs, long neck, the head of a whale, and lives on young crocodiles. There is something new under the sun after all!

What next? The Exhibition of course. I went up to look at the building a day or two before eighteen hundred and fifty ran off the reel, and it was easy to see that finishing by the end of December was out of the question; and now the contractors have a mouth's further grace. All parties connected with it, thinkers as well as doers, have a busy time of it, for the amount of business is overwhelming; but the commissioners have now removed up to their offices in the Crystal Palace, and there, with some forty or fifty clerks to aid, they will doubtless accomplish their task. Already the number of cases of goods 'advised,' as about to be forwarded, is about 2000; and the receiving and unpacking of these will not be a little task. The plan suggested for arranging the manufactures and products, is to place them geographically—that is, to begin at one end of the edifice with northern contributions, and so go on, zone by zone, the transept serving as the equatorial region, until the southern limit is reached. We are to have something particularly famous in the shape of cabinet furniture from Vienna, and 10,000 visitors to boot; and if metropolitan scenes are to be depended on, 1,000,000 of foreigners at least will be

attracted hither. At the rate of 5000 a day, it will take 200 days to bring them all over. Mr Owen Jones's theory for the painting of the inside of the glass-house excites some discussion: one set of partisans condemn it, another set uphold it: these cry, *twixt*—those, elegant. It is a question of importance when one considers the vast extent of decoration. Such of your country readers as are fond of walking may amuse themselves by taking 700 paces along a level road; they will then have a pretty true idea of the length of the Exhibition-room.

Leaving this *ferrovitreous* subject—to borrow a word of recent coinage—there is news of afeat peculiarly refreshing to Fieldays of the Geographical Society. That Mexican mountain, Popocatépetl—I hope you will be able to pronounce it!—has been ascended for the first time since the days of the Spanish conquest under Cortez, by a party of eight Englishmen, who came down faster than they went up, and made a holiday of the event. Old Chimborazo's turn is to come next. There are tidings, too, of the African Exploring Expedition conducted by Mr Richardson: the party had travelled the great Soudan route from Ghat to Aheer, and when last heard of, were at Selonfet, in the latter country. Of course you know where it is, so I need not particularise. Beside this, there are projects for the further exploration of Southern and Central Africa, as well as the north. Then there is a man named Wise—is he really so?—who proposes to fly round the globe in a balloon at such an elevation in the atmosphere as to insure a steady current blowing in one direction. It will be a long time before he writes *probatum est* after his recipe for this performance. And apropos of travelling, as though there were not ocean steamers sufficient, a company at Rotterdam contemplate the building of four powerful vessels to trade between that city and New York. More social links! And as though all present emigration fields were over-populated, Vancouver's Island is to be colonised. Fine climate; fertile soil for grain, grass, or greens; land in twenty-acre lots at £1 an acre; and provision for religious worship and scholastic training; all promoted and sanctioned by the Hudson's Bay Company. It is but a few days' sail from California. Think of that! And the electric telegraph has a word to say for itself: it is always thrusting itself into places where it has never been before. The B. E. T. C., which means Brit. Elec. Tel. Comp., are making demonstrations towards stretching their wires from Dublin along the coast to Belfast, and from thence submerging them to Scotland. Holyhead, too, is to be brought into a wiry connection with Liverpool, whereby the merchants of the Mersey may have early advices about storms and steamers, shipwreck and ships. In New York some of the leading manufacturers have a telegraph from their counting-houses in the city to their factories two or three miles away in the suburbs, and find a saving in the items of errand-boys and messengers. Then, to come to another topic, the fumifugists are talking about the abolition of smoke: London is to get rid of its fuliginous canopy, and Manchester is cited in proof of possibility. At one of the factories in that Lancastrian mart, which during the smoke system consumed seventy-eight tons of coal per week, not more than twenty-eight tons are now required to do the same amount of work. In another the saving is forty tons per week, and the proprietor wished that the practice of enforcing the new regulation were more general. 'It would,' he said, 'save no trifles in the cleaning of windows, as well as prove beneficial to the public health.' Let us hope that the talk will not end in smoke. Talking of Manchester reminds me of Macclesfield, where the working-population have collected £800, entirely among themselves, towards a park and free library. Well done, weavers! And this in turn reminds me that our baths and washhouses are ~~now~~ in

ing, though as yet we do not come up to our foreign neighbours. There are 125 bathing establishments in Paris, exclusive of those on the Seine. We beat them, however, in cheapness, for there the lowest price is forty centimes, the highest, eighty—4d. and 8d.: here it is 2d. to 8d. The number of persons who bathed in the year was 2,116,300, which, for each inhabitant, gives rather less than three baths in the twelve months. And last, to wind up these miscellaneous items, a good deal of debate is going on in legal circles touching reformations in law; there are many lumbering processes, which, after the example set by the Americans, might, in Red Republican phraseology, be 'neutralised'—that is, strangled.

What next—science or literature? You will perhaps say both; and so for the first-mentioned. The secretary of the Royal Academy of Brussels tells us that Signor Capocci of Naples gives an account of an meteorite which passed over the Mediterranean in November, and fell near Tunis. The remarkable fact connected with it was, that it moved in a zigzag line, and the noise of its explosion was followed by a luminous appearance, which gradually assumed a smoky character, and remained visible for half an hour. The phenomenon is supposed to be in some way connected with the periodical showers of falling stars. The same secretary makes known also that, as nearly as can be ascertained, the number of earthquake shocks that took place in all parts of the world in 1849 was eighty. The greatest number was felt in December. One of the most remarkable occurred in February at Katwyk, on the coast of Holland. During one of the lowest tides of the North Sea, the water rose suddenly to an enormous height, and flooded the shores, and two minutes afterwards fell to their former level. No shock was felt, but a submarine earthquake was supposed to be the cause of the disturbance. M. Morren, a member of the Academy, has succeeded in an undertaking commenced ten years ago under the auspices of the institution—the growing of *vanilla* in Belgium. After numerous trials, disappointments, and delays, he now says—'Experience has proved that the culture of *vanilla* on a large scale is possible in Europe; some pods produced at Liege were sent to Mexico, and brought back to Belgium, to circumvent ridiculous prejudices, and by several first-class merchants were taken to be a superior quality of American growth.' I need hardly add that the plants must be grown in a hot-house.

It seems to have been a point of interest with botanists of late to bestow a more than usual attention on foreign vegetable productions; and apart from what is going on here, one continually hears that the members of the Académie at Paris are pursuing the same subject. The minister of the interior has recently requested them to take measures for bringing over specimens of the *aracacha*, an edible root likely to become a useful alimentary resource. If matters can be arranged, a French traveller now in South America is to be the bearer. Then a M. Pierre proposes the bark of the *baobab*, *Adansonia digitata*, as a remedy for intermittent fevers, and states that a French physician at Guadeloupe makes use of it in treating the negroes. He himself has tried it for two years in hospitals at Paris with perfect success. The dose was thirty grammes in a little more than a pint of water; the taste of the decoction is not unpleasant, and it is free from some of the inconveniences peculiar to Peruvian bark. Considering the high price of preparations of quinine, and of sulphate of quinine, even when adulterated, M. Pierre's opinion that the Académie would do well to import specimens of various kinds of bark, and test their properties, and thereby confer a benefit on the community. Already, at the suggestion of the school of Pharmacy of Paris, the minister of agriculture and commerce has caused several hundredweights of *baobab* bark to be imported from Senegal, which

is to be distributed gratuitously to practitioners who may be desirous of trying it. We shall probably hear more of this new remedy before long. Bearing on the same subject is the communication by M. Herran, chargé d'affaires of the republic of Costa Rica in Mexico, concerning a grain used as an antidote to serpent bites, which the Indians brought for sale to Cartagena for the first time in 1828. It is called *cedron*, and grows on the slopes of the Andes. Its remedial action on the most deadly bite was found to be so prompt, that it sold for a doubloon the grain. It is taken as powder in some liquid, mostly brandy, and a piece of linen wet with a solution of the same spirit and saltpetre is to be applied to the wound. A repetition of the dose or dressing is seldom needed to effect a cure; and it is said that *cedron* will relieve certain cases of fever in which quinine has failed.

While on the subject of medicine, I may mention that M. F. Curie has laid before the Académie his views as to a means of preventing sea-sickness. Tourists and voyagers will assuredly erect a monument to his honour. He explains that, as it is the movement of the diaphragm which causes the sickness, we have only to countercheck it by inspiring as the vessel descends, and expiring when it rises, breathing faster or slower according to the vivacity of the wind and the motion of the vessel. Another *savant*, M. Clément, has sent in a memoir with a long title—'Researches on the Modifications which the Blood undergoes in Men and Animals, otherwise in a state of Health, when they are Momentarily subjected to Acute Pain capable of rapidly expending the Organism.' The author states that he had a double object: to prove that modifications do inevitably take place in the case indicated, and in what they consist. The result briefly expressed is, that under the influence of pain the blood loses a portion of its fibrin and albumen without parting with any of its globules. And on comparing the chemical composition of the blood with that of the soft tissues, especially muscle, he is led to enter new considerations on the functions which the fibrin and albumen perform in the offices of nutrition and respiration, of which he promises an account in due season.

The news from America respecting electro-motive power has now assumed a more definite shape, Professor Page, the inventor, having exhibited a machine at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Its construction and working are based on the fact, that a soft iron bar will remain suspended within a magnetised helix, although placed vertically; and thus by a mode of suspending a pair of heavy bars, each three feet long and six inches in diameter, within a pair of helices, and rising or falling according as the galvanic circuit is open or shut, he has produced an engine of ten horse-power. The heavier the bars, the greater the power and economy; the addition of some half-dozen pairs of plates to the battery suffices effectually to energise the greater weight of metal, and 'the expense was found to be less than the most expensive steam-engines'—ten cents an hour, it is said, for each horse-power. We are shortly to have more exact and circumstantial details than those as yet published.

Now we will come home again for a little while. Mr Wheatstone, whose name is well known to all who are acquainted with mechanical science, has invented an apparatus which, by a simple mechanism, ~~shows the~~ ^{shows} the interference of two systems of waves—a contrivance much desired by British and foreign philosophers; and from the other side of St George's Channel we hear of experiments of considerable value in these days of sanitation and scientific agriculture. Professor Edmund Davy of Dublin has just published the results in his 'Essay on the Use of Peat or Turf as a Means of Promoting the Public Health and the Agriculture of the United Kingdom.' The deodorising properties of peat, in the form of charcoal, have been for some time pretty

well known; it occurred, however, to the professor, that as creosote, one of the most powerful of antiseptics, is found in peat, the latter would possibly prove efficacious without the charring. 'Multiplied experiments,' he observes, 'on the most offensive putrid matters I could procure, more than realised my most sanguine expectations; and I have most clearly established the fact, that our common peat or turf, and turf-mould, in all their variety of colours, as black, brown, red, &c.—in all their changes of form, as solid, compact, fibrous, friable, &c.—in what is sometimes called fluid-peat, and at other times flow-peat or quagmire, as they are all found in our bogs, but only sold in our shops as peat or turf, and turf-mould—have similar deodorising and disinfecting properties as when charred, and that these properties may be increased to a certain extent by the most simple and inexpensive means—namely, by separating water from it, either by exposure to the sun's rays in dry weather, or by artificial heat, without charring it, and by reducing it to a minute state of division, or to fine powder.' This is the grand fact; turf powder at once neutralises the offensive and noxious smells of animal and vegetable substances, converting them into a manure 'not inferior to the guanos imported,' of which nearly 220,000 tons were brought into this country in 1845.

There are 2,830,000 acres of peat-soil in Ireland; one half may be cultivated, while the other, which varies in thickness from six to forty feet, will serve as a mine of wealth, health, and labour. Professor Davy recommends that in hospitals, ships, or large establishments, whenever offensive matters accumulate, a constant supply of turf-powder should be kept, to be sprinkled from an instrument similar to a flour-dredger, whenever required.

Vast preparations, as most persons are aware, are making for the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and certain articles are already on their way from distant countries. Unfortunately, our very wretched laws of patents and copyright in design are likely to prevent parties from contributing. On this subject, which well deserves public consideration, the *Art Journal* for January has the following observations:—'French manufacturers feel that the English law, as now existing, gives them little or no protection, and they urged upon our notice the importance of some definite settlement of the question, so as to leave no doubt respecting the result. It was observed to us by the head of an extensive firm who carries on a very considerable business with this country, that his travellers visit England for orders annually in the months of January and February. "Now," he continued, "I am getting up some very beautiful things for your Exposition in May, but there is at present nothing to prevent my designs being copied, and similar goods manufactured by your countrymen, and sold in England before my agents can go their rounds in 1852. If I find this cannot be prevented, I must decline contributing." This is to be regretted. Speaking of the Exhibition, a prize of one hundred guineas is offered for the best essay to show "In what respect the Union of all Nations of the Great Exhibition of 1851 is calculated to further the Moral and Religious Welfare of Mankind, &c." One "respect" presents itself readily, in reply—let manufacturers make honest goods at a fair price, and let buyers cease to believe that the cheapest is the best. And here, having touched upon literature, I may tell you that publishers are talking about the additional restrictions recently imposed by German governments on the diffusion of literature and books within their territories; and it is thought that, if persevered in, it may lead to the removal of the great Leipzig book-fair to some freer locality. Some time ago the Academy of Sciences of Brussels proposed a prize question: "Show the Causes of Pauperism in Flanders, and indicate the Means to Remedy them." From among the essays sent in in

reply, two were selected—one for "honourable mention," the other for the gold medal and publication. The latter is by M. Duguetiau, an able writer, and master of his subject. He treats the question scientifically, showing what are permanent and what accidental causes. They may be enumerated as changes in trade, vicissitudes of labour, the minute subdivision of land, deficient education, want of foresight, and absence of institutions for the cultivation of that faculty, want of proper mendicity laws, general apathy, and misplaced charity—the whole producing a fund of misery out of which pauperism grows rankly, as foul weeds from a midden. In 1848 the average of beggars to the population of Flanders was 31 per cent. The remedy consists not so much in new methods as in a wiser application of those already operative; the credit system requires to be amended to become more compatible with the full development of industry; a system of emigration must be fostered, and schools of navigation and agriculture. Industrial operations are to be developed and perfected, new markets sought for, superabundance of population to be prevented, and supplies of food made certain at low cost. Above all, there must be a profound and radical reform in the education of the working-classes, and their prejudices destroyed by removing their ignorance. M. Duguetiau does not overlook the efficacy of individual effort; for he says, "the state cannot hope to create all and direct all—to incarnate, so to speak, in itself all reform and all progress: it would sink under the task. If centralisation has its advantages, it has also its inconveniences. By absorbing, as it were, into the government the life and activity of the nation, the national strength is in reality weakened in the same way that, by causing a flow of blood towards the head and the heart, the limbs are weakened and the body predisposed to apoplexy." One of the examiners to whom the work was referred is of opinion that the misery now endured by so large a portion of society is only a state of probation through which we are to pass to better things, if we will but have patience and faith in honest endeavour, and not assume to ourselves the "foolish pretence of laying down the itinerary of Providence."

There, if you are not tired, I am; so farewell till next month.

THE CROW AND THE GOOSE.

'Kakopee guttre, jodhee kanchonanee,
E Rokhee pakhe, mooktho adhe bidisto;
Heera deo manikau choncho prodehe,
Tauhappe kaugau, lotchun hungshorajo!'

I HAPPENED to be in London last Michaelmas-day; and it was while inhaling the sweet-smelling savour, and contemplating the plump yet delicate proportions of a goose (certainly not an octogenarian) which was placed on the table before me, that I caught myself ejaculating the above lines. I had often heard them repeated during my sojourn in India, in tones of solemn admiration by my learned pundit Rane Narain, though I could never cordially join with him in the enthusiastic eulogies he bestowed upon them. They may be rendered into English thus—'Though the crow were ornamented with pearls, and bedecked with gold, diamonds, and rubies, yet in mien he would never equal thee, oh goose!' Some learned commentators will have it that the swan is here meant; but in this I cannot agree with them; simply because you may travel from the Indus to the Megna, and from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, and neither see nor hear of a swan, black or white. Hungshorajo, therefore, means a goose, and as, since the above-mentioned Michaelmas-day, I have been gradually coming over to my old pundit's views, I shall now endeavour to show that this admiration was not altogether misplaced.

The rock is unknown in India, and ravens are rare, and, as elsewhere, rather shun human habitations. The crow here alluded to is therefore the jackdaw, which abounds in Bengal, and is the same noisy, vain, pest, and

familiar animal which we find depicted in Grecian fable—ingenious enough when filling the half-empty jug with stones, but vain and presuming—cheated out of his cheese by the flattery of the fox, and plucked of his borrowed plumes by the indignant peacock. By the Bengalee, the crow is looked upon as quite a pest. Immediately after dawn, his noise and chatter disturb alike the invalid and the sluggard; nor can any one, heathen or Christian, indulge in a siesta, without finding the crow perched in the neem-tree which shades his hut, or sitting on the shutter of his window, cawing away, as if quite in love with his own discordant music. He is, withal an unscrupulous predicator. The cook of the European cannot turn his back without finding a chop abstracted, and the sweetmeat of the child is hardly safe while on its way to his mouth. The crow may sometimes be seen making hasty darts at a confectioner's viands, which he is preparing for a sacrifice, or leisurely picking the grains of rice from a lotus or plantain leaf, after a wedding or a shradhoo; or occasionally, to the horror of the Hindoo, he may be seen floating in company with the raven, perched upon a bloated and half-burned human body which has risen to the surface, after having been for a time immersed in the sacred bosom of Gunga. The crow, therefore, is looked upon as anything rather than a clean animal, while he is generally regarded as a pert, noisy, and cunning thief.

As the goose, on the other hand, was looked upon with respect by the wise nations of antiquity, and revered by the Romans as the saviour of their capitol from the Gauls, so with the Hindoos it is a favourite bird, and is frequently kept in their villages. The Hindoo loves the goose because it is a paragon of cleanliness—ever, like himself, dabbling in water, performing its ablutions, and smoothing its white plumes; living also, like himself, on rice, or on the paddy or young grass of the plant. The goose also is the Bahon or vehicle of Brimba, the creator, and meets on that account with no small modicum of reverence. Wild geese are admired for the wisdom they show in their migrations and well-arranged flight, and also for their prudence and circumspection in guarding against surprise; while from the height at which they fly, and the beauty of their aerial movements, they are supposed to hold intercourse with spiritual beings. One thing used at first to puzzle me. My pundit thought he could pay no higher compliment to his mistress than to compare her walk to that of a graceful goose! but I have since learned to think this natural enough—the kind of gait which we speak of disparagingly as 'a waddle' being perhaps inseparable from that degree of obesity which an Oriental considers an essential ingredient in female beauty. I may add here, what perhaps was not known to my Hindoo friend, that the goose is an affectionate animal, and capable, when kindly treated, of forming a strong attachment to its human protector; an instance of which was given in a previous number of the 'Journal.' But, on the whole, I cannot help thinking that my worthy pundit's admiration of the goose would have been still more intensified, could his prejudices have allowed him to share my last Michaelmas dinner, and to see his favourite, divested of his plumes, and served up, stuffed and seasoned, in the most approved style of fashion.

ROMAN MEDICINE STAMPS.

Professor Simson ~~had~~ read a curious paper in the Royal Society of Edinburgh upon the subject of ancient Roman medicine stamps. The immediate subject of attention was a stamp of this kind which was found a few years ago in the ruins of what was supposed to be a Roman house at Tranent in Haddingtonshire. It appears that about sixty such articles have been found in various places throughout Western Europe where the Romans had stations. A medicine stamp is a small oblong stone, with a legend cut in the manner of a seal on one side, so as to produce an impression on a soft or plastic substance. The inscription usually contains the name of the practitioner, the name of the medicine, and the disease for

which the drug was used. Nearly, if not quite all the medicine stamps yet discovered refer to diseases of the eyes; and co-relatively to this fact, we learn that the Roman medical writers describe a great number of *collyria*, or medicines for the eyes, many of which passed by the names of the physicians who had invented them. On the Tranent stamp there are legends on two sides, which, with some slight filling up by Professor Simson, read as follows:—

L. VALLATINI EVODES AD CICATRICES ET AMPERITUDINES.
L. VALLATINI APALOCROCODES AD DIATHESSES.

Respectively translated thus:—*The Evodes of Lucius Vallatinus for cicatrices and granulations*—*The mild crocodiles of Lucius Vallatinus for affections of the eyes*. The *evodes* was a medicine so called from its pleasant odour, and the *crocodiles* was one which derived its name from the crocus or saffron involved in its ingredients. To a modern inhabitant of Scotland, it is curious to think of a medical practitioner using these medicines for ophthalmic diseases at a place which is now a colliers' village, though in the midst of a fertile district. Tranent, it may be remarked, is only four or five miles from Inveresk, which was a *colonia* or town of the Romans. The medicine stamp is among the many curious objects now shown, with great liberality towards the public, by the Society of Scottish Antiquaries at their museum in Edinburgh.

THE IVORY TRADE.

Few persons have an idea of the value and extent of the importations of ivory into Southampton, principally from Alexandria, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. The demand has greatly increased during the last few years; and although the supply has been considerably augmented, it is not equal to the demand. The tusks and pieces (nearly 3000 in all) brought here by the *Ripon* on her last voyage were lately sold by public auction in London, and readily realised from 18s. to 25s. per pound, the whole producing nearly £25,000, the greater portion of which was paid down immediately, a discount of 2½ per cent. being allowed for cash, but the payment is not extended beyond one month from the day of sale. It appears that large quantities of tusks which have been from time to time shed by wild elephants are found buried in the deserts of Arabia. These are bought up principally on account of the pasha of Egypt, and then transmitted to England for sale. Some of the teeth imported in the *Ripon* were of this class, and in an advanced state of decay, such as it must have taken centuries to produce.—*Hampshire Independent.*

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again.—Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal.—Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride—and she will not respect you more or love you better for it.—Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault.—Do not often invite your friends to jaunt, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself.—If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof.—Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere.—Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion at least of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By doing so, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 371. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

BELIEF is an intellectual concession not always agreeable to self-love. To profess disbelief conveys an impression of superior knowingness. There is, therefore, a great deal of scepticism which has scarcely any root but vanity. We see the operation of these feelings in the discussions which occasionally take place in social circles regarding such probationary sciences as mesmerism. When a respectable person avows his belief, the rest look on him with a kind of pity. He is thought 'green'—a terrible stigma in England. His neighbours, who had regarded him as an equal before, now feel themselves his superiors. He, on the other hand, feels it to be somewhat hard that the accidental rencontre of something which he was constrained to believe should subject him to this contemptuous treatment, with no alternative but that of a concealment of his convictions. Let him not, however, be too ready to complain, for very probably, before this rencontre, he was as sceptical as any, as resolved against yielding to any testimony on the subject, and as serenely compassionate towards those who were so unlucky as to have had their scepticism removed.

I am going to make an ingenuous confession, which I fear will cause many to turn away with disdain from this paper: so be it—I might have so acted myself three weeks ago. The contempt of the reader will give me less pain than the reflection that I have so often expressed myself with an unreasoning scepticism regarding what I now believe. But to my recital.

I was lately invited to the house of a friend, in order to witness some private experiments in what is called 'electro-biology.' The experimentalist was an American gentleman named Darling, who for some months had been giving lectures on the subject in various towns throughout Scotland. I had heard of some extraordinary feats, as they may be called, which he had performed at the mansion of the Earl of Eglington in Ayrshire—such as the arresting of a gentleman's hand as he was raising a glass of wine to his lips, and the fixing of a gentleman to his seat, or the causing him to start up from it under the sense of ~~Rs~~ being on fire. A Glasgow newspaper assured us that he had on several occasions thrown a number of persons into a peculiar condition, in which he fixed them in a hand-in-hand circle, so fast, that they could not separate—convinced them that they were at a feast, that they were under a heavy shower of rain, that they were drowning, that the audience was laughing at them, with the effect of drawing from them all the demonstrations of feeling suitable to the various situations or conditions in which they believed themselves to be. These were

results so entirely beyond the range of ordinary experience, that anything seemed preferable to belief. There was deception somewhere—collusion—false reporting. The beholders were a set of nimies, who had not looked sharply enough into the procedure of the experimentalist, or they would have detected the trick; and so forth. A friend whom I accompanied had precisely the same opinions, and he was under less restraint in expressing them. He openly professed his resolution to let the experiment be made upon himself, in the hope of demonstrating the fallacy of the whole matter.

The company assembled was composed of persons of both sexes, generally of the upper ranks of society. Most of them had been present at public demonstrations by Dr Darling, but these had not been very satisfactory. It was thought that a company of persons well known to each other, and whose recognised respectability placed them above suspicion, would supply patients qualified better to test the verity of the lecturer's professions. We sat down, about thirty in number, in a large drawing-room, and eight or nine persons, including two ladies, came forward as subjects. The lecturer disposed them in a row on chairs, and gave each a small disk, composed of zinc, with a spot of copper in the centre, on which he directed them to keep their eyes fixed for a quarter of an hour or so, in which time it would be ascertained whether any of them were to prove susceptible or not. Meanwhile silence was enjoined. My friend, who had seated himself amongst the rest, with the disk in the palm of his hand, cast me a waggish look before fixing himself in the proper attitude, as much as to say, Now you shall see this humbug exposed. I resolved, for my own part, to watch everything that was done with the greatest care, in the hope of detecting the *trick* on which I theoretically presumed the whole affair rested. It was soon to appear that trick on the part of the lecturer was entirely out of the question, and that all depended on the fidelity of his patients.

At the end of a quarter of an hour Dr Darling went softly up to the row of subjects, and said a few words to each in succession, apparently in order to ascertain the condition in which they were. It soon appeared that both ladies were in a favourable state, but that all the gentlemen but one were unaffected. These accordingly retired, and took their seats amongst the rest of the company. What was my surprise to find that the one gentleman who appeared susceptible was my friend! The experimentalist was aware of his previous scepticism, and of course felt the greater pleasure in having succeeded with him. He gently laid his hands over the eyes of my friend, and said to him, 'Now you cannot open them.' A hearty effort seemed

to be made, but in vain. The lecturer then said, 'Now you can open them ;' and he opened them accordingly. I questioned if he ever had occasion to open them wider. We communicated looks, testifying our common sense of surprise. We were, in fact, thrown out—he on finding himself become all at once the subject of suspicion to me and others—and I at finding myself called upon to watch one who had hitherto been my associate in the effort at detection. My friend was now requested to hold out his hands, laid palm to palm. Dr Darling, after a few passes, and pinching the fingers sharply together, said briskly, 'Now you can't separate them.' My friend tried in vain to take them asunder, till, on a nod and a word from the experimentalist, he did at length draw them apart. After a few passes along the limbs, my friend was told that he was fixed to his chair. He strained himself to rise, using the most violent muscular efforts ; but all in vain, till he received permission. He afterwards acknowledged to me that he had felt as if bound down to his seat by ropes. A touch on the lips imposed an involuntary dumbness on my friend. Not till told that he might now speak, could he utter a word. He was then told that he had forgotten his name. He nevertheless pronounced it. The experimentalist performed a few further manipulations, and said emphatically, 'Now you can't tell me your name !' Sure enough the word had vanished ! Our patient looked up with a blank expression, and then a stare of puzzlement, which I should vainly endeavour to describe. He finally cast a bewildered and pleading gaze upon his fascinator, who calmly smiled and nodded, as if to undo the spell, when out came the missing vocable, apparently to the no small relief of the patient. He was after this fixed to the ground standing. Sway as he might in all directions, not a foot could he move. Dr Darling also held up his fore-finger, and causing my friend to touch it, told him that he could not draw it away. He accordingly could not. Then, this spell being undone, the lecturer held up his fore-finger, and told my friend he could not touch it. He tried, darting his finger first on one side, then on another—above, below, in all directions but the right one. In short, my friend had become, from a proud sceptic and derider, a perfect victim. He withdrew from the field utterly discomfited. It appeared that he had never been asleep, but continued throughout to possess his usual consciousness. He had really done all he could to resist the commands of the operator ; but power had gone from him. He had been absolutely compelled in each case to submit.

The experimentalist now turned to one of the ladies ; and here a very interesting series of phenomena was presented. The lady, I may say by way of preface, is an intimate friend of my own. She is a tall, elegant person, about two years married, and the mother of one infant. Her figure is of that rounded kind which indicates an infusion of the lymphatic temperament. When found to be in the suitable state, I observed that her face was slightly flushed, and her eyes had an embarrassed expression ; but she bore no other signs of being in an extraordinary condition. Her, too, the lecturer fixed to her seat, and to the floor, and to his own finger. He caused her voice to desert her ; he made her forget her name ; passed, in short, through a repetition of the principal experiments which had been already practised with my friend. Then he proceeded to some of apparently a higher kind. He told the lady that she was sad, and sad to all appearance she was. He told her she must laugh ; and she laughed accordingly—heartily and long, not stopping till she was bid. She was now seated in the middle of the floor, so that every gesture and proceeding could be accurately seen. The lecturer said to her, 'Here is a miniature of your husband,' and seemed to place something in her hand. She took the ideal article, and looked at it with an interested expression, then proceeded to suspend it to a chain

containing similar trifles which hung round her neck, concluding the affair with the gratified look which a young woman might be expected to exhibit on having a pretty miniature of one she loved presented to her. The innocent grace shown in the whole of this fictitious proceeding drew forth exactly that kind of admiration from the company which would be bestowed on a piece of exquisitely-natural acting in a theatre. I suspect, however, it was a grace beyond the reach of art.' Dr Darling now ventured on a trying experiment. He bade the lady look at her husband, who, to our apprehension, sat smiling at her. He told her that her lord and master had taken a great dislike to her. She seemed arrested with a sudden sorrow, gazed painfully at her husband, and then we saw her eyes slowly fill with tears. This deception was quickly undone, but only to be followed by one not much less distressing to the patient. She was told that the company were enjoying themselves at her expense : they were all laughing at her. She assumed a proud expression, rose up majestically, and looked round and round the room with an air of contemptuous defiance. On this feeling being banished from her mind, she sat down again. The lecturer, pointing along the floor, said, 'You are fond of flowers—here is a fine flower-garden before you—you see beautiful beds of roses ;' and he added the names of other favourites of the English garden. The lady looked, and gradually began to assume a pleased expression, such as she might have manifested if led into the precincts of a Chatsworth or a Kew. She became fully convinced that she saw a flower-garden, although, as she afterwards told us, she never ceased to be aware of the fact that she was sitting in a room. Then Dr Darling affected to pluck flowers and hand them to her. She took them, snelt them, and arranged them in her bosom with the same graceful simplicity which had been manifested in stringing the miniature. 'This is a water-lily,' he said ; 'smell it.' She said, 'The water-lily has no smell ; but nevertheless went through the gesture of putting it to her nose, when we remarked that the expression of countenance was suitable to the fact of the inodorousness.' The lecturer then told her to look at the fine sunset (we were looking through eastern windows at a heavy gray sky) ; she beheld a fine sunset accordingly. Then he convinced her that she saw a fine park, and three gentlemen walking in it. 'And here,' he said, 'is a nice horse ; come and have a ride upon it.' She moved to the middle of the floor, with the look of one approaching a horse. She stroked the ideal palfrey, and took the bridle reins from Dr Darling's hand. He slightly raised her by the waist, and told her she was now mounted. She then went through the gestures appropriate to riding—got into a rapid movement—leant forward—suddenly clasp'd her cap at the back of her head, which she felt falling off—and finally stopped, a little exhausted with the exercise, and allowed herself to be in imagination lifted off upon the ground. Finally, after she had been rescued, Dr Darling put a tumbler of water into her hand, and desired her to taste that fine beer. She tasted, and admitted that it was beer. Next he convinced her that it was milk ; then it was water, with animalcules driving pell-mell through it. The air of implicit belief in all these cases was perfectly accordant with the presumable ~~acting~~. No intentional acting by the highest adept could have been truer to our conceptions of what was proper on each occasion.

The other lady, who was younger, and unmarried, was next placed on a sofa. The lecturer held her hands for a few minutes, looking into her face ; he then touched her eyebrows, and made a few other trifling manipulations. It quickly appeared that she had become as obedient to the volition of the lecturer as the first lady had been. On being told that she was sad, she assumed the aspect of a Niobe, forming the

finest possible study for that character. She was then told that her father, who was in the room, was in great affliction. She gazed fearfully at him for a minute, and clasping her hands wildly, threw herself back in a passion of tears. The experimentalist hastened in pity to relieve her from her distress. She smiled with wonder at the strange delusion under which she had been. She was then told that the company were laughing at her. She looked round fiercely, panted with suppressed rage, uttered some exclamations, and twisting her handkerchief like a rope between her hands, plucked at the two ends, as if she would have torn it asunder. In her the passion of wounded self-esteem was more violent than in the other lady, which afforded the lecturer occasion to remark that the demonstrations are more or less peculiar in every case, according to the natural character of the individual. On the whole, there was a somewhat alarming degree of susceptibility on the part of this subject, and at the request of her father the experiments were discontinued. I was assured, nevertheless, that no one had ever been known to be injured even in the slightest degree by undergoing these processes.

While the party was subsequently at lunch, I had a conference with my friend, as well as with the two female patients, in order—I need not say to test the reality of all these demonstrations, for their reality was beyond a question—but to learn what the patients had felt while subjected to the lecturer's will. It appeared that there never had, in any case, been any failure of consciousness. They knew where they were, and by whom they were surrounded. They were fully apprehensive of the wish of Dr Darling to subject them to his will, and anxious to defeat him in his design, my friend particularly so. But their physical powers proved treacherous to their desire, and they were compelled to obey another will than their own. At a last experiment, I requested the operator to try if he could arrest the hand of the married lady in lifting a glass of wine to her lips. He fairly stopped it in mid air. This was twenty minutes after leaving the room in which the experiments had taken place. I afterwards learned that she felt drowsy for a day or two after our *soirée*; and perhaps during all that time the lecturer might have re-established his power over her will, without going through any such preliminary process as the gazing upon the disk.

Being no longer a sceptic on this subject, I am disposed to show, if possible, that others may safely abandon the same position. What, after all, is the phenomenon professedly effected? No more than a play upon the human will. Have we not heard all our lives of people being set a-yawning by a wag who merely began yawning in their view? Have we not heard of men who were forced to imitate every gesture of some one in their company? Have we not all heard of the English officer in the Seven Years' War, whom his companions could converse with in his sleep, and convince of anything? They even conducted him through the whole process of a duel, till the ideal firing of the pistols awoke him by its fifeied noise.* We are also familiar with manias for dancing, which took possession of large circles of people during the middle ages, and which clearly presuppose some positive condition in which the human will loses its usual force and tension. In the diseases of hysteria, epilepsy, and catalepsy, there are phenomena quite as extraordinary and wonderful as those of so-called 'electro-biology,' and indeed, to all appearance much allied to them, the only peculiarity here being, that, under a slight access of stupor, artificially brought on, they can be produced at will in a healthy person. It therefore appears to be not very reasonable to treat these experiments with a determined incredulity. I have been

gratified to find a more rational spirit in a philosopher of the highest reputation—the present president of the British Association, Sir David Brewster. In a letter written to a newspaper after some experiments which he had witnessed, he says—'The gentlemen present were the Duke of Argyle, Mr Callander of Craigforth, Colonel Gore Brown of the 21st Fusiliers, Professor Gregory, and myself; and I believe they were all as convinced as I was that the phenomena which we witnessed were real phenomena, and as well established as any other facts in physical science. The process by which the operator produces them—the mode by which that process acts upon the mind of the patient—and the reference of the phenomena to some general law in the constitution of man—may remain long unknown; but it is not difficult to see in the recent discoveries of M. Dibois Reymond and M. Matteucci, and in the laws which regulate the relative intensity of the external and internal impressions of the nerves of sensation, some not very indistinct indications of that remarkable process by which minds of peculiar sensibility are temporarily placed under the dominion of physical influences developed and directed by some living agent.'†

Perhaps there would be less incredulity in regard to these wonders if their real character were steadily contemplated. There is a great distinction, I would say, to be drawn between such phenomena and certain so-called modern miracles. When a man tells me that a picture of a wounded person has bled at the painted wounds, I readily feel assured that he speaks of a physical impossibility, and that the appearances, if any, have been produced by trick. But when I am told that one person has established a peculiar control over another, I see nothing like an impossibility, because the alleged facts appear in some relation, although an obscure one, to phenomena already recognised. There would also be more candour towards such phenomena as are here described, if men were studious of truth alone. But some men feel that they cannot afford to incur the charge of a too ready faith in novelties. They have medical or scientific reputations to be nursed, and which they must save from any risk of damage. Some men qualified to serve science will take no step which would tend to confer a glory upon one of whose doings in science they are jealous or contemptuous. The lovers of truth for its own sake are a few, and they are not always willing to take the martyrdom attending a priority of acknowledgment. Thus all such discoveries as these have their period of struggle, with the whole band of good reputations embattled against them. They may be consoled, however—when they at length triumph, it will be not merely admitted by former opponents, but asserted, that all this was perfectly well known long ago.†

THE PORTLAND PRISON.

At the extreme south-west corner of the county of Dorset, there is at the present moment being silently worked out a problem which has perplexed some of the greatest statesmen, and grieved some of the most enlightened philanthropists of this country. The problem is not, 'What shall we do with our convicts?' but, 'Can we so measure their punishment, that while justice shall be satisfied and crime expiated, the criminals themselves may be reclaimed to society without being a burden on the state?'

The island of Portland, in which this interesting experiment is at present on trial, presents some singular natural features. An immense mass of stone, upwards of eight miles in circumference, has been thrown up to, in some places, a height of 490 feet. Upon this

* Edinburgh Evening Courant, Dec. 28, 1850.

† We deem it right to say that the above article proceeds from such a source as to leave no kind of doubt regarding the fidelity of the narration.—ED.

rock have existed for a long period a peculiar race of people, whose chief employment has been that of 'hewers of stone,' and who, though distant only four miles from a fashionable watering-place, have ever preserved the character of a hardy, uneducated, retired class of men, who have never married out of their island. This strange 'table-land' is connected with Weymouth by the Chesil beach. For a distance of fully ten miles this beach, composed of myriads of pebbles, extends; forming an unbroken line of spray and foam to that extent whenever the waters of the Atlantic lash its shores. The island is said to produce a large quantity of wild arrow-root, and the little bird called the wheat-ear, in great abundance. Its diminutive race of sheep is highly prized by the gourmands of the adjoining watering-place.

The Portlanders continued very quietly to pursue their occupation of quarrying, until the commencement of the great breakwater at Cherbourg excited the apprehensions of those who had hitherto relied on our naval supremacy. Fears of invasion led to the idea of constructing a breakwater to protect the shipping of Weymouth; but though long agitated, the project did not assume a practical form till very recent times. It was so late as May 1847 that the bill for the construction of a breakwater received the royal assent. It is probable that the idea of making Portland a receptacle for convicts did not occur to the government until the applicability of convict labour became apparent; when, the peculiar isolated situation of Portland, its desolate aspect, its contiguity to a military dépôt, added to the loudly-expressed dislike of the colonies to the reception of convicts, and the suspension of transportation for a period owing to the want of demand for convict labour—combined to lead the government to the design of making Portland a large convict establishment, and of performing the great national work in hand by convict labour. Accordingly, in the summer of 1847, Lieutenant-colonel Jebb, surveyor-general of prisons, was directed to prepare the necessary plans, and in November 1848 an establishment capable of receiving 850 prisoners was opened at Portland. On the 25th of July in the following year, the first stone of the breakwater was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

It will now be necessary to take a brief glance at the mode in which transportation is at present carried out. Probably many of our readers are already aware that a convict is now subjected to three distinct stages of punishment. The first is passed in separate confinement in Millbank, Pentonville, or one of the jails fitted for the reception of convicts; the second is to be passed at Portland where practicable, or at one of the dock-yards; and the third stage is to be undergone in one of the colonies, with a ticket of leave. No sooner is a prisoner made acquainted with the punishment awarded for his offence, than the law humanely places in his hands the power of commutation. The longest period of detention in separate confinement is eighteen months; but this term the prisoner may by good conduct materially shorten, and in some cases convicts sentenced to only seven years' transportation may avoid altogether the second stage, and be passed from Millbank or Pentonville direct to the colonies. Here, again, in this second stage the convict has his lot placed very much at his own disposal. A prisoner under sentence of eighteen years' transportation would, under ordinary circumstances, be detained six and a-half years, which term, by good conduct, he might reduce to three years; and even a 'life' convict may obtain, by exemplary behaviour, the comparative freedom of a ticket of leave, after undergoing a year's probation, and serving six years on public works.

The distinctive features of the discipline of the Portland prison are—a combination of associated labour by day, with separation by means of cells at night; and

a system of rewards and encouragements to convicts, which, if they are not as hardened as the stone they work upon, cannot but stimulate them to industry and good conduct. Respecting the Combined, Separate, and Associated Systems, the intelligent governor of the establishment, Captain Whittle, observes, 'When in their cells, strict silence is enforced upon the prisoners; but during the hours of labour (which is always carried on under the immediate superintendence of the prison officers), they are allowed to converse to such an extent as not to interrupt the progress of their work. The effect of maintaining this greater degree of restraint, while actually within the prison walls, is to cause the convicts to proceed without unwillingness to their daily labour, as relieving them from the irksomeness of separation, of which they have had so much experience during the previous probationary period of their sentences. The frequent recurrence of this restraint acts also as a wholesome check on the natural tendency of the labour outside the walls to relax strict prison discipline.'

It might be feared that the Associated System would render nugatory the effects of the previous separate confinement, but (to say nothing of the total impossibility of carrying out any other system upon such works as the Portland Breakwater) it must be borne in mind that the prisoners are not confined together in yards, or left to spend their time in idleness, but are actively and steadily kept at work in the open air and in daylight, under the watchful supervision of the prison officers. The appalling vices that have brought condemnation on the Associated System have been emphatically 'deeds of darkness.' But upon this point a competent authority has, even while we are writing, spoken out in words of most significant import. 'I could not have believed,' says the Ordinary of Newgate, in his Report for 1850—'I could not have believed, had I not witnessed its results, how very important an effect is produced in prison discipline by the mere introduction of light. As a matter, not of luxury to the prisoners, but of supervising influence, its effects are most striking. I have referred to the improved habits and manners of convicts by merely keeping them at light and easy work; but this effect is less apparent than the alteration now visible in the sleeping wards of transports, remembering what it used to be when they slept in darkness, and what may now be seen under the beneficial influence of light. If one-fiftieth part of what has been told me by convicts sentenced to imprisonment in the hulks be true (and I admit and allow for the doubtful nature of such testimony), the transport wards of Newgate were, at their worst condition, palaces of light compared with the dark designs and deeds of those dissolved and lost men when they were shut up in darkness of mind and body.'

We come now to the system of rewards and encouragements. The old saying 'One person may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot force him to drink,' was felt in all its force when the associated labour system was commenced. Upon the treadwheel the most obstinate *must* work, and at the accustomed rate; but in open-air work there is no stimulating power beyond a convict's own free will. To create this stimulus, a careful record is kept in a 'conduct book' of the prisoner's behaviour; and he is provided with a badge, which is worn upon the arm, and ~~shifted~~ every month. By means of a few figures and a single letter, it expresses—the length of transportation, the time spent in prison, and whether the conduct has been good or bad. To a prisoner not entirely irreclaimable, the mere exhibition of this badge among his fellows cannot be without its effects. If it record a continued course of good conduct, the wearer may be supposed to feel an honourable pride in displaying it; while, if it chronicle misconduct, there are few who could exhibit it without some feeling of shame. The system, we are

told, works well, and even ill-conducted prisoners evince a desire to regain a lost good-conduct mark.

But the most stimulating regulation is the division of the prisoners into classes, with a direct inducement in money. The Lords of the Admiralty having allowed the sum of 1s. per week for the work of each convict employed on the breakwater, the convict, after being thoroughly impressed with the fact that, as a felon, he has no *claim* to any part of his earnings, is advised that, as an incentive to industry, he may receive, if a first-class man, 9d. per week; if a second-class man, 6d.; if a third-class man, 4d.; and that, in addition, a gratuity of from 3d. to 6d. per week will be allowed for 'extra exertion.' The total allowance to a prisoner is placed to his credit, and forwarded to the governor of the colony to which he is sent, to be applied for his benefit, as that authority shall think fit. Under this humane system, therefore, a prisoner, besides the power of shortening his sentence, is enabled by industry and good conduct to amass a fund which, with the aid of a ticket of leave, may place him in a situation of comparative independence. In certain cases the government adds the farther inducement of half the passage-money of wives and families wishing to join the convict in the colonies.

With all this care for the reclamation of the convict, there still exist the dangers of an overdone philanthropy. The reproach has been but too truly cast upon our prison reformers, that they have made the situation of a felon preferable to that of an independent labourer, or of the inmate of a workhouse. Too often he is fed and lodged better than the pauper, to whom the only stimulant offered is the rendering of his lot as uncomfortable as possible. It cannot be denied that there is much of truth in the assertion, that a felon is better treated than a pauper, for under no circumstances is a money reward offered to the latter, no matter how industrious or well-conducted he may be. The objection cannot entirely be removed, but in order to meet it in some measure, it is provided that prisoners of the first and second class may be removed to the lowest class for misconduct; that prisoners who habitually misbehave themselves are liable to be sent back to separate confinement, or to be removed to the horrors of a penal settlement; and that, after an uninterrupted course of good conduct in this country, they may still, for ill conduct on the voyage or at the colony, forfeit all the indulgences of a ticket of leave, and be sent back again to penal discipline.

The daily routine observed at Portland is as follows:—The prisoners rise in summer at five o'clock, in winter half an hour later; and when the weather and the season permit, work until eight o'clock. Prayers are said immediately before breakfast, which occupies half an hour. Labour is then resumed until the dinner hour, twelve o'clock; and again until supper-time, which varies with the season, from four to six o'clock. After this they attend evening prayer, and hear a daily lecture, retiring to rest at eight o'clock at all seasons of the year. Each prisoner attends the day-school half a day in each week, and the evening school in turn. The scholars are divided into twelve classes. Each class is opened by singing a hymn, after which a collect is repeated by one of the masters; and then a chapter in the Bible is read, verse by verse, by the prisoners. The first hour is passed in writing, the second in reading history or geography, and the remaining hour in *viva voce* questions on arithmetic, &c. The whole concludes with the singing of a hymn and a blessing.

A question of some importance to the politico-economist will be, 'Does the labour of the convicts defray the cost of their maintenance?' In a new establishment like Portland it is almost impossible at present to separate the preliminary from the annual expenses. The estimates for the present year (1850-1) were—

expenses, £19,800; value of labour, £15,000. The estimated number of convicts is 840; but allowances must be made for sick, &c. It is computed that, in 1849, the value of the labour actually performed was over £16 per convict. In the present estimates, their value is put at £18 per man. It does not appear, therefore, that the government will ever realise a profit by convict labour; nor does it seem desirable that it should do so. Compared, however, with the remunerative system of former times, the advantages are too manifest to be insisted on.

Connected with this is a question of a somewhat serious nature—'How will the system be carried out when the breakwater is completed? Other harbours of refuge and government works may be required, but where will be found a *locale* so favourable as Portland?' To this it may be answered, that the works at Portland will of necessity last several years; and that, when they are finished, the convicts may be employed in quarrying and preparing stone for the many government works that will always be in hand. And if it is objected that the employment of convict labour is a discouragement and injustice to the honest artizan, it may be urged that the labour superseded by the employment of convicts at Portland is of a difficult and even dangerous character, and that it is but poorly remunerated. Surely it is wiser and more economical, if convict labour must interfere with free labour, that it should supersede laborious and badly-paid employments here, rather than be sent abroad to flood remunerative and pleasant occupations in our colonies.

If we might venture a suggestion, we would advise the conversion into single cells of the Associated rooms, of which there are two, provided with fifty hammocks a piece.

It would be superfluous to comment upon the evident improvement which the humane and merciful system observed at Portland effects in our convict discipline. Even in our own day, the hulks and the convict-ward were described as the nearest approach to a 'hell upon earth.' Speaking of the recent visit of the Home Secretary to the Portland prison, a gentleman who holds a high official position remarked to the writer of this article—'I remember the time when it was positively dangerous to go among convicts. Now they are so changed, that you may go in among the gangs, and receive such civility that you can hardly believe you are in the company of convicted felons!' If the effect of the new system were merely a better behaviour on the convicts' part while in confinement, that alone—the fearful scenes in our old jails remembered—would be worth obtaining; but there is every reason to believe that while reclaiming, and even Christianising the present generation of felons, we are placing a check upon demoralisation that will produce a healthy influence hereafter.

THE LAST OF THE FIDDLERS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.*

THE midnight silence of the village is broken by unusual clattering sounds—a horse comes galloping along at the top of his speed, his rider crying aloud, 'Fire—fire! Help ho! Fire!' Away he rides straight to the church, and presently the alarm-bell is heard pealing from the steeple.

It is no easy matter to arouse the harvest folks, after a hard day's work, from their first sound sleep: there they lie, stretched as unconsciously as the corn in the fields which they have reaped in the sweat of their brow. But wake they must—there is no help for it. The stable-boys are the first on the alert—every one

* Communicated in the present form by a friend of Auerbach.

anxious to win the reward which, time out of mind, has been given to the person who, on occasion of a fire, is the first to reach the engine-house with harnessed horses. Here and there a light is seen at a cottage lattice—a window is opened—the men come running out of doors with their coats half drawn on, or in their shirt sleeves. The villagers all collect about the market-house, and the cry is heard on all sides, 'Where is it? Where's the fire?'

'In Eibingen.'

Question and answer were alike unneeded, for in the distance, behind the dark pine-forest, the whole sky was illuminated with a bright-red glow, in the stillness of the night, like the glow of the setting sun; while every now and then a shower of sparks rose into the air, as if shot out from a blast-furnace.

The night was still and calm, and the stars shone peacefully on the silent earth.

The horses are speedily put to the fire-engine, the buckets placed in a row, a couple of torches lighted, and the torch-bearers stand ready on either side holding on to the engine, which is instantly covered with men.

'Quick! out with another pair of horses! two can't draw such a load!'—'Down with the torches!'—'No, no; they're all right—tis the old way!'—'Drive off to Heaven's sake—quick!'

Such-like exclamations resounded on all sides. Let us follow the crowd.

The engine, with its heavy load, now rolls out of the village, and through the peaceful fields and meadows: the fruit-trees by the road-side seem to dance past in the flickering light; and soon the crowd hurry, helter-skelter, through the forest. The birds are awakened from sleep, and fly about in affright, and can scarcely find their way back to their warm nests. The forest is at length passed, and down below, in the valley, lies the hamlet, brightly illuminated as at noon-day, while shrieks and the alarm-bell are heard, as if the flames had found a voice.

See! what is yonder white, ghost-like form, in a fluttering dress, on the skirts of the forest? The wheels creak, and rattle along the stony road—no sounds can be distinguished in the confusion. Away! help! away!

The folks were now seen flying from the village with their goods and chattels—children in their bare shirts and with naked feet—carrying off beds and chairs, pots and pans. Has the fire spread so fearfully, or is this all the effect of fright?

'Where's the fire?'

'At Hans the Fiddler's.'

And the driver lashed his horses, and every man seemed to press forward with increased ardour to fly to the succour.

As they approached the spot, it was clearly impossible to save the burning cottage; and all efforts were therefore directed to prevent the flames extending to the adjoining houses. Just then everybody was busied in trying to save a horse and two cows from the shed; but the animals, terrified by the fire, would not quit the spot, until their eyes were bandaged, and they were driven out by force.

'Where's old Hans?' was the cry on all sides.

'Burnt in his bed to a certainty,' said some. 'Others declared that he had escaped. Nobody knew the truth.'

The old fiddler had neither child nor kinsfolk, and yet all the people grieved for him; and those who had come from the villages round about reproached the inhabitants for not having looked after the fate of the poor fellow. Presently it was reported that he had been seen in Urban the smith's barn; another said that he was sitting up in the church crying and moaning—the first time he had been there without his fiddle. But neither in the barn nor in the church was old Hans to be found, and again it was declared that he had been burnt to death in his house, and that his groans had

actually been heard; but, it was added, all too late to save him, for the flames had already burst through the roof, and the glass of the windows was sent flying across the road.

The day was just beginning to dawn when all danger of the fire spreading was past; and leaving the smouldering ruins, the folks from a distance set out on their return home.

A strange apparition was now seen coming down the mountain-side as if out of the gray mists of morning. In a cart drawn by two oxen sat a haggard figure, dressed in his bare shirt, and his shoulders wrapped in a horse-cloth. The morning breeze played in the long white locks of the old man, whose wan features were framed, as it were, by a short, bristly, snow-white beard. In his hands he clutched a fiddle and fiddle-stick. It was old Hans the village fiddler. Some of the lads had found him at the edge of the forest, on the spot where we had caught a glimpse of him, looking like a ghostly apparition, as we rattled past with the engine. There he was found standing in his shirt, and holding his fiddle in both his hands pressed tightly to his breast.

As they drew near the village, he took his fiddle and played his favourite waltz. Every eye was turned on the strange-looking man, and all welcomed his return, as if he had risen from the grave.

'Give me a drink!' he exclaimed to the first person who held out a hand to him. 'I'm burnt up with thirst!'

A glass of water was brought him.

'Bah!' cried the old man; 'twere a sin to quench such a thirst as mine with water: bring me some wine! Or has the horrid red cock drunk up all my wine too?'

And again he fell to fiddling lustily, until they arrived at the spot of the fire. He got down from the cart, and entered a neighbour's cottage. All the folks pressed up to the old fiddler, tendering words of comfort, and promising that they would all help him to rebuild his cottage.

'No, no!' replied Hans; 'tis all well. I have no home—I'm one of the cuckoo tribe that has no resting-place of its own, and only now and then slips into the swallow's nest. For the short time I have to live, I shall have no trouble in finding quarters wherever I go. I can now climb up into a tree again, and look down upon the world in which I have no longer anything to call my own. Ay, ay, 'twas wrong in me ever to have had anything of my own except my precious little fiddle here!'

No objection was raised to the reasoning of the strange old man, and the country-folks from a distance went their ways home with the satisfaction of knowing that the old fiddler was still alive and well. Hans properly belonged to the whole country round about: his loss would have been a public one: much as if the old linden-tree on the Landeck Hill close by had been thrown down unexpectedly in the night.

Hans was as merry as a grig when Caspar the smith gave him an old shirt, the carpenter Joseph a pair of breeches—and so on. 'Well, to be sure, folks may now say that I carry the whole village on my back!' said he; and he gave to each article of dress the name of the donor. 'A coat indeed like this, which a friend has worn nicely smooth for one, fits to a T. I was never at my ease in a new coat; and you know I used always to go to the church, and rub the sleeves in the wax that dropped from the holy tapers, to make them comfortable and fit for wear. But this time I'm saved the trouble, and I'm for all the world like a new-born babe who is fitted with clothes without measuring. Ay, ay, you may laugh; but 'tis a fact—I'm new born.'

And in truth it quite seemed so with the old man: the wild merriment of former years, which had slumbered for a while, all burst out anew.

A fellow just now entered who had been active in extinguishing the fire, and having his hand in the work, had been at the same time no less actively engaged in quenching a certain internal fire—and in truth, as was plain to be seen, more than was needed. On seeing him, the old fiddler cried out, 'By Jove, how I envy the fellow's jollity!' All the folks laughed; but presently the merriment was interrupted by the entrance of the magistrate with his notary, come to investigate the cause of the fire, and take an inventory of the damage.

Old Hans openly confessed his fault. He had, the odd peculiarity of carrying about him, in all his pockets, a little box of lucifer matches, in order never to be at a loss when he wanted to light his pipe. Whenever any one called on him, and wherever he went, his fingers were almost unconsciously playing with the matches. Often and often he was heard to exclaim, 'Provoking enough! that these matches should come into fashion just as I am going off the stage. Look! a light in the twinkling of an eye! Only to think of all the time I've lost in the course of my life in striking a light with the old flint and steel—days, weeks, ay, years!'

The fire had, to all appearances, originated with this child's play of the old man, and the magistrate said with regret that he must inflict the legal penalty for his carelessness. 'However, at all events 'tis well 'tis no worse,' he added; 'you are in truth the last of the fiddlers; in our dull, plodding times, you are a relic of the past—of a merry, careless age. 'Twould have been a grievous thing if you had come to such a miserable end.'

'Look ye, your worship, I ought to have been a parson,' said Hans; 'and I should have preached to the folks after this fashion:—"Don't set too much store on life, and it can't hurt you; look on everything as foolery, and then you'll be cleverer than all the rest. If the world was always merry—if folks did nothing but work and dance, there would be no need of schoolmasters—no need of learning to write and read—no parsons—and (by your worship's pardon) no magistrates. The whole world is a big fiddle—the strings are tuned—Fortune plays upon them; but some one is wanted to be constantly screwing up the strings; and this is a job for the parson and magistrate. There's nothing but turning and screwing, and turning and scraping, and the dance never begins."

The fiddler's tongue went running on in this way, until his worship at length took a friendly leave of him. We shall, however, remain, and tell the reader something of the history of this strange character.

It is now nearly thirty years since the old man first made his appearance in the village, just at the time when the new church was consecrated. When he first came among the villagers, he played for three days and three nights almost incessantly the maddest tunes. Superstitious folks muttered one to another that it must be Old Nick himself who could draw such spirit and life from the instrument, as never to let any one have rest or quiet any more than he seemed to require it himself. During the whole of this time he scarcely ate a morsel, and only drank—but in potent draughts—during the pauses. Often it seemed as if he did not stir a finger, but merely laid the fiddlestick on the strings, and magic sounds instantly came out of them, while the fiddle-bow hopped up and down of itself.

Hey-day! there was a merrymaking and piece of work in the large dancing-room of the 'Sun.' Once, during a pause, the hostess, a buxom, portly widow, cried out, 'Hold hard, fiddler; do stop—the cattle are all quarrelling with you, and will starve if you don't let the lads and girls go home and feed them. If you've no pity on us folks, do for goodness' sake stop your fiddling for the sake of the poor dumb creatures.'

'Just so!' cried the fiddler: 'here you can see how man is the noblest animal on the face of the earth; man alone can dance—ay, dance in couples. Hark

ye, hostess, if you'll dance a turn with me, I'll stop my fiddlestick for a whole hour.'

The musician jumped off the table. All the bystanders pressed the hostess, till at length she consented to dance. She clasped her partner tight round the waist, whilst he kept hold of his fiddle, drawing from it sounds never before heard; and in this comical manner, playing and dancing, they performed their evolutions in the circle of spectators; and at length, with a brilliant scrape of his bow, he concluded, embraced the hostess, and gave her a bouncing kiss, receiving in return a no less hearty box on the ear. Both were given and taken in fun and good temper.

From that time forward the fiddler was domiciled under the shade of the 'Sun.' There he nestled himself quietly, and whenever any merrymaking was going on in the country round-about, Hans was sure to be there with his fiddle; but he always returned home regularly; and there was not a village nor a house, far and wide around, in which there was more dancing, than in the hostelry of the portly landlady of the 'Sun.'

The fiddler comported himself in the house, as if he belonged to it; he served the guests (never taking any part in out-of-doors work), entertained the customers as they dropped in, played a hand at cards occasionally, and was never at a loss in praising a fresh tap. 'We've just opened a new cask of wine—only taste, and say if there's not music in wine, and something divine!' Touching everything that concerned the household, he invariably used the authoritative and familiar *we*:—'We have a cellar fit for a king'; 'Our house lies in every one's way'; and so forth.

Hans and his fiddle, as a matter of course, were at every village-gathering and festivity; and the people of the country round-about could never dissociate in their thoughts the 'Sun' inn and Hans the fiddler. But possibly the hostess considered the matter in a different light. At the conclusion of the harvest merrymaking she took heart and said—'Hans, you must know I've a liking for you; you pay for what you eat; but wouldn't you like for once to try living under another roof? What say you?'

Hans protested that he was well enough off in his present quarters, and that he felt no disposition to neglect the old proverb of 'Let well alone.' The landlady was silent.

Weeks went over, and at length she began again—'Hans, you wouldn't do anything to injure me?'

'Not for the world!'

'Look ye—'tis only on account of the folks hereabouts. I would not bother you, but you know there's a talk—. You can come back again after a month or two, and you'll be sure to find my door open to you.'

'Nay, nay, I'll not go away, and then I shall not want to come back.'

'No joking, Hans—I'm in earnest—you must go.'

'Well, there's one way to force me: go up into my room, pack my things into a bundle, and throw them into the road; otherwise I promise you I'll not budge from the spot.'

'You're a downright good-for-nothing fellow, and that's the truth; but what am I to do with you?'

'Marry me!'

'The answer to this was another box on the ear; but this time it was administered much more gently than at the dance. As soon as the landlady's back was turned, Hans took his fiddle and struck up a lively tune.'

From time to time the hostess of the 'Sun' recurred to the subject of Hans's removal, urging him to go; but his answer was always ready—always the same—'Marry me!'

One day in conversation she told him that the police would be sure soon to interfere and forbid his remaining longer, as he had no proper certificate; and so forth. Hans answered not a word, but cocking his hat know-

ingly on the left side, he whistled a merry tune, and set out for the castle of the count, distant a few miles. *The village at that time belonged to the Count von S.*

That evening, as the landlady was standing by the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowing with the reflection from the hearth, Hans entered, and without moving a muscle of his face, handed to her a paper, and said, 'Look ye, there's our marriage-license; the count dispenses with publishing the bans. This is Friday—Sunday is our wedding-day!'

'What do you say, you saucy fellow? I hope—'

'Hollo, Mr Schoolmaster!' interrupted Hans, as he saw that worthy functionary passing the window just at that instant. 'Do step in here, and read this paper.'

Hans held the landlady tight by the arm, while the schoolmaster read the document, and at the conclusion tendered his congratulations and good wishes.

'Well, well—with all my heart!' said the landlady at length. 'Since 'tis to be so, to tell the truth I've long had a liking for you, Hans; but 'twas only on account of the prate and gossip—'

'Sunday morning then?'

'Ay, ay—you rogue.'

A merry scene was that, when on the following Sunday morning Hans the Fiddler—or, to give him his proper style, Johann Grubenmüller—paraded to church by the side of his betrothed, fiddling the wedding-march, partly for his self-gratification, partly to give the ceremony a certain solemn hilarity. For a short space he deposited his instrument on the baptismal font; but the ceremony being ended, he shouldered it again, struck up an unusually brisk tune, and played so marvellously, that the folks were fairly dying with laughter.

Ever since that time Hans resided in the village, and that is as much as to say that mirth and jollity abode there. For some years past, however, Hans was often subject to fits of dejection, for the authorities had decreed that there should be no more dancing without the special permission of the magistrates. Trumpets and other wind-instruments supplanted the fiddle, and our friend Hans could no longer play his merry jigs, except to the children under the old oak-tree, until his reverence, in the exercise of his clerical powers, forbade even this amusement, as prejudicial to sound school discipline.

Hans lost his wife just three years ago, with whom he had lived in uninterrupted harmony. Brightly and joyously as he had looked on life at the outset of his career, its close seemed often clouded, sad, and burthen-some, more than he was himself aware. 'A man ought not to grow so old!' he often repeated—an expression which escaped from a long train of thought that was passing unconsciously in the old man's mind, in which he acknowledged to himself that young limbs and the vigour of youth properly belonged to the careless life of a wandering musician. 'The hay does not grow as sweet as it did thirty years ago!' he stoutly maintained.

The new village magistrate, who had a peculiarly kind feeling toward old Hans, set about devising means of securing him from want for the rest of his days. The sum (no inconsiderable one) for which the house was insured in the fire-office was by law not payable in full until another house should be built in its place. It happened that the parish had for a long time been looking out for a spot on which to erect a new schoolhouse in the village, and at the suggestion of the worthy magistrate the authorities now bought from Hans the ground on which his cottage had stood, with all that remained upon it. But the old man did not wish to be paid any sum down, and an annuity was settled on him instead, amply sufficient to provide for all his wants. This plan quite took his fancy; he

chuckled at the thought (as he expressed it) that he was eating himself up, and draining the glass to the last drop.

Hans, moreover, was now permitted again to play to the children under the village oak on a summer evening. Thus he lived quite a new life; and his former spirit seemed in some measure to return. In the summer, when the building of the new schoolhouse was commenced, old Hans was riveted to the spot as if by magic; there he sat upon the timbers, or on a pile of stones, watching the digging and hammering with fixed attention. Early in the morning, when the builders went to their work, they always found Hans already on the spot. At breakfast and noon, when the men stopped work to take their meals, which were brought them by their wives and children, old Hans found himself seated in the midst of the circle, and played to them as they ate and talked. Many of the villagers came and joined the party; and the whole was one continued scene of merriment. Hans often said that he never before knew his own importance, for he seemed to be wanted everywhere—whether folks danced or rested, his fiddle had its part to play: and music could turn the thinnest potato-broth into a savoury feast.

But an unforeseen misfortune awaited our friend Hans, of which the worthy magistrate, notwithstanding his kindness to the old man, was unintentionally the cause. His worship came one day, accompanied by a young man, who had all the look of a genius: the latter stood for some minutes, with his arms folded, gazing at Hans, who was busy fiddling to the workpeople at their dinner.

'There stands the last of the fiddlers of whom I told you,' said the magistrate; 'I want you to paint him—he is the only relic of old times whom we have left.'

The artist complied. At first old Hans resisted the operation stoutly, but he was at length won over by the persuasion of his worship, and allowed the artist to take his likeness. With trembling impatience he sat before the easel, wanting every instant to jump up and see what the man was about. But this the artist would not allow, and promised to show him the picture when it was finished. Day after day old Hans had to sit to the artist in this state of wonder and suspense, and when at noon he played to the workmen at their meals, his tunes were slow and heavy, and had lost all their former vivacity and spirit.

At length the picture was finished, and Hans was allowed to see himself on canvas. At the first glance he started back in affright, crying out like one mad, 'Donner und Blitz!—the fascal has stolen me!'

From that day forward, when the artist had gone away, and taken the picture with him, old Hans was quite changed: he went about the village, talking to himself, and was often heard to mutter, 'Nailed up to the wall!—stolen!—Hans has his eyes open day and night, looking down from the wall—never sleeps, nor eats, nor drinks. Stolen!—the thief!' Seldom could a sensible word be drawn from him; but he played the wildest tunes on his fiddle, and every now and then would stop and laugh, exclaiming as if gazing at something, 'Ha, ha! you old fellow there, nailed up to the wall, with your fiddle; you can't play—you are the wrong one—here he sits!'

On one occasion the spirit of the old man burst out again: it was the day when the gaily-decked fir bush was stuck upon the finished gable of the new schoolhouse.* The carpenters and masons came, dressed in their Sunday clothes, preceded by a band of music, to fetch 'the master.' The old fiddler, Hans, was the whole day long in high spirits—brisk and gay as in his best years. He sang, drank, and played till late into

* This custom is prettily related in Auerbach's story of 'Ivo.'

the night, and in the morning he was found, with his fiddle-bow in his hand, dead in his bed.

Many of the villagers fancy, in the stillness of the night, when the clock strikes twelve, that they hear a sound in the schoolhouse, like the sweetest tones of a fiddle. Some say that it is old Hans's instrument, which he bequeathed to the schoolhouse, and which plays by itself. Others declare that the tones which Hans played into the wood and stones, when the house was building, come out of them again in the night. Be this as it may, the children are taught in all the new rational methods of instruction, in a building which is still haunted by the ghost of the Last Fiddler.

COTTON—OLD AND NEW TIMES.

A PROPOSAL has lately been made, with perfect gravity, and in a respectable quarter, to supersede the machinery used in the flax and cotton manufacture, and to revert to the good old plans of spinning and weaving by hand—the object of the proposal being, as is alleged, to find employment for the poor. According to this notion, we must go back to a primitive state of things. Every village is to have its few well-paid handloom weavers; in every cottage we are to hear the agreeable sound of the spinning-wheel; by all which the world is to be made very comfortable, and poverty is to be banished out of doors. We assure our readers that this is no joke. A certain class of patriots consider that factory labour is ruining the country, and they kindly and heartily advise such measures to avert the final catastrophe.

It would appear that the last prejudice which a man resigns is a belief in the Golden Age. The most difficult thing to learn is the fact that the world is improving. Our recollection stretches so far back as to remember the era of handlooms; we lived for years in the midst of them; and yet we cannot distinctly say that they were very powerful as engines of social happiness. At the beginning of the present century, cotton and linen weaving were well-paid crafts, perhaps the very best going; and it is quite true that weavers lived well, and that some of them saved money, and were creditable members of society. But it is likewise consistent with our recollection that at that very period of textile prosperity there were hosts of mendicants who begged from door to door, highway robberies innumerable, and the style of living among the humbler classes generally anything but refined or comfortable. If this be true as a general picture of affairs, the Golden Age must retreat to an earlier epoch; and it would serve little purpose to bring back a state of things which clearly failed in its presumed object. Let it be granted that handloom workers were not overpaid, it surely needs no logic to prove that their wages were a tax on the community, and if we can go without this species of taxation, so much the better; because more money is left at our disposal for other things. We may lament that a class of workers should have been reduced to poverty; but it would surely be unreasonable to restore an expensive species of labour that can be performed for us at the most insignificant cost by inanimate materials. As has been sagaciously observed by Mr Burton in his 'Political Economy'—'while the broken-down handloom-weaver believes that he is doomed to labour more than other men, and obtain less, the real calamity of his lot is, that he has never known what true labour is; for if we really and seriously compare it with other efforts of human beings around us, it is an

abuse of words to call the jerking of a stick from side to side, with a few other uniform motions, by the name of labour. A machine does it, and a machine ought to do it: men were made for higher and more intricate, more daring tasks.'

From this moral point of view let us proceed to see what is the actual difference between the produce by hand and by machinery. In the great handloom days, every weaver required to be assisted by a female winder of west; but if this increased the quantity of employment, it also raised the tax on our pockets. A clever man, so aided, could weave two pieces of fine shirting, each twenty-four yards in length, in six days. A lad, assisted by a girl of fourteen years of age, by superintending power-looms, can now weave about twenty-four pieces of the same kind of cloth. Here are twelve times the produce, and of course so much greater cheapness that the public receives a vast benefit from the change. Had power-looms, therefore, never been invented, is it not probable that cotton cloth would now have been as high-priced as silk, and beyond the reach of the humbler classes? Weaving by hand, however, would have been of easier accomplishment than hand-spinning. In a cotton factory, with a steam-engine of 100 horse-power, there are 50,000 spindles, which are superintended by about 750 persons. The quantity of yarn for weaving produced by this mechanism in a day would extend 62,500 miles in length—being as much as would require the labour of 200,000 persons with the common spinning-wheel. We believe there are now upwards of 2000 such cotton mills in the United Kingdom, giving motion to at least 20,000,000 of spindles—the whole doing the work of 400,000,000 of persons, if estimated by the power of hand-labour.

Now although steam is, for the most part, the moving agency of this vast manufacture, it is not to be assumed that there is not a prodigious amount of employment for workers of both sexes. Five or six years ago the number of persons, young and old, employed in spinning, weaving, bleaching, and other processes in preparing cotton cloth, amounted to 542,000—a number, we should fancy, considerably beyond what were employed in the Golden Age of purely hand-labour and customer-work. But as, besides these, large numbers are incidentally engaged in helping on the manufacture—such as shippers, merchants, machine-makers, and tradesmen—the sum-total amounts to millions. It was calculated that in the payment of wages to the above 542,000 persons, thirteen millions of pounds were dispensed every year. To talk of the advantages of hand-labour in the face of this fact! And, as there are other thirteen millions paid away among proprietors, capitalists, engineers, coal-masters, and others connected with the manufacture, it will be seen that a system so productive must have widely-diffusive effects. Adding £10,000,000 as the cost of the raw material, it would appear that the total value of cotton goods manufactured in the United Kingdom amounts to £36,000,000 per annum. Rather more than two-thirds of this amount, or £26,000,000, are said to be exported, leaving about a third for home consumption. Deducting £10,000,000, as the cost of raw material, from the £26,000,000 of exports, it is evident that the national gain, so far as export is concerned, is the sum of £16,000,000 every year. Let it now for a moment be considered what would be the consequences if this profit from the external trade were cut off. Were we to exterminate all the cotton-mills, and go back to the

much-loved Golden Age, when, by the agency of the spinning-wheel and the loom, there were produced a bare sufficiency of linen shirts for the home population, it is clear that, besides all other inconveniences and losses, we should be losing sixteen millions of money in the form of annual exports. How this deficiency is to be compensated nobody has ventured to explain. Exports are but a reflex of imports. For the sixteen millions of cotton articles sold to foreigners, money, or money's worth, is returned. And so with all other articles. The total of our exports, pretty nearly all manufactures, was in 1849 estimated at £63,000,000; and there were of course imports of one kind or other to the same amount. Wines, teas, sugars, silks, and other foreign articles that minister to the wants of a refined people, not to speak of hard cash, were, directly or indirectly, obtained in exchange; and if the nation, following the crotchet of orators and novelists, chose to revert to processes of hand labour sufficient only for home-supply, it would need at the same time to make up its mind to coarse diet, mean attire, much misery, and probably universal disorganization.

One might laugh at the ignorance, but it is not easy to excuse the ingratitude, which affects to disparage this stupendous manufacture; for if the cotton-mill and power-loom had never been invented, this country, limited in its field of agricultural produce, could never have found means to sustain itself through the marvellous struggles which ushered in the present century, and by which it still sustains its credit. The cotton manufacture may indeed be said to have become a main prop of England's greatness; and in this light we would consider the factory-worker, toiling in obscurity, to be a highly useful and estimable member of society. But how great should be our reverence for the few individuals by whose ingenuity the manufacture came originally into shape! Future times will do the memory of those men justice, when the glittering but barren pageantry of destroyers shall be forgotten.

If the early history of the cotton manufacture was signalised by some surprising efforts of genius, its later progress has developed a not less remarkable degree of spirit in matters of social concern. It is almost trite to observe that the great public movements of recent years have either originated in, or been actively promoted by, the 'men of Manchester.' Casting our eyes back a few centuries, we perceive that the principal figurants in history were individuals high in rank; so much so, that the names of commoners engaged in trading pursuits are scarcely heard of. Things are now wonderfully reversed. Rank rarely takes a lead in anything momentous; and the movements of the day receive their purpose and direction from cotton-spinners. The doctrine of a free intercourse among nations might still have been a dry theory, slumbering in the pages of the political economist, but for the practical 'go-ahead' expostulations of the cotton trade. From the same centre of mental energy there seems likely to come forth the only scheme of national education which can be practically adopted among a people divided by religious differences. And while we now write, a plan for the establishment of public libraries, accessible without cost to all, receives important significance from the spirit in which it is caught up in the cotton metropolis.

Raised from small beginnings, and conducted by men of matchless energy, the cotton manufacture, by its very greatness, is a matter of serious solicitude. Not Lancashire and Lanarkshire alone, the more immediate theatre of its operations, look on its continuance with anxiety; but any derangement in its progress, by disturbing trade, sends a startling throb through the vitals of the whole empire. Every one feels the admonitory pulsation. Some persons allege that they entertain fears on account of the unwarlike condition of the coasts of England. A much more serious ground of

alarm lies in the possibility of a stoppage, or great shortcoming, in the import of raw material, on which the vast structure of the cotton-manufacture is established. Such has been the advance of this manufacture, that latterly the quantity of raw cotton introduced has fallen considerably below the demand. Supply has been decreasing, while consumption has been increasing. All the cotton that Egypt, the West Indies, and some other countries can send, has sunk into insignificance. Our great reliance has centered in the United States, from which there were imported in the year ending September 1850 not less than 1,106,771 bales; and as other European countries draw their chief supplies from the same source, it becomes a delicate question how far the States will be able to meet the growing demand. A deficient crop spreads general consternation. We observe it stated that the diminished crop of the past year raised the market price of raw cotton to England alone by the sum of at least £5,500,000, which is equivalent to 75 per cent. of rise on previous prices. Such enhancements in the cost of the material strain the resources of the manufacturer, limit the production, and damage general commerce. What step should be taken to prevent shortcomings like this, or of a still more serious nature, is the question of the day. The supply of cotton from America is undoubtedly precarious. We fear not interruptions from war. What excites uneasiness is the social condition of the south. The cotton plant is cultivated entirely by the forced labour of slaves, and, with the example of a failure in the free labour of the West Indian negroes, it may be shrewdly guessed that emancipation in the southern states of America would act unpleasantly on the cotton market. There is, indeed, no immediate likelihood of the abolition of American slavery—and the fact on its own merits is anything but a subject of gratulation—but assuredly the day will come when this dismal system will terminate. A sudden conjuncture of circumstances might instantly shatter it in pieces.

On these, as well as on other prudential grounds, it behoves those who are concerned in the public welfare to look a-head; yet, strangely enough, the question of a supply of cotton has never been treated as a thing of vital moment, except by the few who are more directly affected. Very much to their credit, a handful of men in Manchester have occupied themselves with the subject, and gone the length of commissioning a person to inquire into the possibility of procuring sufficient supplies of raw cotton from India. The result of the investigation will be looked for with interest. It is meanwhile gratifying to know, that in the newly-set-up free black republic, Liberia, on the coast of Africa, there is every prospect of raising cotton as good as that of the United States, provided capital be employed in the enterprise. Samples submitted to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have, we understand, been reported as suitable for a large department of manufactures. In some parts of Australia also, cotton of a good quality may be cultivated. Considering the critical nature of the circumstances, how much more worthy and rational it would be to work out the problem of a future supply of this essential product, than to direct the popular energy into polemical discussions, which tend only to unprofitable discord!

Let no man flatter himself with the notion that the tide of cotton manufacture can be rolled back. We could not revert to the spinning-wheel and handloom, even if it were desirable. Millions are to be provided with food, and obligations of vast amount to be liquidated, only by supporting the mighty fabric of factory labour. Dismiss that England is everlastingly to 'pirouette on its great toe'—better return to an age of simplicity. Impossible, dear, well-meaning mediævalists! There is no standing still, and no going back. Our individual and national necessities, our very inborn

aspirations, compel us to keep moving onward. The Englishman's hopes are mortgaged. He stands or falls by—cotton!

W. C.

BAB AND BILLY.*

In these days of locomotive engines it has become something rare to travel by a stage-coach; yet in a few remote districts of England these old-fashioned vehicles may still be seen, pending the completion of an arterial system of railways. The fossil remains of both carriages and horses may possibly amuse and interest to antiquarian research our descendants in the fourth or fifth generation, who will scarcely believe that their clumsy forefathers were content to travel at the rate of poor eight miles per hour. I happened lately to pass through an agricultural district of England in one of these antiquated machines, and as we stopped to change horses in a small country town, a pretty, rosy, well-dressed young woman came out of the inn and asked the coachman if there was a seat.

'All full outside, missus, but there's one inside place.' And opening the door, our future fellow-passenger stepped lightly in.

Our party before consisted, besides myself, of an old gentleman and his wife, a quiet, benevolent-looking pair, who, as they told me, had left their shop in Manchester under their son's care, in order to take a month's holiday, and visit their married daughter in the country, whose three younger children they had never yet seen. Judging from the huge light-looking parcel carefully placed between them, and from whose scanty paper covering peeped out the furry mane of a wooden horse, the bright yellow leather arm of a wax-doll, a portion of a painted velvet ball, and sundry gear of a like nature, to say nothing of a round solid package on the old lady's lap, labelled 'From T. Richards, Confectioner to her Majesty'—arguing, I say, from these phenomena, there seemed little doubt that the arrival of grandpapa and grandmamma would be joyfully hailed by their juvenile descendants.

Having accepted a pinch of snuff from the old gentleman's silver box, and exchanged with both my companions a few of those original meteorological observations which form the orthodox introduction to every English conversation, we became quite good friends, and had just entered deeply into a discussion on the corn-laws, when tariffs, fixed duties, and sliding-scales were banished from our thoughts by the entrance of the fourth traveller.

A joyous-looking creature she was: twenty-three years old, five years married, and the mother of three children, as, in reply to the kind matronly inquiries of the old lady, she soon informed us. The elderly pair began after a time to converse with her as freely as if she were their own Margaret, and her little ones the three unknown grandchildren, for whose benefit the toy-and-cake trades in Manchester had received such decided encouragement. Not seeing, I suppose, anything very awful in my gray hair, wrinkled cheeks, and spectacles, our young companion chatted away gaily, and told us how anxious she was to reach her home, which she had left for a day or two, in order to make some necessary purchases in the town.

'I'm afraid the dairy is going on badly,' she said, 'and then my master must be lonely; and the poor little things, I daresay, are calling out for mamma. Now,' she continued, as we passed a milestone, 'in half an hour we shall reach the cross-roads, where Robert said he would meet me with the children; and old Neptune, the watchdog, and poor Bab, I'll answer for it, will be there too.'

'And who is Bab?' I asked with a smile.

'Ah, sir, if you only saw her!—the most beautiful mare you ever beheld. Her skin is so sleek, her eyes are so bright, and she is as intelligent as any of us here!'

Seeing us smile, our young friend blushed, and continued—'Well, without comparing brutes with human beings, I may say that I love Bab, because I brought her up, and fed her with my own hand, ever since she was foaled. I was almost a child then, and she used to follow me about mother's house just like a dog. When I married, fattier made her a present to me, and I used to ride her to church and market. I might do anything I pleased with her: a word from me was sufficient to guide her without using either whip or bridle; but to every one else she was as tricky as a kitten, and as vicious as a mule. My husband was quite afraid of her, and, to say the truth, she did not show him the slightest consideration. In process of time it pleased Providence to send us a little boy, and almost before he could walk, Bab became his constant playfellow. The little monkey used to tease her in every way—pull her fetlocks, and strike her with his little whip, a thing she would not endure even from me. When he was creeping between her hoofs, or rolling with her on the litter, she used to treat him as gently, and take as much care not to hurt him, as I could possibly do myself. He used to go with her into the fields, climb on her back, and play with her the livelong day; in short, there never was a more attached pair of friends. It has been just the same with the two little girls who came after our boy.'

'And I daresay,' remarked the old gentleman, as he tapped his snuff-box, 'that Bab will be equally kind to the little boys and girls that are yet to come?'

The happy young mother blushed again, and then with a smile which showed her pearly teeth, she said, addressing the old lady—'Would you like, mat'am, to hear about Bab and her colt?'

'So, then, Bab is a mother?'

'Oh yes: she has the funniest, nicest little foal that can be: the children call him Billy. Every day regularly at dinner-time he and his mother make their appearance at the window, and wait there with their nostrils touching the glass, and their bright eyes fixed on us, until we give them their dessert of potatoes and bread. One day about a fortnight since they did not come as usual. I was just remarking their absence to my husband, when we were startled by a sound of furious galloping, and the next moment in bounded the mare through the open door! Her coat was all rough, and her eyes wild, her body was covered with sweat, and her mouth with foam, while her slender limbs trembled convulsively. She came up close to me, and uttered a most piteous neigh. "Al! Robert!" cried I, "something must have happened Billy!" "Perhaps so," said he: "I'll go ask the men if any of them know where he is." Poor Bab gave another neigh, and walked towards the door, still keeping her head turned towards me. Seeing that I did not follow her, she came back, seized the skirt of my dress with her teeth, and drew me on. I immediately followed her, and she went on rapidly across the fields, looking back now and then to ascertain that I was following. My husband and one of the labourers came after us; and after walking about half a mile, we came to a deep pond, surrounded by a slippery sloping bank. Down this poor Billy had fallen, and now lay senseless in the water. The soft bank was quite cut up by the hoofs of the mare while making vain efforts to save her foal. It was when she found this impracticable that poor Bab had recourse to us; and now we all set to work to rescue Billy. It was no easy matter to draw out his body; but my husband knowing—kind soul!—how much I loved the two animals, used every possible exertion, and at length brought the unlucky foal to land. But there he lay without breath or motion, and we thought him dead. However, Robert and three men who came

* This is an adaptation, or rather naturalisation, from the French.

to his assistance raised Billy between them, and carried him home. Bab followed them closely with her head down, snuffing at the foal every moment, pushing him gently with her nose, and moaning so piteously, that I could not help weeping myself. As soon as we reached the kitchen I washed Billy in warm water, wrapped him up in blankets, and caused him to be rubbed all over; while my husband gently poured some warm wine down his throat. Suddenly the animal gave a slight start, opened his eyes, and breathed; his mother darted to him, so as almost to upset my husband, and laid her head caressingly on his neck, with just such a look of joy as a human being would give. She then drew back, as though satisfied to leave him to our care. But it was when he stood up, and walked towards her, that it was wonderful to see poor Bab. She regularly wept! I assure you I saw tears falling from her eyes—real tears as large as that!' said the little woman, holding up the rosy tip of her forefinger.

'Just then we came to a place where four roads met: the coach drew up, and our fellow-traveller exclaimed, 'There's Robert and the children!' In an instant she was on the road, embracing her husband, a fine handsome young farmer, and filling six little outstretched hands, as rosy and chubby as her own, with toys, cakes, and comfits. A fine old dog stood by welcoming his mistress after the fashion of his kind, and waiting patiently until it should come to his turn to be noticed. As the last parcel was taken from the boot, a noise of galloping was heard; and while the coach was rapidly driving off, the old gentleman and lady and myself saw a mare and a foal rushing with all possible demonstration of joy towards our pretty fellow-traveller.

'FLUNKEY.'

In the middle ages the duties of servants were performed by the young aspirants of chivalry. The page became the squire of the chamber, then of the table, then of the wine-cellars, then of the pantry, then of the stable, and so on, till at length he was developed into the squire of the body, or squire of honour, from which the next step was to knighthood. These employments of squirehood tarnished neither gentility nor manliness; for the young men, who, besides carving the meat and compounding the drinks, waited at table like the modern lackey, danced afterwards with the noble ladies present, and out of doors vied with each other in leaping upon horseback, clothed in armour from head to foot, without touching the stirrup. In like manner neither the name nor the office of varlet (valet) was disdained by the very highest, and thus we read of a prince of the Eastern empire who was styled the Varlet of Constantinople. This noble ancestry may have had some influence upon the character and fortunes of the continental man-servant to this day; for on the continent both the usages and abuses of chivalry survived longer than in England—merging gradually, without being wholly lost, in the new manners of the people. There is, in fact, little or no harshness observable there in the line of distinction between employers and employed; and the stiff, frozen hauteur of an English master is always sure to draw from the Frenchman a stare of wonder, just as it does from the American a roar of laughter.

This haughtiness would be a fair subject for the satirist, but it is so likewise for the sober moralist. It cuts off the natural relationship between man and man. It sunders the connection which is the cement of society, and which enables the good qualities of one class to run into and permeate another. It deprives the servant of all hope of rising in the estimation of his employer beyond his own degree, and thus forces him to look downwards instead of upwards for distinction. It concentrates funkeydom in an antagonistical com-

munity, imitating in a vulgar way the vices, foibles, vanities, tyrannies, and haughtinesses of the higher states.

The affectation, hauteur, meanness, and rapacity of a certain portion of English servants we set down in great part to the account of the masters; but to suppose that these qualities distinguish them as a class, or distinguish them in a greater degree than they do the employers themselves, is an absurdity which can only pass for the sake of the joke. The opposite qualities are quite as common in the body; and there are even some among us who can discern worth and talent of no ordinary kind beneath the party-coloured coat. Of such persons was the high Tory, Sir Walter Scott. He made the acquaintance, we remember, of a servant who was on a tour in Scotland with his master, and was so much struck with the character of the man—who, by the way, was wholly illiterate—that their intercommunication did not cease at the departure of the travellers. We have ourselves seen a letter from the great novelist to this funkey, informing him, in terms of fun and sarcasm, of his elevation to the baronetcy. In course of time this man, like many of his compeers, exchanged the service of an individual for that of the public, and stood at his own bar in London, with a white apron round him, doling out three-halfpenny-worths of gin to all comers. While in this situation, we brought him into contact with Lord Brougham, as an ex-funkey qualified to give certain information on trading matters, which his lordship desired to obtain; when the ex-Chancellor of Great Britain received him not only with cordiality, but distinction, and after a long conversation, by no means confined to business, invited him warmly to call on him as often as he found it convenient.

But it is needless to select individuals either for praise or censure. Everybody knows that the class of male domestic servants can furnish examples of honesty, fidelity, and other virtues, as well as of the opposite vices. What we object to is the part taken by a portion of the press in giving still greater harshness than already exists to the line of distinction between the employers and the employed. 'Give a dog a bad name,' says the proverb, 'and hang him.' Make servants feel that they are an outcast race, say we, and they will very soon deserve to be hanged. Now this, we think, has been done to some extent by the late most offensive practice of employing the word 'funkey' as typical of all that is mean, servile, and base.

That the deserving members of that class of men whose fortunes have thrown them upon the kind of industry in question—a kind demanded as imperatively as any other by the present form of society—feel keenly the taunts to which they are subjected, there can be no doubt. In evidence of the fact, we reprint the following letter from a footman, as it appeared recently in the *Times*:

'Many articles having appeared in your paper under the term "Funkeyana," all depreciatory of poor funkeys, may I be allowed to claim a fair and impartial hearing on the other side? I am a footman, a liveried funkey, a pampered menial—terms which one Christian employs to another, simply because he is, by the Almighty dispenser of all things, placed, in his wisdom, lower in life than the other. Not yet having seen any defence of servants, may I trust to your candour and your generosity to insert this humble apology for a set of men constrained by circumstances to earn their living by servitude? The present cry seems to be to lower their wages. I will state simply a few broad facts. I am a footman in a family in which I have lived thirteen years. My master deems my services worth 24 guineas a year. The question is, is this too much? I will strike the average of expenditure. I am very economical, it is considered. I find for washing I pay near £.6 a year; shoes, £.4, 10s.; tea and sugar,

L.2, 12s.; wearing apparel, say L.4, 4s.; for books—I am a reader—I allow myself L.1, 7s. You will see this amounts to L.18, 7s. each year. I include nothing for amusement of any kind, but say 13s. yearly. I thus account for L.19 yearly, leaving L.6 for savings. One or two other things deserve, I think, a slight notice. What is the character required of a mechanic or labourer? None. What of a servant? Is he honest, sober, steady, religious, cleanly, active, industrious, an early riser? Is he married? We be to the poor fellow who does not answer yes to this category of requests, save the last! The answer is, Your character does not suit; you will not do for me. Again: does a servant forget himself for once only, and get tipsy?—he is ruined for life. In a word, sir, a thorough servant must be sober, steady, honest, and single; he must never marry, must never be absent from his duties, must attend to his master in sickness or in health, must be reviled, and never reply, must be young, able, good-tempered, and willing, and think himself overpaid if at the year's end he has 5s. to put in his pocket. In old age or sickness he may go to the workhouse, the only asylum open. In youth he has plenty of the best, and can get one service when he leaves another, if his character is good; but when youth deserts him, and age and sickness creep on, what refuge is there for him? No one will have him. He is too old for service, that is his answer. In service he is trusted with valuable articles of every description; and in what state of life, whether servant or artizan, surely he who is placed in situations of trust deserves a trifle more of recompence than is sufficient to pay his way and no more?

This is sensible enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. If the wages of this plaintive John were double or treble the sum he mentions, it would be a proof of his having all the more merit. Wages and value adjust themselves to each other by a law that laughs at nicknames; and if John receives fifty guineas a year from his master, it is simply because there are no other services of the kind as good as his conceivable at what is called in the market a lower figure. Servants who are masters of their business are not common; and those who are civil, sober, sharp, untiring, and worthy of unbounded trust, are far from innumerable. If there were a strike of those domestic workmen throughout the kingdom, it would be felt like a stroke of partial paralysis. No amount of wages would fill their places. You could not rig a jury-John in a twelvemonth. We would counsel the letter-writing footmen to give the laughers a dose of political economy, and make them grin in that way. They might then try them at definitions and analogies, and carrying the war boldly into the enemy's quarters, display the word Flunkey like a banner before them.

Who is a flunkey? demands our John belligerent. The soldier, who sells himself, body and soul, to the driller-sergeant; who stands up to be shot at, or runs away, just as he is ordered, who cuts throats when he is able, at the word of command, for lower wages than an Irish labourer cuts corn; and who values the limbs he may leave on the field at no more than the price of well-fashioned timber.

Who is a flunkey? The sailor who, for his miserable mess of pottage, submits to a perpetual voyage of transportation, living as in a prison—only, quoth Dr. Johnson, with worse company—sleeping in the darkest, narrowest, and filthiest of dungeons, and constantly liable to find himself, on awaking, in contact with such 'strange bedfellows' as rocks, sharks, and tempests.

Who is a flunkey? The politician who yokes himself, with his eyes open, to the car of a party, helping to drag it along

'Thorough muck thorough mire,'
however offensive and suffocating; who bawls himself

hoarse in honour of the sleek idol who holds the reins; who never shrinks from his share of the ancient eggs and decomposed cabbages with which the procession is greeted by the rival party; and who at length drops and dies in the midst of his task without ever having known what it was to live the life or think the thoughts of a freeman.

Who is a flunkey? The fashionist who binds himself, hand and foot, soul and body, in conventionalities which deprive him of all power of thought or action, save at the impulse of others; whose dress, movements, look, manners, habits, affections, emotions, passions, are all matter of tyrannical prescription; and yet who is vain of his fetters, and feels an insane terror at the idea of divesting himself of them for an instant.

Who is a flunkey? The hireling author, who writes what he does not believe, who flatters tastes he despises, who panders to appetites he abhors, who turns the sacred press into a source of dishonest gain; and yet whose highest reward is a crust, a garret, an obscure death, and an undistinguished grave.

From such persons—and they are only a few among a numerous class—respectable servants would do well to keep aloof, except in the way of their business; but ye to whom the name we have so often mentioned is strictly due, if ye should meet in the highways of life with an individual exhibiting such characteristics as these, turn not away from him we beseech you. Give him, for the sake of your mutual sympathy, such countenance as you can: take him by the hand—it will not be cleaner than your own—and shake it warmly and greasily, for he is a Flunkey and a brother!

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

JEWELS—RAMUN ROY—THE CHURCH—HINDOO FESTIVAL—THE GODDESS KALI—HURRICANE—INDIAN SHERRY-COBBLER.

August 22d.—Some pretty silver filigree ornaments were brought to me to-day from the Parsee whose ladies I had visited—I did not know he was a client. It is not a bad thing to be a lawyer's wife. A pair of diamond ear-rings came not long ago from some one—not handsome ones, yet of value. Either they don't understand the cutting of their stones, or those I have seen are in general inferior specimens, for the jewels worn by the natives do not look so well as jewels look at home, although some of them are of a very large size. Rings are what the gentlemen most affect. The ladies like their bangles and strings of pearls, often discoloured. Diamonds and emeralds appear to be the most fashionable stones. One Parsee merchant I know wears a single pearl-shaped pearl in one ear the size of a large bean. He has never yet been able to match it, so the other ear is unadorned.

We were still occupied with my very pretty silver ornaments when Ramun Roy was announced. He does not improve upon acquaintance. His position is indeed a very unpleasant one. He has returned to take no place among his countrymen, for they deny his claim of succession to his patron, he having been too lowly born to be by their laws eligible for adoption by a man of such high caste. And the European society are greatly indisposed to receive him among them. Prejudices on all sides are arrayed against this innovator. We must have lived, seen life, and reflected upon existing circumstances in India before at all becoming able to comprehend the division of ranks, the insurmountable barriers so contumaciously preserved between them, and the courage, and talent, and tact it would require to make even an approach to a more friendly mixture. This will hardly be effected by Ramun Roy, who is pained or laughed at according to the feelings of those who all join in condemning an ill-concerted experiment.

28th.—We had a pleasant rile this evening with our friend the chaplain, whose just views of what is to be done, and what at present can only be done, in the scheme all good men particularly of his profession must have at heart, always raises my mind for the time above more frivolous objects. Improvement is so slow a work! A little care of the European population would not be amiss, if only as a beginning at the right end of the great labour of Christianising the heathen. The chaplain mentioned that there was a much larger community of the lower orders of our countrymen here than most people allow themselves to be aware of: he has seldom less than three marriages a week to celebrate, reckoning all classes. Who would have thought this? Births and burials in proportion. Full occupation, in short, for an earnest pastor.

September 1st.—How many partridges will fall to-day in England? We mark our time here by the cold, the hot, and the rainy seasons, and by the sessions and the holidays. During this present cooler weather we have been on the Sunday afternoons attending a course of sermons in the Scotch kirk. They have extremely interested us. The preacher seems honest, zealous, fearless; very clear and very concise. We all agree in his doctrines, and we admire his style of delivery; but further we cannot go. There is something so cold, so formal, in that long prayer, said for us and not with us, and so little reverence in the manner of the service, that it does not touch my heart like our own beautiful liturgy. Much of this may be habit. My Presbyterian friends quarrel with our service, so full of repetitions, and it is a pity that our church persists in giving us four separate services in one; the consequence involves repetition, and always produces weariness. But the Presbyterians do no better. They make their one service quite as long as our four, and certainly fill it equally with these repetitions they so much condemn in us, in the face of that command which tells us not to 'use them vainly as the heathen,' and gives us all we want to say in a few comprehensive words, the beautiful simplicity of which we destroy by our *rain* amplifications.

The overland mail came in to-day, and we had such a bundle of letters! How true that blessed saying, which we must be as far from home as this to feel the full force of—'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country!' In the East the value of the *cold* water so increases the signification of this text. Your letter was balm and sunshine—no *cloud* I should say here—at anyrate all that was delightful: George's was a blank! He had used bad ink, and not a word was legible!

10th.—The weather is again very oppressive, and so we are told it will continue for this the last month of the rainy season. We watch for the showers now very anxiously, and a day of rain is rapturously welcomed, the air being always cooler for a short time afterwards. We get up by candlelight, and ride for a short time in the mornings, being determined to do our best to resist the approaching unhealthy season; the next six weeks are said to be the most trying time of all the year to European constitutions. Every day we hear of young men arriving from the up-country stations to go home on sick leave—imprudent, or I believe I may rather say ignorant, young men, unacquainted with the laws of their own nature; and so, for want of thought, preparing for themselves an early death, or years of broken health. The *Moydaum* is studded with their white tents, poor fellows, many not having left themselves the means to pay for better lodgings.

22d.—We were invited to a naucht to-day—an entertainment we got up on occasion of the *Dirgah Poojah*—which, though curious, was, after all, but a stupid affair, so at least said Arthur, who had been prevailed on to go to it. I did not feel inclined to brave rather a rainy night. This *Dirgah Poojah* is the festival of

the Earth, or the Creative Deity. The rich Hindoos open their houses in honour of her for three nights, and they spend a great deal of money in illuminating their residences, and decorating them with mirrors, pictures, and fine hangings. Their rooms are crowded by the lower Europeans, and everybody else who cares to see what may be seen of the manners of the natives. All make a point of attending this sort of affair once after first arriving in the country. There are hired dancers, sword-players, and jugglers; and all is conducted most decorously while any European lady remains; afterwards the dances are, I understand, of a description we could not witness. Some persons think this a sufficient cause to deter any woman from appearing at any part of these performances, though due respect has always been paid to propriety during their stay. Others object to attend an idolatrous festival on religious grounds.

I can't make out what form of prayer the Hindoos adopt towards their three deities, for there appears to be no doubt that they worship *three in one*—that is to say, the attributes of the Creation, the sustaining or the Preserving Energy, and the Destroying Power. The idols which represent these three deities, or these three attributes of one deity, seem to be only used to convey some sort of image to the senses, as was done in the early Christian church, where statues and paintings were employed to stimulate devotional exercises, the result of which contrivance has been in both cases to materialise the spirit and the truth, at least among the ignorant. The Hindoos periodically treat the resemblance of their mother earth with a singular style of devotion, for as soon as all the ceremonies of her festival are over they fling her image into the Ganges.

These holidays are as much enjoyed by us as by the natives. The absence of the latter from the various offices, where they fill the subordinate stations, releases the principals, and Calcutta becomes empty. The great resource at this time is the river. Parties hire boats, and fill them with hamis, beer, champagne, and other Anglo-Indian luxuries, and think it pleasure, in the damp heat of the latter rains, to enjoy these dainties in all the cramped discomfort of a boglio.

Oct. 1st.—Poor little Edward has been rather unwell again; he is a very delicate child, too tall for his age a great deal—drawn up beyond his strength in this enervating climate. We all wish that his mother could be prevailed on to send both him and his brother home. She really runs the chance of losing the child by keeping him here; his uncle, the sick partner, is feeling the change of season very much too. They all dined here this evening, and we thought him looking wretched. The only one who doesn't see this is his wife, which seems extraordinary; but I understand it is quite common for those most interested to be the last to take alarm.

4th.—We spent this day in the fort, in the prettiest house of all the many pretty ones we visit in. The view from the drawing-room windows is really beautiful. There is the river, with its shipping and its banks; part of the town comes very well into the landscape; and the garden belonging to the fort, with all its warlike adornments, is an interesting as well as an uncommon foreground. We spent part of the morning in looking over the arsenal, where all is kept in such perfect order as to add very much indeed to the effect; the stores are very complete, and in very large quantities. Amongst other things is the most powerful magnet I ever saw used. We found the artillery quarters very pleasant, although we had to undergo the shock of the evening gun at our ears at sunset.

9th.—Drove this cooler evening to the Kali Ghaut, the place of the black spirit, from whence the name Calcutta. Kali is a she-devil, of the most malignant nature; this is her temple, and here her votaries resort from every part of India, in the hope of propitiating

her favour. We went there along a back road, through a little bazaar, where numbers of the images of this fiend are displayed for sale; and on reaching the temple, were met by fewer priests than are usually in attendance on similar places of worship. We were late on purpose, as we wished the sacrifices to be over before we came, not inclining to wade through the blood of the victims. All traces of this unpleasant ceremony had therefore been washed away. This is a daily task, for every evening an animal is slaughtered at the threshold of this temple, sacred to the goddess of Destruction. Her image was concealed by a screen or curtain, which was withdrawn to disclose a stone scarcely hewn into any sort of shape, illuminated by one rude lantern. A red silk drapery covered this deformed mass, from out of which were thrust four brazen arms, two on each side, one of the lower arms holding a murderous-looking knife. That part of the figure which is meant to represent the countenance is fearfully uncouth and hideous, like nothing in nature. It has three eyes, one being in the middle of the forehead. I never felt so thoroughly ashamed of humanity. To imagine this object worshipped, feared, adored, not by a few ignorant savages, but by thousands of civilised people! The Brahmin who showed it, however, openly ridiculed the profession by which he was content to live. He seemed extremely anxious to appear to advantage to us, by disclaiming any connection with this temple, assuring us he was engaged in the service of some other. He also told us that any money we gave within these walls would be shared among the priests of Kali; he therefore hoped we should remember him outside, and give him some help towards the support of his wife and children, adding, that all the multitude worshipping here must pay a pice a-piece for leave to prostrate themselves at the feet of their goddess. He was a clever man this Brahmin, shrewd enough to play many parts. The crowd around was very disgusting, composed of most of the objects in Calcutta; the deformed, the diseased, all anxious to exhibit their miseries for pice. This is an Indian custom, not without its imitators elsewhere.

13th.—This night we have had the rehearsal of our long-preparing concert. The performers exerted themselves to the utmost, and seemed to give satisfaction to the row of judges who were sitting to detect errors. Really one could have no idea it would have been possible to collect so many amateurs, vocal and instrumental, so much above par. We all did justice afterwards to a gay supper at two round tables, and the evening being very cool, the thermometer down to 76 degrees, after a day of rain in good earnest, we were quite able to enjoy the whole entertainment.

17th.—A hurricane—trees blown down, mat huts scattered about, boats in peril, ships hardly secure, for the Sandheads are very dangerous. This gale is looked upon as a pretty sure forerunner of the cold weather. Ten or a dozen years ago, when the way to keep the European constitution in health in this trying climate was not so well understood as it is now, people used to assemble round a great tree on the Mydaun, upon the 15th of this month of October, to congratulate each other on having survived the sickly season; and then they reckoned up the names of those they missed—often a melancholy list. We must allow something for the more healthy results of modern improvements—there is so much less marsh and so much less jungle around Calcutta now than there was then; but the habits of society have changed for the better too, though there is still much to be done yet in that respect here as elsewhere. At the courts to-day half the place was flooded, the water having poured down in a way that quite defied all preparations for its exit.

22d.—People going home every day—young men hurrying off by the overland route, and families taking

their more quiet but much more lengthy passage by sea. We are in the midst of farewell visits and farewell dinners, and sales of effects, just as it was at the time we landed, and a few weeks after, and as it will be till the cold weather comes. The society of a watering-place is not more fluctuating, for besides this yearly draft from our ranks, a perpetual change is always going on—so many sent away, one after the other, to the upper provinces, others brought down from the out-stations to the presidency. The going home is rather a sad affair, involving some painful partings, unless the life here be over, and the farewell is for good. When it is for health, or for the sake of taking off the children, there are too many regrets left behind.

29th.—There is an enchanting American here just now, a young New-York man, who has come out to see the world in one of the ice-ships. He has taught Cary and me to drink sherry-cobbler. You would have laughed to have seen us, straw in hand, merrily imbibing the cooling restorative just before setting forth on our evening drive. I have improved upon this hint, for you know I don't like those strong wines in any shape. I have got the khansauan to arrange with the confectioner to have a lemon ice ready for me as we pass to the Corpse; and I have no doubt that the practice will soon become general, though as yet we are rather quizzed about it. Ice is a fine tonic, and most certainly we have felt invigorated by the small glass we take of it at this hour. We enjoy our drive doubly, and we make a far better dinner on returning home than we used to do. Won't it be amusing to see the long file of carriages, each stopping regularly before this little shop—the languid inmates just rousing sufficiently to receive the freezing welcome, and driving off again, all actually alive after such a perfect refreshment? This will come, I am certain: we have made some proselytes already. Our straws will be to us what the pipe is to the Hindoo; but I doubt whether we shall ever make use of them as gravely. At present the gaiety of our party rather scandalises the uninitiated. Even Edward laughs.

WARNING TO AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS.

A warning, which, for the public benefit, we repeat, has been given to intending American immigrants by a correspondent of the 'Times,' writing from New York. The warning is to avoid falling into the hands, or being influenced by the advice, of certain parties who waylay the immigrant. At New York, where these wretches pursue their dishonest and evil practices, 'they are generally styled "runners," but falsely style themselves "licensed runners," and are numerously employed by the proprietors of lodging-houses and forwarding-offices to go on board immigrant ships on arrival, where they entice the passengers to accompany them on shore, when they are turned over to the tender mercies of the principals in this nefarious trade. Every inducement is held out for detaining them, and every impediment put in the way of their departure for the country as long as their money lasts. When this can be delayed no longer, they are "forwarded," as it is termed, in the direction they wish to travel. If their means are ample, they are furnished with a ticket to take them the whole distance at an apparently low cost, but in reality at double or triple the price for which they could themselves have purchased it. If, on the contrary, they have been swindled out of nearly all their slender resources, a ticket is provided, which they are told will take them the entire distance, but which, in process of time, they find to their sorrow only takes them far enough to get them out of the way, and prevent the possibility of their return. The system is as complete as it is wicked. It extends even to the employment of agents, who are sent over to be fellow-passengers during the voyage; the fiends who control these arrangements make enormous gains, and pay enormous wages to their "runners," but take care at

the same time to put it out of the power of their victims to obtain or even to seek legal redress. No class of immigrants suffer so much from such heartless robbers as the British, while their number precludes the possibility of giving them that warning after arrival here, which could so easily be bestowed at the time of embarkation in England. They could there be cautioned against the perils that await them, and the snares which will be laid to entrap them even before landing. They could also be told that their own countrymen here have most charitably provided protection for them from these robbers, and that an institution exists which was expressly founded for their benefit. This institution is known as The British Protective Emigrant Board. It was established in 1844 by the St George's Society of New York, well known as the eldest benevolent society in this city, and as comprising among its very numerous members the most distinguished of her Majesty's subjects here. The sole object in view is, to bestow the best advice, accompanied by every information required by newly-arrived immigrants, and otherwise to aid and assist them as far as possible. If they wish to remain in the city, respectable employment is found for them at wages proportionate to their competency; if destined for agriculture, prompt and suitable conveyances are found, even to the most distant sections, at proper prices and by the most direct routes. These, and many other services of a most important nature, are perfectly gratuitous on the part of the society. Its offices are easily found and always accessible. The high respectability of its members, and the fact of her Majesty's consul being one of the most prominent, is a sufficient guarantee that implicit confidence may be placed in it; and whoever contributes to make it known in England among those of his countrymen who are emigrating to this city, will render them an incalculable service; for with the exception of The Irish Protective Society, The British Protective Emigrant Board, at No. 86 Greenwich Street, is the only one where they will find disinterested advisers.'

SINGULAR MÉSALLIANCE.

A descendant of the hero of the anecdote which appeared with the above title in No. 356 of this Journal has written to us to correct some of the details given by our contributor. The most important of these relates to the marriage settlement, which it seems was not made *before*, but *after* the ceremony—a circumstance exhibiting true nobility of spirit on the part of Sturgeon. The fact of the marriage had made him master of £30,000; but he proposed to his wife's uncle, Lord Mansfield, that £25,000 of this sum should be settled on Lady Henrietta, and the remainder on himself and their issue: which was accordingly done. It may likewise be mentioned that Mr Sturgeon, on his return from the continent, did not resume the humble occupations of the farm, but resided for the rest of his life with one of his daughters, who had married into an old and respectable family in the county Wicklow.

RESUSCITATION OF FROZEN FISH.

'It may be worthy of notice,' says Sir John Franklin in his First Overland Journey to the Polar Seas, 'that the fish froze as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became a solid mass of ice: and by a blow or two of the hatchet were easily split open, when the intestines might be removed in one lump. If in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. This was particularly the case with the carp; and we had occasion to observe it repeatedly, as Dr Richardson occupied himself in examining the structure of the different species of fish, and was always in the winter under the necessity of thawing them. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with much vigour after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours.' Mr Hearne, Mr Ellis, and other travellers in the icy regions, also mention the power of many of the lower animals to endure intense cold—mosquitoes and others of the insect tribe being frequently

frozen into one black solid mass, which, when thawed, renewed all their energies; spiders frozen so hard as to bound from the floor like a pea, were revived by the fire; so were frozen leeches, frogs, and snails.—*Zoologist*.

TO A WINTER WIND.

Loud wind; strong wind, blowing from the mountains;
Fresh wind, free wind, sweeping o'er the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air-fountains,
Draughts of life to me !

Clear wind, cold wind, like a Northern giant,
Stays brightly threading all thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant,
I will meet thee there !

Wild wind, bold wind, like a strong-armed angel,
Clasp me round—kiss me with thy kisses divine !
Breathe in my dulled heart thy secret sweet evangel—
Mine, and only mine !

Fierce wind, mad wind, howling through the nations,
Knew'st thou how leapteth that heart as thou sweep'st by,
Ah ! thou wouldst pause a while in a gentle patience,
Like a human sigh.

Sharp wind, keen wind, piercing as sword-arrows,
Empty thy quiverful ! pass on ! what is't to thee
Though in some burning eyes life's whole bright circle
"narrows
To one misery ?

Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains !
Fresh wind, free wind, trouble not the sea !
Or lay thy freezing hand upon my heart's wild fountains,
That I hear not thee !

FARMING INCONSISTENCIES.

Railway hedges are neatly trimmed and annually cultivated, like a crop of turnips, and they are thus rendered effective as well as neat; but farm hedges, diverging at right angles from these, have never caught the pleasant infection. They still exhibit their huge, irregular, and ungainly proportions; shading and robbing the land, for the mere purpose of growing bushes to stop the gaps caused by their intrusted and neglected condition. Farmers dig their gardens two feet deep, but only plough their land five inches. They take especial care of their fat horses in a good warm stable, but expose their farm horses and cattle to all weathers. They deny the utility of drainage in strong tenacious clays, but dare not dig an underground cellar in such soils, because the water would get in. They waste their liquid manure, but buy guano from Peru to repair the loss; and some practical men, who are in ecstasies with the urine of the sheepfold, have been known seriously to doubt the benefit of liquid manure. But, it may be asked, 'Where is the capital to come from for all these improvements?' The reply will be, 'Where does the capital come from to make railways and docks, to build steam-vessels, to erect a whole town of new squares and streets, and to carry out every other useful and profitable undertaking?'—*Paper read by Mr Meehi at the Society of Arts*.

JUDGMENT.

Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man, of which other men can have such a knowledge in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it.—*Quarterly Review*.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 372. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

It is a very common remark that poverty lays men open to temptation, and leads, by a kind of necessity, to vice and crime. Every day we see instances of pecuniary distress betraying persons of hitherto irreproachable character into acts of dishonesty; and if we hear of a respectable individual falling into intemperate habits, it gives us no surprise when we learn at the same time that this has been owing to a reverse of fortune, and consequent uneasiness of mind. Indeed the connection between material circumstances and moral character is too obvious to be misunderstood; and yet it receives a wonderfully small share of the attention of philanthropists. Religion and virtue being the sole things needful, must be inculcated, it is considered, in season and out of season; the good seed must be sown everywhere—by the wayside, in stony places and among thorns, as well as in prepared ground; and if an abundant harvest is not reaped throughout, the blame is thrown not upon the ignorance of the husbandman, not upon times, and seasons, and soils, but upon the convenient though somewhat vague abstraction termed 'the perverseness of human nature.'

Human nature, however, is not exceedingly perverse in the higher, middle, and lower middle ranks of society. There we find, generally speaking, at least so far as external appearance is concerned, some tolerable observance of the laws of God and man. The church missionary does not fancy himself called upon to enter the abodes of competence and ease, for there his visit would not unfrequently interrupt the family in blessing the meal or in preparing for church. His field is among the poor, the destitute, the unemployed—the perverse par excellence—and there he is struck with horror at the scenes of mingled profligacy and squalor that meet his view. In vain his glad tidings resound through the miserable apartment; the riches of heaven, he discovers, have no attraction in the eyes of temporal destitution; and the message of peace awakens no echo in hearts at war with society and with themselves.

If we take wider ground for the inquiry, we have the same result. What was the aspect of this country three or four years ago? With credit and currency deranged—with crowds of unemployed labourers flocking the highways—with provisions at famine prices—with overflowing workhouses—with ports choked up with importations of hunger, beggary, and disease from Ireland—what was the state of morality? How stood the statistics of crime? Were the people purified by their sufferings? Did the destitute 'die, like the wolf, in silence'?

Moral degradation kept pace with material suffering.

There is a remarkable sympathy between poorhouses and prisons, which are always seen to flourish and decay together. Their population is like a fluid, with some deep connecting channel, and in both it rises and subsides by the same law, and constantly maintains the same level. At the period alluded to, the poorhouses and prisons were both at high flood; a fact which was very sensibly felt in the increase of the assessments. The Highlanders and the Irish starved, for they could not be said to live, upon national charity. The lower classes, generally, were ill clad, and, what seems a necessary consequence, they were dirty and ill cared for. Individual distress reacted upon the shops, that of the shops upon their solvent customers, and the whole upon the manufactures of the country. Discharged factory workers, and unemployed servants, male and female, swelled the ranks of destitution, and, as a natural consequence, of vice; modest theft skulking in every corner, and unblushing prostitution walking the streets at noonday. Then were heard screams, curses, and wild laughter from the caves of the famine-haunted city. Then men, women, and children crouched together like wild beasts in cellars and garrets. Then drunkenness stood in place of fulness, and the sense of hunger, cold, and shame was lost in drink. And at last came fever and disease, to riot at will on constitutions too weak and too contaminated for resistance. In that day the statisticians detected a great diminution in the number of weddings, but the missing figures were found in the column of funerals.

The political phenomena of the time were equally distressing. The poor looked with greedy eyes upon the possessions of the rich, and questioned the soundness of a title they did not comprehend. It was the employers, they held, who were in fault, since through them had come the sentence of starvation. They looked only to the hand which had dealt the blow, not to the necessity by which that hand was guided; their view was bounded by proximate causes; and there were not wanting better-informed persons who took advantage of their ignorance to embitter the blind animosity of their feelings. Freedom became the watchword of unreasoning hunger; the cry of blood which shrieked along the continent was echoed in our island; and if there had been no middle ranks, no class of employers, to rise up as a bulwark in the hour of danger, the country would only have had to choose between anarchy and military law.

This state of things no longer exists. Material prosperity once more reigns in England; and it is curious to remark the sympathetic rise of the people, moral, political, and even religious. The change has been so gradual, our advance from one step to another so natural, that we are hardly sensible of the progress we

have made; but if an observer, who in disgust or consternation had retired across the Atlantic, were now to return, he would be struck with astonishment at the altered aspect of the country. The prisons and work-houses are at the ebb; the shops are in full business; their customers are prosperous; the people generally are well clad and clean; manufactures flourish; the redundant population of the cellars and garrets have vanished; drunkenness is confined to its ordinary limits; and the streets are comparatively free from vice and crime. You cannot mistake the pervading air of *comfort*. The children are bold and gay; the young women of the serving class neat, and in good condition; the young men healthy and robust. Fever comes, as usual; but, opposed by vigorous constitutions and hopeful hearts, he is disappointed of half his prey. The occupation of the demagogue is gone, and his organs of the press are sinking one by one from mere attenuation. His heretofore audience are too busy to listen; and food of all kinds being wondrously cheap, they are too full to be dissatisfied. The churches are more crowded—an unfailing accompaniment of growing worth and respectability. The very cab-horses look sleek and substantial; and no wonder, since their day's work can now purchase nearly a double quantity of grain.

Is it not a strange thing that the diminution of vice and crime, as well as disease, the spread of patriotism, and the advancement of morality and religion—at least of church-going and external reverence for sacred things—should depend in any degree upon mere material prosperity? Yet this is undoubtedly the case, and to an extent noticeable not only in statistical returns, but in the general aspect of society. The difference between the two periods referred to is obvious to the most superficial observer, if his attention is once fairly aroused; and our present purpose is simply to point to what is a curious and highly suggestive fact. No one, however, who is acquainted with the general tendency of these pages, will suspect us of the absurd materialism of regarding worldly prosperity and virtue as cause and effect: we merely intend to carry out into a wider application the axiom never controverted in individual cases—that destitution is not merely an evil in itself, but, by reason of its besetting temptations, the parent of those evils which it is the province of political philosophy to detect and to combat. The evils arising out of worldly prosperity are of another kind: they deteriorate the individual character without in the same degree affecting the social constitution; and they are to be counteracted in a special manner by the influence of religion and morality, operating on comparatively informed and intellectual natures.

This material prosperity, be it observed, does not affect the permanent, but the fluctuating stock of depravity. The former exists as usual, and, as usual, has a tendency, like certain noxious gases, to gravitate downwards, and choke up the lower depths of society. And this is not an ungenerous idea, but a truth for which we ought to be thankful to Providence, since it shows us how to cure the evil we should otherwise only deplore. The fluctuating stock of depravity, however—affected by every change in national prosperity—must be dealt with differently. The individuals who fall into vice and crime in consequence of want of employment, are not more ignorant than formerly: they are simply poorer. Destitution is with them depravity; and it is the fluctuation, not the permanence of evil in the human character, which is dangerous to society and to governments—just as it is an inundation which sweeps landmarks away, and not the permanent volume of waters. This destitution is to be dealt with as a material, not as a moral fact—as something which education will not amend or enlighten or elevate.

In former times, it was the care of governments to

provide against the fluctuations of material prosperity, by storing up corn in seasons of plenty, to be distributed to the people in seasons of scarcity. But this would answer no good purpose in the present age of the world: the indolence of the Highlanders, we all know, was increased by the eleemosynary support they recently received; and in the hill districts of Ireland, the people, under the same fostering care, continued to starve—manufacturing the government grain into *potheen*. If want of employment is the evil, it is employment that should be provided; if potatoes fail, for instance, and their cultivation produce no result, some other species of industry should be substituted. This idea lies on the surface, and is as old as destitution itself; yet Mr Carlyle's proposal to set the people to cultivate the waste lands was received as something original. The cause of this could only be, that the proposal was made in language a little different from that of ordinary mortals, and accompanied by the startling provision, that those who obstinately refused to work should be slaughtered without mercy. But the idea itself was not new; and, if properly worked out, it perhaps contains the germ of a panacea which would put something like a safe limit to the fluctuations of material prosperity.

This is a subject, however, into which we do not mean to enter. Our present purpose is answered in drawing attention to a not very obscure, but hitherto little noticed fact, that public morals, within the limits we have laid down, are strongly influenced by material causes. Till this is fully understood, and the energies of governments and philanthropists are directed to the tangible evil, the great work of national education; even when fairly commenced, will not be followed by the solid results we have been accustomed to anticipate.

THE CHILD COMMODORE.

AFTER a long continental ramble, I was glad to have the prospect of getting home again; but an embargo was laid upon me at Boulogne. It blew great guns from the opposite side of the Channel. The genius of Albion was not just then in the mood for receiving visits, or welcoming the return of absentees; and so the steam-packet lay fretting in the harbour, and rubbing her sides speciously against the pier; while her intending passengers were distributed among the hotels and boarding-houses, venting their discontent on the good things of the table d'hôte, and mounting every now and then to the garret to throw a scowling look to windward.

For my part I had been tossed about the world too long, and bumped too hard against its rocks and snags, to think much of a little compulsory tranquillity. On the second day I rather liked it. It was amusing to watch the characters of my companions stealing out from beneath the veil of conventionalism; and it was better than amusing to become actually acquainted with one or two of them, as if we were indeed men and women, and not the mere automata of society. Taking them in the mass, however, a good deal of the distinction observable among them depended on the mere circumstance of age. We old gentlemen sat coolly sipping our wine after dinner, rarely alluding in conversation to our present dilemma; while the green hands, after a whirl round the billiard-table, drank their glass of brandy and water with vehemence, and passed a unanimous vote of censure on the captain for his breach of faith and unsailor-like timidity.

"This is pleasant!" said I, smiling at one of these outbreaks, which occurred late at night—"one always meets something out of the way in travelling."

"I never do," replied the gentleman I had addressed; "I find the human character everywhere the same. You may witness the same kind of absurdity among

raw lads like these everyday at home; and it is only your own imagination that flings upon it here a different colour. I wish I could see something strange!'

'Perhaps, my dear sir,' said I blandly, 'you never look? For my part I never fail to meet with something strange, if I have only the opportunity of examining. Come, let us go out into the street, and I shall undertake to prove it. Let us peep under the first veil or the first slouched hat we meet, and I pledge myself that, on due inquiry, we shall light upon a tale as odd or as wild as fancy ever framed. A bottle of wine upon it?'

'Done!'

'Done, then; but hold, what's that?'

'Le paquebot va partir à minuit!'

'Hurrah!' cried the young men. 'The storm is not down a single breath, and it is pitch dark! The captain's a trump after all!'

Then there were hurrying steps, and slamming doors, and flitting lights through the whole house, then hasty reckonings, and jingling coins, and bows, and shrugs, and fights with the sleeves of greatcoats; and finally, stiff moving figures mummified in broadcloth; and grim faces, half-visible between the cravat and cap; and slender forms, bonneted, yet shapeless, clinging to stout arms, as we all floated out into the night.

'The diet is deserted,' said my friend, 'pro loco et tempore.'

'Only the venue changed to shipboard,' gasped I against the wind. 'Remember the first man, woman, or child that attracts our attention on deck! And so we parted, losing one another, and ourselves lost in the unsteady crowd.

The vessel had cleared the harbour before I met with my friend in the darkness and confusion of the midnight deck; and when we were thrown together, it was with such emphasis that we both came down. We fell, however, upon a bundle of something comparatively soft—something that stirred and winced at the contact—something that gave a low cry in three several cadences, as if it had three voices. It gave us, in fact, some confused idea of a mass of heads, legs, arms, and other appurtenances of the human body; but the whole was shrouded in a sort of woolly covering, the nature of which the darkness of the night and the rolling of the ship rendered it impossible to ascertain. I thought to myself for a moment that this was just the thing for my boasted demonstration; but no philosophy could keep the deck under such circumstances; and when my friend and I had gathered ourselves up, we made the best of our way—and it was no easy task—to the cabin, and crept into our berths. As I lay there in comparative coziness, my thoughts reverted to that bundle of life, composed in all probability of deck passengers, exposed to the cold night-wind and the drenching spray; but I soon fell asleep, my sympathy merging as my faculties became more dim in a grateful sense of personal comfort.

As the morning advanced, the wind moderated, testifying to the weather-wisdom of our captain; and my friend and I getting up betimes, met once more upon the deck. The bundle of life was still there, just without the sacred line which deck and steerage passengers must not cross; and we saw that it was composed of human figures, huddled together without distinction, under coarse and tattered cloaks.

'These persons,' said I dictatorially, pointing to them with my cane, 'have a story, and a strange one; and by and by we shall get at it.'

'The common story of the poor,' replied my friend: 'a story of hardship, perhaps of hunger: but why don't they wake up?'

This question seemed to have occurred to some of the other passengers, and all looked with a sort of languid curiosity, as they passed, at the breathing bundle of rags. After a time, some motion was ob-

served beneath the tattered cloaks, and at length a head emerged from their folds; a head that might have been either a woman's or a little girl's, so old it was in expression, and so young in size and softness. It was a little girl's, as was proved by the shoulders that followed—thin, slight, childish; but so intelligent was the look she cast around, so full of care and anxiety, that she seemed to have the burthen of a whole family on her back. After ascertaining by that look, as it seemed, what her present position was, and bestowing a slight, sweeping glance upon the bystanders, the ship, and the gloomy sky, she withdrew her thoughts from these extraneous matters, and with a gentle hand, and some whispered words, extracted from his bed of rags a small, pale, little boy. The boy woke up in a sort of fright, but the moment his eyes rested on his sister's face—for she was his sister, that was clear—he was calm and satisfied. No smiles were exchanged, such as might have beffitted their age; no remark on the novel circumstances of their situation. The boy looked at nothing but the girl; and the girl smoothed his hair with her fingers, arranged his threadbare dress, and breathing on his hands, polished them with her sleeve. This girl, though bearing the marks of premature age, could not in reality have been more than eleven, and the boy was probably four years younger.

A larger figure was still invisible, except in the indefinite outline of the cloak, and my friend and I indulged in some whispered speculations as to what it might turn out.

'The elder sister doubtless,' said he, with one of his cold smiles; 'a pretty and disconsolate young woman, the heroine of your intended romance, and the winner of my bottle of wine!'

'Have patience,' said I, 'have patience; but I had not much myself. I wished the young woman would awake, and I earnestly hoped—I confess the fact—that she might prove to be as pretty as I was sure she was disconsolate. You may suppose, therefore, that it was with some anxiety I at length saw the cloak stir, and with some surprise I beheld emerge from it one of the most ordinary and commonplace of all the daughters of Eve. She was obviously the mother of the two children, but although endowed with all her natural faculties, quite as helpless and dependent as the little boy. She held out her hand to the little girl, who kissed it affectionately in the dutiful morning fashion of Fatherland; and then dropping with that action the manner of the child, resumed, as if from habit, the authority and duties of the parent. She arranged her mother's hair and dress as she had done those of her brother, dictated to her the place and posture in which she was to sit, and passed a full half hour—I cannot now tell how—in quiet but incessant activity.

Time passed on; the other passengers had all breakfasted; but no one had seen the solitary family eat. Two or three of us remarked the circumstance to each other, and suggested the propriety of our doing something. But what to do was the question, for although poor, they were obviously not beggars. I at length ventured to offer a biscuit to the little boy. He looked at it, and then at his sister, but did not stir. The proceeding, apparently, was contrary to their notions of etiquette; and I presented the biscuit to the mother 'for her little son.' She took it mechanically—indifferently—as if it was a thing she had no concern in, and handed it to the girl. The little girl bowed gravely, muttered some words in German, apparently of thanks, and dividing the biscuit among them, in three unequal portions, of which she kept the smallest to herself, they all began to eat with some eagerness.

'Hunger!' said my friend—'I told you: nothing else.' 'We shall see; but I could not think of my theory just then. The family, it appeared, were starving; they had undertaken the little voyage without preparation of any kind in food, extra clothing, or money;

and under such circumstances, they sat calmly, quietly, without uttering a single complaint. In a few minutes a more substantial breakfast was before them; and it was amusing to see the coolness with which the little girl commodore accepted the providential windfall, as if it had been something she expected, although ignorant of the quarter whence it should come, and the business-like gravity with which she proceeded to arrange it on their joint laps, and distribute the shares. Nothing escaped her; her sharp look was on every detail; if a fold of her mother's cloak was out of order, she stopped her till she had set it right; and when her brother coughed as he swallowed some tea, she raised his face, and patted him on the back. I admired that little creature with her wan face, and quick eyes, and thin fragile shoulders; but she had no attention to bestow on any one but the family committed to her charge.

'This is comical,' said my friend: 'I wonder what they are. But they have done breakfast: see how carefully the little girl puts away the fragments! Let us now ask them for what you call their "story," and get them to relate the romantic circumstances which have induced them to emigrate to London, to join some of their relatives in the business of selling matches or grinding organs!'

We first tried the mother, but she, in addition to being of a singularly taciturn indifferent disposition, spoke nothing but German. The little boy answered only with a negative or affirmative. The commodore of the party, however, knew some words of French, and some of English, and we were able to understand what she told us with no more difficulty than arose from the oddity of the circumstances. The following is the dialogue that took place between us, with her polyglott part translated into common English.

'Where are you from, my little lass?'

'Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York.'

'From New York! What were you doing there?'

'Keeping my father's room, sir: he is a journeyman.'

'And what brings you to Europe?'

'My father sent me to bring over mother.'

'Sent you!'

'Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day when my father was out at work, I took him with me.'

'What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?'

'Oh that is nothing: the ship brought us—we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way, without a ship, through the waves of the sea.'

'And what were you to do in London?'

'I was to go to a countryman of ours, who would find me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But somebody always comes in time—God sends him. Father told us that.'

'And the little German boy took you to your countryman?'

'Yes, and more than that! He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it.' Here my friend suddenly used his handkerchief, and coughed vigorously; but the young girl went on without minding the interruption.

'Our countryman gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of the ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck.'

'Your mother was in Germany. How did you get to her?'

'Oh, we walked—but not always. Sometimes we got a cart in a wagon; and when we were very hungry,

and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat.'

'Then you had money?'

'Oh yes, to be sure!' and the little girl gave a cunning twinkle of her eye. 'We could not get mother away, you know, without money—could we, mother?' patting her on the back like one fondling a child.

Such was the story of the little commodore—a story which was listened to not only by my friend and myself, but by at least a score of other persons, some of whom will no doubt be pleased to see it here reproduced.* A collection was made for the travellers, whose boasted funds had been exhausted at Bâle; but what became of them afterwards I never knew. When we reached London, I saw them walk up the landing-place—wholly unencumbered with baggage, poor things!—the mother and the little boy clinging on either side to the commodore; and so, like the shadowy figures in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' they passed on their way, and I saw them no more.

For my own part, my theory had gone much farther than I had thought of carrying it. My friend himself was not more surprised than I by the story of the little girl; and, like the Witch of Endor, when her pretended incantations were answered by the actual apparition of the prophet, I was stupefied by my own success.

THE AMERICAN FILE.

THE files of American newspapers received in this country during the month of December always contain matter of more than usual interest and importance. The session of Congress begins about the end of autumn, and the first document laid before it is 'the president's message.' This message is accompanied by reports from the heads of each department of the government, in which ample information is conveyed not only regarding the political state and relations of the country, but also regarding its social progress. These are for the most part published *in extenso* in the editions of the New York papers, specially prepared for circulation in Europe; and from them, and from some other sources resorted to for the sake of comparison, we propose to collect a few statements of the social progress of the citizens of the great republic during the year ending 30th June 1850. To that date all the reports are made up, and as the sums we shall have to mention are in American money, we may premise that there are about five dollars in one pound sterling.

There are few of the institutions of a country that have a greater influence on the social progress of its inhabitants than the post-office. Whether as regards friendship, love, or trade, the rapid and cheap interchange of correspondence makes people not only wiser and richer, but makes them love and respect each other more. The extension of the postal arrangements in the United States is one of the most remarkable features in the history of that remarkable country. In 1790, or about fourteen years after the declaration of independence, the number of post-offices was only 75, and the extent of the roads on which the mails were carried 1875 miles, the revenue of the department being 37,935 dollars. The revenue of the English post-office at the same time was about half a million, though its arrangements were so defective, that, only six years before, the first coach in which the mails had been conveyed left London for Bristol. But in 1800 the number of post-offices in the United States had increased to 903, in 1825 to 5677, in 1840 to 13,468, and in 1850 to 18,417. The extent of the post routes has increased from 20,817 miles in 1800, to 163,208 miles in 1850; or, in other words, if all the roads on which the mails travel were stretched out in one continuous line, they would go nearly seven times round the globe. But the

* The writer is in earnest: this is a true story.—Ed.

aggregate number of miles travelled on these roads every year by conveyances with the mails is 46,541,423; a distance greater than between the earth and the planet Mars, and which a single locomotive engine, travelling at the rate of 500 miles every day, could not traverse in less than two centuries and a-half! The number of new offices opened during the last year was 1979, and the number given up in consequence of the opening of the new was 309. During the same time 233 postmasters died, 2600 resigned, and 1444 were removed. If this be a fair example of annual alterations, the postmasters of the United States must be changed every four years. Some of the removals appear to have been for misconduct, as the head of the department states that 'with few exceptions, the postmasters have performed their duties with fidelity and promptness.' The postmasters are paid by a commission, amounting on some description of postal matter to 50 per cent., and among them they divided during the year 1,549,376 dollars. The cost of transporting the mails was 2,724,426 dollars, and the other expenses of the department—including nearly 30,000 dollars for wrapping-paper, 72,000 for advertising, 357,935 for clerks to postmasters—raised the entire expenditure to 5,212,953 dollars. The revenue exceeded this sum by 340,018 dollars, about one-sixth of that revenue being derived from the postage on newspapers and pamphlets. It is a curious and noteworthy fact, that while the extent of the post routes and the amount of conveyance on them have increased about 30 per cent. since 1838, the cost of transmission during the same time has decreased about 14 per cent. This is doubtless in a great measure to be attributed to the formation of railways. In 1828 there were only three miles of railway in the States; in 1838 there were 1600; and in 1848 there were 6117, and about 1900 miles more either partially open or in course of construction.

In our country the post-office pays better than in America, for, after defraying the cost of management and other charges, there was left, during the year ending 5th January 1850, a surplus of £840,787 out of a gross revenue of £2,213,149. But here we pay about three-quarters of a million every year for the packet service, which is charged against the Admiralty; but even deducting the whole of this large sum, which in itself is equal to two-thirds of the entire expenditure of the United States' office, the profit is greater on the British office. Again, we can send a letter from Southampton to Thurso, a distance of 600 miles, for a penny, and a newspaper for nothing; but in America the charge would be fivepence (ten cents) for the letter, and a halfpenny for the newspaper. But the postmaster proposes an arrangement which will make the rates in the two countries nearly the same. He suggests a uniform inland rate on each letter of three cents when prepaid, and five cents when not, and on each newspaper of one cent. This is not exactly so low as 'penny postage,' but it is not far from it, and it is to be hoped that Congress will adopt the suggestion. Reductions in charge were made in 1846, the effect of which was to reduce the revenue during that year by 800,000 dollars, but to increase it in 1847 by more than a million and a quarter of dollars over 1845. Similar results may be anticipated from another reduction, and that such a reduction may be safely made, may be inferred not only from this statement, but from the example of the post-office of this country, where the receipts fell from £2,522,495 in 1839 to £1,471,009 in 1840; but rose in 1849 to £2,213,149. The total number of letters that passed through the American offices in 1850 is not stated, but in the year ending 30th June 1847 it was estimated at about sixty millions, in 1848 at sixty-five, and in 1850 the number may be roughly stated at about eighty millions. In one week in January 1850, more than six millions and a-half of letters were delivered in Great Britain and Ireland; and

in the week ending 21st February, the number was about seven millions and a quarter. St Valentine doubtless was the cause of the great increase in that February week; but allowing for this, it may safely be said that four times more letters pass through our post-office than through that of the United States.

The usual decennial numbering of the people was made in the United States in 1850, but, from the great extent of territory, all the returns have not yet come in, and no complete statements have therefore been published. Indeed the superintendent of the census, Mr Kennedy, had on 1st December received returns from only 967 out of the 2890 districts into which the States had been divided. However, the information is complete as regards some places. The following are complete returns of four states:—

	1840	1850	Increase.
Rhode Island, - -	144,489	105,722	
Massachusetts, - -	994,665	737,700	
South Carolina, - -	639,099	555,232	
Arkansas, - -	198,796	97,574	

Thus while the increase in South Carolina has only been at about the same rate as in England, the other two older states have increased twice as fast; and young Arkansas, with about three hundred miles of the great and fertile valley of the Mississippi on its western frontier, has more than doubled its population in ten years. More than half the population of South Carolina are slaves, who have increased much faster during the last ten years than the freemen, as the following statement will show:—

	1840	1850	Increase.
Free, - -	257,117	280,385	23,268
Slave, - -	298,115	358,714	60,599

This increase in the free population is about the same as that of the south-western counties of England, embracing Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall, while the increase of the slaves is as rapid as the increase in the counties of Lancaster and Chester; the former group of counties increasing, with one exception, at a slower, and the latter at a faster rate than any others in England. In Arkansas the number of slaves is now nearly one-fourth of the freemen; but in 1830 not one-sixth were slaves. In the white population we find that difference in the proportion of the sexes that always marks a newly-settled territory. Thus, in an old country like Britain, the number of females always exceeds that of males; but in Arkansas the number of the former is 70,701, and of the latter 82,217, an excess of nearly one-fifth. Of the slaves 876, or about one-fiftieth part of the whole, are more than sixty years of age. In this state there were produced last year, from 139,229 acres of land, 66,942 bales of cotton, and from 430,894 acres nearly ten millions of bushels of wheat, oats, and Indian corn. The increase in Massachusetts during the last ten years has been equal to the increase during the twenty from 1820 to 1840, and greater than at any period since 1776. It is estimated that the population of Georgia will reach a million (600,000 whites, and 400,000 blacks), being an increase of about 40 per cent., and that Maine will show a population of 612,000, or an increase of 22 per cent.

But the increase in many of the towns is much more striking. Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, at the mouth of a river that flows into Lake Michigan, had in 1840 a population of only 1712, but in 1850 the number was 20,026! Buffalo, the great port on Lake Erie, near the Falls of Niagara, has increased during the ten years from 18,213 to 42,266; Chicago, in Illinois, from 4479 to 28,269; and St Louis, on the Mississippi, has increased nearly 500 per cent., from 16,000 to about 80,000. Cincinnati, the 'Queen of the West,' has now a population of 116,103, or about two and a-half times the number she had in 1840; New York, it is supposed,

will show an increase of 200,000 on a population which in 1840 was 312,284. Boston has increased from 93,383 to 138,785; Washington, the capital of the republic, from 18,213 to 43,266; Lowell, the Manchester of America, from 20,981 to 32,964; and Baltimore from 80,625 in 1830 to 169,125. In the last-named city there are 3124 slaves, and the number of dwelling-houses actually occupied is 25,006. Our great towns here do not increase so fast. London and Edinburgh have not doubled in more than thirty years; Manchester has taken more than twenty, though Liverpool and Glasgow were doubled in less than twenty.

Let us now turn to some tables of the value of American industry. Our brethren are doubtless a hard-working race—whether in hunting, fishing, tilling the ground, or manufacturing. The fruits of their industry are usually classed under four heads—the sea, the forest, agriculture, and manufactures. The statement now before us does not tell the total value of all these, but merely of that portion exported to foreign countries. The productions of the sea were valued at 2,824,818 dollars, of which about five-sixths were obtained from whales, principally the sperm whale, in the shape of oil and whalebone. More than 250,000 dollars' worth of sperm candles were exported. The remaining sixth consisted of 'dried, smoked, and pickled fish.' The value of these exports in 1847 was nearly 3,500,000 dollars; and in 1848 it did not reach 2,000,000, the decrease being almost entirely in the productions of the sperm whale. From the forests of the United States were exported last year produce to the value of 7,442,503 dollars, in the shape of skins and furs, pot and pearl ashes, tar, pitch, rosin, and turpentine, timber, and manufactures of wood. The value of the cotton manufactures exported was about 4,750,000 dollars; of iron nearly 2,000,000; and of all other manufactured articles about 8,500,000 dollars. These figures, great as they may appear by themselves, are small when compared with our own country. The value of the cotton manufactures exported from Great Britain and Ireland in 1849 was nearly £27,000,000 sterling; and of iron nearly twenty times the value of that exported from the United States. But it is in the exports of agricultural produce that the great resources of America are most conspicuous. This produce is more than three-fourths of the whole, and its value for 1850 was 108,459,760 dollars. Of this amount the share of cotton is about 72,000,000; of corn, about 15,500,000; of leaf tobacco, nearly 10,000,000; and of pork, bacon, &c. 7,500,000; while only about 100,000 dollars' worth of potatoes, and 25,000 of apples, were exported—the value of the potatoes being 7000 dollars less than the value of the ice, which has lately been largely exported from America. The effect of California is shown by an increase of more than 1,000,000 of dollars in the value of the gold and silver specie exported, the amount being in 1849, 956,874, and 2,046,679 in 1850. Altogether, the value of the exports of the United States was, in our money, about £25,000,000; while the value of the exports of Great Britain and Ireland in 1849 was £58,000,000. What an idea does this give of the rapid progress of our brethren over the Atlantic! Their republic is scarcely three-quarters of a century old, and yet their foreign trade is nearly equal to the half of that of the mother country; and doubtless it will not be long before that trade becomes even greater than our own. It is a trade also much more in the necessities than the luxuries of life: in cotton as raiment, and corn as food.

The secretary to the navy presents an interesting report. Comparatively it is a very little navy: only 65 ships, and about 9000 officers, men, and boys. There are 339 sailing and 161 steam-vessels in the British navy. Of the 65 vessels, seven are ships of the line; of these four are out of commission, and three are used merely as receiving ships. The number

of vessels at sea is 36, and of these two are engaged in a survey of the Pacific coast; one is a war-steamer, cruising on the lakes above Niagara, and the remainder are employed in six squadrons: one in the Mediterranean; another in the East India and China seas; one in the Atlantic, off the coast of Africa, engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade; another in the same ocean from Newfoundland to the mouth of the Amazon river; a third, Atlantic squadron off the coast of South America, and another in the Pacific. The secretary reports with becoming pride that 'it is a source of high gratification that wherever our flag has been displayed by a national vessel, it has received the respect due to the national character, and that our interests and commerce in every sea have been secure and prosperous under its protection.' A great thing to say for such a small navy certainly; but not to be wondered at, when it is known that the aggregate tonnage of vessels in the American merchant service is three millions, and the number of 'hardy mariners' 180,000, sources from which, in the event of a war, a formidable navy could speedily be made.

Like its navy, the army of the United States is very small: the number of officers and men, as established by law, is 12,326, and the number fit for duty is estimated at only about 8000—about two-thirds of whom are in Texas, New Mexico, California, and Oregon. No nation ever depended on 'moral power' for protection to such an extent as the people of the United States. The number of pensioners is 19,758, but it is supposed that many of these are dead. Their annual cost is about a million and a-half of dollars. The Mexican war placed 1436 widows and orphans on the pension-list. It is well worth while to bring prominently into view the smallness of the force deemed necessary for the safety of America and the preservation of internal peace, as it is eminently suggestive for Britain, and certainly to a very different issue from that advocated by Sir Francis Head. The subject of surveys is constantly recurring. One is now in progress to establish the boundary between the States and Mexico; another of the Pacific coast; and a third is recommended of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, so as to determine which would be the most favourable line for a great highway right across the American continent.

THE 'RIG' SALE.

The reader must suppose it to be the dull time of the London year. London is, in fact, gone out of town, all but those unfortunates who, lacking the sinews of locomotion—surplus cash—have nothing to go with, and therefore nowhere to go. The west end stands in stately silence; the tall rows of lordly residences blink darkly at each other through closed window-shutters; the broad pavements, glittering in the autumn sun, yield, not an echo save to the plodding footfall of the milkman or the pot-boy.

'No trampling of horses, no rumbling of wheels,
No noise on the pavement of gentlemen's heels,'

disturbs the cogitations of the dreamy porter, who, having forsaken his cavern of buckram in the hall, ruminates cozily by the kitchen fire upon the two things which are inseparable in his catalogue of human vicissitudes—the sea-side and board-wages.

With the absence of fashion in the west the tradesman's function in the east correspondingly declines. In the Strand business has run aground, and desperate attempts are making to get it afloat again. Holborn is hipped, and stands at its front door, rubbing its brows, and pulling melancholy faces. Cheapside is now cheaper than ever, and strains with agonizing puffs to swell the canvas of traffic, and get the bark of commerce again under weigh. The less-frequented

resorts of trade are still worse off: in the second and third-rate thoroughfares the forlorn dealers are at their wits' end. They publish desperate announcements, and cry aloud through the press, though in less candid phrase: 'Take my goods, oh take my goods, at any price you will—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty per cent. under prime cost—no matter what the fearful sacrifice—ruin me, or ruin my creditors, but grant me your custom, or I die.' It is all of no use. The crowds that hurry past are of the wrong sort—money-seekers, not money-spenders: retail trade is at its last gasp. There is nothing for it but a 'Rig,' and a 'Rig' is resolved upon.

Some fine morning Higgins the broker, telling the boy to take charge of the shop during his absence, jams his crumpled beaver over his unkempt locks, and thrusting his hands into his breeches' pockets, strolls out in a mood half melancholy, half savage, and looks in upon Wiggins the house-agent.

'How are you, Wiggins,' says he, 'and how's business with you?'

'No call to ask anybody that there question these here times, Mr Higgins,' says Wiggins; 'most dreadful slack it is surely. Anything up?'

'Why, there is summutter in the wind—leastways if you're agreeable, else I 'spose it aint no go.'

'The old dodge I expect?'

'Why, not exactly; I seen Crossbar, and Pops, and Daubins, and Brittle last night, and all on us come to a no plan. We means to have the Rig complete this time—leastways if you're agreeable, as I said afore.'

'Well, I shan't hinder business, if you mean business; so let's hear?'

'Well, then, harn't you got a willar to let in St John's Wood?'

'To be sure I have; what then?'

'Harn't it got stables in the back as opens in a mooze?'

'That's just it; what more?'

'Why, then, the question is, will you let us have that there willar for a few weeks, and what's your terms?'

As Wiggins has taken an oath against hindering business of any sort, and as the proprietor of the villa in requisition is an old lady at present retrenching in the south of France, it may be easily imagined that there are no insurmountable impediments to the conclusion of the bargain. Higgins having settled thus much, and obtained the key of the premises, proceeds to call upon his coadjutors in the Rig to play their several parts. Crossbar is an ironmonger, cutler, and hardware-man, and sends in fenders, fire-irons, kitchen-ware, cutlery, and brouzze ornaments, &c. & c. Higgins himself carpets the rooms with second-hand Brussels, and crowds every chamber with a plethora of showy furniture—taking good care to prevent the ingress of too much light by a full depth of cornice, and abundance of damask drapery to the windows. Brittle, who is a chinaman, inundates the cupboards and sideboards with a flood of china and glass, made expressly for sale by auction, or for emigrants' use. Pops, who is a pawnbroker in a large way of business, contributes the linen, an exuberant quantity of which is generally one of the characteristics of the Rig Sale. He happens to have in hand, on the present occasion, a good stock of plate of all descriptions, run out at old silver price, marked with an engraved crest, and the initials A. F. & Epergne, candelabras, tea- and coffee services, spoons, and forks, with salvers and waiters to match, all are packed off to the 'willar'; and a goodly show they make, spread forth upon Higgins's telescope dining-tables. Daubins, who is a picture-dealer in Wardour Street, takes the measure of the walls, and fills every available space with some 'exquisite gem of art,' manufactured in Brompton or Newman Street scarce a twelvemonth since, but figuring in the catalogue of the

Rig Sale as the 'choicest productions of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and English schools.'

In three days the house is stuffed full from top to bottom with everything that the most pampered selfishness could suggest, of wealth procure, all brought in under cover of the night, through the stables in the back, to prevent the suspicion of observant neighbours. Now appears a pompous advertisement in the daily papers, announcing the choice effects (among which are included a thousand ounces of plate, and an unequalled collection of cabinet gems of art) of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Flighaway, deceased, whose unimpeachable judgment, and liberal expenditure in amassing them, are, it is added, well known in the world of fashion. The auctioneer, if not a member of the Rig, as is frequently the case, is at most a man of third-rate respectability in his profession, and receives a stated sum for his day's labour, in lieu of a per-cent on the amount sold, which is generally charged. A large-type *Parto* catalogue is industriously circulated in the neighbourhood, and a few are despatched to Brighton, Hastings, and other marine resorts, whence the senders frequently receive commissions to purchase at the sale, at an exaggerated price, articles which had lain for years in their shops unsold.

At length the day of sale has arrived. Fathoms of stair-carpeting, studded with placards, hang trailing from the windows from an early hour in the morning, as an indication to all concerned that the day of business has dawned. The auctioneer on the present occasion is Mr Snuffins of Seven Dials. Elevated on a chair placed on one end of the long dining-tables in the front parlour, the folding-doors of which have been removed from their hinges to throw the whole floor into one, the dark-muzzled orator, first treating the assembled public to a full view of his Blucher-booted heels through the legs of the little table in front of him, prepares to open the business. But before reciting his address, let us take a brief glance at the company. Higgins, Daubins, Crossbar, Pops, and Brittle, occupy five chairs in the first row, immediately under the eye of the auctioneer at his left. Wiggins, and an agent or two besides, are stationed at the other end of the room; so that the assembly of *bona-fide* bidders are enclosed between them. Seated on chairs originally placed in rows, but now jostled in characteristic confusion, are thirty or forty respectable persons of both sexes, who have come with the praiseworthy intention of profiting by the decease of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Flighaway. Upon the sofas, ranged on either side of the long tables in front of the auctioneer, are a still more select party, whose fashionable garb and demeanour have aroused the watchful politeness of the auctioneer's clerk, who has escorted them to seats at the table. Lounging about the doorway, and chattering occasionally with Wiggins, or one of his gang of touts, are some half-dozen furniture-brokers of the neighbourhood, not come with the view of purchasing—the Rig is as palpable to them as the sea is to a sailor—but induced by curiosity to see how it will go off, or to calculate the chance of profit from a similar experiment on their own account.

But the voice of Snuffins in alt is now heard above the murmur of conversation. 'Now, then, gentlemen, yonder at that end of the room, silence, if you please: we are a-going to begin. Silence, let me beg, if you please (*three bangs with his hammer*). Ladies and gentlemen, these here effects of the Horrible Augustus Fitz-Flighaway is, I 'spose, perfectly well known to you, seein' the time they've abin on view. Many on you, I have no doubt (the rascal), who was hintimate with that celebrated person afore he deceased hisself, now reckonizes for the last time many a moniment of his indispensible taste and hexpensive disposition.' (Here the orator attempts to draw up his right leg to the usual sitting-posture, and in so doing raises one side

of the little table, and upsets his inkstand, the contents of which trickle down in a stream upon the head of his clerk, who is occupied for the next half hour in conveying it by means of his middle finger to the back of his waistcoat.) 'But, ladies and gentlemen, there aint no reason that this should be the last time that your eyes should look on what's here. Every blessed lot on it is to be sold for just what you chooses to give for it: there aint no reserve, and no favour. I needn't say that this is an opportunity as don't happen every day, and aint likely to come again in a hurry. All I know is, that I should think if a good hundred pounds in my pocket if I could be a buyer to-day instead of a seller. These here remarks said and done, we will, if you please, proceed to the first lot.'

With that up goes a wooden rocking-horse, which had been in Higgins's garret for the last three years; and after galloping up from ten shillings to three pound ten, is knocked down to Miss Clementina Botherbeau—a spinster of fifty-four, who has not a relation in the world under the age of twenty, but who would have it as a relic of the Hon. A. F. F., whom she has an idea she must have known and admired, though she cannot exactly recall his image to her mind.

As the lots are successively put up, they are started at moderate sums by the disinterested worthies in the front row of chairs; helped onwards towards the figure at which they stand doomed in the auctioneer's catalogue by the clique at the other end of the room; and, the limits agreed on once passed, are left to the competition of the public, who are not in the secret. Those which cannot by any means be pushed up to the price fixed, are bought in by their several owners, or their agents, to be removed at the end of the sale 'back to the place from whence they came.' The commissions are managed in a summary manner. The lots are rapidly run up to the price the absent principal will give: if they fetch more, they go to the person bidding more; if they are knocked down to the commissioned agent, who is often the owner, he gets for the articles the price at which they are sold; *plus* the commission, which, by a somewhat anomalous regulation, is generally a per-cent upon the amount paid for the lots.

But let us listen again to Snuffins. The furniture, we will suppose, is all sold, and the pictures come next. Half-a-dozen time-tinted connoisseurs have entered the room within the last quarter of an hour, and found seats near the table, the ladies having departed.

Snuffins loquitur. The first work of art, ladies and gentlemen, which I shall submit to your attention, is a reg'lar hex-quiz-it-jim of Ten-years, a real shoved-over (meaning to say *chif-d'aure*), as the catalogue properly expresses it. I'm give to understand private that it was bought by the Horrible A. F. F. agin Louis-Philippe, at the great sale in Paris as come off nine year ago. What do you say for this unparalleled production of Ten-years? Fifty guineas, shall I say, ladies and gentlemen? I beg your pardon, gentlemen—gentlemen only—the ladies is all gone—bless their liberal arts!—we shall have them again to-morrow, when the plate, and the linen, and the cheyny comes on. What shall I say, gentlemen, for the *sperlativa* Ten-years? Forty guineas, shall I say?

A Voice. Two pounds.

'Two pounds did you say? Very well, thank you, sir; anything to begin with—Two pounds.'

Daubins. Three pounds.

Wiggins. Three ten.

Daubins nods.

Snuffins. Four pounds.

An Old Gentleman. Five pounds. (The settled price: a dead silence.)

Second Old Gentleman. Let me see the picture—(Takes off spectacles, and peers at it closely)—Guineas.

Snuffins. Five guineas; selling at five—dead cheap at fifty.

The picture is ultimately knocked down at ten guineas to the first real bidder, having been painted from a print under Daubins's direction six months before, at a cost of not more than forty shillings. Had it been the picture it pretended to be, it would have fetched at a genuine sale, or at the 'knock-out' which customarily follows a genuine sale, at least from two to three hundred pounds. The Teniers is succeeded by a Hobbima, that by a Corregio, that by a Wilson, and that again by a Murillo, and so on till the catalogue is gone through, there being not one specimen in the whole batch which would answer any end better than that of showing the total want of judgment or knowledge of art in the purchaser.

The confederates are well pleased with the result of the first day's exploits. Daubins and Higgins are in high spirits. Crossbar shows his mettle by proposing an extemporaneous supper on the premises, and a jollification is got up in the kitchen. Pops, whose profit is yet in perspective, is not quite so elate, and takes care to be temperate in his libations, that the morrow may not find him off his guard. Brittle, too, remains sober as a judge, and compares notes with Pops, and they arrange plans of mutual co-operation for the morrow. Daubins and Higgins get 'drunk on the premises,' to the great scandal of the other three, and especially of Crossbar, who, being proof against any quantity of 'heavy,' wonders what such fellows can be made of. An admonition from the policeman, who is attracted to the house by their noise, at length reminds the party that they are in a different region from Broker Row; and after 'one glass more,' or rather one more 'pull' at the pewter-pot (for Brittle is too good a judge to allow his glass to be made use of), they break up, and betake themselves to their several homes.

The second day's sale is even as the first, and still more productive. The experienced Snuffins had not miscalculated the 'liberal arts' of the ladies. The china and glass, the linen and the plate of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Flighaway becomes a perfect rage among the housekeepers of the neighbourhood. 'As every lady,' says the presiding orator, 'is by nature a judge of these ere harties, there aint no necessity for any remarks about 'em on my part. I puts 'em up and knocks 'em down: you, ladies, gives what you likes for 'em, and has 'em. That's the long and the short of it.' With this elegant exordium the business of the day commences. Under the patronage of the fair it goes on prosperously and well. Pops's second-hand linen brings him almost the price of new; the plate upon which he lent a fraction under five shillings an ounce, runs up to seven or eight, or even more. Now and then a lot is bought by a gentleman, and even a few are bought in by the owners, but the bulk of the articles find female purchasers, and either go to swell the list of bargains for which the buyers have no mortal use, or being subjected to wear and tear, to prove the fallacious judgment of the excited bidders. The 'real china' of Brittle, which all came overland from the home potteries, is bought up as a rarity; and the glass—which to be kept at all must be kept cool, as the ceremony of tempering has been omitted in its manufacture—is an object of strong competition among the fair householders, it being just the one thing of which no lady that we ever yet heard of was known to possess enough.

The effects of the supposititious deceased honourable are at length all disposed of, to the no small delectation of the concoctors of the Rig. A profit, varying from twenty to fifty per cent, has been realised by each of them, and they all unanimously declare that this time it was a 'decent go, and no mistake.' But it is not always that the Rig runs so prosperous a course. Though often highly productive, it is yet looked upon as a desperate measure. Sometimes, if the promoters are in bad odour among their brethren of the trade, an

angry rival or an excluded would-be participator will expose the trick before half-a-dozen lots are sold, and he has either to be bribed to silence, or the thing becomes a failure. The Rig occasionally fails too from want of judgment in the selection of a proper locality for the experiment; not unfrequently less than ten per cent. of the lots are sold to real bidders; and in some instances, for which we could vouch, the amount of goods sold has not paid the auctioneer's charge for selling, to say nothing of other unavoidable expenses.

Sometimes the Rig is only partial—that is, it is confined to one or two rooms, or to a certain species of goods. In these cases it is curious to witness the perplexity of the brokers who happen not to be in the secret. That the Rig is being worked they know well enough from certain unmistakable symptoms; that the whole is not a Rig they also know, from the number of knockers-out who are present, and they never venture upon a bidding until the desired information is obtained. Sometimes the first-floor front is a Rig; sometimes the two-pair back. Frequently the plate is rigged; more frequently the pictures. The watchful observer at a sale may detect the Rig portion of it from the demeanour of the regular buyers during its course. No sooner does the disposal of the Rig plant commence, than the whole fraternity of dealers contemptuously and manifestly ignore it altogether, those personally interested only excepted, and the lots are left to the competition of the unsuspecting public, whose courage receives an occasional fillip from the owners of the property or their agents; and it is not till the last Rig lot is knocked down, that the men of business condescend to bestow a glance at the auctioneer, or to listen to his repeated calls for silence, as the noise from their gossiping groups interrupts his proceedings.

It is hardly necessary to state that from respectable auctioneers, men of character and integrity, the Rig receives no countenance. If, indeed, the choice collections of valuables of every description, gathered together by men of wealth and taste, who have devoted their lives to the task, were allowed to be tampered with and adulterated by the addition of any trumpery from the stocks of ignorant and peculant dealers, the public would have no guarantee for the genuineness of anything they bought. The Rig is born of stagnation of trade, and dies a natural death when commerce becomes brisk, and the demand for things saleable returns to its accustomed level.

SYMPATHETIC SNAIL COMPASS.

HERETOFORE there has been a limit to the security and rapidity of mental intercourse both between individuals and nations. The most tender epistles, the most important despatches, must needs be subject to the dangers and caprices of the winds and waves; nor can the electric telegraph bear our messages beyond the confines of our island home, for hitherto, at least, its attempts to find a pathway in the mighty deep have proved an utter failure. The longings thus expressed for an instantaneous communication of thought with distant countries, and which have hitherto been baffled and disappointed, are now, however, on the eve of being realised by a discovery which will enable us, in a moment of time, to span the great globe itself by our inmost thought, and to whisper in silence to the listening ear of our friend at Calcutta or New Zealand!

'But by what mighty agency will this instantaneous communication be effected?'

'By a snail.'

'By a snail! Incredulous! Impossible!'

'Incredible, if you will, but not impossible; for it is to the snail that this mission of thought-bearing is assigned; and the vast community of snailhood will

doubtless fulfil their office with a becoming sense of its importance.'

Let us now attempt to unravel this mystery. About eight or nine years ago it was discovered, almost simultaneously, by an American and a Frenchman (Messrs Biat and Behoit), that certain snails, after having once entered into affinity with each other, were endowed with the remarkable faculty of remaining permanently under a mutual sympathetic influence, which was not destroyed, nor even weakened, by the most prolonged intervention of time or space. This electric sympathy was not always dual in its nature, for it was found to exist with equal intensity among whole families of snails whose early lives had been passed within the same paternal hole. It was discovered, moreover, by our philosophers that this sympathy is strengthened and directed by placing the sympathising snails *en rapport* with (we use the terms without professing to understand their meaning) the magnetic, mineral, and adamic fluid, which may be effected by bringing them under certain conditions necessary to the maintenance of this threefold sympathy. In order to obtain these results, there has been invented by these gentlemen a portable apparatus, called a *Pasilalimic Sympathetic Compass*, by whose aid they obtain instantaneously, and at whatever distance the sympathetic snails may be placed, a sensible movement, designated by them an 'escargotic commotion,' and which is manifested every time that the parted sympathetic snails are excited by the approach of other sympathetic snails which are in affinity both with them and with each other; even in like manner as the electric commotion manifests itself to the experimentalist each time that he approaches with his finger a body which has previously been electrified.

But how can this sympathy be mutually manifested when the snails are placed at a great distance from each other? This is the next point to be ascertained. Well, it would appear from the statements of our two philosophers, that when these tender creatures are torn asunder by the relentless hand of fate, there flows forth from one to the other a sort of fluid, of which the earth is the conductor, and which unfolds itself, so to speak, like the almost invisible thread of a spider or a silk-worm, only with this difference—that the escargotic fluid is quite invisible, and that it passes through space with the rapidity of lightning. It is by means of this fluid that is excited and communicated the escargotic commotion, which is instantaneously transmitted from one beloved snail to the other, even though their habitations be fixed on opposite sides of the globe. In order to establish this communication, however, it suffices not to awaken escargotic sympathy: there must also exist an harmonic sympathy between the individuals who desire to correspond; and this harmonic sympathy is obtained by animal magnetism, and by intermingling the sympathetic escargotic fluid with the mineral and adamic magnetic fluid under the influence of the galvanic mineral fluid.

This is not the place to inquire what analogy there may naturally exist among these different fluids. Suffice it to say, that the necessity for their interfusion is the chief fact of the discovery, and without which the whole system must fall to the ground. In a word, the entire system of this novel communication may be said to rest as a basis upon the medium of *galvanomagnetic-mineral-animal-adamic-sympathy*.

There remains now to be ascertained by what sort of apparatus this escargotic commotion is obtained, and what means are adopted to render this commotion subservient to the transmission of thought. The *pasilalimic-sympathetic compass* consists of a square wooden box, within which is placed a galvanic battery whose metallic plates, instead of being placed above one another, as in the voltaic piles, are arranged in series, and fixed in grooves, made for that purpose in a circular wooden

plate, which revolves round its axis of iron. In place of metallic disks, Messrs Biat and Benoit have substituted circular troughs or cups of zinc, each one lined with linen which has been previously steeped in a solution of sulphate of copper, the lining being kept fixed by a plate of copper which is riveted to the cup. At the bottom of each trough is fixed, by a certain composition, known only to the inventors, a living snail, which imbibes in this metallic solitude a due portion of galvanic influence, to be subsequently combined with the electric influence, which is developed when the wheel is set in motion, bearing along with it the captive snails which have been fixed around it in their cells.

The box wherein is enclosed this moveable battery may be made of any form or substance whatever; but a close covering is absolutely essential, as the snails must not be exposed to atmospheric influence. Moreover, each of the galvanic troughs must be furnished with a spring, whose pressure will reveal the escargotic movement of the being which dwells within. It will be readily apprehended that in order to the formation of a corresponding apparatus, two of these snail-prisoning instruments will be necessary; the corresponding cups of each containing snails which have a reciprocal affinity, so that the escargotic commotion may be transmitted from one precise point of the battery to the same precise point of the other battery in the duplicate compass.

One more particular remains to be noticed. Messrs Biat and Benoit have affixed to the wheels of those two instruments, and close to each of the sympathetic springs, corresponding letters, which form a sort of alphabetic and sympathetic dials, by means of which the communication of thought is effected easily and instantaneously to any place, however distant; the escargotic commotion indicating on the corresponding dial those letters which one person desires to transmit to the other.

In order to effect the communication, nothing more is required than for the two correspondents to place themselves before these two instruments at the same hour, and to be in the necessary condition of harmonic sympathy, so that they may, without the intervention of steam-packets or electric telegraphs, and without any eye resting upon them save the sympathising glance of their friendly snails, unfold the inmost secret of their hearts.

In the article from whence the above details have been drawn, the writer, M. Jules Allix, goes on to describe his interview with M. Benoit, one of the inventors of this marvellous sympathetic compass, who, desirous to satisfy him fully with regard to the truth of the discovery, invited him to be present during one of his correspondences with Mr Biat in America. Accordingly, M. Jules Allix bent his steps with an anxious and beating heart to the Parisian dwelling where his doubts were to be resolved and his curiosity satisfied. The philosopher in America having been warned of their intention, they stood before the magic compass. M. Jules Allix not being in a state of harmonic sympathy with the correspondents, it was arranged that M. Benoit should convey any word or sentence he desired to express. The magnitude of the undertaking overwhelmed him with awe, and his mind was filled with reverence for the venerable philosopher who, at the other side of the Atlantic, awaited his message. The only word he could utter was 'Biat!' M. Benoit, with a sympathising snail in his hand, touched one of the captives in a trough: it moved! The letter B was noted down. Another was then touched, and another, and another. The name of B I A T was composed and transmitted to the American sage. In a few moments an escargotic motion became once more visible on the dial, and letter after letter was noted down, until these words were deciphered, 'C'est bien' ('It is well'). One or two other brief sentences passed between them,

which fully satisfied M. Allix as to the reality of the discovery; but we are obliged in common honesty to confess that some slight inaccuracies occurred in the spelling, not sufficient, however, to render the words unintelligible; and considering that the snails have but recently begun their education, we think it is but fair to make some allowance for them. Meantime, who will deny that the invention of Messrs Biat and Benoit exceeds both in wonder and in importance all the discoveries of Galvani, of Volta, and of Mesmer? Its agency so humble and so simple!—its results so magnificent and so complex! Henceforth, where will be the boudoir, or where the council chamber, which shall not possess its pasilalnic sympathetic compass? There will doubtless be some of massive construction and classic form, intended for our public offices, from whence they may in a moment of time transmit to the most distant parts of the globe the eloquent outpourings of our orators, or the sage decisions of our statesmen! Nor shall they require to be translated into other languages, for a part of the invention, which has not yet been named, consists in a pasilalnic (or universal) alphabet, whereby a language shall be formed, familiar alike to all people, and tongues, and nations. Again, there will be pasilalnic sympathetic compasses made in the form and about the size of watches, whereon may be lavished the exquisite taste of our fashionable jewellers, and containing snails no larger than a pin's head, whose transparent delicacy and sensitive tenderness will make them admirably adapted for a lady's amanuensis. It is not improbable that these elegant and useful compasses may shortly be seen appended by a chain to the waists of our modish ladies, in lieu of the chatelaines which have so recently been in fashion; and the absolute necessity of adhering rigorously to the moment fixed for their correspondence is a point which will be duly appreciated by our moralists, as tending to generate habits of punctuality and order in the 'beam sea.'

It was, we are informed, by the merest accident that Messrs Biat and Benoit discovered the abiding sympathetic property inherent in snails; and they have ascertained, by a long series of experiments, that others of the crustaceous species possess the same faculty of manifesting this sympathetic commotion, although none of them offer such advantages as a medium of communication as do the snail, partly because of the intensity of its sympathy, and partly because it can exist nearly twelve months without food, as also because of its extreme facility to become fixed within the galvanic trough, and its universal citizenship throughout the whole world.

We have no doubt that our numerous readers will hail with enthusiastic delight the important discovery which we have now imparted to them; but we must not part without addressing to them a word of caution. Do not, we pray you, imagine that after having read the preceding slight and imperfect sketch, you are able to construct a pasilalnic sympathetic compass. The inventors, while imparting to the public so much of their discovery as to enable intelligent people to judge of its possibility, have reserved to themselves the hidden secret of its success, without a knowledge of which the curious inquirer might vainly wander on in this mysterious field of investigation. Even in the very outset of the inquiry, innumerable difficulties occur; for as all men are not able to produce the phenomena of magnetic somnambulism, even so all snails do not possess in themselves this permanent sympathetic fluid; nor can the very best of them be available for the compass without being subjected to a peculiar influence, which has purposely been kept secret by the discoverers.

We are induced to give this warning, less from a regard to the sole and inalienable right of Messrs Biat and Benoit to the whole tribe of sympathetic

snails, in whatever quarter of the globe they may be found, than from a sort of liking for the snails themselves, which makes us unwilling that they should be persecuted with experiments by mere tyros in science. Let them be tortured, if you will, by such great men as Messrs Biat and Benoit, who martyrise them only in the cause of intellect and humanity; but we must protest against the doctrine of free trade in science, at least so far as snails are concerned. For ourselves, we have, since becoming acquainted with the noble destinies of these sluggish creatures, begun to regard them with respectful interest; and we found ourselves, a day or two ago, peeping into the leafy recesses of an ivy bush, and wondering what would be the fortunes of a loving family who were closely grouped together in that dark retreat!

We therefore once more pray our readers to remember that it is far easier to convey their thoughts all over the world by means of a paschaline sympathetic compass, than to solve the many mysteries involved in its construction.

FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.

'Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power—the never-halting time—
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime!'

We have just closed a volume of 'Wordsworth's Poems,' and the motto we have quoted, and the sonnet following it, recalled certain memories which have proved suggestive of our present subject. Five minutes too late! What an awful meaning is conveyed by the last two words of that brief sentence to the children of time, over whom circumstances and death have such fearful power! They conjure before our mental vision a spectral array of consequences from which we shrink: ghosts of vain hopes, of disappointed expectations, of love closed in death, move in ghastly procession, and but for certain recollections of a more enlivening nature—(for sometimes comedy blends even with the deepest tragedy in this kaleidoscope world of ours!)—we should erase our title, and choose another theme. Let it not alarm the reader, however, by the apparent threat it holds out of a homily upon the evils of procrastination. We mean to bestow no such tediousness upon his worship, deeming that the 'golden-lipped' saint himself would prove powerless to exorcise that most pertinacious of demons when he has once taken possession of any human soul. No; we intend simply to give a few instances of the singular, fatal, or ludicrous effects which the loss or delay of five minutes has caused, leaving Wordsworth's motto to point the moral of our gossiping.

The first, and one of the most painful of these our 'modern instances,' was very recently related to us by the son of him whose fortunes were changed, and finally his fate sealed, by the unheeded slitting of those few sands of time, and whose family are still sufferers from this apparent trifle. The momentous five minutes to which we allude were a portion of one of the most glorious periods that ever dial or hour-glass marked—that in which the Trafalgar victory was won, and Nelson lost. Among the gallant fleet which on that day roused the echoes of the hills of Spain, was a certain cutter commanded by a young lieutenant, who, possessing no naval interest, hoped for advancement only from his own gallantry and good conduct; and little doubt was there that either would prove lacking in his case. Memories of the fair wife and dear babe whose fortunes were, in the expressive language of the East, 'bound up in the bundle of his life,' awoke every energy of his nature, and gave (for him) a double and inspiring meaning to that celebrated signal, the

simple majesty of which still thrills the heart of all who owe homage to the name of our country—'England expects every man to do his duty.' When the fight began, our young lieutenant did his duty gallantly; the 'angel opportunity' was lacking for any very memorable achievement, but in that scene of unrivalled valour and exertion, the eye of the great commander marked the conduct of the gallant little cutter, and he noticed it to 'Hardy.' Had he lived, the fortune of the young officer would have been assured; but the life which then 'set in bloody glory' bore with it the hopes of many a brave mariner into the dim oblivion!

It is well known that the fleet which achieved this victory had, during the succeeding night and day, to contend with the fury of the elements; many ships dismasted in the battle, all shattered, and in numerous cases without an anchor to let go. It was whilst the ~~sun~~ was still raging that Lord Collingwood made a signal to the — cutter to send a boat for the despatches which were to be conveyed to England. The office intended for her commander was a favour, as the harbinger of such intelligence was certain of promotion; but, alas! our young lieutenant, engrossed by the present scene, and excited by the recent march of events, was not heeding the signal of the *Euryalus*, and it had been flying five minutes before it was reported to him. Then he hurried to obey the mandate—too late! Another had seen the summons, and preceded him, deeming that the state of the cutter must be the cause of her commander's delay. As her boat came alongside the *Euryalus*, that of his successful rival—if I may so style him—pushed off, and the officers exchanged greetings. Poor Y— at that moment bade farewell to the flood-tide of his fortunes! The admiral accepted his excuses, and regretted that he had not arrived in time, giving him the only charge remaining in his power to bestow—duplicates of the despatches—and with these he took his homeward course: but the lost five minutes had wrecked his hopes. His predecessor arrived safely, received promotion, and is now, or was very recently, an admiral, while the hero of our story obtained only a sword in commemoration of his bravery; and at the close of the war, was thrown aside, with many a gallant comrade, to waste the remainder of his life in oblivion and neglect. The disappointment of his hopes affected him deeply; the more so as his family increased, and his means of supporting and providing for them were small. What profound regret darkened the vision of Trafalgar when it recurred to the old officer's memory! He was sometimes heard to say, with a playful mockery of his own ill-fortune, 'that he had grown prematurely bald from the number of young men who had *walked over his head*,' but there was a pathos in the very jest. By a marvellous coincidence, his life was closed, as its prospects had been blighted, by the fatal five minutes too late. He was engaged to dine with an old brother-officer—one who hated to be kept waiting for his dinner—aid by some accident, it was five minutes after the appointed time when he left his house to proceed to his Amphitryon's. In his anxiety to redeem the lost time, he hurried up the hill he was compelled to ascend at a pace little befitting his age and infirmities—for he suffered from a complaint of the heart—reached the dining-room 'again five minutes too late,' as he remarked himself, in allusion to the unseen signal, was taken ill from the exertion, carried home, and died. 'The tide of life as well as of fortune had for him passed the flood!'

The colours of this kaleidoscope vision are of the darkest and saddest: let us shake the instrument and vary the combinations, and lo an Indian bungalow rises before us seated on a mountain height; and many busy forms are moving near and about it, for the lady who dwells there is about to join a party of friends

travelling to the island presidency below. Her husband's regiment has been recently hurried to the seat of war, and she can no longer dwell upon the wide and pleasant plains of the Deccan; moreover, the monsoon is ended, and the hot winds of the season are beginning to penetrate the screens. And now the ayah hastens her lady's preparations, by the information that the party of travellers are waiting in their palanquins without; but the 'Ma'am Sahib' is a confirmed procrastinator, and so much has been left till this last moment unprepared and undone, that she cannot obey the summons. The climate is not favourable to patience; besides, there is a 'tide' to be caught at the next *bunder*, and it, proverbially, will wait for no one; therefore, with some few apologies, the party moved on, expressing their assurance that Mrs T— would soon overtake them. She was of the same opinion, and bore their desertion very philosophically, insisting even on not detaining a gentleman of the group, who would fain have waited her leisure. As she entered her palanquin, she observed to her ayah—the only servant who accompanied her—that she had been, 'after all, only five minutes too late.' The 'God's image carved in ebony,' as Fuller calls the dark sisterhood of our race, showed her ivory teeth good-humouredly in assent, and retired to take possession of her own conveyance, in which she was ordered to follow closely that of her mistress, deeming the loss of time of as little moment as the lady did. The hamals then began their labours, and the first portion of the descent was achieved pleasantly and safely. Seated in her coffin-like carriage, Mrs T— looked forth on a scene of almost unrivalled beauty, every turn of the mountain pathway varying its character and increasing its loveliness. Revived by the recent heavy rains, the trees and herbage wore a green as vivid as if they were never scorched by the burning kisses of an Eastern sun; gay wild-flowers peeped out from the long grass of the jungle; and tiny waterfalls danced and sported down the mountains' sides to their own liquid music: the tramp of the bearers, the monotonous chant into which they occasionally broke, even the shrill cry of the green parrot, had all a charm for the fair lady traveller; and she forgot the 'five minutes too late' which had separated her from her companions, and the fact that there was still no appearance of rejoining them. The latter recollection had, however, occurred to her bearers, and gradually, though their burthen marked it not, they slackened their pace, and held low conference among themselves. The ayah's palanquin was far behind, the travellers who preceded them far before; the road was solitary, the jungle deep and secret as the grave; the lady known to be rich in jewels, if not in gold and rupees.

Evening was closing in: day fades rapidly in the East, and the brief twilight is as solemn as it is soft and short. The hamals' steps fell slower and slower; and at last a vague fear awoke in the lady's mind, to which the gradually-deepening gloom added force. She was imaginative, and she fancied the pretty water-jets grew larger, and foamed, and took a spectral form, like the mischievous uncle of 'Undine,' and that the dark figures of the relay of hamals, running by the side of the palanquin, grew taller, and more fiendish-looking: she began to 'see their visage' less 'in their mind' than in its natural colour and swart ugliness, and bitterly repented having been five minutes too late. A regret, alas! *too late*, for suddenly her palanquin was set upon the ground, and eight shadowy forms gathered round her, with glittering eyes and looks from which she shrank, while one in brief phrase desired her to give him her jewel-case and her money. The request was not instantly granted. The Scotswoman was courageous, and represented to her false guides that she could neither rob nor injure a woman of her race with impunity. In answer, one fellow pointed to the deep

jungle, and made an expressive sign at the back of his own throat. She saw that it would be vain to refuse, and delivered the small box she had with her and her money. They received it silently; and sitting down in her sight, coolly examined and divided their spoil. Then came a fearful pause. They looked towards the palanquin; they were evidently consulting as to what they should do with her. Never could she afterwards forget the feeling with which her gaze encountered those terrible black eyes! the agony of suspense was more than she could bear; and as they rose simultaneously, she buried her face in her hands, and in a short, almost wordless prayer, commended her soul to her Creator. At the same instant a frightful roar, echoed by a thrilling scream, or rather yell, burst on her ear. She looked up, and beheld her foes scattered on all sides, pursued by a tiger, to whose remorseless thirst one had evidently fallen a prey, for faint from the distance came a cry of mortal agony. She was saved! The five minutes they had loitered over their spoil had, through the mercy of a good Providence, made crime too late to be consummated. She sat there alone, wonderfully preserved, but still in an awful situation for a female, since night was gathering round her, and the *lair* of the wild beast so near! Her heart beat audibly, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a familiar and blessed sound: 'Auld Lang-syne,' played on her native bagpipes, stole on the silence of the evening, and, relieved from a weight of terror—from the fear of death itself—she shed large heavy tears as the clear music approached her. A Highland regiment was on its night march back to the Presidency, and either its approach had been perceived by the robbers who had escaped the tiger, and thus prevented their return to their victim, or their superstitious terror at the jungle tyrant had kept them from the spot. In a few minutes some of the Highland officers were beside the palanquin, listening indignantly to the lady's story, and offering her every assistance in their power. She was a good horsewoman, and the adjutant resigned his steed to her. Her jewels and money, found scattered on the road, were collected and given in charge to a Highlander, and she was escorted in safety by the gallant *is-th* to the *bunder*, from whence she could embark for Bombay. If anything could cure prostration, the effects of such a 'five minutes too late' might be expected to perform it; but, as we have said, we have no faith in even so severe a remedy, and we doubt if pretty Mrs T— has ever put her bonnet on the quicker since her adventure on the Kandallah Ghauts.

And now, looking back into our very early childhood, we can see a neat, quiet-looking old lady, on whose fate our ominous title had as important a result. She was the widow of a merchant-ship captain, who had left her a comfortable independence, and the care of a boy nephew—his only sister's son—a fine lad destined for the sea. The pair lived in an old-fashioned house in one of the old, narrow, dull, but respectable streets of Portsea, and were introduced to our notice by the necessity of applying to Mrs Martin, or, as she called herself, Mrs Marting, for the character of a servant. Inquiries touching the damscl's capabilities had been made by letter, but the reply was by no means as clear as could be desired; for the old lady was a very 'queen of the dictionary,' and played so despotically with words, and the letters which form them, that the only part of her reply at all intelligible to my mother was a kindly-expressed hope that 'Susan Olding would shoot her!' We supposed she meant *suit*; but to make assurance doubly sure, mamma called on her, and took us children with her. It was about Christmas-time, and we remember distinctly how nice and cosy we thought the quaint-looking old parlour into which we were ushered. The fireplace was formed of Dutch tiles, commemorative of a whole Bible biography: a

large closet, with glass doors, exhibited to our childish peeping a quantity of valuable old china. There was a harpsichord—the only one we ever saw—open in the room. Round the walls hung pieces of embroidery framed, the subjects being taken from the 'Faerie Queen'; and above each shone the glittering leaves and scarlet berries of a holly sprig. A bright fire blazed on the hearth; and by the side of it, in an imposing-looking arm-chair, sat the mistress of the dwelling knitting—a pretty woman even in advancing years, with a kind happy expression of countenance, that one would have felt grieved to see overshadowed by a care.

From that time we became acquaintances of good Mrs Martin. She met us in our walks; sometimes took us into her house to give us a piece of seed-cake and a glass of home-made wine; and finally, invited us occasionally to drink tea with her. We enjoyed those evenings exceedingly; she was so kind, and good-natured, and so ready to enter into all our games, in which we had also a blithe comrade in the young man her nephew, who had just returned from sea. He would play with us till we were tired, and then seating us round the blazing fire, would entertain us, Othello-like, with his adventures, and those of his messmates, till we held our breath to listen. A very fine seaman-like youth was Harry Darling the midshipman, and very proud his aunt was of him. In truth she had good cause to rejoice in her affection for him, as the incident we have to relate will prove. When Harry first went to sea, his adopted mother felt, as she expressed it, 'very *dissolute*' (desolate?) in her deserted house, and sought relief from her anxious thoughts by frequenting oftener the tea-tables of her neighbours, among whom her cheerful temper, to say nothing of her comfortable income and hospitality, made her very popular. At the house of one of the most intimate of her gossips, the worthy widow was in the habit of meeting, and of being partner at whist, with a tall gentleman wearing a moustache, and distinguished by the title of 'Count.' Now if Mrs Martin had a weakness, it was her love for 'great people,' as she phrased it; many of whose privileges were the especial objects of her envy, especially the mournful one of a funereal exhibition of heraldic honours. She always regretted that she had not been able to hang out 'a hatchet' for her poor dear departed *Marting*. Now, as she never dreamed, dear guileless old body, of any one assuming a dignity not justly appertaining to them, and had no conception of the exact standard of national rank, a foreign count with a moustache like a Life Guardsman was as imposing a personage in her estimation as an ancient English 'Thane,' and she treated his countship with all possible respect and attention, considering it a high honour when he favoured her neat dwelling with a visit, and drank tea out of her best china. She always called him 'my lord,' and 'your lordship,' and sympathised deeply in the cruel reverses to which the Revolution had subjected him, never wearying of hearing descriptions of his 'chateau,' and of his hotel in Paris, though it long continued a mystery to her how a nobleman with such a fortune could have liked to keep a *hôtel*, a difficulty she at last solved by ascribing it to foreign manners. But the count became daily more intimate at her house, telling her long stories over the winter fire, or while partaking of the meal she called, in compliment to him, her 'petty souper,' and gradually the usual consequences of such story-telling ensued. The unfortunate noble proposed to Mrs Martin, and, quite fluttered and dazzled by the honour, the widow consented to become Madame la Comtesse. His lady-love's assent once obtained, the Frenchman was eager for the immediate celebration of their nuptials; but Mrs Martin insisted on waiting till her dear Harry came home from sea, his ship being 'daily expected. The bridegroom shrugged an unwilling

assent, and consoled himself by dining occasionally, as well as drinking tea, with his lady-love.

At length the battery and guard-ship guns of Portsmouth greeted the expected frigates, and the next day Harry Darling embraced his aunt, and learned from her with much surprise, and a little vexation, that she was about to marry 'a member of the French House of Lords!' The boy had already seen enough of the world to take a very different view of the proposed exaltation, and to have serious fears for his kinswoman's happiness in a union with one whom he, at first sight, pronounced an adventurer; but on hinting his suspicions to her, the good lady for the first time grew angry with him, ascribing his observations to a selfish regard for his own interest, and Harry finding remonstrance vain, was fain to yield a sad consent to be present at the ceremony in a week's time.

The wedding-day arrived. The ceremony was to be performed at a little village church at some distance, and the carriages destined to convey the nuptial party were ordered at an early hour. The bride, handsomely attired, and the bridegroom in the dignity of an entire new suit, were waiting, attended by their friends, in the parlour we have described, for the appearance of Harry, who had been unable to get leave till the eventful morning, but had promised to be there in time. There is nothing more calculated to throw a gloom over persons assembled for some festive or momentous occasion, than the having to wait for an expected guest. The gossips assembled in Mrs Martin's room had met with gay smiles and pleasant congratulations, but as minute after minute stole away, and no Harry Darling appeared, the conversation sank into silence, and the company looked grave and tired. The count became impatient, and urged his betrothed not to delay longer, as circumstances might have occurred to prevent 'Monsieur Darling' from leaving his ship; but the widow was not to be persuaded. She loved Harry with all the warmth of her affectionate nature. She had never known him break his promise; if he did not come, he must, 'she was sure, be ill, or he might even have fallen overboard, and could the count think her such an inhuman monster as to go to be married while the dear child's fate was doubtful?' The gentleman internally wished 'the dear child' at the bottom of Spithead, but he dared not dispute the will of his despotic widow, and they waited another quarter of an hour, when, to the joy of all, the missing Harry sprang across the threshold, releasing the 'wedding guests' from their thralldom to a nameless kind of discomfort, and his aunt from her nervous fears.

With all speed the party then drove off, and proceeded at a brisk pace to the village church; but even as the tall spire rose in sight above the leafy elms, the clock struck the hour of noon. The bridal party exchanged looks: after twelve, it is not possible to be married in England without a special licence. But the bride's attendant suggested that as it could not be more than five minutes after the time, the rector might be induced to overlook the rule, and, they alighted and entered the church. Only the sexton was visible, in the act of closing the doors. He told them that the Rev. Mr Bunbury, after waiting for them till noon, had just ridden off to attend a clerical meeting at some distance; but that even had he been at home, it would have been quite impossible for him to have performed the ceremony after the appointed hour. They were therefore compelled to return unmarried, and Harry received a gentle chiding from his aunt for the confusion he had occasioned, which, however, he asserted was not his fault, but that of the first Lieutenant, who had detained him. To atone in some measure for the disappointment to her friends, Mrs Martin invited them all to dine with her at six, and to accompany her on a similar expedition on the narrow. The invitation was accepted, and the count forgot his

disappointment over a plate of turtle-soup, and indulged in delightful anticipations of the next morning which was to render him

' Monarch of all he surveyed.'

Alas, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip! A five minutes too late is no such trifling master. It was even while wit and champagne were at their height, that a knock at the street door disturbed the jovial company, and was followed by the announcement of 'a lady who wished to speak with Monsieur di Fierville.' Mrs Martin, eager to please the man she delighted to honour, bade the servant usher the lady in, and a scene of confusion followed which may rather be imagined than described. It was no less a personage than the Madame Fierville herself—the true and living wife of the deceitful lover—who had at length, as she informed them, been able to dispose advantageously of her business as a *modiste*, and had followed her husband to England, trusting she should find him established, according to his intention, as a hairdresser in the good town of Portsea." On reaching his lodgings, however—for she had, after some difficulty, succeeded in tracing him—she learned from the mistress of the house that he had taken to himself the title of his former master—he had been *vale* to Count F—, and an English wife, and she had come to the home of the latter to exact justice or revenge. 'The count' was no match for his vehement and enraged wife, and could not deny the authenticity of the testimonials of the truth of her statement, which she produced. He was hurried, at rather uncivil speed, from the house by the enraged Harry Darling, and was followed thence by the angry and garrulous Frenchwoman; while Mrs Martin had a gentle hysterie—nothing could greatly disturb the equanimity of her temper—and sinking on her nephew's shoulder, murmured in broken sobs her thanks to Providence, and, under Providence, to him, 'that from being five minutes too late she had escaped being made an accomplice in the crime of *burglary*.'

"We must turn from Mrs Martin—her love passages and her blunders—to an incident in which the words of our motto were most pathetically and fatally exemplified—

' A moment's putting off has made
Misfortune as heavy as a crime.'

The actors, or rather sufferers, of the story were a twin brother and sister, orphans, and dependent on the bounty of a near kinswoman, who, being of the Romish persuasion, had educated the girl in the doctrines of her own faith, although, in compliance with the dying wish of her widowed sister, the boy was suffered to retain that of his country and his father. But this difference of creeds proved the cause of no diminution of affection between the children, whose love for each other equalled or surpassed those loves which Scripture and poetry have made immortal. They were ever to be seen hand in hand; the one had no pleasure the other did not partake; their playthings, books, thoughts, joys, and infantine sorrows were shared invariably; and as the boy was educated at home, they were never separated till John had attained his seventeenth year, when his aunt's interest procured him a cadetship, and he was obliged to leave Mary in order to join his regiment in India. It was a terrible separation in those days, when the subjected elements 'yoked to man's iron car' had not, as in the present day, nearly fulfilled the modest wish of Dryden's lovers, and

' Annihilated time and space!'

The twins were heartbroken at the idea of parting; John consoled his sister by the promise of sending her as soon as he had an Indian home to offer her; and Mary pleased 'that it might be soon, no matter

how humble that home might be!' And he assented to all her wishes, and pledged his word never to miss an opportunity of writing to her.

Letters from the East were then few and far between; and when received, brought in their very date a painful reminder of the time that had elapsed since the beloved hand had traced them, and a fear of all that might have chanced since their old news was written. But they were the chief comfort of Mary Murray—

' When seas between them broad had rolled,'

and for days after the arrival of one, her step would fall more lightly, and her voice take a happier tone. After the departure of her nephew, Mrs Jermyn removed with her nieces to France. Her means were straitened, and she could live more economically on the continent; and there, after the lapse of some few years, she died, leaving Mary Murray all her little property, and advising her to join her brother in India as soon as she conveniently could, but to remain as boarder in a convent till arrangements to that effect could be made. The poor girl obeyed the wishes of her last and only friend, and became for a time the inmate of a cloister; but her thoughts and wishes all tended to the East, and she longed for the arrival of her brother's next letter—the answer to that in which she had made him aware of her loss, and of her wish to go to him. The mail arrived: there was no letter for her, but it brought news of an engagement in which John Murray's regiment had fought bravely and suffered much. His name was not in the list of killed or wounded, but he was reported 'missing,' probably a prisoner to the enemy, or drowned in the river, on the banks of which the contest had taken place. The grief of her, who had no other tie of love in the world, may be imagined; it could scarcely be described. Nevertheless she was young, and the young are generally sanguine. Almost without her being conscious of it, she still cherished a hope that he might be restored to her; but months rolled on, and brought no tidings. Then it was that, sick at heart, and weary even of the hope that was so constantly disappointed, her thoughts turned to the cloister as a refuge from her lonely sorrow. She had no object of interest beyond the walls; the nuns were kind and good; the duties of the convent such as she loved to fulfil. She took the white veil, and at the end of the year's novitiate, the *black*. The service of final dedication had begun, when a stranger arrived at the convent gate, and requested to see Miss Murray on business of importance. He was desired by the portress to wait till the ceremony, which had commenced about five minutes previously, was ended; and ignorant of the name of the nun who was making her profession, he of course consented to the request. In about an hour's time, a young figure, robed in black, and veiled, stood at the grate to ask his business with her. He uttered an exclamation of alarm and consternation when he perceived Miss Murray in the dress of a nun. Then recovering himself, informed her, as cautiously as his surprise permitted, that he had come from her brother, who had been made prisoner, and was now restored to his regiment, after having endured much, and met with a number of adventures, of which a letter he then offered her would give her a full account. It ought, he acknowledged, to have been delivered a day or two earlier, but he had been much engaged since his arrival in Paris, and had forgotten it till that morning, when, ashamed and sorry for his neglect, he had proceeded at an early hour to the convent. Mary Murray heard him with a pale cheek and quivering lip, and as she took the letter from his hand, murmured, 'You came five minutes too late, sir! and to that lost time my brother's happiness and mine have been sacrificed. I am a nun now—as dead to him as if the grave had closed above me!' The young messenger was overwhelmed with regret as vain as it was agonizing. Miss

Murray kindly endeavoured to console him, but on herself the blow fell heavily. She was never seen to smile from that day; and in less than a year after, the nuns of St Agnes followed their young sister to the grave. Most fitly might the beautiful epitaph in the church of the Santa Croce have been graven beneath the holy sign her tombstone bore:—

‘ Ne la plaignez pas ! Si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau l'a épargné !

The brother grieved deeply for a while, but the stream of the world bore him onwards, and its waters are the true Lethe for ordinary and even extraordinary sorrow. He married, and years afterwards returned to England with his wife and family; and then the memory of his sister Mary returned vividly and painfully to his mind, and, as a warning to his children, he told them the story of her enduring affection, and of the fatal five minutes too late !

CREDIBILITY OF THE STORY OF HUGH OF LINCOLN.

The story of Hugh of Lincoln is well known from its being the theme of a popular ballad, a version of which was published by Percy in his ‘Reliques.’ It represents a Christian boy, named Hugh, as inveigled by means of an apple into the house of a Jew, and as there conducted to a secret apartment, and put to death. It then goes on to relate the anxiety of the mother in seeking for her son, and the miraculous circumstance of his detailing the fact and manner of his murder from the bottom of a well, into which he had been thrown:—

‘ When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame ;
Then ilk lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nae.

She rowed her mantle her about,
And sair, sair gan she weep ;
And she ran to the Jew's castle,
When all were fast asleep.

“ My bonny Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray thee to me speak !”
“ Oh, lady, run to the deep draw-well,
Gin ye your son wad seek !”

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-well,
And knelt upon her knee—
“ My bonny Sir Hugh, an ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me.”

“ The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
A word I downna speak.

“ Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
It's there we twa shall meet.”

The English chronicler, Matthew Paris, relates in his History of England the story on which the ballad is founded with great circumstantiality, under date 1255, which was during his own lifetime. He narrates how the Jews of Lincoln stole a Christian boy of eight years of age, in order to make him the subject of a mock crucifixion, by way of burlesquing the Passion of our Saviour. He was beaten, crowned with thorns, and nailed to a cross, after which they made him drink gall, and finally put an end to his sufferings by piercing him with a lance. Thereafter having taken out the intestines, to serve in some magical rites, they threw the body into a pit. The mother traced the boy to the house of a particular Jew, where the body was found. The Jew was brought before Lord John of Lexington,

and, on promise of his life, confessed the facts as above stated. The corpse was meanwhile buried honourably in Lincoln cathedral. In consequence of the accusations of the Jew against his brethren, ninety-one were seized and conveyed to the Tower of London, where eighteen of them were soon after hanged. The accuser was himself put to death by order of the king.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that this story has some foundation in fact. It was verified so far in 1790, by the discovery of the body of Hugh of Lincoln in the tomb always pointed out as his in the cathedral. The skeleton of a male child, three feet three inches long, and with appearances as if the bowels had not been buried along with the body, was there found wrapped in lead. The testimony of a contemporary historian is powerful evidence. Nor should we overlook the deep impression which the tale has made on the public mind. It is noticed by every chronicler since Matthew's time, and has been canonized in a beautiful poem of the fourteenth century, the ‘Prioress's Tale’ in Chaucer. Not long ago, additional proof of the wide celebrity of the circumstances was afforded by the discovery of an Anglo-Norman ballad relating them in the Bibliothèque Royale of Paris.

Dr Abraham Hume has recently collected all the particulars connected with the story,* including copies of the various ballads, and the accounts of the chroniclers, and has proceeded to deliberate on the credibility of the alleged guilt of the Jews. He argues on the unlikelihood of the Jews introducing a mock crucifixion into their old established ritual, and on their having no tendency to the use of magical ceremonies. Suppose we had been ourselves present at Lincoln when the body of the child was found. We should have seen only an infuriated mob dragging a Jew out of his house on suspicion of murder, and a gentleman subjecting him to an irregular trial, in the course of which the alleged culprit made a monstrous confession, in accordance with vulgar prejudices, in order to save his own life. Religious antipathy went hand in hand with a love of the wealth of the Jews, to cause their being subjected to all kinds of oppression and injustice, and thus there is all possible reason for suspecting that this affair of the boy of Lincoln was only the taking advantage of some trivial casualty to wreak out popular vengeance upon this unhappy tribe.

The strongest argument in favour of this view of the story is the fact, that the Jews of a country now in a condition analogous to that of England in the thirteenth century were subjected in our own time to a series of vindictive outrages of the same nature, and on account of charges perfectly groundless. In the year 1840, in consequence of the sudden disappearance of a priest called Thomas, the ancient prejudice was revived at Damascus: and before a proper judicial examination of the facts could be made, two or three Jews, who would have been important witnesses in the case, were put to death. A severe persecution then commenced; the popular fury was excited not only there; but in other parts of the Turkish empire; and a variety of tortures were inflicted, which are happily unknown in all the countries of modern Christendom. In the very same year similar acts were performed at Rhodes; and the intelligent and humane throughout all Europe and America were moved by the accounts. Mr (now Sir) Moses Montefiore of London was determined to visit the localities, and to procure, if possible, a cessation of the sufferings of his people. His brethren in this and the neighbouring countries of Europe cheerfully deputed to him the expression of their sentiments; he was also fortified by the authority and protection of the British government, and attended

* Sir Hugh of Lincoln; or an Examination of a Curious Tradition respecting the Jews, with a Notice of the Popular Poetry Connected with it. By the Rev. Abraham Hume, LL.D. London J. R. Smith. 1849. Pp. 64.

by the good wishes of all Christian people. Previous to his departure, a great meeting was held at the Egyptian Hall, London, which Dr Loewe considers "the most glorious evidence of intelligence and religious toleration that is to be met with in the annals of mankind." On the arrival of Sir Moses at Damascus, an investigation was made into the circumstances, the result of which was a *complete acquittal* of the Jewish prisoners. They were liberated on the 21st of August 1841. Similar results took place at Rhodes, the pasha of which was deposed.

In short, there is no good reason that can be shown against our forming the conclusion, that the story regarding the death of the boy Hugh took its rise in popular superstition, and is merely an example of the dismal effects of ignorance and bigotry in an age when law was irregularly administered.

MYSTERIOUS BREAKING OF A VASE.

The ingenious Charles Peach, the Cornwall naturalist, whose papers at the British Association have often been referred to in the journals, is now professionally settled at Peterhead in the north of Scotland, where, as formerly, he employs his spare time in researches in the lower fields of marine life. He lately obtained a *gowdie* (gemmous diognet), and this, together with a small five-bearded blenny, he put into a large crystal vase, which was suspended from the ceiling of his parlour, near the window. The fish had done very well for several days, when their life was brought to a close by a curious accident. To quote from a letter of Mr Peach :—“One night, about eleven o'clock, my two girls, my two oldest boys, my wife and myself, were about to go to bed, when some odd story which had made us laugh in Cornwall was recalled to mind, and the recollection so tickled us that we all fell again into a hearty laugh. The fish, which were of a quiet disposition, and usually rested at the bottom, immediately became much excited, and we observed them darting furiously backwards and forwards. My son William went towards the window to see what was the matter, when bang went the vase, and down came the fish and salt water upon the floor. A pretty rush it caused amongst us : of course the fish lost their lives. When the bustle was over, the question arose, “How happened this ?” We had every reason to believe the vase perfectly sound. I believe it was caused by our laugh being hearty, and all in one note, and that the note which the vase would vibrate to; the vase being thin, the vibration had been too strong for it. The fish had evidently been acted on by the jarring of the walls of their frail tenement.”

PEEPS INTO THE LITERARY CIRCLES OF LONDON.

The society of the literary world of London is conducted after this wise :—There are certain persons, for the most part authors, editors, or artists, but with the addition of a few who can only pride themselves upon being the patrons of literature and art—who hold periodical assemblies of the notables. Some appoint a certain evening in every week during the season, a general invitation to which is given to the favoured; others are monthly; and others, again, at no regular intervals. At these gatherings the amusements are conversation and music only, and the entertainment is unostentatious and inexpensive, consisting of tea and coffee, wine or negus, handed about in the course of the evening, and sandwiches, cake, and wine at eleven o'clock. Suppers are prohibited by common consent, for costliness would speedily put an end to society too agreeable to be sacrificed to fashion. The company meets usually between eight and nine, and always parts at midnight. I believe that these are the only social circles in London in which inexpensiveness of entertainment is the rule, and hence, perhaps, it is that they are the most frequent, the most social, and the most agreeable. At these parties there is always an amusing and singular congregation of characters. The only recognised test of admission is *talent*. If any person be remarkable for any *talent*, no matter what his

station in life, here he is welcome. The question always asked in the literary circles of London is not, as in other circles, ‘What is he ?’ but ‘Who is he ?’ Authors, artists, editors, musicians, scientific men, actors, and singers, male and female, are grouped together indiscriminately; and peers, baronets, knights, lawyers, doctors, booksellers, printers—provided they possess this qualification of being authors, artists, or musicians, or be renowned as the patrons of literature, art, or music—here meet together in temporary social equality, but regulated by so much good sense, that it does not lead to familiarity elsewhere. The rooms in which these assemblies are held vary in size and splendour, from the vast and magnificent saloons of the nobleman, to the plain and humble drawing-room of an unfashionable street. But both are enjoyed equally, nor does there appear to be a preference. I have seen the modest residence of Mrs Loudon in Porchester Terrace filled with persons as famous as are to be found in the mansion of Sir T. N. Talfourd in Russell Square. The truth is, that the visitors of this class go to see and be seen, to talk and be talked to; for the pleasure of meeting persons, and not for show, or to eat and drink, as at the ‘ball and supper’ which is the established formula of entertainment with the other circles of London society. But other objects of interest are not omitted. There is always good music, vocal and instrumental, because some of the distinguished vocalists of the time are always among the assembly, and always ready to assist in the mutual entertainment. Artists are invited to bring their portfolios with them; the newest books, engravings, and illustrated works lie upon the tables. Of conversation there is no lack. Among the *habitués* of this society there are some eminent talkers, who always gather round them a knot of attentive listeners; and if the rooms are large, you will see several of these circles dotted about, each indicating some personage of note for its centre.—*The Critic*.

‘NEVER COMES THE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN !’

—*Vide ‘Reverberations,’ Part First.*

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh ! the cruel words that have been spoken—

‘Never comes the beautiful again !’

Credit not the saying: still unbroken

Is the pledge which nature’s tongue hath spoken

With an earnest eloquence to men.

Beauty ne’er departing ! Beauty dwelleth

Wherever loveful eyes look out for her—

Where the woods glisten and the wild deer belleth,

Where mystic echo ‘mid hill-grottos dwelleth,

Where rills rush through deep glens, her footsteps stir.

Where gem-like stars are sparkling in the heavens,

And fragrant flowers are springing from the earth—

Where sunny morns are bright, and golden evens

Shed many-tinted clouds across the heavens,

Beauty, in changeful glory, wanders forth !

Where sea-waves, to the summer sunshine dancing,

Receive white-pinioned birds upon their breast—

Or where mad tempest, o’er the deep advancing,

Ushers forked lightning, that in rapid dancing

Curls, snake-like, o’er each tumbling billow’s crest ;

Where genius looketh forth, with high endeavour,

From mental casements on the peopled world,

Beauty may aye be seen—‘a joy for ever’—

To him who seeks her with a high endeavour,

Love’s loyal banners in his hand unfurled.

Men may shut out the bright and glorious vision

By hateful arts and actions, and the sway

Of thoughts unnatural; but no hard decision

Of mind’s penurious obs us of the vision

Which beauty sheds across her lover’s way !

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 373. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

THE present is an age of true wonders, and for that reason it is likewise an age of impudent deceptions: it is an age of extraordinary knowledge, and therefore of marvellous ignorance: an age of daring scepticism, and consequently of blind credulity. Nothing is too difficult for ingenuity to accomplish; and hollow pretension may therefore go as far as it pleases. If the once famous seven-league boots toil after us in vain upon the road; if we in Edinburgh converse this evening with a friend in London, and, in compliance with his invitation, go and breakfast with him to-morrow morning in Piccadilly—why not trust in the ears that hear the grass grow, or in any of the other marvels of what, in the days of our youthful inexperience, we called romance? The true and the false are so much jumbled together, and resemble each other so closely, that it is no wonder we cannot tell the difference. If one professor of the healing art is able to amputate a limb without causing the slightest pain, are we to disbelieve another who pretends merely to dissolve a bunion on the foot for thirteenpence-halfpenny?

Although impossibilities, however, have become commonplace facts, and nothing remains ridiculous but ridicule, there are *some* pretensions which would puzzle a modern owl; and one of these we shall now take the liberty of examining, more especially since a brother contributor was disappointed on a former occasion in obtaining the advertised recipe.* We are not to be moved from the performance of this duty by the fact—although we mention it here as a matter of justice—that the professor in question (they are all professors) has liberally dropped the odd halfpenny, and charges no more than thirteenpence—which is twopence less than Sir John Falstaff's share in the robbery committed by Pistol. Giving him due credit for this moderation, we proceed to say that our professor's arcanum is described in the heading of his advertisement—

MATRIMONY MADE EASY, OR HOW TO WIN A LOVER; and that this is no presuming title for an announcement which promises, for the moderate sum we have mentioned, 'plain directions to enable ladies or gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire.' It might be supposed that there is something Bluebeardish and unconfessional in this offer; but we must recollect that a recipe, if worth anything, does not lose its virtue for being once used. The same process which acts upon one set of devoted affections will of course serve for any number of scores or thousands that may be coveted by

the liberal heart which has parted with thirteenpence for the purpose.

Of the process, we are told that it is perfectly simple, but captivating and entralling to a remarkable degree. Under its influence anybody and everybody may be married 'irrespective of age, appearance, or position'—that is, however old, ugly, poor, or mean; they may be married too, if they so will, even to the most fickle or cold-hearted; 'and last, though not least,' the process may be gone through 'with such ease and delicacy that detection is impossible.' Setting the science of the thing aside, there can be nothing, we think, more finely poetical than this conception; and certainly nothing more consolatory to that sensitive timidity which shrinks from aiming at the love it would die to obtain. How many men there be, how many women, who carry with them through years a secret preference, which is the one fact in their history, and which is buried with them in their grave! If these men, if these women, could only come by such a thirteen-pennyworth! Many, too, feel an attraction that might seem magical for an utter stranger. They fancy they recognise features their eyes never looked upon in this world before; and they take refuge from the thrilling uncertainties that haunt them in the dream of a former state of existence which has transmitted its sympathies, and even its shadowy memories to the present. These anonymous phantoms have been alluded to by a poet, but more in their material than psychological character:—

One of those forms that sit by us when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see,
The momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty, which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know—
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below!

Now, if we could only follow such shapes to their sublunary abode—if we could only awaken in their bosom the sympathy that burns in ours—if we could only make the recognition mutual, and renew the intercommunion which has perhaps been suspended for a thousand years—would not that be worth thirteenpence?

But how to realise an object like this? Speak, dumb professor! and

'A round unvarnished tale deliver
Of your whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic'
you employ to bring about such admirable results?
Or is it not more probable that our professor is a

* See 'A Last Breach of Confidence,' in No. 349.

philosopher who works upon the mind through its every-day feelings, and is only different from other men by the art with which he employs common agents to bring about a marvellous object? Is it not to him the father of Hermia speaks?—

'Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fancy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth!'

We feel, however, that we are perhaps trifling with hearts which cannot bear such rough handling—that we are sending through the entire community a thrill of expectation which it is our destiny to disappoint. Let us say, then, without tampering further with so delicate a subject, that the Professor of Matrimony is

— But stay: we shall first mention what he does. He does not furnish a love-powder, or a talisman, or a perfume, or a salve, or a potion, or a phial of vapour, or a sealed packet of electricity. All he gives for your money is two superficial inches of pamphlet, containing little more than one of our columns of letter-press; and worth, therefore, in vulgar money, the fractional part of a farthing. And in this pamphlet, we are ashamed to say, there is nothing mysterious, nothing magical, nothing even poetical. Here is a portion of the prologue:—'Generally speaking, both sexes are desirous of entering the matrimonial state; but, considering the hundreds of thousands who wear out a lonely and miserable existence as old maids and bachelors, it becomes quite evident that there is something wrong in the existing state of society which debars so many respectable persons from marital felicity; and the cause, as well as the remedy, for all these disappointments I undertake to point out. It appears to me that both ladies and gentlemen seal their own misery by an overdue deference to the cold formalities of society, and sacrifice their prospects of happiness, as well as usefulness, in a social point of view, at the shrine of etiquette.'

What, then, does the professor propose? 'That we should all ask one another without ceremony? That we should institute a perpetual leap year, available in its privileges both for men and women? No such thing: he offers to do all the courting himself for the entire bachelorhood and spinsterhood of the nation, and to manage the process in such a 'style of fascination' that 'none can resist its influence!' His theory is, that everybody wants to be married, and that nothing more is requisite than an introduction. This introduction he proposes to obtain by advertisement, if specially requested; but in most cases it will be unnecessary to have recourse to such an expedient, he having begun business with a very large stock of ladies and gentlemen on hand. From his omission, however, to say why he does not marry these ladies and gentlemen to one another, and likewise to declare, in an exposition which professes to be candour itself, by what means he proposes to procure husbands and wives for age, ugliness, poverty, and vulgarity of station, gives one a sort of qualm as he reads, and almost induces a suspicion that the professor is—saving your sentimentality—a humbug!

Beyond the advertisement, however, there is nothing new in the plan; and neither is there anything flagitious in it, if we except the 'captivating and entralling' on false pretences of an unlimited number of threepences. A matrimonial agency is no novelty even in England. It is just such a scheme as would naturally present itself to the imaginations of a proud, reserved,

and yet impassioned people; just such a scheme as would be fallen upon by them to soothe

'The nympholepsy of some fond despair;

and yet just such a scheme as in practice they would turn from with a sensitive flush. Yes; a matrimonial agency is wanted, but it won't do in England: and the reason it won't do is, that it is wanted. The same pride and reserve that make it a desideratum in theory, are fatal to its success in experiment.

The case is different in France, and so are the social character and manners of the people. In good society there, when a love-match takes place at all, it is the result of some comparatively rare coincidence. The choice of the parents and that of the young people happen to coincide: and if it turned out otherwise, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the lady would yield to duty—which in this instance, as in numerous others, means custom. In the hundredth case—that of disobedience—the misconduct of the daughter would not only be looked upon by her acquaintances as unfilial, but indecent; and it is not uncommon for a Frenchwoman to boast, that although, if left to her own inclinations, she would have made quite a different choice, still she had been too well brought up to refuse the happy man her friends recommended. In the midst of marriages like these, in which Love, however welcome he may be, merely drops in accidentally when he comes at all, it is not surprising to find the French Hymen opening a shop upon the Boulevards for providing husbands and wives to order. There is in Paris at least one great establishment of the kind, where candidates for matrimonial honours may compare their qualifications with those of numerous others of the opposite sex—all registered in a business-like way—and make their election accordingly. We do not know whether the agents perform their spirit in such a 'style of fascination' that the result is always fortunate; but at anyrate, if disappointed in one quarter, the aspirant may have recourse to another; and at last, no doubt, a true adjustment of claims and qualifications takes place, and his perseverance is rewarded. The whole plan, in fact, is founded on the approximation to equality in the numbers of the two sexes, and on that sympathetic relationship between them which is declared in the philosophical saying—

FOR EVERY SILLY JOCKEY THERE IS AS SILLY A JENNY.

A matrimonial agency is likewise well adapted to the French character, from the remarkable gravity of the people. We do not speak at random. Gravity, or the power of keeping one's countenance, is a striking characteristic of the French. An Englishman is set into a roar by the thousand ordinary circumstances of life which a Frenchman views with imperturbable decorum. Compare, for instance, the inhuman ecstacies into which the former is thrown by the spectacle of an honest man chasing his hat on a windy day, with the placid satisfaction with which the latter looks on at the same escapade. Who does not feel that in London the matrimonial office would be surrounded by a crowd of curious spectators, who would hail the entrance and exit of supposed candidates with cheers, jibes, and laughter? In Paris—we speak by the card—that would be the least-noticed part of the street: the passers-by, even of the lowest classes, would refrain from turning their heads; and it would not be till they were some doors beyond that a silent twinkle of the eye, or at most a quiet smile, would show that they were not insensible to the associations of the spot. In London, again, the candidate would have a strong misgiving that he was doing something ridiculous. On reaching the agent's chancery with the name, he would, like the Accusing Spirit, blush as he gave it in; and he would fix his eyes with jealous scrutiny upon the Recording Angel as he wrote

it down, thinking that he must be laughing at him in his sleeve. This functionary, on his part, would betray his consciousness of the suspicion being only natural by the pains he would take to dispel it; and the result of the interview might possibly be, that the thirteen-pence just within his grasp would be ravished away from it, himself playing to the end, the part of the recorder of Uncle Toby's transgression, who 'dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.' In Paris there would be neither the suspicion nor the reality of ridicule. The fair customer would enter the marriage shop with that ineffable air of business which a Frenchwoman has in all her transactions; and having finished the affair for the time—receiving with graceful acknowledgments any complimentary politeness that might be elicited by the occasion—she would emerge into the street, looking round her with the aspect of one who has gone through a great duty with tact, judgment, and decision.

The success which is said to have attended our professor's speculation is not the success of a matrimonial agent, but merely of an advertising cheat. The credulity which could swallow so palpable a bait is, as we have remarked, a distinguishing characteristic of this age of wonders. The mysterious and unknown, which in our own time have given forth so many admirable things, are an inexhaustible mine for the charlatan and impostor. Very recently a gentleman, for the purpose of deciding a bet, inserted a single advertisement in the *Times*, offering, in return for half a guinea, to send the applicant a recipe for the cure of pimples and discolourations on the face. This single advertisement produced forty half guineas (which were handed to a medical charity), and the lucky patients received in return a formula from a medical book known to all practitioners. The same success, and for the same reason, attends every well-advertised quack medicine. The purchasers are aware that the composition of such drugs must be known to all chemists who think it worth their while to analyse them; and they are aware that if they really possessed the wonderful properties claimed for them, the whole medical body would be competing for their possession. But such considerations have no weight with determined credulity. The educated doctors do not propose to work miracles with their drugs; and the quack doctor's word, therefore, like that of his brother in mystery the Ghost, is taken 'for a thousand pound.'

POETS LAUREATE.

SOME uncertainty still appears to prevail as to the precise origin of the designation 'Poet Laureate,' as applied to an officer in the household of the English monarchs. There is not, however, any reasonable doubt that what may be said to constitute the essence of the appointment—payments in money and wine for extolling the deeds and virtues of royalty—dates from at least as far back as the reign of Henry III, or that the primary title of the gentleman so retained and honoured was that of *Versificator Regis*, or king's *versifier*. Mr Gifford, indeed, tells us in his preface to Ben Jonson's works, that till the patent of Charles I., 'confering upon that author an annual pension of one hundred pounds and a tierce of Canary wine, there had been no regular appointment of a court laureate.' Hitherto, he observes, 'the laurel appears to have been a mere title adopted at pleasure by those who were employed to write for the court, but conferring no privileges, and establishing no claim to a salary.' There is a mis-statement of fact and a confusion of inference in this passage, surprising from so well-informed and acute a writer. The title, *Poeta Laureatus*, had a precise signification and a distinct origin, although not always a loyal one, and could not with any propriety have been

assumed by any person 'employed to write for the court.' That the payments were not made with the perfect exactitude which in these days marks disbursements from the Queen's Exchequer, is true enough, not only with regard to this particular office, but every other in the earlier royal households; but that the salaries of the king's versifiers were from time to time ordered to be regularly paid, there can be no question. A few words, before attempting to thread our way through the haze which shrouds the authors whom the Plantagenets and Tudors delighted to honour, upon the signification of the term 'Laureate,' as applied to poets, versifiers, or rhetoricians, may be acceptable, and will place the matter in a sufficiently clear light.

Mr Thomas Warton, a comparatively modern laureate, and the historian of an art for which he himself possessed but slight faculty or power, is at pains to show that students at the English universities, Oxford especially, who graduated in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, were crowned with a wreath of laurel, and that the king's laureate was at first simply 'a graduated rhetorician in the service of the court.' The examples which he gives sufficiently prove, however, that a faculty for poetry, or rather that which at the time passed for it at the universities, was generally essential to the acquirement of the 'bays.' In 1470, John Watson, a student in grammar, was awarded the wreath on condition of writing one hundred Latin verses in praise of the university, or a Latin comedy. Richard Smyth and Maurice Byrchesaw were also 'crowned,' after each had composed one hundred Latin hexameters to the glory of Oxford. An additional stipulation with Byrchesaw was, that neither Ovid's 'Art of Love' nor the elegies of Pamphilus should be studied in his auditory. Other instances could be easily adduced; and there is, besides, no question that the custom of crowning successful graduates was much more common in the universities of France and Germany than in those of England. The formula used by the chancellors of the university of Strasbourg on these occasions is very emphatic:—'I create you, placed in a chair of state, crowned with laurel and ivy, and wearing a ring of gold, and the same do pronounce poets laureate, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' The crowning of Petrarch in 1341, and of Tasso in 1594, by the senate of Rome, will at once recur to the reader's mind, and will, in conjunction with what has been previously stated, justify the conclusion that the 'laurel' could not, as Mr Gifford pretends, be assumed at pleasure before the reign of Charles I.; and that a versifier in the service of the early English kings, if not 'crowned' by the sovereign, owed his title of laureate to having received the wreath from some other competent authority. In course of time custom gave the title, as of course, to the person nominated to the office by the monarch; but originally there can be little doubt that unless duly 'laureled,' the king's versifier was simply 'Versificator Regis.' This explanation reconciles many apparent contradictions in the notices scattered here and there with regard to the actual holders of the royal laureateship.

The first king's poet or versifier, who is known to have been paid a yearly salary from the royal exchequer was one Henry de Avranches. He lived in the reign of Henry III, and by precepts, dated 1249 and 1251, the king's treasurer was ordered to pay the said Master Henry one hundred shillings yearly. There were, however, previous recognised adulators of the English monarchs: one Walo panegyrised Henry I.; and Baston, whom Bale styles 'Laureatus apud Oxoniensis,' did the same for Richard I.'s crusade; but the essentiality of a court laureateship—that of a fixed income paid for the express purpose of having the king's praises duly chanted in prose or verse—is first strictly provable in the case of Henry de Avranches. The butt of

Canary wine may also have had its origin in this reign, although the gift in this instance was conferred on 'Richard, the royal harper,' to whom his majesty ordered 'a pipe of wine and forty shillings' to be given. Beatrice, the harper's wife—a 'Jongleresse,' or 'gonglerease,' who, it is conjectured, accompanied her husband's harping by pantomimic action—was also ordered a pipe of wine, but no money. Henry de Avranches, we find, had the misfortune, in some of his productions, to wound the delicate susceptibilities of the Cornish people, by imputing to them roughness and rusticity of manners. This was felt to be altogether preposterous and abominable; and a native of the calumniated county—one Michael Blaunpayne, who, if we may judge by the scrap of Latinity left us, had as rough and fluent a tongue as such a service could require—was employed to return the insult in kind. The retaliatory verses—recited before Hugh, abbot of Westminster, Hugh de Mortimer, official of the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop elect of Winchester, and the bishop of Rochester—contain a charming description of the corporality of the first salaried king's poet. Master Henry de Avranches is therein declared to have the leg of a goat, the thigh of a sparrow, the side of a boar, the nose of a whelp (the pug variety is perhaps meant), the tooth and cheek of a mule, the forehead of a hog, and the head of a bull, and, moreover, to be all over of the colour of a Moor. History is silent with respect to the continuators of the loyal line of poets until we arrive at the reign of Edward IV., where we alight upon the name of one John Kay, the author of a prose translation of a Latin poem on the siege of Rhodes. John Kay, in his address to the king, subscribes himself 'hys humble poete laureate.' This is the first instance in which the name of poet laureate is known to have been used by the king's versifiers.

A few retrospective words will here be necessary with respect to Chaucer, who lived, we wish we could say flourished, in the previous reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., inasmuch as it is sometimes asserted that the father of English poetry was one of the near successors to the title and honours of Henry de Avranches. The facts which have given a faint colour to this assumption are these:—In Edward's reign, and during the life of his patron, John of Gaunt, Chaucer was allowed a pitcher of wine per day from the king's stores. He fell subsequently, as we all know, from his attachment to the Lancastrian cause, into peril and disgrace; and this moderate dolium was stopped. Richard appears to have relented, as we find he was allowed (1393) a yearly tun of wine. Henry IV. (Bolingbroke) continued this donation, and added forty marks yearly. In neither of the 'docquets' or 'precepts' ordering these gifts is there a syllable that affords any ground for supposing that they were to be paid for in laudatory odes or addresses. Then there is the positive testimony of Skelton; and it is, moreover, idle to assume, that a poet who receives the bounty of a monarch must necessarily be a 'poet laureate' in the conventional use of the term. Were this so, there would be many laureates in the present day besides Alfred Tennyson. Mr Southey, to be sure, in his natural anxiety to gain the list of questionable celebrities with a great name, claims, in his 'Carmen Triumphant' (1814), that of Edmund Spenser for no better reason—

'In happy hour doth he receive
The laurel, meed of famous bards of yore,
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser bore.'

It is quite true that Queen Elizabeth bestowed a pension of fifty pounds a year upon the author of the 'Merry Queen'; but the patent (1590) which authorised the grant contains not a syllable about the laureate—which, moreover, in Spenser's time, was apparently filled by two very different persons—Charles

Edwards and Samuel Daniel. Neither the name of Geoffrey Chaucer nor that of Edmund Spenser has, we may be satisfied, the slightest claim to be placed in the list of laureates.

Reverting to the partially-ascertained order of succession following Edward IV.'s John Kay, one Andrew Bernard, an Augustine monk, was, we find, Henry VII.'s laureate. His salary was at first a very meagre one—only 'ten marks a year, till he can obtain something better.' This he eagerly did, being appointed preceptor and historiographer to Prince Henry. He wrote an address on the marriage of the king's daughter, another to Henry VIII. on his auspicious tenth year, another on his thirteenth year, and a new-year's gift for 1515.

Next on the roll comes John Skelton. He was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and appears to have been of somewhat doubtful morality. He got himself into trouble by 'buffooneries' in the pulpit, and writing satirical ballads against the mendicants. For these vagaries, and also, it was said, 'for having been guilty of certain crimes, as most poets are,' Nykke, bishop of Norwich, rebuked and finally suspended him. The alleged crimes consisted, according to Delafield, in his being married; Fuller says, in keeping a concubine. The laureate's saucy wit was afterwards levelled at Cardinal Wolsey; and the unfortunate rhymster, hotly pursued by the great man's retainers, was obliged to run for it. Luckily, he succeeded in reaching Westminster Abbey, where the abbot, Islip, afforded him sanctuary and kind treatment till his death. He was buried in the adjoining church of St Margaret's.

Richard Edwards, a native of Somersetshire, came after Skelton. He is stated in the patents to have been 'Laureate Poet, Player, Musician, and Buffoon' to the queens Mary and Elizabeth; and he was, there is no question, the delight of those monarchs' courts and ladies of honour. He is the writer of 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices.'

The next of the 'famous bards of yore,' as Mr Southey styles them, was Samuel Daniel. This gentleman appears to have been equal to the salary only, the laureate work having been done by Ben Jonson—not, however, without reward. This latter is the first eminent name on the list; but the fame of its possessor is tarnished, not heightened, by the court flatteries he strung together. Charles I., whilst Daniel still lived (1630), with much kindly consideration for the then aged and ailing man, granted him an annuity of one hundred pounds, and a tierce of Canary wine annually. This patent it was which Mr Gifford, in his anxiety to disconnect Jonson from preceding kings' poets, regards as the first creation of a regular orthodox laureate. The position is clearly untenable. Had Mr Gifford said that Jonson was the first tolerably well-paid laureate, he would have been much nearer the truth. Daniel was so annoyed at the affront, as he construed it, put upon him, that he at once withdrew from court, and soon afterwards died, it was said, of chagrin. His rival and successor did not long survive him.

'Rare Ben Jonson' was succeeded by D'Avenant, the scandal-reputed son of Shakespeare, and certainly a fierce royalist, and patentee of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn. He attempted a revival of the theatricals during the reign of the Puritans, and only escaped the vengeance of the fanatics of the period through the kindly intervention of Milton. His reputation was much higher as a player than as a poet—a distinction which does not necessarily suppose very exalted histrionic talent as 'Gondibert,' a kind of domestic epic, and the least forgotten of his pieces, fully testifies.

D'Avenant died in 1668, and on the 18th of August 1670 John Dryden was invested with the court laurel. Being also royal historiographer, his income from the two offices reached two hundred a year, besides the

'Canary.' The patent set forth that the laureateship was bestowed on 'John Dryden, M. A., in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his present majesty, and for an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill and elegant style, both in verse and prose.' Servility to worldly greatness was Dryden's strongly-marked characteristic; but the Revolution overthrew the chief altars before which he had burned such lavish incense, dispossessed him of his offices, and turned his *genius* to manlier, healthier themes.

The next laureate was Nahum Tate, of whom it is enough to say that he assisted his two immediate predecessors in maltreating Shakspere. Rowe, faintly known in these days as the author of the 'Fair Penitent,' and one or two similar dramas, succeeded to Tate; and Rowe in his turn yielded the laurel to the Reverend Laurence Eusden. He, in his turn, shuffled off the stage; when entered Colley Cibber, the hero of the 'Dunciad,' and a personage whose name, from various causes, seems more intimately associated with the laureateship than any other. Cibber's 'Odes,' like his plays, are thoroughly unreadable; and yet the discriminating 'Town' considered him for some time to be a very pretty fellow in the dramatic line. So sublimely, stolidly unconscious was Cibber himself of his own incapacity, that the sharp arrows of Pope's stinging sarcasm had no more effect on him than needle-points would on the hide of a rhinoceros. Mr Cibber was a player as well as poet; but on attaining the laurel, he retired from his profession, and died in old age, and worldly prosperity and consideration.

William Whitehead, a person of very humble birth—he was the son of a baker of Cambridge—succeeded to the tarnished wreath. He possessed considerable rhyming facility, had published some trifling poems, and been noticed by Pope; but he owed his appointment far more to the influence of the Earls of Jersey and Harcourt, with whose sons he had travelled several years on the continent in the capacity of tutor, than to any reputation he had acquired for verse-making. He had already received, whilst yet in Italy, 'two genteel patent places, usually united; namely, the secretaryship and the registrarship of the Order of the Bath.' The minister, after receiving from Gray a peremptory refusal to accept the 'honour,' conferred the office upon Whitehead. When the offer was made to the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' it was intimated that the customary 'work' would not with him be rigorously insisted upon. Whitehead, on the contrary, was informed that a full measure of odes, addresses, *electera*, would be expected. This Mason, who had also been a candidate for the vacant office, thought hard upon his friend Whitehead, whose success in the matter of the laureateship he appears to have readily forgiven. Mason also 'wondered' at the stipulation—'George II. being known to have no taste for poetry.' 'The wonder,' pertinently remarks the late Thomas Campbell, 'is quite misplaced. If the king had possessed a taste for poetry, he would have abolished the laureate odes.'

The utmost efforts of Mr Whitehead were impotent to dispel the inodorous reputation which Cibber had brought upon birthday odes; and it was not long before a storm of ridicule and abuse burst upon himself—partially, at least, justified by the laboured hyperboles upon the superhuman virtues of the monarch and his family which he put forth. 'It was lamentable, quietly remarks Gray, in allusion to the supposedly vindictive motives of the writers by whom Whitehead was assailed—it was lamentable to find beings capable of envying a poet laureate.' Whitehead bore it all pretty well till assailed by the coarse invective and merciless sarcasm of Churchill, who tore the laureate's reputation so thoroughly to shreds—to very tatters—

that Garrick refused to accept his 'Trip to Scotland' except on condition that its author's name should be concealed; and 'Variety,' a tale, could only be published with a chance of success by adopting the same precaution. It was, however, as true then as it is now, that an author can only be permanently written down by himself; and Campbell, whilst blaming Churchill's violence, admits in substance the justice of his critical strictures.

Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, succeeded Whitehead. Dr Johnson, according to Mr Mitton's report, once said that 'Warton was the only man of genius he knew without a heart.' If poetical genius be here meant, the learned lexicographer was clearly wrong in imputing it to the laureate; and we may therefore, in charity, incline to the hope that he was equally in error as to his 'want of heart.' Mr Thomas Warton was not, however, deficient in the chief accomplishment observable in these 'famous bards of yore'—he laid on his meaningless, sickening adulation with a trowel.

Henry James Pye is the last of the wreathed brotherhood till we arrive at our own time. In this free country, although compelled to support the laureate, no one is obliged by law to read his odes; and we are not therefore afraid to confess that we are blissfully ignorant of Henry James Pye.

In 1813, Mr Robert Southey's acceptance of the laureateship was held by that eminent and facile writer's numerous admirers to have restored the office to respectability, if not to dignity. Many, too, there were who blamed him for stooping, as they thought, from his status as a poet to pick up so slight a thing—slight, that is, apart from the pension and the Canary, which good wine, by the way, Mr Southey exchanged for twenty-seven pounds yearly—as the laurel wreath. We cannot think there was any condescension in the matter, inasmuch as Mr Southey occupied no very lofty position as a poet; although possessing varied talents of a high order, fine and cultivated taste, and even much poetic feeling. The laureate labours of Jonson and Dryden shed no lustre upon the brotherhood; and neither, it will be admitted, have the loyal odes of Mr Southey been more successful. The subject does not appear to be a propitious one; no one, with the ever-recurring exception of Shakspere, has greatly succeeded at it; and it may, we think, be doubted if

'The fair vestal, throned by the west,'

would have been drawn in such glittering rainbow colours, if the passage in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' had been done to order. The general failure perhaps in some degree arises from the cause suggested by Waller to King Charles, in excuse of the greater force and beauty of his panegyric upon Cromwell, when compared with that on his majesty, 'that poets succeed best in fiction'—ordinary ones at least, who are perhaps oppressed and weighed down by the grandeur and glory they would celebrate. Mr Southey's first ode is a case in point. Not a line of the 'Carmen Triumphale' found an echo or left a remembrance in the national heart, profoundly stirred as it was by the events which the ode chronicles. The funeral song on the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte is the best of Mr Southey's laureate compositions; and this is but faint praise. Of the 'Vision of Judgment' it is impossible to speak except in terms of strong censure. How a man of Mr Southey's usually correct taste, disciplined imagination, and generous sympathies, could have given such a piece to the world, is in very truth perfectly astounding.

At Mr Southey's death, the laurel crown devolved upon the already whitened brows of William Wordsworth. 'Age had done its work upon the bard of Rydal Mount, and the ode he composed on the occasion

of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge University, was consequently unworthy of his genius. *Requiescat in pace!*

Thus briefly have we glanced through the by no means brilliant roll of known kings' or laureate poets. Let us recapitulate them in their order of appointment: Henry de Avranches, John Kay, Andrew Bernard, John Skelton, Richard Edwards, Samuel Daniel, Ben Jonson, William D'Avenant, John Dryden, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Fye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth.

To these names must now be added that of Alfred Tennyson. That in his day the laurel wreath may be entwined and illuminated by the flowers and light of true poesy, must be every man's earnest hope; but however this may be, we are quite sure he will not offend the Queen's good sense, or shock the serious, honest loyalty of her subjects, by repetitions of the grotesque exaggerations and extravagant conceits indulged in by the great majority of his predecessors—servile platitudes, which insulted the sovereigns to whom they were addressed, and rendered the very name of poet laureate contemptible and ridiculous.

CONFessions OF AN ATTORNEY.

JANE ECCLES.

THE criminal business of the office was, during the first three or four years of our partnership, entirely superintended by Mr Flint; he being more *au fait*, from early practice, than myself in the art and mystery of prosecuting and defending felons, and I was thus happily relieved of duties which, in the days when George III. was king, were frequently very oppressive and revolting. The criminal practitioner dwelt in an atmosphere tainted alike with cruelty and crime, and pulsating alternately with merciless decrees of death, and the shrieks and wailings of sentenced guilt. And not always guilt! There exist many records of proofs, incontestable, but obtained too late, of innocence having been legally strangled on the gallows in other cases than that of Eliza Fenning. How could it be otherwise with a criminal code crowded in every line with penalties of death, nothing but—death? Juster, wiser times have dawned upon us, in which truer notions prevail of what man owes to man, even when sitting in judgment on transgressors; and this we owe, let us not forget, to the exertions of a band of men who, undeterred by the sneers of the reputedly wise and practical men of the world, and the taunts of 'influential' newspapers, persisted in teaching that the rights of property could be more firmly cemented than by the shedding of blood—law, justice, personal security more effectually vindicated than by the gallows. Let me confess that I also was, for many years, amongst the mockers, and sincerely held such 'theorists' and 'dreamers' as Sir Samuel Romilly and his fellow-workers in utter contempt. Not so my partner Mr Flint. Constantly in the presence of criminal judges and juries, he had less confidence in the unerring verity of their decisions than persons less familiar with them, or who see them only through the medium of newspapers. Nothing could exceed his distress of mind if, in cases in which he was prosecuting attorney, a convict died persisting in his innocence, or without a full confession of guilt. And to such a pitch did this morbidly-sensitive feeling at length arrive, that he all at once refused to undertake, or in any way meddle with, criminal prosecutions, and they were consequently turned over to our head clerk, with occasional assistance from me if there happened to be a press of business of the sort. Mr Flint, however, retained a monopoly of the defences, which, when, from some temporary cause or other, he happened to be otherwise engaged, when they fell

to me. One of these I am about to relate, the result of which, whatever other impression it produced, thoroughly cured me—as it may the reader—of any propensity to sneer or laugh at criminal-law reformers and denouncers of the gallows.

One forenoon, during the absence of Mr Flint in Wiltshire, a Mrs Margaret Davies called at the office, in apparently great distress of mind. This lady, I must premise, was an old, or at all events an elderly maiden, of some four-and-forty years of age—I have heard a very intimate female friend of hers say she would never see fifty again, but this was spite and possessed of considerable house property in rather poor localities. She found abundant employment for energies which might otherwise have turned to cards and scandal, in collecting her weekly, monthly, and quarterly rents, and in promoting, or fancying she did, the religious and moral welfare of her tenants. Very barefaced, I well knew, were the impositions practised upon her credulous good-nature in money matters, and I strongly suspected the spiritual and moral promises and performances of her motley tenantry exhibited as much discrepancy as those pertaining to rent. Still, deceived or cheated as she might be, good Mrs Davies never wearied in what she conceived to be wellbeing, and was ever ready to pour balm and oil into the wounds of the sufferer, however self-inflicted or deserved.

'What is the matter now?' I asked as soon as the good lady was seated, and had untied and loosened her bonnet, and thrown back her shawl, fast walking having heated her prodigiously. 'Nothing worse than transportation is, I hope, likely to befall any of those interesting clients of yours?'

'You are a hard-hearted man, Mr Sharp,' replied Mrs Davies between a smile and a cry; 'but being a lawyer, that is of course natural, and, as I am not here to consult you as a Christian, of no consequence.'

'Complimentary, Mrs Davies; but pray go on.'

'You know Jane Eccles, one of my tenants in Bank Buildings: the embroidress who adopted her sister's orphan child?'

'I remember her name. She obtained, if I recollect rightly, a balance of wages for her due to the child's father, a mate, who died at sea. Well, what has befallen her?'

'A terrible accusation has been preferred against her,' rejoined Mrs Davies; 'but as for a moment believing it, that is quite out of the question. Jane Eccles,' continued the warm-hearted lady, at the same time extracting a crumpled newspaper from the miscellaneous contents of her reticule—'Jane Eccles works hard from morning till night, keeps herself to herself; her little nephew and her rooms are always as clean and nice as a new pin; she attends church regularly; and pays her rent punctually to the day. This disgraceful story, therefore,' she added, placing the journal in my hands, 'cannot be true.'

I glanced over the police news: 'Uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged,' I exclaimed, 'The devil!'

'There's no occasion to be spouting that name out so loudly, Mr Sharp,' said Mrs Davies with some asperity, 'especially in a lawyer's office. People have been wrongfully accused before to-day, I suppose?'

I was intent on the report, and not answering, she continued, 'I heard nothing of it till I read the shameful account in the paper half an hour ago. The poor slandered girl was, I daresay, afraid or ashamed to send for me.'

'This appears to be a very bad case, Mrs Davies,' I said at length. 'Three forged ten-pound notes changed in one day at different shops each time, under the pretence of purchasing articles of small amount, and another ten-pound note found in her pocket! All that has, I must say, a very ugly look.'

'I don't care,' exclaimed Mrs Davies quite fiercely, 'if it looks as ugly as sin, or if the whole Bank of England was found in her pocket! I know Jane Eccles well: she nursed me last spring through the fever; and I would be upon my oath that the whole story, from beginning to end, is an invention of the devil, or something worse.'

'Jane Eccles,' I persisted, 'appears to have been unable or unwilling to give the slightest explanation as to how she became possessed of the spurious notes. Who is this brother of hers, "of such highly respectable appearance," according to the report, who was permitted a private interview with her previous to the examination?'

'She has no brother that I have ever heard of,' said Mrs Davies. 'It must be a mistake of the papers.'

'That is not likely. You observed of course that she was fully committed—and no wonder!'

Mrs Davies's faith in the young woman's integrity was not to be shaken by any evidence save that of her own bodily eyes, and I agreed to see Jane Eccles on the morrow, and make the best arrangements for the defence—at Mrs Davies's charge—which the circumstances and the short time I should have for preparation—the Old Bailey session would be over in a few days—permitted. The matter so far settled, Mrs Margaret hurried off to see what had become of little Henry, the prisoner's nephew.

I visited Jane Eccles the next day in Newgate. She was a well-grown young woman of about two or three-and-twenty—not exactly pretty perhaps, but very well looking. Her brown hair was plainly worn, without a cap, and the expression of her face was, I thought, one of sweetness and humility, contradicted in some degree by rather harsh lines about the mouth, denoting strong will and purpose. As a proof of the existence of this last characteristic, I may here mention that when her first overweening confidence had yielded to doubt, she, although dotingly fond of her nephew, at this time about eight years of age, firmly refused to see him, 'in order,' she once said to me, and the thought brought a deadly palor to her face—in order that, should the worst befall, her memory might not be involuntarily connected in his mind with images of dungeons, and disgrace, and shame. Jane Eccles had received what is called in the country 'a good schooling,' and the books Mrs Davies had lent her she had eagerly perused. She was therefore to a certain extent a cultivated person; and her speech and manners were mild, gentle, and, so to speak, religious. I generally found, when I visited her, a Bible or prayer-book in her hand. This, however, from my experience, comparatively slight though it was, did not much impress me in her favour—devotional sentiment so easily, for a brief time, assumed, being in nine cases out of ten a hypocritical deceit. Still she, upon the whole, made a decidedly favourable impression on me, and I no longer so much wondered at the bigotry of unbelief manifested by Mrs Davies in behalf of her apparently amiable and grateful protégée.

But beyond the moral doubt thus suggested of the prisoner's guilt, my interviews with her utterly failed to extract anything from her in rebutment of the charge upon which she was about to be arraigned. At first she persisted in asserting that the prosecution was based upon manifest error; that the impounded notes, instead of being forged, were genuine Bank-of-England paper. It was some time before I succeeded in convincing her that this hope, to which she so eagerly, desperately clung, was a fallacious one. I did so at last; and either, thought I, as I marked her varying colour and faltering voice, 'either you are a consummate actress, or else the victim of some frightful delusion or conspiracy.'

'I will see you, if you please, to-morrow,' she said, looking up from the chair upon which, with her head

bowed and her face covered with her hands, she had been seated for several minutes in silence. 'My thoughts are confused now, but to-morrow I shall be more composed; better able, to decide if—to talk, I mean, of this unhappy business.'

I thought it better to comply without remonstrance, and at once took my leave.

When I returned the next afternoon, the governor of the prison informed me that the brother of my client, James Eccles, quite a dashing gentleman, had had a long interview with her. He had left about two hours before, with the intention, he said, of calling upon me.

I was conducted to the room where my conferences with the prisoner usually took place. In a few minutes she appeared, much flushed and excited, it seemed to be alternately with trembling joy and hope, and doubt and nervous fear.

'Well,' I said, 'I trust you are now ready to give me your unreserved confidence, without which, be assured, that any reasonable hope of a successful issue from the peril in which you are involved is out of the question.'

The varying emotions I have noticed were clearly traceable as they swept over her tell-tale countenance during the minute or so that elapsed before she spoke.

'Tell me candidly, sir,' she said at last, 'whether, if I owned to you that the notes were given to me by a—a person, whom I cannot, if I would, produce, to purchase various articles at different shops, and return him—the person I mean—the change; and that I made oath this was done by me in all innocence of heart, as the God of heaven and earth truly knows it was, it would avail me?'

'Not in the least,' I replied, angry at such trifling. 'How can you ask such a question? We must *find* the person who, you intimate, has deceived you, and placed your life in peril; and if that can be proved, hang him instead of you. I speak plainly, Miss Eccles.' I added in a milder tone; 'perhaps you may think unfeelingly, but there is no further time for playing with this dangerous matter. To-morrow a true bill will be found against you, and your trial may then come on immediately. If you are careless for yourself, you ought to have some thought for the sufferings of your excellent friend Mrs Davies; for your nephew, soon perhaps to be left friendless and destitute.'

'Oh spare me—spare me!' sobbed the unhappy young woman, sinking nervelessly into a seat. 'Have pity upon me, wretched, bewildered as I am!' Tears relieved her, and after a while, she said, 'It is useless, sir, to prolong this interview. I could not, I solemnly assure you, if I would, tell you where to search for or find the person of whom I spoke. And,' she added, whilst the lines about her mouth of which I have spoken grew distinct and rigid, 'I would not if I could. What indeed would it, as I have been told and believe, avail, but to cause the death of two deceived innocent persons instead of one? Besides,' she continued, trying to speak with firmness, and repress the shudder which crept over and shook her as with ague—'besides, whatever the verdict, the penalty will not, cannot; I am sure, I know, be—be—'

I understood her plainly enough, although her resolution failed to sustain her through the sentence.

'Who is this brother, James Eccles he calls himself, whom you saw at the police-office, and who has twice been here, I understand—once to-day?'

A quick start revealed the emotion with which she heard the question, and her dilated eyes rested upon me for a moment with eager scrutiny. She speedily recovered her presence of mind, and with her eyes again fixed on the floor, said in a quivering voice, 'My brother! Yes—as you say—my brother.'

'Mrs Davies says you have no brother!' I sharply rejoined.

'Good Mrs Davies!' she replied in a tone scarcely

above a whisper, and without raising her head, 'does not know all our family.'

A subterfuge was, I was confident, concealed in these words; but after again and again urging her to confide in me, and finding warning and persuasion alike useless, I withdrew discomfited and angry; and withal as much concerned and grieved as baffled and indignant. On going out, I arranged with the governor that the 'brother,' if he again made his appearance, should be detained, *bon gré malgré*, till my arrival. Our precaution was too late: he did not reappear; and so little notice had any one taken of his person, that to advertise a description of him with a reward for his apprehension was hopeless.

A true bill was found, and two hours afterwards Jane Eccles was placed in the dock. The trial did not last more than twenty minutes, at the end of which, an unhesitating verdict of guilty was returned, and she was duly sentenced to be hanged by the neck till she was dead. We had retained the ablest counsel practising in the court, but, with no tangible defence, their efforts were merely thrown away. Upon being asked what she had to say why the sentence of the law should not be carried into effect, she repeated her previous statement—that the notes had been given her to change by a person in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and that she had not the slightest thought of evil or fraud in what she did. That person, however, she repeated once more, could not be produced. Her assertions only excited a derisive smile; and all necessary forms having been gone through, she was removed from the bar.

The unhappy woman bore the ordeal through which she had just passed with much firmness. Once only, whilst sentence was being passed, her high-strung resolution appeared to falter and give way. I was watching her intently, and I observed that she suddenly directed a piercing look towards a distant part of the crowded court. In a moment her eye lightened, the expression of extreme horror which had momentarily darkened her countenance passed away, and her partial composure returned. I had instinctively, as it were, followed her glance, and thought I detected a tall man enveloped in a cloak engaged in dumb momentary communication with her. I jumped up from my seat, and hastened as quickly as I could through the thronged passages to the spot, and looked eagerly around, but the man, whosoever he might be, was gone.

The next act in this sad drama was the decision of the Privy Council upon the recorder's report. It came. Several were reprieved, but amongst them was not Jane Eccles. She and nine others were to perish at eight o'clock on the following morning.

The anxiety and worry inseparable from this most unhappy affair, which, from Mr Flint's protracted absence, I had exclusively to bear, fairly knocked me up, and on the evening of the day on which the decision of the council was received, I went to bed much earlier than usual, and really ill. Sleep I could not, and I was tossing restlessly about, vainly endeavouring to banish from my mind the gloomy and terrible images connected with the wretched girl and her swiftly-coming fate, when a quiet tap sounded on the door, and a servant's voice announced that one of the clerks had brought a letter which the superscription directed to be read without a moment's delay. I sprang out of bed, snatched the letter, and eagerly ran it over. It was from the Newgate chaplain, a very worthy, humane gentleman, and stated that, on hearing the result of the deliberations of the Privy Council, all the previous stoicism and fortitude exhibited by Jane Eccles had completely given way, and she had abandoned herself to the wildest terror and despair. As soon as she could speak coherently, she implored the governor with frantic earnestness to send for me. As

this was not only quite useless in the opinion of that official, but against the rules, the prisoner's request was not complied with. The chaplain, however, thinking it might be as well that I should know of her desire to see me, had of his own accord sent me this note. He thought that possibly the sheriffs would permit me to have a brief interview with the condemned prisoner in the morning, if I arrived sufficiently early; and although it could avail nothing as regarded her fate in this world, still it might perhaps calm the frightful tumult of emotion by which she was at present tossed and shaken, and enable her to meet the inevitable hour with fortitude and resignation.

It was useless to return to bed after receiving such a communication, and I forthwith dressed myself, determined to sit up and read, if I could, till the hour at which I might hope to be admitted to the jail should strike. Slowly and heavily the dark night limped away, and as the first rays of the cold wintry dawn reached the earth, I sallied forth. A dense, brutal crowd were already assembled in front of the prison, and hundreds of well-dressed sight-seers occupied the opposite windows, morbidly eager for the rising of the curtain upon the mournful tragedy about to be enacted. I obtained admission without much difficulty, but, till the arrival of the sheriffs, no conference with the condemned prisoners could be possibly permitted. Those important functionaries happened on this morning to arrive unusually late, and I paced up and down the paved corridor in a fever of impatience and anxiety. They were at last announced, but before I could, in the hurry and confusion, obtain speech of either of them, the dismal bell tolled out, and I felt with a shudder that it was no longer possible to effect my object. 'Perhaps it is better so,' observed the reverend chaplain in a whisper. 'She has been more composed for the last two or three hours, and is now, I trust, in a better frame of mind for death.' I turned, sick at heart, to leave the place, and in my agitation missing the right way, came directly in view of the terrible procession. Jane Eccles saw me, and a terrible scream, followed by frantic heartrending appeals to me to save her, burst with convulsive effort from her white quivering lips. Never will the horror of that moment pass from my remembrance. I staggered back, as if every spasmodic word struck me like a blow; and then, directed by one of the turnkeys, sped in an opposite direction as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me—the shrieks of the wretched victim, the tolling of the dreadful bell, and the obscene jeers and mocks of the foul crowd through which I had to force my way, evoking a confused tumult of disgust and horror in my brain, which, if long continued, would have driven me mad. On reaching home, I was bled freely, and got to bed. This treatment, I have no doubt, prevented a violent access of fever; for, as it was, several days passed before I could be safely permitted to re-engage in business.

On revisiting the office, a fragment of a letter written by Jane Eccles a few hours previous to her death, and evidently addressed to Mrs Davies, was placed by Mr Flint, who had by this time returned, before me. The following is an exact copy of it, with the exception that the intervals, which I have marked with dots, were filled with erasures and blots, and that every word seemed to have been traced by a hand smitten with palsy:—

'FROM MY DEATH-PLACE, Midnigh.

'DEAR MADAM—No, beloved friend, mother let me call you Oh kind, gentle mother, I am to die to be killed in a few hours by cruel men!—I, so young, so unprepared for death, and yet guiltless! Oh never doubt that I am guiltless of the offence for which they will have the heart to hang me Nobody, they say, can save me now; yet if I could see the lawyer I have been deceived, cruelly deceived,

madam—buoyed up by lying hopes, till just now the thunder burst, and I—oh God! As they spoke, the fearful chapter in the Testament came bodily before me—the rending of the veil in twain, the terrible darkness, and the opened graves! I did not write for this, but my brain aches and dazzles It is too late—too late, they all tell me! Ah, if these dreadful laws were not so swift, I might yet—but no; he clearly proved to me how useless I must not think of that! It is of my nephew, of your Henry, child of my affections, that I would speak. Oh, would that I But hark!—they are coming The day has dawned to me the day of judgment!

This incoherent scrawl only confirmed my previous suspicions, but it was useless to dwell further on the melancholy subject. The great axe had fallen, and whether justly or unjustly, would, I feared, as in many, very many other cases, never be clearly ascertained in this world. I was mistaken. Another case of 'uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged,' which came under our cognisance a few months afterwards, revived the fading memory of Jane Eccles's early doom, and cleared up every obscurity connected with it.

The offender in this new case was a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome man, of about thirty years of age, of the name of Justin Arnold. His lady mother, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Barton, retained us for her son's defence, and from her and other sources we learned the following particulars:—

Justin Arnold was the lady's son by a former marriage. Mrs Barton, a still splendid woman, had, in second nuptials, espoused a very wealthy person, and from time to time had covertly supplied Justin Arnold's extravagance. This, however, from the wild course the young man pursued, could not be for ever continued, and after many warnings, the supplies were stopped. Incapable of reformation, Justin, Arnold, in order to obtain the means of dissipation, connected himself with a cleverly-organized band of swindlers and forgers, who so adroitly managed their nefarious business, that, till his capture, they had contrived to keep themselves clear of the law—the inferior tools and dupes having been alone caught in its fatal meshes. The defence, under these circumstances necessarily a difficult, almost impossible one, was undertaken by Mr Flint, and conducted by him with his accustomed skill and energy.

I took a very slight interest in the matter, and heard very little concerning it till its judicial conclusion by the conviction of the offender, and his condemnation to death. The decision on the recorder's report was this time communicated to the authorities of Newgate on a Saturday, so that the batch ordered for execution, amongst whom was Justin Arnold, would not be hanged till the Monday morning. Rather late in the evening a note once more reached me from the chaplain of the prison. Justin Arnold wished to see me—me, not Mr Flint. He had something of importance to communicate, he said, relative to a person in whom I had once felt great interest. It flashed across me that this Justin might be the 'brother' of Jane Eccles, and I determined to see him. I immediately sought out one of the sheriffs, and obtained an order empowering me to see the prisoner on the afternoon of the morrow (Sunday).

I found that the convict had expressed great anxiety lest I should decline to see him. My hoped-for visit was the only matter which appeared to occupy the mind or excite the care of the mocking, desperate young man; even the early and shameful termination of his own life on the morrow he seemed to be utterly reckless of. Thus prepared, I was the less surprised at the scene which awaited me in the prisoner's cell,

where I found him in angry altercation with the pale affrighted chaplain.

'I had never seen Justin Arnold before; this I was convinced of the instant I saw him; but he knew, and greeted me instantly by name. His swarthy, excited features were flushed and angry, and after briefly thanking me for complying with his wishes, he added in a violent, rapid tone, 'This good man has been teasing me. He says, and truly, that I have defiled God by my life; and now he wishes me to mock that inscrutable Being, on the eve of death, by words without sense, meaning, or truth!'

'No, no, no!' ejaculated the reverend gentleman. 'I exhorted you to true repentance, to peace, charity, to—'

'True repentance, peace, charity!' broke in the prisoner with a scornful burst: 'when my heart is full of rage, and bitterness, and despair! Give me time for this repentance which you say is so needful—time to lure back long since banished hope, and peace, and faith! Poh!—you but flout me with words without meaning. I am unfit, you say, for the presence of men, but quite fit for that of God, before whom you are about to arrogantly cast me! Be it so: my deeds upon my head! It is at least not my fault that I am hurled to judgment before the Eternal Judge himself commanded my presence there!'

'He may be unworthy to live,' murmured the scared chaplain, 'but oh how utterly unfit to die!'

'That is true,' rejoined Justin Arnold with undiminished vehemence. 'Those, if you will, are words of truth and sense: go you and preach them to the makers and executioners of English law. In the meantime I would speak privately with this gentleman.'

The reverend pastor, with a mute gesture of compassion, sorrow, and regret, was about to leave the cell, when he was stayed by the prisoner, who exclaimed, 'Now I think of it, you had better, sir, remain. The statement I am about to make cannot, for the sake of the victim's reputation, and for her friends' sake, have too many witnesses. You both remember Jane Eccles?' A broken exclamation from both of us answered him, and he quickly added—'Ah, you already guess the truth, I see. Well, I do not wonder you should start and turn pale. It was a cruel, shameless deed—a dastardly murder if there was ever one. In as few words as possible, so you interrupt me not, I will relate my share in the atrocious business.' He spoke rapidly, and once or twice during the brief recital the moistened eye and husky voice betrayed emotions which his pride would have concealed.

'Jane and I were born in Hertfordshire, within a short distance of each other. I knew her from a child. She was better off then, I worse than we subsequently became—she by her father's bankruptcy, I by my mo—, by Mrs Barton's wealthy marriage. She was about nineteen, I twenty-four, when I left the country for London. That she loved me with all the fervour of a trusting woman I well knew; and I had, too, for some time known that she must be either honourably wed or not at all. That with me was out of the question, and, as I told you, I came about that time to London. You can, I daresay, imagine the rest. We were—I and my friends I mean—at a loss for agents to dispose of our wares, and at the same time pressed for money. I met Jane Eccles by accident. Gentle, of graceful address and winning manners, she was just fitted for our purpose. I feigned reawakened love, proffered marriage, and a home across the Atlantic, as soon as certain trifling but troublesome affairs which momentously harassed me were arranged. She believed me. I got her to change a considerable number of notes under various pretexts, but that they were forged she had not and could not have the remotest suspicion. You know the catastrophe. After her apprehension I visited this prison as her brother, and buoyed her up

to the last with illusions of certain pardon and release, whatever the verdict, through the influence of my wealthy father-in-law, of our immediate union afterwards, and tranquil American home. It is needless to say more. She trusted me, and I sacrificed her—less flagrant instances of a like nature occur every day. And now, gentlemen, I would fain be alone.'

'Remorseless villain!' I could not help exclaiming under my breath as he moved away.

He turned quickly back, and looking me in the face, without the slightest anger, said, 'An execrable villain if you like—not a remorseless one'. Her death alone sits near, and troubles my to all else hardened conscience. And let me tell you, reverend sir,' he continued, resuming his former bitterness as he addressed the chaplain—'let me tell you that it was not the solemn words of the judge the other day, but her pale, reproachful image, standing suddenly beside me in the dock, just as she looked when I passed my last deception on her, that caused the tremor and affright, complacently attributed by that grave functionary to his own sepulchral eloquence. After all, her death cannot be exclusively laid to my charge. Those who tried her would not believe her story, and yet it was true as death. Had they not been so confident in their own unerring wisdom, they might have doomed her to some punishment short of the scaffold, and could now have retrieved their error. But I am weary, and would, I repeat, be alone. Farewell!' He threw himself on the rude pallet, and we silently withdrew.

A paper embodying Justin Arnold's declaration was forwarded to the secretary of state, and duly acknowledged, accompanied by an official expression of mild regret that it had not been made in time to save the life of Jane Eccles. No further note was taken of the matter, and the record of the young woman's judicial sacrifice still doubtless encumbers the archives of the Home Office, forming, with numerous others of like character, the dark, sanguine background upon which the achievements of the great and good men who have so successfully purged the old Draco code that now a faint vestige only of the old barbarism remains, stand out in bright relief and changeless lustre.

COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION.

A LARGE portion of the public is quite unaware of the new aspect which socialistic ideas are taking in England, and of the great extent of reception which they have met with in the community. No longer left in the hands of Mr Owen, with his eternal fallacy of man being purely the creature of circumstances, these ideas are now patronised by clergymen of the Church of England, by learned professors and clever men of letters; if, on the one hand, they are still connected with the subversion of property and marriage, they are on the other invested with all the charms of a glowing philanthropy, and even identified with Christianity itself. The *Leader* (weekly newspaper) is recognised as the organ of this new form of an old idea, and we have of late seen various equally able pamphlets, and even a strikingly eloquent and original novel (*Alton Locke*), devoted to the same cause. So important is the matter become, that the *Edinburgh Review* has at length deemed it entitled to notice. The last number contains a remarkably vigorous discussion of the subject, 'in the sobered and modified form which it has now assumed.'

The position taken by the new Socialists is assumed to be this:—'Society is altogether out of joint. Its anomalies, its disfigured aspects, its glaring inequalities, the sufferings of the most numerous portion of it, are monstrous, indefensible, and yearly increasing; mere palliatives, mere slow improvements, mere gradual ameliorations, will not meet its wants; it must be remodelled, not merely furbished up. Political eco-

nomy has hitherto had it all its own way; and the shocking condition into which it has brought us, shows that its principles must be strangely inadequate or unsound. The miseries of the great mass of the people—their inability to find work, or to obtain, in return for such work as can be performed in reasonable time and by ordinary strength, a sufficiency of the comforts and necessities of life—may all be traced to one source—competition instead of combination. The antagonistic and regenerative principle which must be introduced, is association. Let workmen associate with one another, instead of competing with one another, and there will be work and wages enough for all. Competition is a cruel and unchristian system: association breathes the very spirit of our divine Master.'

The Review combats, we think successfully, the idea that political economy has had its own way, or any sensible influence in determining the present arrangements. Notoriously, this science is only gradually enforcing its dictates in the national councils, and much is constantly done and enacted in its despite. But this is a minor point. The question is as to competition, whatever may be its present sanctions. According to Mr Thornton Hunt, a leader in the new school—the theory of the Division of Employments is that thereby, through economy of time and exercise of skill, the amount of produce will be increased. 'But,' says he, 'what do we find to be the fact? The fact is, that the gross amount of produce is not proportionably increased; that to many of the dividers of labour it is not increased at all; and that the return of produce for labour is in no respect apportioned to exertion. I find the plain and direct ground of this in *want of concert*. It is plain that if any given number of men combine, and divide employments, they can make their labour much more productive, if there is some concert between them as to the distribution of their labour; but if there is not that concert, the chances are, that some of them will be working in duplicate—producing glut; others working at things not wanted; others doing about the right thing; and a few hitting on something very valuable. And when they come to divide their produce by the principle of trading exchange—a fair share will go to those who have done the right thing; half a share a-piece to those who have been working in duplicate; nothing to those who have worked, however honestly, yet uselessly; and an accumulation of several shares to him who has hit upon the most precious something. Precisely a description of our unorganized labour.' Mr Hunt goes on to combat the presumption that competition increases production more than co-operation would. 'In the first place,' he says, 'it is quite clear that the greatest amount of produce would be obtained by the best distribution of labour, which cannot possibly be obtained without concert; secondly, competition draws labour from the least remunerative to the most remunerative; but those which by no means "pay" best, according to the trading exchange, are among those which are most certain and profitable for society: competition, therefore, disturbs the right distribution of labour.'

What says the Review in answer? 'Stripped of needless verbiage, Mr Hunt's idea seems to be this—that labour would be both more productive and better rewarded were the number of labourers in each department exactly proportioned to the need which the world has of the produce of that department; were there just the right number of tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, graziers, and corn-growers; and were this "just right number" ascertained beforehand. We may grant him his position. But how can this vital point be ascertained beforehand? How can it be ascertained at all, except by free competition, which will soon bring us the needed knowledge, by showing us which branches of industry are most, and which least remunerative—that is, which branches of industry

have the fewest, and which the most labourers in proportion to the demand for their produce? If any kind of labour does not pay, this is a sign that it is not wanted, and will be abandoned; if any one pays ill, this is a proof that there are too many labourers employed in it, or, as Mr Hunt expresses it, that they are "working in duplicate." Mr Hunt would ascertain all this, not by experience, but *a priori*, "by concert." Has he ever troubled himself to consider by what machinery this preliminary concert can be managed? How the requirements of the world for this or that article can be discovered, otherwise than by making it, and seeing if the world will buy it? Would he have committees—boards of *prud'hommes*—to decide when an additional tailor, or a score of fresh bricklayers are wanted, and to forbid the existence of such till the want is clearly made manifest? No doubt some dim idea of this sort was in his mind when he penned the passage we have quoted. But all this has been tried ages since, and is even now in partial operation in many parts of the continent. This was the basis of the guilds of old. The incorporated tradesmen had a monopoly of their special branch of industry; they decided how many apprentices each man should be allowed to educate; how many masters should be admitted yearly into the confraternity: if the demand for coats, or watches, or furniture was slack, they restricted their numbers; if, on the contrary, society required these articles, or any others, in increased quantities, they, after a considerable enhancement of price, graciously permitted a moderate multiplication of the needful handcraftsmen. We presume this is the system which Mr Hunt would introduce; for between ascertaining the number of labourers required in each department by some method of this kind, or by the results of free competition, we can discern no third alternative. Is he, then, prepared to take the consequences of such a regulating power? And is he aware that the system was only enabled to work in former days, and could only work now, by such stern restrictions on marriage and multiplication as the operative classes would fiercely revolt from? And that if they would submit to such restrictions, the competition system would work at least as well as any other?

Concert, then, as an opponent to or substitute for competition, in solving the problem of the wisest distribution of labour, is either a chimera or a tyranny. So applied, it delegates to a few men sitting in committee the decision as to the number of workmen to be aired in each department, and the right of warning all others off the ground; while it expects from these men a wisdom and omniscience which neither individuals nor corporations could by possibility possess.

The Review proceeds to consider those various associative concerns which we lately had under notice in this Journal. It sees in them, as we did, nothing contrary to the soundest principles of political economy. They are merely large copartnerships. They require, according to the reviewer, "what is wanting in theoretic socialism"—a *master's hand*; and "as long as this is allowed, submitted to, well-chosen, and well-paid—in proportion, that is, as the existing arrangements are approximated to—so long the institutions will do well." We here dissent a little from the reviewer. We think there is *far*-room to fear that a considerable share of the directing power may, in time at least, be permitted to the entire body of members. If so, it would be better for a man to make equal returns from a co-operative concern, because he will have the satisfaction of being partially a *master* besides, in which feeling we believe there resides a moral force of immense importance to the working-man. This, however, remains to be proved by experiment.

The reviewer then adds—"These enterprises evade the whole difficulty. How is it that the Sweating System, with all its alleged cruelties and oppressions,

is possible? Why are the slop-sellers able to get the operatives so completely in their power—to fix their wages, and to dictate terms? Why is it that the journeymen tailors are so powerless that they must accept their wages that are offered to them? Clearly because they are more numerous than the demand requires. Does Mr Kingsley suppose that if the 23,000 tailors in London were to be suddenly reduced to 15,000—the coats and trousers required by society remaining the same—the slop-sellers could compel them to work for them if they did not wish, or to work at all, except in localities of their own choosing, and on their own terms? Does he not perceive that, in the event of such an occurrence, it would be the men and not the masters who would dictate terms? Is it not abundantly obvious that the misery and slavery of the London tailors and needlewomen arise *primarily* from the clothing needs of the metropolis being inadequate to keep so many in full and constant employment? Now, have these associations—which they are told will rescue them—the slightest tendency either to augment the demand for clothes or to diminish the numbers of the clothing artisans? If not, how can they effect any purpose except that of ameliorating the condition of the few who become members of them?

"Oh! But" (they reply) "we purpose in time to organize all the tailors in the metropolis into similar associations." Very well; follow out your process, and see where it will lead. The fact you have to meet is this: there are 23,000 tailors in existence, with full and constant work only for 15,000; as you continue your benevolent organizations, you will in the end have associated these 15,000, and secured to them a comfortable and continuous subsistence. *What will then have become of the residual 8000?* Will you cast them out to starve? Will you support them by a charitable contribution from the earnings of the employed? Do you suppose they will not compete with you, and, rather than earn nothing, work at lower wages than you assign yourselves? Do you not perceive that the utmost your organization of labour can save for distribution among the mass of artizans, is the *profits of the middlemen*, which you conceive to be so enormous—nay, only the difference between these profits and the salary you pay to your various managers and superintendents, who stand to you in the place of the middlemen? And have you taken the trouble to ask yourselves these simple questions before you announced your scheme as a great panacea—an infallible way to salvation?"

The great merit of the associations is assumed to be, that they will extinguish competition. The reviewer shows that they are competing with each other in Paris, and that the language of many of them in this country is simply that of competition. He says, 'If all the tailors in London were embodied to-morrow into a number of different associations, it is certain that these associations would compete with one another, exactly as individuals would do, because there would be too many associations (to the supposed extent of 8000 men) for the work required.' "True," replies Mr Kingsley; "but our work will be incomplete till we have blended all these associations into one vast guild. Competition will then be out of the question. Yes! but it will be replaced by *monopoly*; and we all know what monopoly means—artificial prices, a restricted market, a gigantic job, a final and inevitable smash! To sum up the whole: the advocates of association as a cure for competition are caught between two horns of a dilemma, which half Mr Kingsley's sagacity, if united with a less vivid fancy and a less copious vocabulary, would, from the first, have enabled him to foresee:—in case you have many associations, you retain all the evils of competition; in case you merge them all into one, you encounter all the evils of monopoly. We def^t the Socialists to escape from this dilemma except by assuming a rechristening of human nature by

divine or Christian influences; and when this remodelling has been achieved, all systems will become indifferent, for the evils of all systems will be wiped away.'

Mr Thornton Hunt has replied to this formidable article, but disappoints us by not giving enough of his attention to these leading arguments. The pith of what he says in answer to the passages which we have quoted lies in what follows:—'My fundamental position is this—the first thing for us to consider is the well-being, in body and feeling, of the living creatures who are born to the earth; and we must consider that substantial wellbeing in body and heart before "the advancement of the nation," which generally means the luxury and dignity of particular classes; or "the advancement of commerce," which means the multiplication of goods, many of them not at all necessary. An Englishman on his piece of land is able to provide for himself, mate, and progeny, as we see in other quarters of the globe. When his industry produces its fruits, he has a right to retain those fruits until the equivalent be rendered to him; and while artificial laws debar an Englishman from standing on his land, using his hands upon it, and grasping the fruits in his own fist, society is bound to provide him with the equivalent—the opportunity of obtaining subsistence by labour. If the effect of advancement is the condition of the nation and of commerce is to make the larger number of Englishmen less comfortable in body and mind than they would be in a ruder state of society, there are those—and I am one—who will go to the displaced Englishman, and tell him that he had better combine with the multitude of his fellows to alter that sort of advancement, and bring back things to fundamental rights. Read what Thornton has said as to the practical deterioration in the condition of the English labourer. Although it may be true that he has now a better supply of broadclothes, knives and forks, and such non-essential articles, they have very little bearing upon substantial happiness. But further, if the advancement of the nation had been guided by a more accurate and enlightened view of the laws which regulate production, and call forth the genius of the people by placing them in the best circumstances—although I am no disciple of the doctrine of "exterior circumstances," which you condemn—I contend that our advancement should have been greater, more sound, and more stable in its results. In pointing to concert in labour as the complement of the division of employments, you forget that I am pointing out a principle; and that in eliminating that principle, I was no more bound to describe all the institutions that might hereafter arise from it, than Adam Smith was bound, in analysing the division of employments, to describe the Factory System as it actually exists amongst us. I have contended that we must sternly avert our ideas from system-making, and bring them back to an examination of principles; and I maintain not only that the principle of concert is the true complement to a division of employments, but that it is already in operation unavoidably—as it dictates the agglomeration of work in a factory, the institution of commercial exchanges, of "bourses," like those which ~~exist~~ in every capital; it has dictated, imperfectly enough, the construction of that railway system which is too vast to be affected in any but a very trivial degree by the ruder principle of competition. It has suggested those demands for official agricultural statistics which have been made in parliament; and it is the very principle of a sound poor-law, which ought to be an engine for "transferring surplus employment from one branch of industry to another."

We have little room to discuss these great questions. We certainly see competition attended with an appalling display of high-strung selfishness, and it is impossible to look unmoved on the hordes which it is continually throwing down into ill-remunerated em-

ployments. But can we be sure that the evils are avoidable? We much fear that those who think they are, proceed upon a too favourable estimate of human nature. When we see the sanguinary scramble for existence which goes on amongst the lower animals, should we be much surprised to find that man is a competing animal also, each individual seeking for the means of gratifying his selfhood, under only those restraints which reason and custom impose? Association, we can see, is capable of being carried much farther than it has yet been carried, and with good effects; but we cannot convince ourselves that it is capable of entirely extinguishing competition, except through the exercise of a tyranny which would be the last and worst of all social evils. On the other hand, great as are the sufferings in the lowest fields of industry, they are capable of an indefinite reduction under measures of a clearly practical nature. Working-men would be little exposed to such a dire state as that of the sweating tailors if they could maintain any degree of independence—such as intelligence, temperance, and a little hoard in the savings' bank can confer. They would in that case comprehend the nature and the proper remedies of the evils in question; they would see when it was necessary to shift their locality, or change their occupation, and they would have the means of doing so. It is wonderful what a power the working-people of this country might become, were they to take, to the extent of their ability, the same advantage as the middle classes of the ordinary recognised means of advancing themselves in the social scale. A right ambition and self-respect is one of their greatest wants. We have, however, the comfort of thinking that intelligence and the associated virtues are rapidly advancing amongst them. Here is a real, certain good. If grand social revolutions are in time to come, these minor advances will not be an obstacle in their way.

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

THERE is a proverb which says, 'Better is the enemy of well.' Perhaps we may go further, and say, that 'Well sometimes makes us regret bad.'

You would have confessed the truth of this latter axiom if you had known, as I did, an excellent young man named Horace Castillet, who had been gifted by Providence with good health, powerful intellect, an amiable disposition, and many other perfections, accompanied by one single drawback. He had a distorted spine and crooked limbs, the consciousness of which defects prevented him from rushing into the gaiety and vain dissipation which so often ensnare youth. Forsaking the flowery paths of love and pleasure, he steadily pursued the rough, up-hill road of diligent persevering study. He wrought with ardour, and already success crowned his efforts. Doubtless bitter regrets sometimes troubled his hours of solitary study, but he was amply consoled by the prospect of fortune and well-earned fame which lay before him. So he always appeared in society amiable and cheerful, enlivening the social circle with the sallies of his wit and genius. He used sometimes to say, laughing—'Fair ladies mock me, but I will take my revenge by obliging them to admire.'

One day a surgeon of high repute met Horace, and said to him—'I can repair the wrong which nature has done you: profit by the late discoveries of science, and be at the same time a great and a handsome man.' Horace consented. During some months he retired from society, and when he reappeared, his most intimate friends could scarcely recognise him. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is I myself: this tall, straight, well-made man is your friend Horace Castillet. Behold the miracle which science has wrought! This metamorphosis has cost me cruel suffering. For months I lay stretched

on a species of rack, and endured the tortures of a prisoner in the Inquisition. But I bore them all, and here I am, a new creature. Now, gay comrades, lead me whither you will; let me taste the pleasures of the world without any longer having to fear its raillery.'

If the name of Horace Castillet is unspoken among those of great men, if it is now sunk in oblivion, shall we not blame for this the science which he so much lauded? Deeply did the ardent young man drink of this world's poisoned spring. Farewell to study, fame, and glory! *Æsop* perhaps might never have composed his *Fables* had orthopædia been invented in his time. Horace Castillet lost not only his talents, but a large legacy destined for him by an uncle, in order to make him amends for his natural defects. His uncle seeing him no longer deformed in body and upright in mind, chose another heir. After having spent the best years of his life in idleness and dissipation, Horace is now poor, hopeless, and miserable. He said lately to one of his few remaining friends—'I was ignorant of the treasure I possessed. I have acted like the traveller who should throw away his property in order to walk more lightly across a plain!'

The surgeon had another deformed patient, a very clever-working mechanic, whose talents made him rich and happy. When he was perfectly cured, and about to return to his workshop, the conscription seized him, finding him fit to serve the state. He was sent to Africa, and perished there in battle.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being an original thinker, could not speak without a painful stammer; a skilful operator restored to him the free use of his tongue, and the world, to its astonishment, discovered that he was little better than a fool. Hesitation had given a sort of originality to his discourse. He had time to reflect before he spoke. Stopping short in the middle of a sentence had occasionally a happy effect, and half-spoken word seemed to imply far more than it expressed. But when the flow of his language was no longer restrained, he began to listen to his own commonplace declamation with a complacency which assuredly was not shared by his auditors.

One fine day a poor blind man was seated on the Pont-Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers-by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated equestrian stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eyeballs, and said—'Come with me; I will restore your sight.' The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful; and the journals of the day were filled with praises of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex-blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont-Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

'You mistake,' said the mendicant, producing a paper; 'here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates.'

'Stuff!' cried the official; 'this license is for a *blind* man, and you seem to enjoy excellent sight.' Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of *working* for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

Some years since there appeared on the boards of a Parisian theatre an excellent and much-applauded comic actor named Samuel. Like many a wiser man before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote to offer her his hand, heart, and his yearly

salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivalled his comrade, the bold tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of despair; but when, after a time, his excitement cooled down, he despatched a friend, a trusty envoy, with a commission to try and soften the hard-hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

'She does not like you,' said the candid ambassador: 'she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and, besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves.'

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel.

'Come,' said his friend, after musing for a while, 'if this marriage be, as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet.'

'Explain yourself?'

'You know that, not to mince the matter, you have a *fatal* squint.'

'I know it.'

'Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation.' No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage, after all, was no sham—the lady became another's, and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character: the curtain rose, and loud hissing saluted him.

'Samuel!' 'Where is Samuel?' 'We want Samuel!' was vociferated by pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights and said—'Here I am, gentlemen: I am Samuel!'

'Out with the impostor!' was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage. He had lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar: he could no longer appear in his favourite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny: he was unfitted for tragedy, and was forced, after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence. 'Let well alone' is a wise admonition: 'Let bad alone' may sometimes be a wiser.*

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

LODGING—MOSQUITO STRATEGEM—FLOATING HORRORS OF THE GANGES—DOMESTICS AND DOMESTIC MATTERS—BOTANIC GARDENS.

November 7th.—The gentlemen are all playing cricket just now. There is a regular cricket-club, and several good players. And dinners and evening parties are going forward again with renewed vigour. Either at home or abroad there is company for ever, and generally the parties are very pleasant, owing to almost everybody being so well acquainted. One would hardly think such a game as cricket suited to this latitude, but it seems to be always in fashion here during the cold weather, which, by the way, is much of the temperature of our summers; and nobody ever complains of any disagreeable effects from such very active exercise.

13th.—All the guns of the fort are firing the usual salute on the arrival of a new great man, landing at this moment amid a crowd of gazers, who will accompany him to be sworn into his office—a ceremony never once moment delayed, salary commencing from that point of time. The hotels being full, this *burra sahib* has to take a lodging! Fancy an old Indian reading this—*Lodgings to let—in Calcutta!* And very good ones too; furnished lodgings, or board and lodging, here, where some few years ago there was not even a hotel. Times are much changed since those palmy

* This article is altered and adapted from the French of Eugène Guinot.

days of Indian allowances, when, live as one would, fortunes still accumulated. Now it is not always easy to get along smoothly. The hospitable door has therefore to be sought after; it does not stand open in the sight of all.

14th.—The mosquitoes have begun to bite again, a sure accompaniment of the temperate weather. They are not so annoying as they were last year, and as their habit is to luxuriate upon the new arrivals, we hope that by and by they will take very little notice of us. We find laudanum allay the irritation better than any other remedy we have tried; also I have made myself a muslin bag, into which I put my feet. It is kept wide at the bottom by a frame of bamboo slipt into it, and sewed firmly to the muslin. The upper or loose end of the bag has a string run through the hem, and this I draw close round my knees. I thus sit most comfortably at any occupation, for the feet and ankles are whitt these torments principally aim at; and for the protection of the rest of my person, since I left off the punkah, I keep a feather fan on the table beside me, which I wave occasionally. In this guise I am writing now, free from any annoyance.

15th.—A great deal of canvassing is going on about the secretaryship to the Asiatic Society—an institution said to have done much in the cause of science of late, a spirit of investigation having been roused in many departments. We can suppose mental occupations more suited to warm climates than active exercises, and yet it is not so. The mind becomes very easily fatigued within the tropics if the physical powers be not constantly exerted, and the body suffers accordingly, and reacts upon the brain; also a good deal of nourishment is necessary to preserve both in health. At first I thought the quantity people ate here quite disproportioned to the exercise they were able to take, for I did not make due allowance for the waste, which is very great. Pulse and fruit may suit the Brahmin race, but undoubtedly our constitutions require meat, bread, beer, and wine. A series of entertainments have of course begun to the new man—dinners principally—there being no lady with him. A very good season for collecting crowds, as it really is very chilly.

18th.—I don't like the Course by the river-side at this season—I received such a shock there this morning with a sight which is too common on the Ganges and all its branches, though I had been lucky enough not to meet with it before. I did not see it from the Course exactly, but I shall always fancy I can, because the river flows so near it. Mr Black's sick partner has determined on going home; and before quite deciding in which ship to take his passage, he wished his wife to look at the cabins. She asked me, as the idlest of her acquaintance I suppose, to go with her. In rowing from the ghaut to the vessel, our boat passed close to the naked dead body of a man, which, having struck against some object in the bed of the stream, had been raised into a sitting position, the head bending forward with only the legs under the water, upon which the chest reclined. Numbers must have passed and repassed this fearful spectacle, yet no one would touch it ~~so near~~ with the point of a bamboo. Our countrymen who live at Garden Beach pay a man to be on the look-out for these frightful appearances, and sink them out of sight. Surely the authorities might do so likewise: it would be no great interference with national superstitions; and when these national superstitions shock decency, why not stop them as we do suttees? It is only among the poorer classes that this offensive custom prevails. The rich Hindoo burn their dead when death takes place among them at any distance from the sacred river: it therefore could not be impossible to interfere with a practice so revolting to the feelings of a large class of European inhabitants. It is rather strange that in no case of demise among

this varied and very numerous population is there any notice taken of a death—of how, or where, or when a human being dies—no inquiry is ever made upon the subject; nor, however suddenly an individual may disappear, does any curiosity seem to be excited as to the cause of death, or the rank the death occurs in, or of the number perishing by pestilence—as if it were of no consequence what diseases or what crimes existed.

22d.—We are all busy helping the preparations for the voyage of our friends. With four children, and a perhaps five months' voyage, a large stock of linen is requisite; and Mary is no great manager, otherwise she might have been getting forward all this time, for it has of late been plain to everybody that the change was imperative. I believe she would not allow herself to think so. We are therefore in rather a bustle, these ayahs and dirjies are so very slow. Mrs Freeman—who, by the by, has heard no more of her mate—has undertaken the nursery wardrobes, and we are all content to work under her. She is very methodical, and very managing too, cutting down old dresses into neat frocks, and arranging the trays in the large trunks, so as to have everything at hand week by week as she will require them. Her character is a good answer to the cavillers about race. She is but one remove from a Hindoo, and was five years old before her soldier-father took her to England. She hardly feels the heat, thanks to her half-Indian constitution; while she has been educated out of the indolent ways of her mother's land.

24th.—By diligent attention to the moonshie, I have mastered so much of the easy language in general use here, as to give every necessary order, indeed to transact all ordinary business; for he has given me hints for these purposes fully as valuable as the words required. The first thing to do in all cases is to attract the attention of these idle or indifferent creatures, by calling out pretty sharply to the one addressed, 'Attend!'—after that the order is better comprehended. The servants, in their eagerness when first roused, are a little apt to run on a little too quickly, and so do something unnecessary or even inconvenient—at anyrate to propose to do it. They must be stopped with a short 'Listen!' which always recalls them to their simple duty of obedience. My usual drive now is to Mary's house, soon to be mine, for we have settled to take it. A little addition to what we at present pay for the chambers alone secures the house and the chambers within it; and the furniture is no very deadly affair here, and will always sell again for very little less than it cost. The greatest confusion at present reigns in that once pleasant abode, in spite of the care of Mrs Freeman, who has consented, very wisely, to accompany the party home. Mary has determined against encumbering herself with those bales of embroidery, muslins, cachemires, ivory, &c. in which such sums are so constantly invested by people returning from India. She merely takes what she has by her, and she confines her purchases to such additions to her stock as the long voyage renders indispensable. The real fact is, that all the artistic productions of India can be bought as cheap in London as here; shawls certainly cheaper; the only exception may be jewels, and gold and silver manufacture, which are contraband, not even allowed to go through the customhouse at all, duty or no duty: they are broken upon the spot, and can only enter the country smuggled. People put treasures of this kind in their pockets, for I believe the person is never searched. Edward is very anxious to send home treasures of another kind with her sick husband and Mary. He is trying to prevail on Mr Black and Helen to part with their little boys—their little delicate boys—whose voyage home under such affectionate care, and with their cousins and Freeman, would be a very happy one—a more comfortable arrangement for the

parents than any other likely to cast up. Poor Helen! she grows deadly pale whenever the subject is mentioned. But Mr Black seems to approve of the plan: we therefore suppose it will be carried out. These dreadful family separations are the drawbacks to Indian life, which can otherwise be made very enjoyable.

26th.—The first object that met my eyes to-day, was a piece of long cloth, the next was two pieces of muslin, presents from a successful client. The third sight was two state howdahs, which we went to Stewart the coachmaker's to admire. They are intended for the backs of two elephants, going as a present to the pacha of Egypt. Mr Stewart's premises are very fine, and his factory carried on apparently in the best manner. The howdahs are really handsome, very tastefully got up, but with a square flat roof, supported by light pillars. I should myself have preferred them more in the Indian fashion; but probably English style may be preferred at Grand Cairo. The elephants are to be shipped in a day or two, and we have gladly accepted an invitation to view what is represented as a curious process.

29th.—The elephants' departure still uncertain, so, 'to beguile the time,' we went yesterday to visit the Botanic Gardens, which I have long had a desire to see. We drove to the ghaut, nearly opposite the Bishop's College, where we took boat and crossed over, as we intended examining that building in the first instance. It is handsome outside, and has a fine library and a pretty chapel; but we did not see it to advantage, as it happens to be under repair. From this place it is a pleasant walk to the gardens, under shade the whole way along the bank of the river. Dr Wallick, who had sent his own boat for us, now ordered his tonjon to follow our small party; and once or twice I—the only lady—was glad to take advantage of it, as this was a very long walk for an Indian. The tonjon is a sort of chair—a seat set on two poles—and carried by two men palkee fashion. I wonder these Botanic Gardens are not more resorted to? At this time of year a saunter here is charming, a delightful change from that eternal Course; and the crossing is so easy, so quick an operation, as to be more an agreeable variety than an impediment. The shortness of the evenings must be the real drawback, darkness falling down so suddenly, that the return might be inconvenient. People do occasionally make pic-nic parties here in the cool weather. Of course we could not see the whole, nor even the half of these extensive grounds on this our first visit: they extend for three miles down the river: I am not certain of their average breadth. As much variety as was possible to effect on such a dead level has been contrived, the wooding being admirably managed to hide or to increase the beauty of the Hoogly.

We entered through a plantation of young teak, made for scientific purposes merely, as it is not a tree suited to the soil or climate, or ever supposed to reach its proper perfection on this side of India. We next came upon some fine lissos—a graceful tree, and very thriving. Beyond was a plot of sugar-canes; and then we approached Dr Wallick's house, surrounded by shrubbery, and looking on the river. Very few flowers will flourish hereabouts; but to make amends, the flowering shrubs are of exceeding beauty, and in great profusion and variety. We went on to the nursery to see, amongst other things, several boxes of plants packed ready for England, going home in the same ship with the sick partner. They are very ingeniously shaped like an ordinary cottage, with panes of glass in the roof and sides. They water the plants well when they set them in the earth within; and I suppose a sufficient quantity of air is contained, for no care is taken of them during the voyage, and they generally arrive in good preservation. A mahogany-tree was pointed out to me as a fine specimen—so fine,

as shows this kind of foreign timber might be naturalised with advantage. There was a great variety of palm-trees, some of them of uncommon beauty, amongst them that particular species from whose pith Jago is manufactured. An immense plantain we also observed, four times the ordinary size; a splendid cluster of bamboos; and a banyan, the glory of the gardens. We compared this wonderful specimen with the wild clump we had wandered under at Serampore, flourishing there in all the luxuriant carelessness of nature. Here art had much assisted to produce this finer tree; it had had early cultivation, every branch watched, cherished, guarded. It is a curious, nay, a wondrous thing, to walk among these living pillars, each standing clear apart, supporting at their several distances the massive and wide-spreading branches, from which they originally depended, and then to look up and see the enormous growth overhead. A very singular creeping plant next attracted us, hardly rising above six inches from its root, in quest of something to hang itself on, the dry-looking horizontal stretching stem marked in knots and knobs, giving it the appearance of a chain. The one we were examining had fastened itself on a cotton-tree, round which it was twisted most strangely. Another tree had its roots mostly all above ground, like bunches of dahlia roots. One would suppose that such slight hold of the earth as such sort of fibres must have, would give the tree little chance against a north-wester; but we found that they are seldom or never blown down. Some kinds of large shrubs had their bark studded with strong thorns, sharp as the points on old armour. It both surprised and grieved me to find how very little we all generally comprehend of the productions of beautiful nature—nature so various and so prodigal, and of such consequence to us to be understood. I don't mean the scientific histories and arrangements of the learned, and all the technicalities of the trade of knowledge in its thousand departments; I only mean the contemplation of the wonders by which we are surrounded, the opening of our eyes to see, and of our ears to hear, and of our tongues to tell of the subjects of interest we unthinkingly live amongst, to which the attention of the young is too seldom directed, and the over-labouring lives of the more advanced in age prevents their turning their minds. A fan-shaped plant of some size attracted me, composed of long reedy leaves all diverging from a centre. These leaves are the treasures of the desert, for they contain pure water, elaborated within the plant itself, not drawn from any reservoir for preserving the dew or rain. Break a puncture of one of these long leaves, and the pure element readily flows. It has been often analysed, and not a particle of vegetable or any other matter has ever been found in it. Then we came to the pitcher-plant, named from the form of its flower, which has a real lid opening to receive all moisture, and closing on the precious drops; then to a shrub with curious leaves all doubled up, sewn together actually, with threads drawn from a neighbouring cotton bush by the long bill of a little bird, which thus forms its pretty nest. I could go on for an hour describing all we saw. This was a morning of thorough enjoyment to both of us.

December 2.—The preparations for the voyage are rapidly advancing, and disappointments in their progress begin seriously to annoy us, for the time of departure has been fixed for to-morrow week. We are a little hurried, because poor Helen has consented to part with her children, and there is a good deal to be done for them. To retard us, we have had a Mussulman holiday, when no work could be got from that sect. A Hindoo ditto ditto. The dirjie is quite behind-hand after all sorts of promises, and the dhohee is just as bad. Mary is not nearly ready, and she has a great deal to do that no one else can do for her—bills to pay, many of them, not come in discharge, to write for all the servants;

and innumerable notes of compliment to reply to—very ill-timed I think them—and the cabin to visit, and the furniture to arrange in it, and her husband really so ill, that he is a very great addition to her troubles. We are very sorry to lose them. He is a more than commonly intelligent man; and she, immethodical as she is, and therefore always in dilemmas, is very much to be liked—her quickness of observation, her kindness of heart, her easy cheerful Irish manner, make up for her indolence in business matters, and render her most agreeable as a companion.

CONDITION OF THE HUMBLEST CLASS OF LABOURERS.

As things now stand, it cannot be doubted that the daily corporeal labour which is the lot of this class of men supplies that kind of occupation which is most suited to their capacity, and which is, consequently, more productive of happiness than any other would be. I even question if the diminution of the period of daily labour, when excessive, as in many cases it doubtless is, would add to their happiness. Unable for the most part to read books of instruction or amusement with understanding or profit; ignorant of all the sciences even in their very rudiments; uninstructed in any art that has relation to the higher faculties; with the imagination, and the fancy, and all the other ministers of taste unawakened from their sleep; unacquainted even with most of the little arts having relation to their own domestic state; nay, unskilled in the very games which might innocently fill up a vacant hour—what could they do with more leisure? Alas, I fear we have an answer in what we all see around us in the proceedings which too generally characterise the haunts most frequented by them during the intervals of their weekly labour by day; in their evenings; and even in their Sundays and other holidays! Is such a state of things as this to last for ever? Is it even to last long? I believe not: certainly not long, according to the measure by which we mete out time in relation to momentous changes in man's condition on earth: once fairly assailed, it must gradually vanish before that progress which has never yet ceased, in some degree or other, to animate and advance the race, and which, like material bodies in motion, will gain force as it proceeds. When this period arrives, labour will then take its just place and degree among the acknowledged elements of happiness; and the business of the world will be carried on, even in its lowest forms, not by unthinking, unreasoning, unenjoying machines in human form, but by men worthy of the name, men with minds as capable of labour as their bodies, and having the means and opportunity of exercising the one as well as the other in that active, earnest, but temperate manner which seems to have been ordained as the best manner for man in all his relations. The means whereby this happy change is to be brought about, as far as our feeble powers can foresee, seem to lie mainly in the general cultivation of men's minds—in other words, in the imparting of knowledge to all those capable of receiving it.—*From a Lecture on Happiness in its Relations to Work and Knowledge.* By John Forbes, M. D., Physician to her Majesty's Household. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1850.

THE BLACK ANT OF AFRICA.

The black ant, however, is the insect most to be dreaded, not merely on account of its severe bite, but because it is so destructive to live stock as well as dead, and so difficult to get rid of, when once they have found their way into your house, or any other part of your premises. They are much larger than our full-sized emmet; have strong, large front forceps, which inflict a severe pinch; and are very powerful in their bodily actions, as well as swift in their movements. They are serviceable in one way—and that is, in clearing your premises of every species of filth and vermin, of which they will not leave a vestige. Only, when you receive a visit from them, you must look well to your poultry, game, or anything you may have of a consumable description, and remove them to some place of security. We advise you to attempt to interrupt them in their

march, or in anyway interfere with them, but allow them free ingress and egress, suffering them to depart when they please. For they come in such armies, that to annihilate them is out of the question, and prudence advises not to provoke them to reprisals.—*Poole's Life in Sierra Leone.*

SONG OF THE NAUTILUS.

A FAIRY I am of the boundless sea,
More blithe than my mates of the greenwood tree;
I dance on the waves to the mermaid's song,
And the breath of a zephyr bears me along.

I spread my small sail on the tropical wave,
Where the fiery sunbeams in ocean bathe;
And I moor by some isle known only to me—
An oasis green in that far lone sea.

In silence I glide in the shadowy night,
Or rest where a star makes an island of light,
Or chase the pale moonbeams that glide on the spray,
Which still, as I follow, seem further away.

No music's to me like the dash of the sea,
No harmony ever so wild and so free;
And I steer my light bark without compass or helm—
My oar for my sceptre, the main for my realm.

E. M. M.

REASONS FOR KEEPING THE TEETH CLEAN.

At a meeting of the American Academy, December 1849, a paper was read by Dr H. J. Bowditch, on the animal and vegetable parasites infesting the teeth, with the effects of different agents in causing their removal and destruction. Microscopical examinations had been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition; and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers had been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not impaire their vitality in the least. The same was also true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverised bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however, appeared to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for cleansing the teeth. In all cases where it has been tried, it receives unqualified commendation. It may also be proper to add, that none but the purest white soap, free from all discolourations, should be used.—*American Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

Just Published, in Fancy-Coloured Boards, Price 1s. 6d.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOLUME VII.

CONTENTS.—No. 49. Water Supply of Towns.—50. Ancient Scandinavia.—51. The Lost Letter—The Somnambul.—52. Life in an Indianaman.—53. The Law of Storms.—54. Santillian's Choice: Tula.—55. The Isthmus of Panama.—56. Daniel de Foo.

Price 1s. in Fancy Boards,

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By FREDERICA ROWAN.—Being the 17th Volume of CHAMBERS'S LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. B. ORK, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 59 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 374. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

'Of course you have seen the Crystal Palace?'

I have had that question asked me an indefinite number of times—during solemn quadrilles; in descending staircases at dinner-parties; amidst the dreariness of morning calls. It was always answered with a savage abrupt 'No!' I might have added—perhaps I did sometimes, being a very straightforward sort of individual—that five shillings is a considerable lightener of the purse of a poor author to whom a day's holiday is frequently a day's loss. So it chanced that I had never seen either the inside or outside of the Crystal Palace.

'Come, you *shall* go,' said a friend who has been to me the provider of many a harmless recreation—'you shall go with us, under the escort of one of the Executive Committee; so you will have everything explained, and, moreover, there is nothing to pay!'

This last argument was irresistible. We fraternity of the pen think the public, for whose pleasure we work evermore, owes us some pleasures in return; so we never scruple about a 'free admission.' Accordingly I went. Entering Hyde Park by the gate at Apsley House, we drove along the road to the left, and at length in a rather sheltered situation, opposite the row of mansions called Kensington Gore, we came upon the object of our search. The Crystal Palace, with its huge transept, stood before us.

Even now the whole neighbourhood is like a fair. Before the entrance—a very imposing entrance—is a throng of carriages, hired cabs, conveniences of all sorts. Wet and dreary though the day is, numbers of that class the newspapers describe as 'well-dressed spectators' are walking about; some with a wide-awake, astounded country look; some glancing with a Cockney's quick eye, that takes all in with the greatest possible celerity—he has no time to lose in sight-seeing. Already one or two catalogue-sellers are visible, harbingers of the coming race. 'They attack with—' Full description of the Crystal Palace, inside and out: you'll want it *sadly*, gentlemen—*only* sixpence!'—One of these pamphlets—rather a poor affair—was of course purchased.

The entrance is in the southern extremity of the transept. Here we had admittance, and at a single glance were able to realise not only the vastness of the structure, but its exceeding airiness; for as the whole canopy and much of the sides is transparent, there is no shadow. We feel as if in the open air. Right before us, in the transept, are left several lofty trees, leafless and disconsolate in aspect, waiting to be clothed in verdure by the reviving warmth of spring.

At the time of our visit, the whole area was a scene of bustle—carpentering was going on in all directions; a smith's forge and bellows were in full action; and wagons laden with timber were drawn by teams of horses along the centre and still unboarded thoroughfare.

'Now, when you have admired sufficiently, I will begin to explain,' said our kindest and most good-humoured of ciceroni. 'To commence at the floor: this boarding, you see, is placed three feet above the ground, and has interstices between the planks, both for ventilation, and in order that the dust may be swept through. Fancy the dust shaken from the feet of our myriad visitors! I should not wonder if it filled the whole three feet beneath the floor. Next as to the iron pillars: they are all hollow. Every drop of rain that falls on our roof of glass—inclined slightly for the purpose—is conveyed at once through them to the sewerage beneath the floor.'

'But suppose there came a summer hail-storm?' said we, looking at the immense surface of glass, exposed apparently without any defence to the fury of the elements.

'It is not supposed that hail-storms would injure the edifice; the glazed roof being placed at such an angle as will strike off any hail that may fall. I confess I am more afraid of the effects of high gales, which, if striking full on the broad surface presented to them, might commit serious havoc. Fortunately, the edifice is not in a particularly exposed situation. But come: let me show you the wings.'

We went, walking amidst a multitude of workmen and visitors, who were then, for the last week, admitted. There must have been thousands of people in the place, and yet they only seemed to meet us at intervals—solitary groups wandering about. They were mere atoms in the vastness of the Palace.

'These are admirable specimens of the class of English workmen!' said my cousin, as we passed one after another, singly or in twos or threes, the artizans whose expert hands carried out the plans of the cleverest heads in the nation. They were all decently-clad, honest-looking men, many of them with much intelligence in their faces. All were busy; scarce one of them stopping to glance around at us.

'They work in perfect silence,' said Mr —; 'they are not allowed to answer a single question. We give them good wages, and have little or no trouble with them.'

'Yet there are about three thousand, as I understand? What an amount of good must be done by such a sum as must thereby be distributed among their class! There will be no 10th of April, Chartism

here—our Exhibition of '51 is better than a revolution.'

'And how late do they work?—what a strange scene this must be after dusk!' said I, taking the picturesque instead of the political side of the question.

'For a long time the labour went on by night as well as day. I have seen as many as twenty-five hundred workmen here, each working by torchlight or fire-light. The effect was indescribably grand.'

'It must have been, indeed. But have you no precautions against fire?'

'As yet, none, except the Serpentine close at hand, and extreme care taken to avoid danger. Still it is a want, and a great one. A conflagration here would be a fearful thing.'

We had now reached the staircase leading to one of the galleries: 'They somewhat spoil the effect of the whole, and were not at first intended; until we found the space applied for by exhibitors increase so enormously. We then erected these two galleries, extending, one on either side, down the whole length of the wings. If you walk on to the extreme end you will see how the perspective of the vista dwindles almost into nothing.'

It did indeed. It was like looking down an immense street, as far as the eye could reach. The precise distance, Mr — told us, was 1851 feet; a whimsical memorial of the year in which the work was executed.

'See! we are perpetually mindful of our trees,' said he, pointing out one whose great trunk penetrated through the gallery, and was encircled by a small railing to prevent injury. 'Certainly, I think the great attraction and novelty of the building is in its little forests. Look! there are two—one at each end of the wings. They will be made into refreshment-tents, where the ladies can sit and eat their ices under trees.'

'Very acceptable: and who furnishes refreshments? The Commission?'

'No: government couldn't exactly turn pastry-cook for the nation. We shall let the office to some private confectioner, though under many stringent rules. We have received several offers already—one to the extent of ten thousand pounds—but have not decided.'

'What a delicious place for a public picnic!' said one of us. 'A whole family party might come and spend a day here, dining in the refreshment-tent under the trees. How very nice!'

'Not exactly, supposing it to be a July day, under this glass roof. The reflection of heat and light would be such that we should be first dazzled blind, and then broiled alive. How will you counteract that, Mr —?'

'There will be matting spread over the roof. And, then, only look at the contrivances for ventilation!'

These were large zinc plates, arranged something like the ventilators used in windows, or at the tops of railway carriages. One series of them admitted fresh air continually, the other emitted the foul atmosphere. Nothing could be more perfect. We walked along to the further end of the gallery, admiring the extreme regularity of its every portion, down to the graceful lattice-work which protected the edge. And being now nearer to the roof, we could see that what at first seemed flat, was in fact raised in vandyked furrows. The infinitude of panes of glass was perfectly bewildering. So was the boarding of the floor and galleries. To construct them, what pine forests must have fallen! What numbers of laden ships must have brought them hither!

'They have, indeed,' said Mr —. 'We have received materials from every portion of the world. Still the greatest and most valuable portion of wood has come from the Baltic. And the most curious thing is, that every plank, every lath used, exactly corresponds in size. They are all cut and fashioned by machinery, so as to be precisely similar, even to a

hairbreadth of length, or to the bored hole of a nail. The best of our machinery has now ceased working, but I can still show you some.'

He took us to a portion of the wings where there was a steam-engine—more properly, a locomotive brought to a stand-still—in operation, by which several most ingenious contrivances were worked. One was a machine for cutting the small laths required in the inner part of the roof. Four circular-saws were placed, one at each corner of a frame; and the long laths being passed over them, were subdivided into exactly equal portions. These were afterwards transferred to a machine for painting them; or rather they were made to paint themselves, being merely passed under a framework, in which was fixed a succession of brushes—the whole operation being the work of two seconds. Whole stacks of these newly-painted laths were ranged about, conveying some faint idea of the enormous quantities required.

'But this, to my thinking, is the most curious invention of all (and every one of them has been invented expressly for our purposes in this building). Do you see that long spout for drainage—not ungraceful in shape, is it? It has a ledge to rest upon, and nail-holes all bored. Well; it went a mere log into a cylinder, was drawn slowly through, and came out what it is! We are rather clever folk here, are we not?' and Mr — smiled a gratified smile. John Bull was not ashamed of himself!

'There go some Sappers and Miners!' said my cousin, as half-a-dozen of them passed, their red-coats glittering among the homely-clad civilian workmen. 'These men have been very useful. All our surveying and planning has been done by them.'

At this moment our attention was drawn to Mr Paxton, the magician of this Aladdin's palace. Near him stood Owen Jones, who, as everybody knows, has become the decorator of the structure. A discussion was going forward respecting the colouring of the pillars and the iron interlacings of the roof. Several parts were painted diversely as examples; and we all agreed that the happiest and least-staring combinations were—buff, light blue, and white. There cannot be a doubt that the colouring will vastly improve the effect; and the work ought to be much obliged to Mr Jones for the taste he has brought to bear on the Crystal Palace.

'I think you have now seen all I can show you,' observed our kind conductor, as we paused once more at the entrance of the transept in a state of considerable fatigue. Yet we had only traversed the length of one gallery, and never been to the end of the building at all.

'Really this will be an awful exhibition to visit! We ladies can never accomplish it, unless you establish some means of locomotion—goat-carriages, or a little line of railway laid along the principal aisles!'

Mr — laughingly shook his head. 'No, my good madam, you must really be obliged to walk—a little every day, and the more days you take to see it, the better for the exhibition, you know. However, we shall publish a map, so as to guide the public through this labyrinth to the portion they may individually wish to examine.'

'But, oh—the walking! Couldn't you provide us with some harmless locomotive—a velocipede, for instance?'

'Our Executive friend could not resist a fit of laughter. 'That reminds me,' said he, 'of a comical incident which is immortalised in our business memoranda. When we requested contributions from different towns of various specimens of manufactures or inventions to be exhibited here, the Dover people, after long deliberation, decided that the only thing they had to send was—a velocipede! It was the latest invention—twenty years back. The town had produced nothing since!'

We all laughed heartily at the expense of poor old Dover; and my wicked cousin proposed that government should accept the contribution, on condition that the mayor of Dover should ride through the Exhibition on his velocipede!

'But that is nothing to the eccentric data we have on our books,' Mr —— continued. 'We keep an account of the greatest number of every article received. What do you think heads the list? Patchwork counterpanes!'

'Great honour to our English fingers too! We are quite proud of our sex,' the ladies answered; and then we inquired concerning the foreign correspondence that the Commission must have on hand.

'It is of course enormous. Some incidents of it are, as might be expected, amusing in the extreme. We get the oddest applications sometimes, chiefly from abroad: they come couched in every language under heaven. We have several interpreters and many clerks, whom we keep in durance there.'

He showed us a line of wooden erections like sentry-boxes, but enclosed, and lighted only from above. 'There they work, and cannot see anything of what is going on. A capital plan, is it not? And there,' said he, re-entering the hall, which we now saw was flanked on either side by various commodious apartments—'there is the Board-room of the Royal Commission, and also our own Board-room. You must, however, content yourself with an outside view of both, as here any influence closes.'

It had indeed been a most kindly and instructive influence, and given us infinite pleasure. As we stood once more at the entrance-hall, and looked down the magnificent vista, we thought what a world-renowned sight it would be next May! And somebody said—(you may be sure it was a woman!)—that our Queen ought then to be the happiest lady alive: happy, not only in her kingdom and people—the only people in the world who could succeed in such work as this—but in her own royal spouse, perhaps the sole prince in Europe who could have planned and guided it.

'You may say good-by to the Crystal Palace: the public cannot be admitted again until May-day,' was Mr ——'s adieu. 'But, then, it will be something worth looking at, I suspect.'

THE BEAR-SKIN.

ONE day early in the year 182—, the inhabitants of N ——, the most westerly village on Red River, saw a large canoe ascending the stream. It contained three men, who rowed as those accustomed to long voyages on the rivers, striking the water in time and measure with their short paddles, and steering straight from one point to another without following the capricious windings of the shore. The sun had just risen, and the landscape was covered with the gay verdure of spring, which so rapidly withers under the scorching sun of summer. On that morning a greater number than usual of the population were assembled on the wharf; the letters and newspapers brought by the post the evening before were being distributed; and the planters of the neighbourhood, seated on wooden benches in front of their stores, under the shade of flowering acacias, chatted with one another while smoking their cigars. Groups of negroes were unloading the heavy wagons, which three or four yoke of oxen had dragged from the interior of Mexico, and, as usual, accompanying their labour with shouts and cries, as though in torment. Here and there were to be seen a few Indians, who had come in to sell the produce of their hunting, and now that the market was over, they lay lazily crouched in the shadow of the houses, silent,

and with half-closed eyes, like vultures reposing after a repast. They were rude links between the yet unsubdued tribes and the half-savage pioneers of the white men.

As soon as the canoe touched the edge of the wharf, the three men disembarked, and directed their steps towards a tavern. By their tall stature, pale complexion, and long black hair, they were at once recognised as Canadians, and were soon surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, eager to impart or receive news. Some thronged the bar-room, while others blocked up the doorway; and before many minutes had passed, it was known all over the wharf that the three voyageurs were a father and his two sons, forced by the introduction of steam-boats on the waters of the Mississippi to abandon their occupation as cruisers or raftsmen, and who had therefore come to squat in the forest, some fifty or sixty miles from the village, beyond the remotest habitations.

While this news, very important in a locality to which there came but little, was circulating, the Canadians clinked glasses, and drank with every one who offered them rum; so that by the time they thought of resuming their course, their heavy quiet look had given place to one of animation.

'Father,' at last said the eldest, stretching his long and brawny arms, 'let us go. The air of the river is better for us than that of this tavern, where my head begins to turn round.'

'In our time,' replied the senior, speaking to the old Creoles who stood near, yellowed by the sun and whitened by age—'in our time it took more than that to dim the eye of a St Lawrence voyageur; and rising from his seat he, with his two sons, faithful to their old habit, marched in single file down to the boat.

As they approached, an Indian was examining the canoe with great attention. The Canadians had ~~placed~~ their long rifles, their axes, powder-horns, and utensils, securely between the seats. Such a display of wealth bewildered the savage: his weapon was nothing but a patched fowling-piece, full twenty years old; and he stood leaning from the wharf, gazing on the precious objects with that intensity of contemplation not to be realised by civilised men.

'Take care,' cried the youngest of the three; 'make room for us to get on board.' As he spoke, his elder brother, who was close behind, pushed the Indian rudely with a blow on the shoulder. The Red Skin lost his balance; a mingled cry of alarm and anger broke from him; and to avoid falling flat on the water, he plunged in head foremost. His dog leaped after him, as though to seek his master at the bottom. A few moments later, the savage reappeared on the bank, soiled with mud, while the water streaming across the red and blue paint on his face, made a grotesque chequerwork of the coloured stripes. His dripping plight excited a general burst of laughter, the negroes yelled with delight; the boys threw stones; and the curs of the village, barking furiously, rushed to the attack. The Indian and his dog were compelled to a shameful flight, and disappeared in the forest, which at a short distance surrounded the village. On the summit of an eminence overlooking the river, the native patted his dog, and dried himself by rolling in the thick grass. Presently he saw the canoe at a distance up the stream, and while he gazed it passed slowly from his sight behind the overhanging trees. After the first burst of merriment had subsided, there were some in the village who shrugged their shoulders and blamed the Canadian.

Meantime the voyageurs, excited by their libations of

rum, rowed with redoubled vigour, as though competing for a prize at a regatta. Plantation after plantation was passed in the swift course, as they went farther and farther to the west. In time, however, they felt hungry; and as they pulled towards a wooded island, intending to cook their slices of dried meat under the shade of the trees, a voice cried from the shore, 'Canoe, ahoy!'

At this unexpected salute the rowers raised their heads, remaining motionless with the paddles in their hands.

'Is that you, Père Faustin?' again called the same voice.

Hearing himself accosted by name, the old Canadian leaned forward in the direction of the speaker. His sons pointed out to him a planter seated at the edge of the water with a telescope in his hand, and making signs to them to approach. On nearing the shore Faustin recognised an old companion, a trader from the low country, with whom he had often navigated. Such meetings were not extraordinary at a time when the French Creoles were gradually spreading themselves over the fertile soil of the upper regions. The planter welcomed the new-comers with cordial shakes of the hand, and invited them to repose a while at his dwelling. In the centre of his extensive estate stood the wooden house roofed with cypress shingles, from which a walk led to the river, where, at the landing-place, lay moored an assemblage of canoes and large flat-bottomed boats used for the transport of cotton; and near by the negro huts were grouped under shelter of plane-trees and sycamores.

Faustin turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of the planter, who offered him a portion of his land: the Canadian had made up his mind to a life in the free wild forest, and was not to be turned from his purpose. Presently a dinner of venison-steaks smoked before them; and drawing their knives from their sheaths, the three Canadians sat down to the repast. So much was their attention absorbed by eating, that not one spoke or lifted his eyes from the plate—greatly to the astonishment of the young negro attendants, to whom the rapid disappearance of the viands was a novelty. Towards the close of the meal, the daughter of the planter entered, and at a sign from her father, brought a flask of cherry brandy, which she placed before the guests. Observing their rude manners, she endeavoured, partly out of curiosity and sportiveness, to draw a few words from them, and asked if they were going far?

'That depends,' replied the old man, 'on where the plantations end. We are for the forest, we are.'

'It seems you have deer about here?' said Antoine, the elder son, abruptly thrusting to the centre of the table the dish from which he had just taken the last slice of venison. 'Are there bears also?'

'Bears?' replied the young girl, crossing her arms and assuming a tone at once demure and ironical—'bears? Some pass by now and then.'

The point of this response was quite lost on the tall youth to whom it was addressed. After a moment, the planter renewed his offer of land, and drew a picture of life on a plantation; on hearing which the old Canadian tossed his head, Antoine curled his lip, and Etienne, the youngest, bent down his eyes.

The planter understood the refusal, and the three rose to depart. They were soon on the river again, and after rowing till nightfall, encamped on the bank. The next day they resumed their route: one after another the plantations had been left behind; the alligators began to show themselves more frequent on the shores; the troops of turkeys strutting about under the trees scarcely heeded the noise of the paddles; and large flights of parrots filled the air with their discordant cries. At these indications of less disturbed solitude the voyageurs knew that

their journey drew to a close: they landed, and crossing the flat alluvial plain which borders the stream, selected a hill covered with sassafras as the site of their habitation. It was half way between Red River and the Sabine; a little turbulent water which separates Louisiana from Texas. Their log-house was speedily raised, and when completed the isolated family rejoiced in their freedom; as the father said, 'they had elbow-room for hunting.'

The chase indeed was their sole pleasure; cultivation of the ground, except for a small crop of maize and a few plants of tobacco, formed no part of their pursuits. Yet with all their love of solitude, the voyageurs were not insensible to the attraction of pleasures of another sort. Etienne could play on the violin, and before long he had found his way to a Creole village at a few miles' distance, where he was always welcome, and became the hero of all the merry-makings. When he appeared, all work was abandoned, and even the siesta was interrupted for a country-dance.

These recreations were not at all to Antoine's taste: he was fascinated by a hunter's life. The young girls of the village were astonished that he never left the forest to join in their pastimes. Some set him down as proud and sulky, others declared him to be jealous of his brother's triumphs.

'Mon garçon,' said his father at times, 'you do wrong to play the savage. By and by, when you want to marry, you will repent of it.' Look at Etienne—all the girls are over head and ears in love with him.' Antoine made no answer, and continued to hunt as heretofore.

Shortly afterwards they were obliged to take a trip to N—, to replenish their exhausted stores; the eve of the departure, Antoine killed a buck, and placed it in the canoe. 'It is for the planter and his daughter,' he said aloud as he wrapped the animal in palm-leaves; 'they received us kindly at our arrival, and we cannot pass by their door without stopping to thank them.'

'Well thought of, my boy!' rejoined the old man. 'Ah, they are brave people, generous, willing to oblige. Formerly, that was the way travellers were received all along the rivers; but now—one finds none but Yankees, and they give nothing for nothing, not even a glass of water.'

The present of game was duly accepted; the three voyageurs prepared immediately to continue their route, in order to show that their visit was disinterested. The planter, to assure himself of a prolonged visit on their return, proposed to retain Antoine as a hostage, supporting his argument with the information that the pigeons were arriving in countless numbers from the north, and the lakes were covered with ducks.

'Antoine is a good marksman,' he added; 'I should like to commence my winter shooting in his company; so leave him with me.'

'Agreed,' replied Faustin, and pushed off from the shore, on which his eldest son remained standing like a bird caught in a trap.

'Now, Monsieur Antoine, you are our prisoner,' said Marie gaily; 'the canoe is really gone; so take my advice, and come in to dinner.'

The next morning the planter was early a-foot, rifle on shoulder; Antoine, accoutred as a scout, with bullock's-horn powder-flask slung at his side, deer-skin gaiters, and short frock of gray flannel, was waiting for him in the yard. They were already on the way, and planning their proceedings, when Marie, mounted on a small black Mexican horse, came up at a gallop.

'Eh, papa,' she called, 'wait for me. I wish to make one of the party. Go where you will I shall follow you!'

'In that case, good-by to hunting!' murmured Antoine, as he leant on the long rifle, which reached to his chin.

'Shall I be in the way, then, Monsieur Antoine?' asked the young girl.

'I don't say that,' replied the tall Canadian; 'we can take a walk round the cotton-fields, along the beaten paths, where we shall perhaps get a few snakes and sparrows.'

After some further remarks, Marie gave up her intention, and with her father's assent set off for a gallop through the forest. The autumn drew to a close; the October rains had filled the lakes and ponds; in which the caimans, about to fall into their winter sleep, came to the surface from time to time to breathe the mild air of the last warm days of the season. The trees were dyed with gorgeous tints, such as can be seen only in American woods at the full of the year; and the maiden sped onwards under their darksome shadow, regardless of fear. After riding several miles, she perceived that the region became more rugged and wild, and sought to retrieve her steps. It is not easy to find one's way in the forest: she wandered some time without being able to extricate herself from the thickets which, so picturesque shortly before, now began to frighten her.

In this perplexity the young girl stood still, alarmed and trembling, listening anxiously, hoping and fearing at the same time to hear some noise; then again she put the pony in motion, at first at a walk, and presently at full gallop. The report of firearms at a distance indicated the quarter in which she would find the hunters. After a quarter of an hour's sharp riding, she discovered a broad lake, fenced in by thorny bushes, and covered with reeds. Clouds of ducks were settling in all directions upon the water, from which, a moment after, a rifle shot made them rise and wheel in alarm in the air, first on one side then on the other, as the sportsmen fired alternately from either shore of the lake. Antoine was standing up to his knees in the water, loading and firing with the perseverance of a soldier in front of the enemy. Marie watched him for a few moments, while recovering from her alarm; at length, advancing from behind the bush, she spoke in a faint voice—'Monsieur Antoine, where is my father?'

'Yonder, at the other side: don't you hear his double-barrel sounding like a cracker?' replied Antoine, as he again aimed at the ducks.

Marie had lost all her courage. 'I have missed my way,' she rejoined, 'and dare venture no farther by myself. Pray lead me to my father. I am frightened in this forest, and want to join my father. I am so tired that if you will not go with me, I cannot go a step farther.'

The impassable Canadian uncocked his rifle, and approaching the young Creole said, 'This way: come!' and stepped hastily forwards.

'Wait a moment,' cried Marie; 'not so fast—my head swims! Oh, mon Dieu!—I can't see; I shall fall.'

'Seat yourself here,' answered Antoine, assisting her to dismount: 'here, under the tree. 'Tis only a little weakness caused by your hurry and alarm. Who would have thought you would follow us to the lake? Women are always the same: they tremble before a spider, and yet brave real danger.' While speaking thus he sprinkled the maiden's face with water, and contemplated her with much solicitude. He was on his knees in front of her, gazing so fixedly that the passage of a deer would not have diverted his attention; but as soon as Marie opened her eyes, he started to his feet with the words, 'Now, mademoiselle, let us go to your father.'

He took the bridle, and led the way, treading down the obstacles in his route with the step of a giant. After skirting the lake for some time, he placed himself behind the pony. 'What, Marie, you here?' exclaimed the planter on seeing his daughter.

'Oh, father, I deserve your reproof,' she replied,

'but first thank Monsieur Antoine: to guide me he left the best station a hunter could have chosen; and while she narrated to her parent what had passed, the Canadian, greatly embarrassed, busied himself with the lock of his rifle. Presently when they prepared to return homewards, Marie could not refrain from embracing her father, and crying with deep emotion—'Where should I be now if I had not found you?'

'Lost, lost for ever!' rejoined the planter. 'He who goes astray in the forest is soon seized with vertigo. He wanders long at hazard, yet scarcely changes his place; he repeats his own footsteps, and hampers himself in a labyrinth from which he cannot escape. Fatigue disables him, his brain whirls, and despair seizes him at last.'

The canoe did not return until the second day: Antoine found the time less tedious than he would have believed, and showed no ill-will to the young girl whose imprudence had spoiled the success of his duck-shooting. From this time he paid frequent visits to his friends; the planter liked the freedom and simplicity of his manners, and often spoke of him to his daughter as one well able to assist in the management of the estate.

As the season advanced, bear-hunting became a favourite pastime for the three Canadians. In their excursions, however, they found game less abundant than formerly: it seemed that an invisible hand was at work, yet no one ever crossed their path. 'There must be an Indian prowling about the neighbourhood,' old Faustin would say at times; 'but Indians are like foxes, it is of no use to look for them too near the hen-roost.'

'I'll wager my name that I find him!' answered Antoine. 'I'll find him before the winter is over, and we shall see whether he or I will have to pitch tent elsewhere.'

A few days later, Antoine, accompanied by his brother, set out for the Sabine. They had discovered the tracks of a huge bear, and as winter had set in, the animal had doubtless withdrawn to his lair. Their way lay through a marsh to a small elevation which rose like an island in the muddy soil. As they came near, Antoine signed to his brother to remain still, while he crawled forward on his hands and knees. Rising all at once, he said in a low tone, 'Some mischief has fallen out here—I see a dead man!'

'Of what colour?' asked Etienne. 'Perhaps it is a runaway negro who died there.'

'No, there is a dog creeping off into the bushes without barking: it is an Indian's dog. Those animals are as sulky as their masters: they don't bark, but they bite.'

The two brothers had come close to the human form, which inspired them with a feeling of dread as it lay without motion. Thrusting the branches aside, Antoine saw a bottle lying on the ground containing a small quantity of rum; he showed it to his brother. 'I understand,' he said; 'it is some fool of a savage who has hid himself here to drink at his ease. After such a dose he will sleep long enough without waking.'

Etienne softly unrolled the bear-skin in which the Indian had wrapped himself. 'Ah, sha! Yea!—our hunt is over; we will take the skin, and it is ours sure enough, since it comes from the bear we were tracking, and it will pay for some of the game which this poacher has robbed us of. Hark! how the fellow snores! Poor simpleton! after all we do him a favour, for he'll wake the sooner with the cold. He has two blue lines across his chin—ah, I recognise him now! Tis he whom you made take a dive the day we stopped at the village. I'll lay a wager that his dog slunk off because he remembered us.'

While he spoke, the two brothers, lifting the Indian by the head and heels, took away the skin. 'Now,' resumed the younger, 'we must refresh his ammu-

nition. I shall pour what remains of the rum among his powder—it will add to its strength.'

'And I will spike his rifle,' rejoined Antoine.

He took up the piece, and thrusting a strong thorn into the touch-hole, broke it off in such a way as to prevent its being drawn out again. This done, the two hunters retraced their steps, persuaded that, after such a lesson, the Indian would shift his quarters. On reaching home they gave the skin to their father, and thought no more of the adventure.

In the following spring, violent fevers broke out over the whole country. As the fierce heat of summer came on, the inhabitants left the shores of the river for the high ground of the interior. To add to the general alarm, a report was spread that the Camanches were over-running Texas, and advancing to the frontier. The militia were kept under arms, and all who were able prepared themselves for the threatened invasion. Faustin and his two sons were on the alert; but the old man, weakened by fever, had lost his ancient courage. Possessed by a vague terror, he insisted on leaving the house for a hiding-place in the forest. The young men humoured him: throwing the bear-skin over his shoulders they departed, Antoine going first as a scout, while the old man followed, leaning on Etienne's shoulder. After walking for an hour, the elder proposed to his father to encamp on an island in the river, while he went down to the planter's to learn the state of affairs, and if necessary, seek for aid. The canoe was drawn from its place of concealment, Faustin and his younger son stepped in, and a few strokes of the paddles brought them to their temporary refuge.

As Antoine turned away to commence his journey, a sudden cry, a sinister whoop, arrested his steps. He listened: it was repeated. Rifle in hand he plunged into a thicket, and hastened to the spot where he had last seen the canoe; but remembering that his father and brother had reached the island, he again turned to his task, and after walking some hours, arrived at the planter's summer residence. Marie smiled as the Canadian told his tale, and to reassure him, read a letter, from which it appeared that the rumoured inroad was no more than a panic.

'I don't know whether all is quiet down the river,' answered Antoine, 'but I do know that I heard an Indian yell this morning.'

'Or a frightened screech owl,' retorted the young Creole; and begged the Canadian to stay with them for a few days. Antoine excused himself on account of his father's illness, and betook himself once more to the forest, and cautiously but hastily returned to whence he had set out.

It was night: a profound silence reigned in the slumbering woods. When opposite the islet in the river, Antoine gave the signal agreed on, but no answer came. Surprised and alarmed, he searched for the canoe: it was gone. Probably Etienne had reconducted his father to the house. Notwithstanding his fatigue, he ran thither, eager to clear up the painful mystery; a sad spectacle awaited him. Nothing of the habitation was visible except a few half-burnt logs: it had been destroyed by fire. At the sight of this catastrophe, the Canadian, overcome with anxiety, fell on his knees and wept like a child. What had become of those whom he sought? Did they yet live? Instead of commencing a pursuit, which the darkness would render useless while increasing the danger, he thought it better to return once more to the planter's. When he stood at the door worn out by his forced marches, by hunger and inquietude, Marie was almost startled into a swoon; while her father seeing the Canadian haggard and bewildered, and his face bathed with tears, was scarcely less agitated. Instead, however, of proferring vague consolations, he made Antoine take some refreshment to recruit his wasted strength. 'In three

hours,' he added, 'we will start on horseback, with four faithful blacks in company, and, please God, we will find the missing ones.'

At daybreak they were on foot. First they explored the vicinity of the devastated cabin, questioning all whom they met, but no one had seen or heard anything alarming. The Indians had not shown themselves in that quarter more than elsewhere, and there was not a woman or child who had not recovered from the panic of the previous days.

'But I heard their yells,' replied Antoine; 'they have burnt our hut, and murdered my father.' The listeners shook their heads, and said to themselves, 'The tall Canadian has lost his wits!'

While the party continued their search, the elder Faustin and his son Etienne were retreating before an enemy, who, for twenty-four hours, had pursued them with frightful whoopings; now behind them, then on one hand, presently on the other burst forth the implacable cries. The fugitives, scarcely cognisant of their route, had traversed the distance between Red River and the Sabine, the younger supporting the tottering steps of his father, who, from the effects of fever, shivered under the heavy bear-skin. At length, overcome by disease and fatigue, the old man said with a feeble voice—'Mon garçon, do you see them?'

'No, father, but I hear them still!'

'In numbers—are they not? Oh, if Antoine were with us, we could then set our backs against a tree and wait for them with a firm front!'

'Yes, father, they are numerous. Whichever way we go, there we hear them howling: they are scattered about the forest in pursuit of those who flee as we!'

Then the two looked at each other without speaking, each shocked to see the other's dejection. The thought of turning to the settlements for help never occurred to them: they believed that, like their own, every hut and plantation had been pillaged and burnt. Yet they were not forgotten: Antoine was making every effort for their relief. After searching a long time in vain, he at last entertained a painful hope that his father and brother would have taken up a position in the marsh where, some months before, they had found the sleeping Indian. The difficulties of the route made the journey slow and irksome; at the borders of the swamp they were obliged to dismount and leave their horses to the negroes. Antoine strode from right to left, examining the clumps of rushes, trying the depth of the shaking mud, eager to find the track. Suddenly he stood still.

'Do you hear that?' he asked in a low tone to the planter, who followed close behind.

The latter listened. 'It is the cry of an Indian,' he answered; 'let us call up the blacks.'

The hoarse yells were repeated. 'This way,' said Antoine; 'they are right a-head of us. Oh, here is the trail! Follow—oh my poor father!'

They hastened towards the sound, which now came more distinctly to their ear. The Canadian was about to fire when the cries ceased, and they heard a noise among the leaves, as of a bird suddenly taking wing. Antoine crept towards the little mound, which he had not forgotten; all at once his rifle fell from his hand, and he rushed forwards to a man lying flat and motionless on the grass. This time it was not a sleeper but a corpse—the corpse of his father! A little beyond lay Etienne, grasping the roots that projected from the soil, and seeking to conceal himself in the bushes. He scarcely breathed, and turned his haggard looks on his brother, whom he no longer recognised.

'It is I,' whispered Antoine, bringing his mouth close to the fugitive's ear—'it is I; don't be afraid. Where are they?'

'Here,' answered Etienne, pointing all round, 'there, everywhere! Father's dead from fever, hunger, and fear; and I am quite worn out.'

'You are not wounded, Etienne? They did not fire?'
 'No, no; I brought our rifles as far as this. There they are under the grass. I only saw one—only one: he who— You know, Antoine? He was here just now, but I could not stir. He pushed our father's body aside with his foot, Antoine, and carried away the bear-skin.'

The young Canadian survived this incident but a few days. He died with the conviction that the Indians had over-run the country, and till his last moment fancied that he still heard the terrible cries which, during a day and a night, had kept him and his father in a state of incessant alarm. So perished the old voyageur and his son, victims of a ruse which their fears prevented their suspecting. After paying the last mournful duties to the dead, Antoine sought an asylum at the plantation. The log-house which he had helped to build was now destroyed; besides, the forest no longer afforded him pleasure—it brought back to his mind the most painful recollections. He appeared to have renounced hunting altogether, and wandered all day up and down the enclosures, dressed in his Sunday garments, and wearing a band of black crape round his gray felt-hat. He remained thus a whole month in inaction; Marie and her father, respecting their guest's sorrow, spoke to him not oftener than he seemed to desire. What were his plans? No one knew.

'Mon ami,' at length said the planter, 'when you first came to this part of the country I offered you a part of my land. Painful events have shown that my counsel might have been good. You are now alone in the world—stay with us.' Antoine shook his head. 'But where will you go?' continued the planter.

'Yonder!' answered the Canadian, pointing to the west. 'I must live in the woods—I shall die here.'

'Surely you will not leave us?' interrupted Marie. 'My father loves you so well, it would be ungrateful on your part.'

Antoine lowered his eyes, wiped away a tear, and looked at the young girl with an inexpressible tenderness; then rising, he said with an altered voice, 'I must find him—I must revenge them!' He disappeared; and from that time was never heard of again!

WHAT A HEALTH COMMITTEE CAN DO.

Two Reports lately published by the Health Committee of the Town Council of Liverpool, referring to the year 1850, show in a very striking manner the improvement that can be produced in the sanitary condition of a town that possesses a 'health act,' and energetic men to carry into effect its provisions. In no town in England was there more necessity than in Liverpool for the adoption of measures to render it healthy. Inquiries made some years ago, when public attention was first forcibly drawn to the subject, showed that while the average age of all persons dying in the huge, overgrown, and, it might be supposed, very unhealthy metropolis, was 26½ years, the average age at death in Liverpool, a town not one-sixth the size of London, built in a healthy locality, and exposed to the fresh sea breeze, was only 17 years. Again, in Leeds, the great smoky manufacturing capital of Yorkshire, 1 out of every 36 of the population died every year. In Bristol, whose commercial greatness Liverpool had eclipsed, it was 1 in 32; in 'ever-toiling' Manchester, 1 in 29; and in Liverpool, 1 in 28. People did not require to search long to find out the causes of this. Defective sewerage, the occupation of cellars, and the excessive density of the population, were very explanatory facts: to many of the worst localities it was found that the visits of scavengers were few and far between;

and indeed the cleaning of some courts where human beings were densely crowded together, was in a great measure left to the action of heavy rain. But the town council at length obtained a 'health act' with important provisions; a staff of officers, medical, engineering, and others, were engaged; and the cleansing of the Augean stable began.

It was high time. Scarcely had a beginning been made when famine and fever fell heavily on Ireland, and Liverpool was inundated with thousands of sick and starving people from the sister country. Into the old unhealthy cellars which the sanitary act had closed, the living tide of want and disease flowed; the streets were thronged with gaunt spectres mutely imploring assistance; and many of those who had to minister to the spiritual and bodily wants of the sufferers caught fever and died. At one time it was estimated that there were a hundred thousand Irish paupers, men, women, and children, in the town! Bad as things were, they would have been much worse had there been no sanitary act and no health committee. Scarcely had Liverpool recovered from this sad infliction when it was overrun by cholera, whose ravages were doubtless moderated by the measures taken under the sanitary act. It may therefore be said, that it was not till last year that the full influence of that act could be estimated.

The population is now supposed to be 370,000; the deaths during 1850 were 10,123, or about 1 in every 36½ of the population—a rate of mortality as low as that ascertained in 1843 to be the average in Leeds. The mortality in Liverpool during the year of the cholera was 1 in 21, and it is supposed by the medical officer that the decided improvement last year is in some measure caused by the cholera, 'which carried off many of the inhabitants whose deaths would otherwise have swelled the mortality.' But the influence of this latter cause is less than might be supposed, as not less than three-fourths of the deaths from cholera occurred among persons of middle age, who do not in ordinary years furnish more than one-third of the entire mortality.' The deaths in 1849 were 17,046; and even after deducting the deaths from cholera, the number in 1849 was greater by 1824 than in 1850. In fact, at no period of which authentic records have been kept, has the mortality of Liverpool, as compared with its population, been so low as in 1850. The weather may perhaps have had some influence on this result, for the mean temperature of the atmosphere during the year was 49½ degrees, being about one-eighth of a degree lower than that of the previous three years, and 1½ degree below that of 1846. The temperature never rose above 81, and never fell below 24½ degrees. The past was a much drier year than the previous four, for rain fell on 151 days in 1850, and the average of the four preceding years was 184 days.

In every large town some quarters are more healthy than others. The districts inhabited by the wealthy, who can afford spacious houses, with good ventilation and facilities for cleanliness, &c. are always those in which the least number of deaths in proportion occur. They are the districts for which sanitary bills are scarcely necessary: the inhabitants are both able and willing to pay due attention to all measures conducive to health. It is not, therefore, in the wealthy portions of Liverpool that the beneficial results of sanitary measures are so striking as in the poorer parts of the

town. When the health act came into force, the number of yearly deaths in the former was 1 to every 41 inhabitants, and in 1850 the mortality was nearly the same, or 1 in 42; but in the latter, where it was formerly, on an average, 1 in 27, and in some years so low as 1 in 14; it was in 1850, 1 in 30. This is a most interesting fact, as it not only proves beyond dispute that the mortality of a district may be greatly lessened by proper attention to sanitary measures, but shows at the same time that the Health Committee are acting in the spirit of all true reformers, by improving *upwards*; and that a sanitary bill is not, as some people suppose, a 'rod in the hands of the rich,' but is, on the contrary, 'a staff for the protection of the poor.'

Of the total number of deaths more than half (5777) were under 15 years of age, whereas, in the seven years ending 1844, the number was nearly two-thirds. The bad pre-eminence acquired by Liverpool arose from the great mortality among its poor and young inhabitants; and these facts show in a striking manner, that, during the last year, no doubt in a great degree in consequence of sanitary measures, the poorer districts have become more healthy, and a smaller number of the juvenile population have died. There is still, however, great room for improvement, as a glance at some of the causes of death will show. The number of violent deaths, which in many cases arise from passion and carelessness, were 461, or between 4 and 5 per cent. of the whole. Thirty-two of these were children overlain in bed by their parents; 8 men and 5 women killed by excessive drinking; 57 persons were drowned; 6 accidentally poisoned; and 17 committed suicide—12 of whom hung themselves, 3 took poison, 1 cut his throat, and 1 chose to drown himself. There were 2 cases of wilful murder, 11 of manslaughter, and 1 of excusable homicide. It is perhaps not too much to say that the greater part of these lives, and of the remaining number lost by accident, would have been saved by the exercise of greater self-control, and more care and attention. Nor is it at all unlikely, that of the 152 persons killed accidentally in Liverpool in 1850, not one would have his life insured, so that many must have left families unprovided for, who might have been placed far above the reach of want by a timely attention to this paramount duty. There are few subjects of which the working-classes of this country are so regardless as life insurance, and yet there is none in which a labouring man with a family is so much interested. The deaths from zymatic, or acute contagious diseases, were 2649 (about one-fourth of the whole), and included 467 cases of typhus, 336 of hooping-cough, 297 of measles, 240 of scarlatina, 112 of small-pox, 110 of croup, and 74 of cysipelas.

Another fact is well worthy of note—that one in every twelve of those who died was a pauper in the workhouse. Of the entire population of England and Wales, about one in every twenty was a pauper on the 1st July 1850. The expense of pauperism in Liverpool is enormous. Nor, when its proximity to Ireland is considered, is this wonderful. The fever of 1847 and 1848, brought to Liverpool by Irish poor, caused 700 orphans and 350 widows to be thrown on the parish; and that fever, with the long train of disasters which followed it, cost the ratepayers £70,000. Of the deaths, less than half (4929) were females; and of the violent deaths, more than two-thirds were males. This is quite in harmony with other laws that are found to prevail in the proportion of the two sexes. A greater number of boys than of girls

are born every year; but a greater number of females than of males are always found in any old settled country. The explanation of this apparent inconsistency is found in the fact, that more males than females die every year—arising, doubtless, from the greater number of accidents to which the former are exposed, and the greater amount of severe labour they have to perform. This law is so well established, that several insurance companies charge less for female than male-lives.

To return, however, to the subject in hand. The Report to the Health Committee from the Inspector of Nuisances contains, curiously enough, a return of the number of cattle slaughtered, and of course eaten in Liverpool during 1850. Nearly a quarter of a million (248,963) of four-legged animals met 'violent deaths' for the benefit of the people of Liverpool during the past year. This would give two animals to every three human beings; a very fair supply as times go of butcher meat. The classification of the quadrupeds was as follows:—Beasts (oxen, &c.), 35,299; calves, 17,364; sheep, 163,509; lambs, 11,742; and pigs, 21,249. This number is greater than in 1849 by 15,305 heads of cattle. We cannot but regard this increase as a sign of increased health, since the healthy always eat more than the sick.

Let us look at a few of the nuisances which this active officer and his assistants have to inspect and put down. Everybody knows that pools of stagnant water are very unhealthy. In 1849, the inspector had to give notice to the proprietors to remove 731 of such pools, and last year he had to deal with only 277 of such cases. Again: in 1849, foul and offensive water from wells, &c. had collected beneath the floors of 405 cellars, to the injury of health, but in 1850 the number was only 150. The total number of notices issued to remedy nuisances, to cleanse unhealthy dwellings, to repair water-spouts, and remedy other miscellaneous defects, was 6903; and of the persons to whom notice was thus given, only 78 failed to remedy the evil, and had to be compelled, by being brought before a magistrate. The number of houses found in a filthy and unwholesome condition in 1849 was 3603; and in 1850, only 2914. The total number of inspections made of courts, and streets, and the houses in them was, during the last year, more than 70,000. But even in spite of all this, there are people so poor, or so wedded to old ways, that they cannot be prevented from living and sleeping in condemned cellars, and during the year the number of such cellars found reoccupied was 1643; the inmates of 1206 quietly vacated them on receiving notice, but against the remainder it was necessary to appeal to the law.

Such facts suggest many reflections. Here is a great town that has long been notorious for unhealthiness, so much improved in the course of five years by the operation of a sanitary bill, whose provisions have been carried into force sometimes against the will of those whom it was most to benefit, and under peculiarly adverse circumstances, that its rate of mortality has been reduced from 1 in 28 to 1 in 36, and though its population is rapidly increasing, yet the number of deaths has diminished. If such results can be produced in a great measure by the judicious carrying out of the provisions of an act of parliament, is it not possible to produce an equally conspicuous improvement in the moral health of a town by provisions for education? Is an ignorant child less a nuisance than a pool of stagnant water, or is it more necessary to see that a parent keeps a clean house than that he gives education to his children? Would there be more cruelty in fining a man for not sending his boys and girls to school than for living in an unhealthy cellar? Society, in whose name all these things are done, is even more interested in the moral than the physical health of its members; and if an

act of parliament, well framed and administered, can diminish the number of deaths in Liverpool, why should there be any hesitation in applying to similar force to the promotion of the education of the people?

SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

In the autumn of 1804, the court was at Fontainebleau. The Consulate had but recently merged in the Empire, with the consent of all the orders of the state. The senate by a decree had declared the First Consul to be Emperor of the French; and the people, to whom the question of succession had been deferred, had, by a majority of three millions to three thousand, decided that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. History, as Alison observes when recording the fact, affords no instance of a nation having so unanimously taken refuge from the ills of agitation and anarchy under the cold shade of despotism.

A new order of things having commenced, all, as may easily be imagined, was in a state of transformation and change in the composition of the court, as well as in the arrangements of the imperial household. Under the republican régime, a great degree of simplicity had prevailed in the appointments of the various departments of the state, as well as in the domestic economy of family circles: it could not, however, be called unpretending; there was a certain affection in it, evidently assumed with a view to contrast, even in minute particulars, the system of the republic with that of the old monarchy—the plainness of the one with the profuseness of the other. But this was not fated to last long: it had already been giving way under the Consulate, and was now disappearing altogether in accordance with the views of the new monarch. Titles and dignities were to be restored; court formalities and ceremonials were being revived, and new ones instituted. The old nobility, sprung from the feudal system, and dating as some of them did, from the Crusades, having been swept away by the revolutionary storm, their places were to be supplied, as supporters of the throne, by a new race of men. During this period of transition and change, the movement at the château was unceasing. Arrivals and departures were taking place almost every hour, to which very different degrees of importance were attached. One arrival, however, was spoken of as having a more than ordinary interest: it was that of the dignitary who, as it was then understood, was to place the imperial crown on the brow of the new sovereign. To recall, observes Alison, ‘as Napoleon was anxious to do on every occasion the memory of Charlemagne, the first French Emperor of the west, the Pope had been invited, with an urgency which it would not have been prudent to resist, to be present at the consecration, and had accordingly crossed the Alps for the purpose.

Whatever may have been the views which originally prompted the invitation—whether it was to play a mere secondary part in a court pageant, or a leading one, as the public at first supposed—or whether all such notions were swept away by some new deluge of ideas, as Chateaubriand somewhere says—it is now pretty clear that the presence of the pontiff at the ceremony was a minor consideration, and that the real motive was that which came out in their interview, as will appear in the sequel. Be this as it may, it was evident to all that the Emperor awaited his coming with impatience; and when his approach was announced—though preparations had been carefully made for their first meeting—the arrangements were such as to give it the air of an *impromptu*. It was on the road at some distance from Fontainebleau that the Emperor met the Pope: the pontiff alighted from his horse, the Emperor from his travelling chaise, and a coach being at hand, as if accidentally, they ascended its

steps at the same moment from opposite sides, so that precedence was neither taken nor given. How Italian the artifice!

They had not ridden long together when Bonaparte, quitting the coach, got on horseback, and returned to the château at a gallop, and with scarcely an attendant. The drum beat to arms, the guard turned out, but before they had time to fall in and salute, he had alighted, and was mounting the steps of the vestibule.

It was always so with him; he gave such vivacity to all his movements, such energy to all his actions, that speed seemed a necessary condition of his existence. Still so natural was it to him, that it did not wear the semblance of hurry. Scarcely had the beat of the drum been heard at the gate, before the clatter of his heels resounded in the hall, as the flash of a cannon preceded the report.

This time, however, he seemed fitful and even agitated. On entering the saloon, he paced it like one who waited with impatience. Having taken a few turns from one end to the other, he moved to a window, and began beating a march with his fingers on the window-frame. The rolling of a carriage was heard in the court, he ceased to beat, and after a short pause stamped on the floor, as if impatient at seeing something done too slowly; then stepping hastily to the door, opened it—it was for the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone; Bonaparte closed the door after him. The Pope was tall, but stooped somewhat; his countenance, elongated and sallow, wore an expression of suffering, which seemed to have been induced upon a habitual tone of elevation and courtesy. His eyes were black and large, and on his lips, which were slightly opened, played a smile indicative at once of urbanity and benevolence. He wore on his head a white calotte or headpiece, partially covering his hair, which was naturally black, but now blended with some silver locks; on his shoulders he had a camail, or cape of red velvet, and his long robe reached to his feet. Those who have seen his portrait by Laurence, though taken ten or eleven years later, will recognise at once the correctness of this description. As he entered the room he moved slowly, with a calm and measured step like that of an aged female; and having taken his seat in an arm-chair, he turned his eyes towards the floor, and seemed to wait for what the other Italian was going to say.

Bonaparte, as all know, was short in stature, being below the middle height; but in all other respects he was, at the period here referred to, very different in personal appearance from what he became subsequently. Far from having that fulness which approached to corpulence—that sallow puffiness of cheek which verged on the unhealthy—or that heaviness of limb, or general obesity, which threatened infirmity—he was slender in frame, but firm and well proportioned; yet there was something which indicated premature wear, by hardship in the field and toil in the cabinet; he was quick and nervous in every movement, rapid and almost convulsive in his gestures when excited. Still he could be at any time graceful in attitude and elegant in manner. Even then he stooped a little, so that his shoulders inclined forwards, which gave something of flatness to his chest. His face was thin and elongated; but what a forehead! What eyes! What beauty in the contour of his intellectual visage! In repose, its habitual expression was reflective and concentrated, with a strong tinge of melancholy.

Bonaparte ceased not to pace the room after the Pope had entered. After a while, altering his curve somewhat, and having taken a turn round the chair, as if making a *reconnaissance*, he stopped short, and resumed the thread of the conversation which had been commenced in the carriage, and abruptly broken off.

‘I repeat, Holy father, I am not an *esprit fort*,

nor do I like word-spinners or idea-mongers. I assure you, that in spite of my old republicans I will go to mass.'

These words he tossed off towards the Pope, as if he were giving him a dash of the incense box; then paused to observe their effect. He seemed to imagine that, after the impieties of the republican régime, such an avowal ought to produce a decided effect.

Pius, however, remained unmoved; he continued as before to look steadily downwards, and pressing firmly with his hands the eagle-heads that tipped the arms of his chair, seemed, in thus assuming the fixity of a statue, to say, 'I must submit to listen to all the profuse things which it may please him to say to me.'

Seeing this, Bonaparte took a turn round the room, and another round the chair, which stood in the middle of it, appearing but little satisfied with his adversary, and still less with himself for the tone of levity with which he had resumed the conversation. He at once changed his manner, and began to speak more composedly, still continuing to pace the room. As he passed to and fro, he glanced at the mirrors which ornamented the walls, and reflected the grave visage of the pontiff, eyeing him now and then in profile, never in front, to avoid appearing anxious as to the impression his words may make.

'One thing I must say, holy father, hangs heavily upon me: it is that you seem to consent to the coronation by constraint, as you did formerly to the concordat. As you sit there before me, you have the air of a martyr, and assume an attitude of resignation, as if you were making an offering of your sorrows up to Heaven. But surely you are not a prisoner; such is not your position in any sense: grand Dieu! you are free as air.'

Pius smiled, and looked him full in the face. He seemed to feel how enormous was the exigence of that despotic character, which requires—and all such natures do the like—not only obedience, but submission, absolute submission, and that, too, wearing the air of devotion to their will.

'Yes,' continued Bonaparte with increasing energy, 'you are free, perfectly free: you may return to Rome; the road is open to you; no one detains you.'

Pius sighed, slightly raised his right hand, and looked upwards without uttering a word; then slowly inclining his head downwards, seemed to look attentively at a golden cross which hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued speaking, but his steps became slow, and at the same time he gave a marked degree of mildness to his tone, and of courtesy to his expression.

'Holy father,' said he, 'if the gravity of your character did not forbid me, I would say that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not seem to retain a sufficient recollection of the services which France has rendered to you. If I am not much mistaken the Conclave of Venice, which elected you, appeared to have taken its inspiration from my Italian campaign, and from some words which I let fall with regard to you. It cannot be said that Austria behaved well to you; far from it; and I was really sorry for it. If my memory does not deceive me, you were obliged to return to Rome by sea, as you could not have ventured to cross the Austrian territories.'

He stopped short, as if waiting for a reply from his silent guest. Pius, however, but slightly inclined his head, and then sunk back into a sort of apathy, which seemed inconsistent with even listening; whilst Bonaparte, putting his foot on the rim of a stool, pushed it near the Pope's chair, and thus continued—'It was, in good truth, as a Catholic that such an incident gave me pain; for though I have never had time to study theology, I have great confidence in the power of the church. It has a prodigious vitality. Voltaire did it some damage in his time, but I shall let loose upon

him some unfrocked oratorians: you'll be pleased, if I mistake not, at the result. Now see, you and I may do many things in common by and by, if you wish it. Then with an air at once juvenile and careless, he continued—'For my part I do not see—I am weary of conjecturing—what objection you can have to establish your see in Paris, as it formerly was in Avignon. I will cede to you the palace of the Tuilleries: I seldom occupy it. You will find there your apartments prepared for you, as at Monte Cavallo. Do you not see, padre, that Paris is the real capital of the world? As for me, I shall do whatever you desire. You will find in me more docility than people give me credit for. Provided that war and politics, with their fatigues, be left to me, you may settle the church as you please: I shall be a soldier at your orders. Do but consider what effect it would have, and how brilliant it would be, were we to hold our councils as Constantine and Charlemagne did in their time! I should merely open and close them, leaving the keys of the world in your hands. As with the sword I came, the sword I should retain, and with it the privilege of bringing it back for your benediction after every victory achieved by our arms.' And in saying these words he slightly bowed.

Pius, who up to that moment had remained motionless as a statue, slowly raised his head, smiled pensively, and drawing a deep sigh, breathed out one by one the syllables of the word, 'Com-me-di-an-te!'

The word was scarcely half out, when Bonaparte made a bound on the floor like a wounded leopard. A towering passion seized him; he became yellow with ire. He bit his lips almost to bleeding as he strode to the end of the room. He no longer paced round in circles; he went straight from end to end without uttering a word, stamping with his feet as he swept along, and making the room resound as he struck the floor with his spurred heels. Everything around him seemed to vibrate; the very curtains waved like trees in a storm. At length the pent-up rage found vent, and burst forth like a bomb-shell which explodes:—'Comedian, say you? Ah, ha! I am he that will play you comedies to make you weep like women and children. Comedian, indeed! But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can play off on me, with impunity, your cool-blooded insolence. Comedian! Where is my theatre, pray, and what? 'Tis the world, and the part which I play is that of master and author; whilst for actors I have the whole of you—popes, kings, and people; and the cord by which I move you all is—fear! Comedian, say you? But he who would dare to hiss me or applaud should be made of different stuff from you, Signor Chiaramonti! Know you not well that you would still be merely a poor curé but for me, and that if I did not wear a serious air when I salute you, France would laugh to scorn yourself and your tiara? Three or four years ago, who would pronounce aloud the name of the founder of your system? Pray, then, who would have spoken of the Pope? Comedian, eh! Sire, ye take footing rather quickly amongst us. And so, forsooth, you are in ill humour with me because I am not dolt enough to sign away the liberties of the Gallican church, as Louis XIV. did. But I am not to be duped in that fashion. In my grasp I hold you; by a nod I make you fit from north to south, from east to west, like so many puppets. And now, when it suits me to make-believe that I count you for something, merely because you represent an antiquated idea which I wish to revive, you have not the wit to see my drift, or affect not to perceive it. Seeing, then, that I must speak out my whole mind, and put the matter just under your nose, in order that you may see it—more particularly as you seem to think yourself indispensable to me, and lift up your head in consequence, as you drap yourself in your old dame's robe—I'll have you to know that such airs do not in the least impose on me; and if you persist in that course, I'll deal with your

robe as Charles XII did with that of the grand vizier—I'll rend it for you with a dash of my spur!

He ceased. Throughout this tirade Pius maintained the same immobility of attitude, the same calm on his visage. At its close, however, he just looked up, smiled with something of bitterness, and sighed as he slowly articulated the word, '*Tra-je-di-an-te!*'

Bonaparte at that moment was at the further end of the room, leaning on the chimney-piece. Suddenly starting at the word, and turning round, his white person seemed to dilate, and his features to expand as passion rose within him. His look became fixed, and his eyes flared; then with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed towards the old man, as if with some fell purpose. But he stopped short, snatched from the table a porcelain vase, dashed it to pieces against the andirons, and stamped on its fragments as they flew along the floor! Then pausing for an instant, as if to catch breath, he flung himself on a seat in utter exhaustion. It would be difficult to say which was the more awful—his sudden outburst of rage, or his immobility and silence after it.

In some minutes the storm seemed gradually to subside, and a calm to succeed. His look and bearing changed; something of depression seemed to steal over him; his voice became deep and melancholy, and the first syllables which he uttered showed this Proteus recalled to himself, and tamed by two words. 'Hapless existence!' he exclaimed; then pausing, seemed to muse, and after a while continued—'Tis but too true: comedian or tragedian, all for me is an affair of acting and costume; so it has been hitherto, and such it is likely to continue. How fatiguing and how petty it is to pose—always to pose, in profile for this party, in full face for that, according to their notions! To guess at the imaginings of drivellers, and seem to be what they think one ought to be. To study how to place them between hope and fear—dazzle them with the prestige of names and distances, of dates and bulletins—he the master of all, and not know what to do with them; and after all this to be as weary as I am—'tis too bad! The moment I sit down—he crossed his legs, and leaned back in his chair—'ennui seizes me. To be obliged to hunt for three days in yonder forest would throw me into a mortal languor. Activity is to me a necessity; I must keep moving myself, and make others move, but I'll be hanged if I know whither. You see, then, I disclose my iumost thoughts to you. Plans I have enough and to spare for the lives of a score of emperors. I make one every morning, and another every evening; my imagination wearies not; but before some three or four of my plans could be carried out, I should be used up body and mind: our little lamp of life burns not long before it begins to flicker. And now, to speak with entire frankness, am I sure that the world would be happier even if all my plans were put in execution? It would certainly be a somewhat finer thing than it is, for a magnificent uniformity would reign throughout it. I am not a philosopher; and in the affair of common sense, I am bound to own that the Florentine secretary was a master to us all. I am no proficient in theories: with me reflection precedes decision, and execution instantly follows: the shortness of life forbids us to stand still. When I shall have passed away, there will be comments enough on my actions to exalt me if I succeed, to disparage me if I fail. Paradoxes are already ripe—they are never wanting in France—but I shall still them to silence while I live; and when I am gone—no matter. My object is to succeed; for that I have some capacity. My Iliad I compose in action; every day adds an episode.'

As he spoke these latter words he rose from his seat with a light elastic movement, and seemed altogether another person. When relieved from the turmoil of passion, he became gay, cheerful, and at the same time

unaffected and natural. He made no effort to pose, nor did he seek to exalt and idealise himself, as he did afterwards in the conversations at St Helena, to meet some philosophic conception, so to fill up the portrait of himself which he desired to bequeath to posterity. He was far from anything of this sort: in simple reality, he was himself, as it were, turned inside out. After a slight pause he advanced a step or two towards the Pope, who had not moved, and smiling with an expression half-serious, half-ironical, proceeded in a new vein, in which were blended something of the elevated and the petty, of the pompous and the trivial, as was often his usage—all the time speaking with the volubility so often exhibited by this most versatile genius.

'Birth is everything: those who appear on this world's stage poor and friendless have a desperate struggle to maintain. According to the quality of their minds they turn to action or to self-destruction. When they have resolution to set to work, as I have done, they often play the winning game. A man must live; he must conquer a position, and make for himself an abiding-place. I have made mine as a cannon ball does; so much the worse for those who stood in my way.* Some are content with little, others never have enough: men eat according to their appetites, and I have a large one. Mark me, when I was at Toulon, I had not the price of a pair of epaulettes; but instead of them I had on my shoulders my mother, and I know not how many brothers. All these are now tolerably well provided for; and as to Josephine, who, it was said, married me from pity, we are about to crown her in the very teeth of Ragudeau, her notary, who once told her that I had lost my commission and my sword, and was not worth a ducat; and faith he was not far wrong! But now, what is it that rises up in perspective before me? An imperial mantle and a crown. To me what are such things?—a costume, a mere actor's costume. I shall wear them for the occasion, that's enough; then resuming my military frock, I'll get on horseback. On horseback said I?—yes, and perhaps for life; but scarcely shall I have taken up my new position when I shall run the risk of being pushed off my pedestal. Is that a state to be envied? There are but two classes of men—those who have something, and those who have nothing. The first take their rest, the others remain awake. As I perceived this when starting in the race of life, I have reached the goal thus early. I know of but two men who attained it after having set out at the age of forty, and they were Cromwell and Rousseau. Had the one had but a farm, and the other a few hundred francs and a domestic, they would neither have commanded, preached, nor written. There are various sorts of artists—in building, in forms, in colours, in phrases. I am an artist in battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it cannot be called dear. [But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing: 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force.] Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see

* As witnesses of which truth may be cited Moreau and his army, Pichegru and his set, the Due D'Enghien—all the havoc he had made when preluding to the Empire.

† The passage between brackets is not given by De Vigny; I heard it in another version. Chateaubriand makes him say the same thing towards the close of his career, when throne and all were going to pieces. I heard it cited as part of his last speech to the senate, which was very remarkable. The first speech of the Emperor, as regent, was called the *panache* speech, from the strange use he made of the word in applying it to Cambacerés. Bonaparte's conversation often presented this sort of jumble. He used to call Joseph and Murat 'les rois de théâtre'; he compared Louis to King Log, and himself to King Stork, &c. In his *bonades* there was no end of that sort of thing.

all dynasties date from mine, "parvenu" though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowds. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands.'

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remarks, and by the frankness of the advance which concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinising glance of Bonaparte, a light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.*

L U C K Y J A C K .

JACK had served his master seven years: then he said to him—"Master, my time is out. Now I should like to go home to my mother. Give me my wages."

The master answered—"You have served me truly and well: as the service, so shall the reward be."

With these words he gave him a bag of heavy silver money that was as big as Jack's head. Jack took out his pocket-handkerchief, wrapped the bag up in it, put it upon his shoulder, and set out on the road home. As he went along thus, always putting one leg before the other, a man came in sight, who trotted by brisk and fresh upon a spirited horse.

"Ah!" said Jack aloud, "what a beautiful thing riding is! There he sits, as if he were in a chair; stumbles over no stone, saves his shoes, and gets to the end of his journey he doesn't know how!"

The rider, who had heard him, called out—"Well, Jack, why then do you trudge afoot?"

"Ah! because I must carry home this bag. It is real silver; but I can't hold my head up for it, and it galls me on the shoulder."

"I tell you what," said the rider, stopping; "we will exchange. I give you my horse, and you give me your bag."

"With all my heart!" said Jack; "but I warn you it will be a deal of trouble to you."

The rider jumped off, took the bag, and helped Jack to mount. Then he put the reins into his hand, and said—"Now, when you want to go very fast, you must cluck with your tongue, and call out "Hupp, hupp!"

Jack was in a state of great joy as he sat on the horse, and rode along so bold and free. After a little while he thought he would go faster, and he began to cluck with his tongue, and to call out "hupp, hupp!" The horse upon this started suddenly off at a brisk trot, and before Jack was aware of it, he was thrown off, and lying in a ditch which separated the fields from the high road. The horse would have run away had not a countryman stopped it, who came along the road driving a cow before him. Jack scrambled up, and stood on his legs. But he was vexed, and said to the countryman, "Riding is but a sorry joke, especially if you get hold of such a jade as this, that kicks and throws you off, so that you wellnigh break your neck. I will never get on its back again. That's the best of your cow: you can walk along behind her at your ease; and

besides that, you have milk, and butter, and cheese every day for certain. What would I give if I had a cow!"

"Well," said the peasant, "as it would be a great favour to you, I'll give you the cow for the horse."

Jack agreed to it with a thousand thanks; and the countryman threw himself on the horse, and rode hastily away.

Jack drove his cow peacefully before him, and congratulated himself on his lucky bargain. He said to himself, "Now, if I have only a bit of bread—and certainly I shall never be in want of that—I can, as often as ever I please, have butter and cheese to eat with it; if I am thirsty, I milk my cow and drink milk: heart! what more do you want?" When he came to an inn he stopped, and with great joy ate clean up all the bread he had for dinner and supper, and called for a glass of beer, which he paid for with his last few farthings. Then he continued his journey, driving his cow towards the village where his mother lived. But as the mid-day drew on the heat became more oppressive, and Jack found himself on a heath which would last him for an hour's walk. He got so hot that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth for thirst. "The thing is easily to be remedied," thought Jack; "now, I will milk my cow, and refresh myself with the drink." He fastened her to a dead tree, and tried to milk her, but notwithstanding all his trouble not a single drop would come. As he set about it very awkwardly, the impatient animal at last gave him such a kick on the head with one of her hind-legs that he fell back on the ground, and for some time did not know at all where he was. Fortunately, just then a butcher came along who had a young pig lying in his wheelbarrow.

"Hallo! what's the matter here?" said he, helping poor Jack to rise. Jack told him all that had happened. The butcher handed him his flask and said, "There, take a drop and cheer up. You will never get any milk from the cow: it is an old beast, at the best only fit for the plough or the slaughter-house."

"Alas, alas!" said Jack, stroking the hair down over his head, "who would have thought it? It is certainly a good thing when one can kill a beast for the use of the family: what meat it gives! But I don't care much for cow's flesh; it isn't juicy enough for me. Ah, if one could have a young pig! that has a different flavour, and over and above there's sausages!"

"Hark ye, Jack!" said the butcher; "for your sake I'll let you have the pig for the cow."

"God reward you for your friendship!" said Jack, and he handed the cow over to him. The young pig was untied from the barrow, and the cord with which it was bound given into his hand.

Jack went on his way, and thought how everything happened according to his wishes; and how, if any misfortune occurred, some good thing immediately made amends for it. As he was dwelling upon these thoughts, a young fellow came up to him, carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They said good-day to one another, and Jack began to talk about his good-luck, and how he had always made such an advantageous exchange. His companion said he was taking his goose to a christening feast. "Just lift it up by the wings," continued he, "and see how heavy she is. She has been crammed for eight weeks, and he who eats her must wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth!"

"Yes," said Jack, holding her up in one hand, "she weighs her weight; but my pig is not so bad."

In the meantime the man looked about him suspiciously, and shook his head. "I tell you what," he began, "it is not all quite right with that pig. In the village through which I have passed, a pig belonging to the mayor has just been stolen. I fear—I fear you have it there by the rope. It would be a bad day's work if you were found with it; at the least you would be locked up in the black hole."

* The materials for this interesting article have been taken in great part from Alfred de Vigny's volume entitled, "Servitude et Guerre Militaire."

Poor Jack was terrified. 'Ah,' said he, 'help me out of this scrape! you know the parts here better than I do: take my pig there, and leave me your goose!'

'It's a great risk for me,' answered the man; 'but I will not be the cause of your getting into misfortune.'

So he took the rope in his hand, and drove the pig along a by-way; while our good Jack, released from his anxiety, went on towards home with the goose under his arm. 'If I consider rightly,' said he to himself, 'I have still the best of the bargain: first the good roast; then the quantity of fat that will drip from it; and finally, the beautiful white feathers, which I will have my pillow stuffed with, upon which I shall sleep without rocking. What a pleasure there will be for my mother!'

As he was passing through the last village, there stood a scissor-grinder with his barrow, singing to his burring work. Jack stood still and watched him, and at last went up to him and said, 'I suppose you get on very well, as you are so jolly at your grinding?'

'Yes,' answered the grinder, 'my handicraft is founded on a mine of gold. Your true grinder is a man who, as often as he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?'

'I didn't buy it; I changed it for my pig.'

'And the pig?'

'I got that for my cow.'

'And the cow?'

'I got that in exchange for my horse.'

'And the horse?'

'I gave a bag of silver money as big as my head for that.'

'And the bag of silver money?'

'Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service.'

'You always knew how to help yourself,' said the grinder. 'But if you could now so manage as to bear money jingling in your pocket whenever you moved, you would have made your fortune.'

'How is that to be done?' said Jack.

'You must be a grinder, like me: for that you want nothing but a whetstone—everything else comes of itself. There, I have one; it is a little damaged, but you shall give me in return for it nothing except your goose. What do you say to that?'

'How can you ask me?' said Jack. 'I shall surely be one of the happiest men on earth. If I have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what need I care for?' With which he held out the goose to him.

'Now,' said the grinder, lifting up a heavy common stone from the field which lay near him—'there, you have a proper stone to begin with, which will bear a good blow: you can hammer your old nails straight upon it. Take it, and be careful of it!'

Jack put the stone on his shoulder, and went on with a cheerful heart. His eyes glistened with joy, and he said to himself—'All my wishes are fulfilled, just as if I were a Sunday-child.'* But now, as he had been upon his legs since break of day, he began to feel tired; he was also worried by hunger, for he had eaten up all his provisions at one meal, in joy at the cow he had purchased. At last he could only get on with great difficulty, and was obliged to rest every moment. The stone pressed heavily on him, and he could not help thinking what a good thing it would be if just now he were not obliged to carry it. Like a snail, he came crawling into a field to rest and refresh himself with a drink of fresh water; and that he might not injure the stone while he was sitting down, he laid it carefully beside him on the edge of the well. Then he turned round to draw some water; but, as he turned, he pushed accidentally against the stone, and it plunged into the well. When Jack with his own eyes had seen it sink to the bottom, he sprang up in joy—then knelt

down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, that he had shown him this mercy also, and had delivered him from the stone so easily, which was the only thing wanting to his happiness. 'There is no man under the sun so happy as I am!' cried he; and so with a light heart, and free from all burden, he now bounded on till he was at home with his mother. *

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

February 1851.

I HAVE nothing especially remarkable to lead off with, unless you will accept as such the fact that Lord John Russell has again communicated to the President of the Royal Society his intention of setting aside £1,000 for the promotion of science, and encouragement of its investigators. A similar sum was, as you know, granted last year, and apportioned by the Council of the F.R.S.'s, as to them seemed meet. By and by, you will have the particulars and results. While on the one side the society may place this to the score of their advantages, on the other they have sustained a loss, not easy to be supplied, in the decease of their late president, the Marquis of Northampton. He was a nobleman of the right stamp; of refined tastes and elevated acquirements: one who, in the powers and privileges of rank, never lost his genuine kindness of nature. His *sorées*, of which he gave four in the season during a long series of years, were renowned for the large and varied assemblage of talent, learning, and philosophy which they invariably attracted. Their having been mentioned more than once in your Journal may well excuse my taking up a few lines with this passing notice of the deceased nobleman.

Now, in default of the marvellous, you must just content yourself—if you can—with such gatherings as I send you. If you would only allow us poor chroniclers of progress, to invent a discovery now and then, we might give you a trimensual surprise, the effects of which would keep you up to the superlative degree of astonishment from one quarter-day to another. I could tell you something about a method for growing meat directly from the ground without the intermediate process of converting grass and turnips into sheep and oxen, that would make you wish you were young again, to live through a period when no man should write *imprausus* after his name. But I refrain, lest you should have misgivings as to the more sober facts and incidents which it may fall to my lot to relate. So, to proceed.

Our talk of late has been rather miscellaneous; no one topic thrusting itself into especial prominence. Accounts from the arctic seas, by way of Behring's Straits, though negative as to Franklin, are positive concerning one of Captain Collinson's ships: she had worked her way well to the eastward before the winter frosts set in, and if the expeditions by way of Lancaster Sound made such advance as is hoped, it is within the limits of possibility that walking parties from the vessels in either direction may have met and communicated. The hopes of finding any of the missing adventurers still alive are now extremely slender; but this is a point on which nothing can be known till the close of the coming summer. Besides this, there is a budget of domestic subjects in which it is not easy to separate the social from the political—repeal of taxes, for instance, model lodging-houses, Smithfield abolition, financial reform, multiplication of the police, outlying army corps (not corps), and the impending census—any one of which will afford material for cogitation to those able to exegitiate wheat from the chaff. Fortune send they be not like the grains that Shakespeare talks about, which, when found, were not worth the trouble of the search.

* It is a popular belief in Germany that persons born on a Sunday succeed in all they undertake; also, that they are able to see ghosts.

* This piece is somewhat altered from the German of Grimm.

There is an item current not uninteresting to providers of literature—namely, a new printing machine, the work of a man at Providence, Rhode Island. The paper, instead of being laid on in separate sheets, is wound in a huge roll, of thousands of yards, if desired; and after passing under and over the printing cylinders, is cut off in sheets, and folded at the rate of 20,000 an hour by the sole operation of the machinery. The press, it is said, does everything except put on the rolls of paper, and carry away the finished sheets; and this part of the work can be performed by one pair of hands. Another American invention is also talked about: Professor Page, whose investigations I mentioned in my last, now states: 'I have just completed a grand experiment with a huge iron bar and helix, with the following results:—The bar, weighing 532 pounds, placed within the helix, is made to start up in the coil, and vibrate in the air without visible support. It requires a force of 508 pounds additional to its own weight to pull it out of the helix; so that it is equivalent to lifting a bar in the helix of 1040 pounds weight. After this it would seem quite easy to sustain masses of iron weighing many tons. The full time required to charge this magnet, and raise the galvanic current to its maximum, is two seconds. Nine-tenths of the charge is attained in one second.' Let steam-workers look to it—a power which may some day be formidable, is growing into strength and activity.

Beyond the Atlantic, however, is not the only region of ingenuity: the envelope machine, of which I told you some time ago as having been exhibited at Birmingham, so simple in principle, and rapid in execution—the folds being laid by a blast of air—is now fully at work in the establishment of one of our chief City stationers. Twenty thousand envelopes are tossed off daily with the greatest ease, and cheapness is not to be the only acceptable result of celerity in production. Then, looking across the Channel, we find Monsieur Faye, the astronomer, entertaining the Académie with an 'apparatus for sounding at great depths'—a scheme of far greater utility than would appear at first sight. Those who have read accounts of voyages of discovery, will remember how much time and labour have been occupied in taking soundings in mid-ocean; one hundred men being sometimes engaged for half a day in hauling up the line and weight; and in certain cases, where delay was prejudicial, the whole has been abandoned at considerable loss. M. Faye proposes to use a cylinder of sheet-iron or copper which will 'measure the vertical depth, determine the rate and direction of currents, supposing these elements known for the surface, the temperature of the water at the bottom, or at different depths, and bring up water from different depths in order to the study of its composition.' 'The instrument,' he observes, 'provides for the resolution of these questions. No cord is needed, it being unnecessary that the crew should exhaust their strength in hauling up; for it ascends of itself, either after having touched the bottom, or after descending to a depth determined beforehand. It brings up all the requisite indications of the vertical space gone through, also of the amount and direction of the horizontal space; and if lost by accident, the loss in no case will exceed 400 or 500 francs.'

The proposed cylinder, of whichever metal, is to be about three feet in height and four inches diameter, and filled with a liquid specifically lighter than water. A small orifice in the lower end admits of a due balance taking place between the inner and outer pressure. Two cannon-balls, attached by cords to two movable pins, serve to sink it; and no sooner does it strike the bottom, than the pins are released, the weights remain below, while the cylinder rises to the surface in consequence of the specific levity. By means of a simple wheel-work, whose rate is known, the weights may be detached at any required depth, as surely as at the bottom. The

horizontal movement is to be verified by placing a mark at the spot where the cylinder plunged, and observing the distance at which it rises; and in this particular also the amount for different depths may be ascertained. For bringing up water, a small bucket is attached, inverted, and with cocks open during the descent; but as soon as the weights fall off, the cocks close, the bucket turns over, and comes up with its contents. Besides these purposes, it is obvious that, by attaching self-registering thermometers, the temperature at any depth may be known. Such an instrument as this will be eminently useful to navigators; and now that the physical condition of the earth is so much an object of study, an easy means of sounding the depths of the ocean will be of not less utility to the natural philosopher.

Next, I may tell you that Becquerel has been making 'researches into the causes of the disengagement of electricity in plants'—a subject which, as you know, has engaged attention in several quarters. Wartmann of Lausanne has worked out some important conclusions, which support those of the French philosopher. The latter states, as the result of his labours, 'that in the act of vegetation the earth receives continually an excess of positive electricity, the parenchyma and part of the lignum an excess of negative electricity, which is transmitted to the air by the exhalation of the watery vapours.

'The leaves behave in the same way as the parenchyma of the bark—namely, that the sap which circulates in their tissues is negative with respect to the fluids, the medulla, and the earth, and positive with regard to the cambium.

'There is no room to doubt that chemical actions are the primary causes of the electrical effects observed in vegetables.

'The opposite electrical states of plants and of the earth lead to the belief that by reason of the power of vegetation on several parts of the globe, they should exercise a certain influence on the electrical phenomena of the atmosphere.' Thus you will perceive, from these brief particulars, that the question is one which embraces a wide range, comprehending some phenomena of botany and meteorology, rich in their promise of discovery. It is one that we shall hear more of before long.

Writing the terms meteorology and botany reminds me of two or three scraps of talk therewith connected. One is, that according to Mr Glaisher, the temperature of the last quarter of 1850 was higher than that of the previous 79 years. The same three months were more than usually foggy, there having been 69 days on which more or less fog prevailed. Another, that the climate of New Zealand has changed for the better since the earthquake of last year—that is as regards agriculture and general convenience; but as regards health it is worse; for coughs, colds, and fevers—which prior to the convulsion were extremely rare—are now widely prevalent. The third is, that although African teak has long been used for naval purposes in our dockyards, our botanists have been unable to determine to what family it belonged, as no leaves or flowers, the distinguishing signs, had been brought to this country. Lately, however, at the instance of Sir W. Hooker, a gentleman at Sierra Leone, to which colony the wood is conveyed in logs, has sent over some of the fruit as well as flowers, and by means of these the tree is now classed among the euphorbiaceæ. A cubic foot of the wood weighs from 60 to 70 pounds, being from 20 to 30 pounds heavier than a similar bulk of Indian teak or British oak.

M. Chas. Mène, of the Académie, has been making some rather remarkable experiments 'on the influence of gypsum (sulphate of lime) in vegetation.' He filled two zinc boxes with the gypsum, and sowed grass in the one and wheat in the other. The plants grew

luxuriantly, but instead of ripening, gradually withered. He then filled the same cases with a mixture, half gypsum, half argillaceous earth; the result of the sowing was more favourable, but not equal to that obtained from ordinary soil. The experiment was next varied by filling the boxes with common manure, and covering it with a thin layer, about half an inch, of gypsum, and putting in the seeds as before. 'At the end of two weeks,' says M. Mène, 'the plants had become developed with an astonishing growth, and arrived at perfect maturity and extraordinary beauty.' One day, as he was examining them, he chanced to spill a small quantity of chlorhydric acid into one of the boxes; an effervescence took place, which set him thinking of cause and effect, the result of which was that he used no more of the sulphate of lime, but sowed the seeds in humus, and watered them with solutions of sulphuric, chlorhydric, azotic, and acetic acids, of sulphates of iron, potass, and magnesia, of chloride of manganese, and azotate and phosphate of soda. The grass grew in perfection, and in the liquid drainage from the bottom of the cases ammoniacal salts were found in a fixed state, or at least not volatile in ordinary temperatures. From all of which the experimenter infers 'that plaster (gypsum) in itself has no fecundating power, and alone, cannot serve as a fertiliser. That it has no properties useful to agriculture, except insomuch as it is combined with ammoniacal substances, in which case there is a double decomposition, and the ammonia is, as it were, stored up (*enmagnesiné*) for the requirements of the plant; and that any salt which retains ammonia in a form not volatile at ordinary temperatures, may be substituted for the plaster.'

'These experiments,' continues M. Mène, 'were made in my grounds at Vaugirard on a small scale, and all succeeded. There now remains but to make the trial on a greater scale; and I hope this year to show to the admiration of promenaders, at Vaugirard more than one field whose vegetation shall be active and extraordinary, thanks to each one of the salts above mentioned.'

The Académie have recently made a distribution of prizes: out of the fund set apart for essays on the rendering insalubrious arts or trades less injurious, 500 francs each were awarded to Messrs. Mallet and Cavaillon, 'for their processes for the purification of gas for burning'; and 1000 francs to M. Harteaux for his work on the diseases produced by the manipulation of tobacco. Another thousand were given for improvements in the manufacture of artificial limbs. Of prizes in prospect, the gold medal, worth 3000 francs, is offered for a 'Study of the laws of the distribution of fossil organized bodies in the different sedimentary strata, following the order of the superposition; and an examination of the nature of the relations which exist between the present and the former state of the organic kingdom.' 'Comparative embryology' is to be the subject of another prize; there are two or three in mathematics, and one in which the author is 'To establish the equations of the general movements of the atmosphere, having regard to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon.' This for 1854. Then besides all these there is an extraordinary prize of 6000 francs for 1853, 'For the best work or memoir on the most advantageous employment of steam in the propelling of ships, and on the system of mechanism and fixing, of stowage and armament, to be preferred for this class of constructions.' Solid work, and solid rewards here for somebody.'

Projectors are still tormenting the Academicians with plans for aérostation. M. Arago has given a reply to these gentlemen which may suit schemers in other parts of the world. He states that, some sixty years ago, a M. Meusnier, of the school of Metz, wrote a treatise

on the subject, which has never been printed. 'There might be,' he adds, 'some benefit in publishing it, were it but to prove to those who fancy they have discovered new means of aerial locomotion, that, whatever of plausible or reasonable may be found in their ideas, was perfectly known, explained, and appreciated in the last century.'

Apropos of Arago: he is still working on to completion with his researches in photometry, for which, as I told you a month or two since, the Royal Society awarded him their Rumford Medal. The celebrated Fincham has acknowledged the honour in a letter to the secretaries, which will well bear reproduction. 'My age,' he writes, 'my bad health, the deplorable state of my eyes, and the part I was obliged to take in the events of which my country was the theatre after February 24, 1848, had led me to suppose that I had entered on that period of life wherein nothing can produce a lively impression. Your letter has undeceived me. The news that the Royal Society have been pleased to award to me the Rumford Medal, has filled me with joy. Pray be the interpreter of my unalterable gratitude to our honourable confrères: say to them, especially, that their indulgence will make me redouble my efforts, so that those of my labours which remain to be published may not be unworthy the favour of which I have been the object.'

DOMINIQUE CIMAROSA.

DOMINIQUE CIMAROSA was the son of a shoemaker in Naples, and his father bound him apprentice to a baker. It was the custom for the citizens to knead their own dough, and send it to be baked in the public ovens; part of Dominique's duty, therefore, consisted in going round to the different houses, and fetching their unbaked bread to his master's oven. Among their customers was the celebrated singer Joseph Aprile; and the boy, in whom a love for music had early developed itself, used to stand in the porch listening with rapture to the singer's morning practice. Sometimes he was so entranced as totally to forget the business which had brought him there, and thus incurred his master's just displeasure. Aprile was in the habit of giving lessons to a little girl of ten years old, named Teresina Ballante. It happened frequently that this child, while passing in and out, perceived the baker's boy standing motionless, plunged in his musical trance. One day the pretty little blushing lady ventured to address him.

'What are you doing there, standing in the corner?'
 'Listening to the beautiful singing, signorina.'
 'Do you love music?'
 'Oh yes!'
 'Do you understand it?'
 'Oh no! my father is too poor to have me taught.'
 'Could you not be taught in the Conservatorio?'
 'To get in there requires the interest of a patron, and I have none.'
 'But if my master, if Signor Aprile would do it?'
 'He would make me the happiest being in the world! But it is more than I could expect.'
 'Have you a voice? Can you sing?'
 'Yes, signorina; I try sometimes to imitate the songs I hear.'
 'Then you would be very glad to sing like Signor Aprile?'

The boy replied only by an expressive look, and the fair little girl tripped away. Next morning she repeated the dialogue to her teacher, and obtained permission to introduce Dominique into his apartment the next time he should come for the bread. The kind little patroness failed not to do so. After a few preliminary questions, Aprile desired the boy to try his voice; and he obeyed by singing a celebrated comic song of the day, which he had casually picked up. The tone and expression were given with such perfection, that Aprile was enchanted. He hastened, with the approbation of Dominique's father, to get him admitted into the Conservatorio della Pieta.

There he prosecuted his musical studies with the utmost success; and with the prospect of well-earned fame and fortune before his eyes, he married the pretty Térésine, whose childish kindness, many years before, had been the commencement of his prosperity. Their happiness, however, was but of short duration: his wife died soon after their marriage, leaving one son.

Before Cimarosa reached the age of thirty-eight he had composed upwards of sixty standard works, besides a quantity of fugitive music. Afterwards he produced his *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Il Matrimonio Segreto'; the effect produced by which, at its first representation in Vienna, was such that the Emperor Leopold, after having given a splendid supper to the actors and musicians of the orchestra, commanded them the same evening to recommence the entertainment; and he is said to have enjoyed the second representation quite as much as the first. In 1801 Cimarosa died at Venice in his forty-first year.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

The diminution in the consumption of intoxicating liquors during the last fifteen years, is one of the most encouraging circumstances of the time. The details are stated at large in the 'Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainers' Almanac for 1851,' from which we take the following figures, contrasting the consumption of wholesome and unwholesome drinks in 1836 and 1850—the first and last year of the term:—

	lbs.
1850. Coffee,	34,431,074
Tea,	50,024,688
Cocoa,	3,253,372
	<hr/> 87,689,134
1836. Coffee,	23,295,016
Tea,	36,574,004
Cocoa,	1,084,170
	<hr/> 60,953,220
Actual increase,	26,735,914
	Gallons.
1850. Rum,	3,416,966
Foreign and Colonial Spirits,	1,348,740
British Spirits,	24,710,208
Beer,	587,880,360
Wine,	6,420,342
	<hr/> 623,776,516
1836. Rum,	3,044,758
Foreign and Colonial Spirits,	2,924,709
British Spirits,	22,962,012
Beer,	548,772,516
Wine,	6,247,689
	<hr/> 583,251,684
Actual decrease,	40,524,932

although the population has increased upwards of four millions since 1836.

The effect of the increase of the population on the real proportion of the drinks consumed in 1836 and 1850 respectively, is given as follows:—'Had the population of 1849-50 drank, of coffee, tea, and coco, the same quantity per head as the population of 1835-6 did, the increase in the consumption of these articles would have been only ten millions of pounds, whereas it has been nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds, or considerably more than one-third; and had the population of 1849-50 drunk of spirits, wine, and beer, the same quantity per head as the population of 1835-6 did, the increase in the consumption of these articles would have been one hundred millions of gallons; whereas there has been a decrease of forty millions five hundred thousand gallons—showing the actual difference, taking the increase of population into account, to be upwards of one hundred and forty millions five hundred thousand gallons, or more than a fifth part of the entire quantity consumed in 1836.' We congratulate the country on these delightful facts, which are worth all the 'glorious victories' of the last glorious war.

NO MORE CORNS.

There is no doubt some quackery in the corn-doctor's theme, but there is more ignorance. For the benefit both of him and his patients, we will now disclose a secret

which will relieve humanity from a load of misery, not the less difficult to bear that it is unpitied or ridiculous. The cause of corns, and likewise of the torture they occasion, is simply friction; and to lessen friction you have only to use your toe as you do in like circumstances a coach-wheel—lubricate it with some oily substance. The best and cleanliest thing to use is a little sweet oil, rubbed upon the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the tip of the finger, which should be done on getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued. The writer of this paragraph suffered from these horrible excrescences for years. He tried all sorts of infallible things, and submitted to the manipulations of the corn-doctor; but all in vain: the more he tried to banish them, the more they wouldn't go; or if they did go (which happened once or twice under the strong prevalence of caustic), they were always sure to return with tenfold venom. Since he tried the oil, some months ago, he has had no pain, and is able to take as much exercise as he chooses. Through the influence of this mild persuasiveness, one of the most iniquitous of his corns has already taken itself off entirely; the others he still pares at rare intervals; but suffering no inconvenience whatever from them, he has not thought it necessary to have recourse to caustic—which sometimes, if not very carefully used, and vinegar and water applied at once to the toe, causes almost as much smart as the actual cautery:

PHILIP, MY KING!

'Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty.'

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine, Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suiting,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King;
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
Philip the King!'

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 375. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

WILLIAM COWPER AND LADY AUSTEN.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

Lady Austen. Nay, have pity on your lungs, Mr Cowper. You will provoke them to rebellion, or weary them into exhaustion, by so much reading aloud. Shut up George Herbert, and improvise a little verse or chatty prose of your own.

William Cowper. Such pity on my vocal organs as your tenderness invokes would be but obtained at the expense of my entire comfort. Body, soul, and spirit would all suffer while those puffing and blowing agitators, the lungs, were enjoying a needless respite. To read George Herbert aloud—if to you it be not grievous, is safe to me; for it partly merges my gloomy self in his saintly thoughts, and delays that return of full consciousness which shows me how weak and useless I am. But perhaps I have really tired you with my favourite minstrel. If so, we shall insure recreation by exchanging him for another of the brotherhood of bards; or better still, go you to the harpsichord, Sister Anne, and discourse most eloquent music. The poor instrument is out of tune, I allow. But how much more so am I! You can at least coax it into runs and variations; it will answer you with sprightly *allegro* as well as pensive *adagio*. But I contribute one key only—the minor; and even in *that* you must catch accidental flats that have no business there.

L. A. To the harpsichord anon, Mr Cowper. We have not done with reading and talking yet. I have every respect for the 'divine Herbert,' especially as read by a living poet; so do not suppose my interruption was the cry of weariness. But I might appreciate him better were you to enliven his text with occasional comments and criticisms of your own.

C. Ask it not! My truest comment would be that personal dejection which the heart only, the lips never, can express. I love Herbert, because his verses are so unfeignedly those of a man acquainted with sorrow—a man who has not merely hailed sorrow as she passed by his porch, but who has received her into his house, and intreated her as his guest, and conversed with her at morning, and noon, and the night season.

L. A. All which may possibly make him an unfit companion to your own mornings, noons, and nights; for such I believe he not unfrequently is.

C. There are times, dear Anna, when this is the case; and at such times, to remove him from me, and to forbid my perusing him, would be one of the cruellest of cruel kindnesses. My own melancholy is far deeper than his; and in his expression of dejected feelings and their consequences I find a sympathy which soothes me into positive gratitude and comparative peace.

L. A. Critically speaking, do you not consider him an abrupt and rugged writer—so quaint as to be obscure, and not quite free from the semblance of affectation?

C. Like the majority of his contemporaries, he indulged in fancies and conceits, from all taste for which we are separated, not only by a century and a-half of years, but also by the revolutionary standard set up by the Pope school, and more recently by Dr Johnson and his imitators. A reader of the present day, accustomed to the French polish of the 'Rape of the Lock,' and to the severe stateliness of 'Irene,' or of 'London: a Poem,' is naturally apt to stumble at the uneven ground trodden by Elizabethan and succeeding poets. The latter are quite in the shade of neglect at present; but so full are they of vital strength and luxuriant beauty, that it requires no prophet, nor son of a prophet, to predict their restoration before long to the warmth and daylight of public interest.

L. A. I fancy the obscurities and conceits of Herbert will delay his share in the fulfilment of your prophecy to a very late stage of the *amende honorable*.

C. His audience is always likely to be of the 'fit though few' kind. But with them he must be an especial darling. Nor can any heart open to emotion at all resist the sweetness which his stanzas so profusely exhale. Look at the verse I was reading when you stopped me:—

'At first thou gavest me milk and sweetresses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strewed with flowers and happiness;
There was no month but May:
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.'

If you are more offended by the rhythm, and rhyme, and curious diction of such lines, than charmed by their hearty freshness, you are a more captious critic than I care to encounter or hope to convert.

L. A. Pray go on: I shall learn to delight in Herbert when once his beauties are fairly illustrated by the lectures of such a professor of poetry. I am all attention.

C. And yet were so mistrustful of the professor's lungs five minutes since! Like a true mistress of the art of manoeuvre (in its most amiable phase, I allow), you have already flattered me into the commission of some extempore prose, and are now intent on involving me deeper and deeper still. But my *amour propre* having been gratified in your mode, now claims its own method of indulgence. I must be wilful and peremptory, therefore, even with Lady Austen. Shall I read Milton, or will you play on the harpsichord?

L. A. I love to see you peremptory; it excites you,

and then your blood runs more freely, and your eye laughs with meaning. Only call me not 'Lady Austen'—that reminds me of your awful reserve and magnificent politeness when we first became acquainted.

C. A day to be marked with a white stone in my experience. Yet it is humiliating to remember, that after I had seen you from the window, and urged Mary to invite you to tea, so appalled was I at your arrival, so apprehensive at meeting a stranger, that it required the united appeals of our household to induce me to face you. Things soon altered for the better. Tell you Sister Anne now.

L. A. *Mille remercements!* Yes, Mr Cowper; and you have immortalised me—have you not?—in certain lines, commencing 'Dear Anna,' in which you speak of your original diffidence—

'A transient visit intervening,
And made almost without a meaning,
Hardly the effect of inclination,
Much less of pleasing expectation.'

Not very obscure that, sir; which transient visit, however,

'Produced a friendship, then begun,
That has cemented us in one.'

C. A friendship that has been, and is, one of the choicest blessings of a life sadly in need of them. Be yours the blessing promised to such as comfort those who mourn! I cannot recompense you; but you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

L. A. Mr Cowper, shall I turn to the harpsichord now?

C. Stay. Let me cherish for a moment the bright vision revealed by your friendship to dark and dreary hours. The heart knoweth its own bitterness—but for once a stranger did intermeddle therewith; a stranger who cast salt into that fountain of Marah, and stilled the agitation of its waters, till they became like the waters of Siloam that go softly. Anna, Anna! if you could but fathom my wo (thank God you cannot, pray God you never may!), you would see into the value of every opiate, every balm, every solace to its strange anguish. If—

L. A. Come, listen! Music hath charms to—

C. If you could pierce the darkness that may be felt—(ah, was there any plague in Egypt like that plague?)—you would learn the worth I attach to every streak of light. They whose lot is the waste howling wilderness learn to prize the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire when the sun is set. Only affliction catches the true meaning and melody of songs in the night. But there is something oppressive in that meaning, something awful in that melody.

L. A. *Allons!* I am impatient to exhibit my harpsichord powers. Shall it be Handel, or Haydn, or our own Purcell? or are you curious to hear the air that last electrified Ranelagh?

C. Sister Anne, I feel for the moment averse to music, even Handel's—to *badinage*, even yours. I am not in the vein.

L. A. Wherefore I must scold you into it. When you are least disposed for recreation, then is recreation the thing for you. One of your noble society of poets, Mr Cowper, has said—

'Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinseman to grim and comfortless despair);
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers, and foes to life?'

This is true doctrine, sir, though taken from the 'Comedy of Errors'!

C. The same poet has put on record words which too accurately express my own occasional feelings—

'There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

L. A. You are determined, then, to return bitter for my sweet, and dark for my light, and frown for smile, and sigh for simper. These things ought not so to be. A little more of this perverseness on Mr Cowper's part, and I must lecture him, in good set terms, till he shrinks from Sister Anne as one of the Eumenides. I shall treat him to a dose of his own 'Truth,' and 'Expostulation,' and—

C. Be merciful! He is also implicated in the 'Progress of Error.'

L. A. An erring brother, who may yet be reclaimed by judicious administration of 'Table-Talk.' What do you say to a season with us in yonder huge, overgrown, sprightly metropolis?

C. What do you say, Anabella, to a course of probation in Dante's *Purgatorio*?

L. A. If it were brief, and insured my fitness for the *Paradiso*, I might at least give it a second thought.

C. I should, it seems, have named the *Inferno* instead.

L. A. And retracted it in the same breath, I hope. Even for your poetic authority, such a poetic licence were too bad. Could you not set foot in London without dragging in the mud of its streets? Could you not see life without gazing on vice? I do not ask you to play at Brookes', nor even to see Miss Young in Hannah More's last tragedy—nor to be wedged in among the hoofs at Ranelagh, listening to the strains, and lisping the praises, of Mr Shield and Mr Hook—nor to split with admiring laughter at Miss Pope's *Tiburina* on the boards of Old Drury—nor to lounge with Dr Johnson in the green-room amid a bevy of Mrs Clives. Let me prescribe for you a more moderate system—a gentle course of tonics. I will pledge my unprofessional reputation on bracing you up, and on making heaven brighter, as well as earth dearer, to you by the change.

C. I need scarcely undertake a journey to London for the sake of recreation. If I cannot secure its blessing from the nature of God's making, how shall I from the artificiality of man's?

L. A. Have you no faith in my remedies?

C. Canst thou administer to a mind diseased?

L. A. If yours be one—yes. Have I not worried you again and again into levity unbecoming a grave didactic poet? Did I not convert you once from a brooding misanthropic Timon of Olney into a chuckling Mercutio, by that story of John Gilpin, which you forth-with turned into many verse? Your shouts of laughter yet ring in my ears. You can laugh with the merriest, if not with the loudest and longest; and never, I believe, are the thoughts of your heart more innocent than then.

C. I am not naturally an austere man, nor do the lines in my forehead naturally settle into a frown. My convulsions produced by your Gilpin were involuntary and inevitable; and however their extravagance might offend some worthy people, I do not even now (depressed as I am) feel that there was much to be ashamed of in those violent peals.

L. A. I only wish I had another John Gilpin in my repository of traditions to stir you up to another explosion.

C. You cost me a night's rest on that occasion; for sleep was knocked into flight by recurring fits of laughter; and I came down to breakfast with a ready-made poem on the woes of the worthy wight. I fancy Luther would have laughed without restraint at a poorer joke than this—and he was a good man, one of the first in the kingdom of Heaven.

L. A. I wish you would set to and indite another ballad in the same key. I will try and find you a subject.

C. You must also find me the spirits.

L. A. What poem engages you at present?

C. None. My strength is to sit still.

L. A. Why not, for novelty's sake, try your Pegasus on the broad slopes of blank verse?

C. Because he would run away with his rider. My Pegasus will only amble along the narrow roads hedged in by rhyme. The bells and jingling of rhyme are part of his harness, and so used is he to the tinkle, that in missing it he would miss his footing too.

L. A. I doubt that. He might stumble once, but would soon recover himself, and spurning the harness and the confined thoroughfare, would bound into the freedom and exult in the variety of a new career.

C. Blank verse demands, whatever may be thought to the contrary, more toil and energy than rhyme, and involves infinitely greater difficulty and fatigue. A man had need be healthy in body as well as mind who proposes to adopt it—for to sustain it successfully imposes a heavy tax upon both.

L. A. Do you speak from experience? If so, unlock your desk, Mr Cowper, and read—read—read!

C. Sister Anne, you know all that my desk contains. It is as empty as my brain of blank verse.

L. A. I insist upon it that such vacancy is discredit-
able both to the wooden desk and—

C. The wooden head.

L. A. Against which I mean to rap for blank verse till I am answered. Occupation and recreation are both eligible acquaintance for Mr Cowper; and I am persuaded that he may cultivate the good offices of both by composing a poem *not* in rhyme. His success in rhymes is *un fait accompli*. I will guarantee an equal triumph in blank verse.

C. You are a daring speculator, Anna. And pray what subject will insure this glorious victory?

L. A. With you, any subject.

C. What illimitable genius is Mr Cowper's of Olney! Homer might have failed had his epic treated of the afternoon nap and domestic habits of old Priam—not so Mr Cowper: Milton might have been tedious had he composed ten books on the manufacture of Adam's original vestments—but such tedious were impossible, in Mr Cowper: Thomson might have provoked a yawn had his 'Summer Season' been confined to an exposition of colic and the sorrows of eating unripe pears—but Mr Cowper would render it fascinating to the boudoir as well as to the medical gazettes. Do you mean all this?

L. A. Divide the sum of your exaggeration by a fraction of common sense, and the quotient will give my meaning. Come—promise to set about the task I propose.

C. Will your importunate ladyship name the subject in particular as well as the task in general? Give me a theme.

L. A. Ah! you relent. But don't quibble about a subject; you can write about anything. This sofa, for instance.

C. Heroic indeed! The 'Iliad' opens with

'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered.'

the 'Æneid' with 'Arms and the Man' who begat the glorious Latines: the 'Paradise Lost' with

'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.'

My epic must commence with the startling annunciation: 'I sing the Sofa,' or some equivalent sublimity.

L. A. You agree to undertake the task?

C. How were it possible longer to resist the opportunities of the fair? Show me, and I would resist. Agreed, then—the Sofa shall be my Task, nor will I forget to celebrate the evening when that task was imposed: the sights and sounds of which we are conscious as we sit on this sofa, shall be introduced, that Sister Anne's share in the project may be kept in remembrance. That twanging horn of the postman now crossing the bridge, with his budget of news good and

bad—the pleasant look of those closed shutters and drawn curtains—the crackling of the fire—the hissing of that *garrulous* urn—the clatter of those tea-cups—all shall find room. If I may sing a sofa into epic dignity, why not the Tea-table also?

L. A. Ay, and introduce Dr Johnson at his thirteenth cup, an' it please you. Mind you begin to-morrow morning in good earnest!

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

CAPTAIN MARMAPUKE SMITH, whom I have had the honour of once or twice before introducing to the readers of the Journal, is—judging from his present meagre, matter-of-fact character—about the last man one would suspect of having been at any time of his life a victim to the 'tender passion.' A revelation he volunteered to two or three cronies at the club the other evening undeceived us. The captain on this occasion, as was generally the case on the morrow of a too great indulgence, was somewhat dull-spirited and lachrymose. The weather, too, was gloomy; a melancholy barrel-organ had been droning dreadfully for some time beneath the windows; and, to crown all, Mr Tape, who has a quick eye for the sentimental, had discovered, and read aloud, a common, but sad story of madness and suicide in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so surprising that tender recollections should have revived with unusual force in the veteran's memory.

'You would hardly believe it, Tape,' said Captain Smith, after a dull pause, and emitting a sound somewhat resembling a sigh, as he relighted the cigar which had gone out during Mr Tape's reading—'you would hardly believe it perhaps; but I was woman-witched once myself!'

'Never!' exclaimed the astonished gentleman whom he addressed. 'A man of your strength of mind, captain? I can't believe it: it's impossible!'

'It's an extraordinary fact, I admit; and, to own the truth, I have never been able to account exactly for it myself. Fortunately, I took the disorder as I did the measles—young; and neither of these complaints is apt to be so fatal then, I'm told, as when they pick a man up later in life. It was, however, a very severe attack while it lasted. A very charming hand at hooking a gudgeon was that delightful Coralie Dufour, I must say.'

'Any relation to the Monsieur and Madame Dufour we saw some years ago in Paris?' asked Tape. 'The husband, I remember, was remarkably fond of expressing his gratitude to you for having once wonderfully carried him through his difficulties.'

Captain Smith looked sharply at Mr Tape, as if he suspected some lurking irony beneath the bland innocence of his words. Perceiving, as usual, nothing in the speaker's countenance, Mr Smith—blowing at the same time a tremendous cloud to conceal a faint blush which, to my extreme astonishment, I observed stealing over his unaccustomed features—said gravely, almost solemnly: 'You, Mr Tape, are a married man—the father of a family, and your own experiences therefore in the female line must be ample for a lifetime; but you, sir,' continued the captain patronisingly, addressing another of his auditors, 'are, I believe, as yet "unattached," in a legal sense, and may therefore derive profit as well as instruction from an example of the way in which ardent and inexperienced youth is sometimes entrapped and bamboozled by womankind. Mr Tape, oblige me by touching the bell.'

The instant the captain's order had been obeyed, he commenced the narrative of his love adventure, and for a time spoke with his accustomed calmness; but towards the close he became so exceedingly discursive and excited, and it was with so much difficulty we drew from him many little particulars it was essential to

hear, that I have been compelled, from regard to brevity as well as strict decorum, to soften down and render in my own words some of the chief incidents of his mishap!

Just previous to the winter campaign which witnessed the second siege and fall of Badajoz, Mr. Smith, in the zealous exercise of his perilous vocation, entered that city in his usual disguise of a Spanish countryman, with strict orders to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and to report as speedily as possible upon various military details which it was desirable the British general should be made acquainted with. Mr. Smith, from the first moment the pleasant proposition was hinted to him, had manifested considerable reluctance to undertake the task; more especially as General Phillipon, who commanded the French garrison, had not very long before been much too near catching him, to render a possibly still more intimate acquaintance with so sharp a practitioner at all desirable. Nevertheless, as the service was urgent, and no one, it was agreed, so competent as himself to the duty—indeed upon this point Mr. Smith remarked that the most flattering unanimity of opinion was exhibited by all the gentlemen likely, should he decline the honour, to be selected in his place—he finally consented, and in due time found himself fairly within the walls of the devoted city. ‘It was an uncomfortable business,’ the captain said—‘very much so—and in more ways than one. It took a long time to accomplish; and what was worse than all, rations were miserably short. The French garrison were living upon salted horse-flesh, and you may guess, therefore, at the condition of the civilians’ victualling department. Wine was, however, to be had in sufficient plenty; and I used frequently to pass a few hours at a place of entertainment kept by an Andalusian woman, whose bitter hatred of the French invaders, and favourable disposition towards the British, were well known to me, though successfully concealed from Napoleon’s soldiers, many of whom—sous-officiers chiefly—were her customers. My chief amusement there was playing at dominoes for a few glasses. I played when I had a choice with a smart, good-looking sous-lieutenant of voltigeurs—a glib-tongued chap, of the sort that tell all they know, and something over, with very little pressing. His comrades addressed him as Victor, the only name I then knew him by. He and I became very good friends, the more readily that I was content he should generally win. I soon reckoned Master Victor up; but there was an old, wiry gredin of a sergeant-major sometimes present, whose suspicious manner caused me frequent twinges. One day, especially I caught him looking at me in a way that sent the blood galloping through my veins like wildfire. A look, Mr. Tape, which may be very likely followed in a few minutes afterwards by a halter, or by half-a-dozen bullets through one’s body, is apt to excite an unpleasant sensation.’

‘I should think so. I wouldn’t be in such a predicament for the creation!’

‘It’s a situation that would hardly suit you, Mr. Tape,’ replied the veteran with a grim smile. ‘Well, the grey-headed old fox followed up his look with a number of interesting queries concerning my birth, parentage, and present occupation, my answers to which so operated upon him, that I felt quite certain when he shook hands with me, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and sauntered carelessly out of the place, that he was gone to report his surmises, and would be probably back again in two twos with a file of soldiers and an order for my arrest. He had put me so smartly through my facings, that although it was quite a cold day for Spain, I give you my honour I perspired to the very tips of my fingers and toes. The chance of escape was, I felt, almost desperate. The previous evening a rumour had circulated that the British general had stormed Ciudad-Rodrigo, and might therefore be already hastening in

his seven-league boots towards Badajoz. The French were consequently more than ever on the alert, and keen eyes watched with sharpened eagerness for indications of sympathy or correspondence between the citizens and the advancing army. I jumped up as soon as the sergeant-major had disappeared, and was about to follow, when the mistress of the place approached, and said hastily, ‘I have heard all, and if not quick, you will be sacrificed by those French dogs: this way.’ I followed to an inner apartment, where she drew from a well-concealed recess a French officer’s uniform, complete. ‘On with it!’ she exclaimed as she left the room. ‘I know the word and countersign.’ I did not require twice telling, you may be sure; and in less than no time was I togged off beautifully in a lieutenant’s uniform, and walking at a smart pace towards one of the gates. I was within twenty yards of the corps-de-garde, when whom should I run against but Sous-Lieutenant Victor! He stared, but either did not for the moment recognise me, or else doubted the evidence of his own senses. I quickened my steps—the guard challenged—I gave the words, ‘Napoleon, Austerlitz!’—passed on; and as soon as a turn of the road hid me from view, increased my pace to a run. My horse, I should have stated, had been left in sure hands at about two miles’ distance. Could I reach so far, there was, I felt, a chance. Unfortunately, I had not gone more than five or six hundred yards, when a hubbub of shouts, and musket-shots, in my rear announced that I was pursued. I glanced round; and I assure you, gentlemen, I have seen in my life many pleasanter prospects than met my view—Richmond Hill, for instance, on a fine summer day. Between twenty and thirty voltigeurs, headed by my friend Victor, who had armed himself, like the others, with a musket, were in full pursuit; and once, I was quite satisfied, within gun-shot, my business would be very effectually and speedily settled.

‘I ran on with eager desperation; and though gradually neared by my friends, gained the hut where I had left the horse in safety. The voltigeurs were thrown out for a few minutes. They knew, however, that I had not passed the thickish clumps of trees which partially concealed the cottage; and they extended themselves in a semicircle to enclose, and thus make sure of their prey. Juan Sanchez, luckily for himself, was not at home; but my horse, as I have stated, was safe, and in prime condition for a race. I saddled, bridled, and brought him out, still concealed by the trees and hut from the French, whose exulting shouts, as they gradually closed upon the spot, grew moment by moment louder and fiercer. The sole desperate chance left was to dash right through them; and I don’t mind telling you, gentlemen, that I was confoundedly frightened, and that but for the certainty of being instantly sacrificed without benefit of clergy, I should have surrendered at once. There was, however, no time for shilly-shallying. I took another pull at the saddle-girths, mounted, drove the only spur I had time to strap on sharply into the animal’s flank, and in an instant broke cover in full and near view of the expecting and impatient voltigeurs; and a very brilliant reception they gave me—quite a stunner in fact! It’s a very grand thing, no doubt, to be the exclusive object of attention to twenty or thirty gallant men, but so little selfish, gentlemen, have I been from my youth upwards in the article of “glory,” that I assure you I should have been remarkably well pleased to have had a few companions—the more the merrier—to share the monopoly which I engrossed as I came suddenly in sight. The flashes, reports, bullets, *sacré*, which in an instant gleamed in my eyes, and roared and sang about my ears, were deafening. How they all contrived to miss me I can’t imagine, but miss me they did; and I had passed them about sixty paces, when who should start up over a hedge, a few yards in

advance, but my domino-player Sous-Lieutenant Victor! In an instant his musket was raised within two or three feet of my face. Flash!—bang! I felt a blow as if from a thrust of red-hot steel; and for a moment made sure that my head was off. With difficulty I kept my seat. The horse dashed on, and I was speedily beyond the chance of capture or pursuit. I drew bridle at the first village I reached, and found that Victor's bullet had gone clean through both cheeks. The marks, you see, are still plain enough! •

This was quite true. On slightly separating the gray hairs of the captain's whiskers, the places where the ball had made its entrance and exit were distinctly visible.

'A narrow escape,' I remarked.

'Yes, rather; but a miss is as good as a mile. The effusion of blood nearly choked me; and it was astonishing how much wine and spirits it required to wash the taste out of my mouth. I found,' continued Mr Smith, 'on arriving at head-quarters, that Ciudad-Rodrigo had fallen as reported, and that Lord Wellington was hurrying on to storm Badajoz before the echo of his guns should have reached Massena or Soult in the fool's paradise where they were both slumbering. I was of course for some time on the sick-list, and consequently only assisted at the assault of Badajoz as a distant spectator—a part I always preferred when I had a choice. It was an awful, terrible business,' added Mr Smith with unusual solemnity. 'I am not much of a philosopher that I know of, nor, except in service hours, particularly given to religion, but I remember, when the roar and tumult of the fierce hurricane broke upon the calm and silence of the night, and a storm of hell-fire seemed to burst from and encircle the devoted city, wondering what the stars, which were shining brightly overhead, thought of the strife and din they looked so calmly down upon. It was gallantly done, however,' the veteran added in a brisker tone, 'and read well in the Gazette; and that perhaps is the chief thing.'

'But what,' I asked, 'has all this to do with the charming Coralie and your love-adventure?'

Everything to do with it, as you will immediately find. I remained in Badajoz a considerable time after the departure of the army, and was a more frequent visitor than ever at the house of the excellent dame who had so opportunely aided my escape. She was a kind-hearted soul with all her ~~indictiveness~~; and now that the French were no longer riding rough-shod over the city, spoke of those who were lurking about in concealment—of whom there were believed to be not a few—with sorrow and compassion. At length the wound I had received at Lieutenant Victor's hands was thoroughly healed, and I was thinking of departure, when the Andalusian dame introduced me in her taciturn expressive way to a charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband, a Spaniard, had been slain during the assault or ~~sack~~ of the city. The intimacy thus begun soon kindled on my part into an intense admiration. Coralie was gentle, artless, confiding as she was beautiful, and moreover—as Jeannette, her sprightly, black-eyed maid informed me in confidence—extremely rich. Here, gentlemen, was a combination of charms to which only a heart of stone could remain insensible, and mine at the time was not only young, but particularly sensitive and tender, owing in some degree, I daresay, to the low diet to which I had been so long confined; for nothing, in my opinion, takes the sense and pluck out of a man so quickly as that. At all events I soon surrendered at discretion, and was coyly accepted by the blushing lady. There was only one obstacle, she timidly observed, to our happiness. The relatives of her late husband, by law her guardians, were prejudiced, mercenary wretches, anxious to marry her to an old ~~unkn~~ knuck of a Spaniard, so that the property of her late husband, chiefly consisting of

precious stones—he had been a lapidary—might not pass into the hands of foreigners. I can scarcely believe it now,' added Mr Smith with great heat; 'but if I didn't swallow all this stuff like sack and sugar, I'm a Dutchman! The thought of it, old as I am, sets my very blood on fire.'

'At length,' continued Mr Marmaduke Smith, as soon as he had partially recovered his equanimity—'at length it was agreed, after all sorts of schemes had been canvassed and rejected, that the fair widow should be smuggled out of Badajoz as luggage in a large chest, which Jeannette and the Andalusian landlady—I forget that woman's name—undertook to have properly prepared. The marriage ceremony was to be performed by a priest at a village about twelve English miles off, with whom Coralie undertook to communicate. "I trust," said that lady, "to the honour of a British officer"—I had not then received my commission, but no matter—"that he, that you, Captain Smith, will respect the sanctity of my concealment till we arrive in the presence of the reverend gentleman who," she added with a smile like a sunset, "will, I trust, unite our destinies for ever." She placed, as she spoke, her charming little hand in mine, and I, you will hardly credit it, tumbled down on my knees, and vowed to religiously respect the dear angel's slightest wish! Mr Tape, for mercy's sake, pass the wine, or the bare recollection will choke me!'

I must now, for the reasons previously stated, continue the narrative in my own words.

Everything was speedily arranged for flight. Mr Smith found no difficulty in procuring from the Spanish commandant an order which would enable him to pass his luggage through the barrier unsearched; Jeannette was punctual at the rendezvous, and pointed exultingly to a large chest, which she whispered contained the trembling Coralie. The chinks were sufficiently wide to admit of the requisite quantity of air; it locked inside, and when a kind of sailcloth was thrown loosely over it, there was nothing very unusual in its appearance. Tenderly, tremulously did the rejoicing lover assist the precious load into the hired bullock-cart, and off they started, Mr Smith and Jeannette walking by the side of the richly-freighted vehicle.

Mr Smith trod on air, but the cart, which had to be dragged over some of the worst roads in the world, mocked his impatience by its marvellously slow progress, and when they halted at noon to give the oxen water, they were still three good miles from their destination.

'Do you think?' said Mr Smith in a whisper to Jeannette, holding up a full pint flask which he had just drawn from his pocket, and pointing towards the chest—'Do you think?—Brandy and water—eh?'

Jeannette nodded, and the gallant Smith gently approached, tapped at the lid, and in a soft low whisper proffered the cordial. The lid was, with the slightest possible delay, just sufficiently raised to admit the flask, and instantly reclosed and locked. In about ten minutes the flask was returned as silently as it had been received. The enamoured soldier raised it to his lips, made a profound inclination towards his concealed fiancée, and said gently, 'A votro sante, charmante Coralie!' The benignant and joyous expression of Mr Smith's face, as he vainly elevated the angle of the flask in expectation of the anticipated draught, assumed an exceedingly puzzled and bewildered expression. He peered into the opaque tin vessel; pushed his little finger into its neck to remove the loose cork or other substance that impeded the genial flow; then shook it, and listened curiously for a splash or gurgle. Not a sound! Coralie had drained it to the last drop! Mr Smith looked with comical earnestness at Jeannette, who burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

'Madame is thirsty, she said, as soon as she could catch sufficient breath: 'it must be so hot in there.'

'A full pint!' said the captain, still in blank astonishment, 'and strong—very!'

The approach of the carter interrupted what he further might have had to say, and in a few minutes the journey was resumed. The captain fell into a reverie which was not broken till the cart again stopped. The chest was then glided gently to the ground: the driver, who had been previously paid, turned the heads of his team towards Badajoz, and with a brief salutation departed homeward.

Jeannette was stooping over the chest, conversing in a low tone with her mistress, and Captain Smith surveyed the position in which he found himself with some astonishment. No house, much less a church or village, was visible, and not a human being was to be seen.

'Captain Smith,' said Jeannette, approaching the puzzled warrior with some hesitation, 'a slight contretemps has occurred. The friends who were to have met us here, and helped to convey our precious charge to a place of safety, are not, as you perceive, arrived: perhaps they do not think it prudent to venture quite so far.'

'It is quite apparent they are not here,' observed Mr Smith; 'but why not have proceeded in the cart?'

'What, captain! Betray your and madame's secret to yonder Spanish boor. How you talk!'

'Well, but my good girl, what is to be done? Will madame get out and walk?'

'Impossible—impossible!' ejaculated the amiable damsel. 'We should be both recognised, dragged back to that hateful Badajoz, and madame would be shut up in a convent for life. It is but about a quarter of a mile,' added Jeannette, in an insinuating, caressing tone, 'and madame is not so very heavy.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Mr Smith, taken completely aback by this extraordinary proposal. 'You can't mean that I should take that infer— that chest upon my shoulders!'

'Mon Dieu! what else can be done?' replied Jeannette with pathetic earnestness: 'unless you are determined to sacrifice my dear mistress—she whom you pretended to so love—you hard-hearted, faithless man!'

Partially moved by the damsel's tearful vehemence, Mr Smith reluctantly approached, and gently lifted one end of the chest, as an experiment.

'There are a great many valuables there besides madame,' said Jeannette, in reply to the captain's look, 'and silver coin is, you know, very heavy.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the perplexed lover. 'It is deucedly unfortunate—still—Don't you think,' he added earnestly, after again essaying the weight of the precious burthen, 'that if madame were to wrap herself well up in this sail-cloth, we might reach your friend the priest's house without detection?'

'Oh, no—no—no!' rejoined the girl. 'Mon Dieu! how can you think of exposing madame to such hazard?'

'How far do you say it is?' asked Captain Smith, after a rather sullen pause.

'Only just over the fields yonder—half a mile perhaps.'

Mr Smith still hesitated, but finally the tears and intreaties of the attendant, his regard for the lady and her fortune, the necessity of the position, in short, determined him to undertake the task. A belt was passed tightly round the chest, by means of which he could keep it on his back; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the charming load was fairly hoisted, and on the captain manfully staggered, Jeannette bringing up the rear.

Vertebrate Mr Smith, though perspiring in every pore of his body, and dry as a cartouch-box—for many a day had emptied the only flask he had—toll on under the sun which seemed to grind his shoulder-blades to powder. He declares he must have lost a stone of

flesh at least before, after numerous restings, he arrived, at the end of about an hour, at the door of a small house, which Jeannette announced to be the private residence of the priest. The door was quickly opened by a smart lad, who seemed to have been expecting them; the chest was deposited on the floor, and Jeannette instantly vanished. The lad, with considerate intelligence, handed Mr Smith a draught of wine. It was scarcely swallowed when the key turned in the lock, the eager lover, greatly revived by the wine, sprang forward with extended arms, and received in his enthusiastic embrace—whom do you think?

'Coralie, half-stifled for want of air, and nearly dead with fright?' suggested Mr Tape.

'That rascally Sous-Lieutenant Victor! half-drunk with brandy and water,' roared Captain Smith, who had by this time worked himself into a state of great excitement. 'At the same moment in ran Jeannette, and, I could hardly believe my eyes, that Jezabel Coralie followed by half-a-dozen French voltigeurs, screaming with laughter! I saw I was done,' continued Mr Smith, 'but not for the moment precisely how, and but for his comrades, I should have settled old and new scores with Master Victor very quickly. As it was, they had some difficulty in getting him out of my clutches, for I was, as you may suppose, awfully savage. An hour or so afterwards, when philosophy, a pipe, and some very capital wine—they were not bad fellows those voltigeurs—had exercised their soothing influence, I was informed of the exact motives and particulars of the trick which had been played me. Coralie was Victor Dufour's wife. He had been wounded at the assault of Badajoz, and successfully concealed in that Andalusian woman's house; and as the best, perhaps only mode of saving him from a Spanish prison, or worse, the scheme of which I had been the victim was concocted. Had not Dufour wounded me, they would, I was assured, have thrown themselves upon my honour and generosity—which honour and generosity, by the by, would never have got Coralie's husband upon my back, I'll be sworn!'

'You will forgive us, mon cher capitaine?' said that lady with one of her sweetest smiles, as she handed me a cup of wine. 'In love and war, you know, everything is fair.'

'A soldier, gentlemen, is not made of adamant. I was, I confess, softened; and by the time the party broke up, we were all the best friends in the world.'

'And so that fat, jolly-looking Madame Dufour we saw in Paris, is the beautiful Coralie that bewitched Captain Smith?' said Mr Tape thoughtfully—'Well!'

'She was younger forty years ago, Mr Tape, than when you saw her. Beautiful Coralies are rare, I fancy, at her present age, and very fortunately, too, in my opinion,' continued Captain Smith; 'for what, I should like to know, would become of the peace and comfort of society, if a woman of sixty could bewitch a man as easily as she does at sixteen?'

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

During the last few years, benevolent associations have established lodging-houses for the working-classes, and more especially for the migratory portion of them, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and other places in Scotland, with a marked degree of success, and palpably good results. We have adverted to the subject before; but that was at a time when such concerns were in their infancy. We are now able to show the fruits of an experience of several years, forming the strongest possible encouragement to the establishment of model lodging-houses for the working-classes in places where they have not yet been tried.

In Edinburgh, the lodging-houses which received

migratory labouring people were formerly of a most wretched character—dark, dirty, unventilated, affording miserable accommodations, and no separation of pure from impure; so that they were at once hotbeds of disease and of crime. In the attempt to correct or mitigate these evils by the establishment of model lodging-houses, two things had to be kept in view: that the accommodation to be had at the new houses should be in all these respects better; and that the rates charged should at the same time be no higher. Nor was it lost sight of, that in order to be of any extensive or permanent benefit to the community, the latter element—cheapness—must be obtained by economy of management, not by eleemosynary contributions. Unless such establishments were proved to be self-supporting and remunerative in a pecuniary view, they could not be objects of imitation to the keepers of private lodging-houses.

A small sum (about £.200) having been raised by subscription, the first of the Victoria Lodging-houses in Edinburgh (and it is believed the first of the kind in Great Britain) was opened at No. 85 West Port in September 1844. At first the lower part of the house only, with accommodation for 18 lodgers, was fitted up; soon after another flat was added; and before the expiry of the first year, the whole accommodation which the house could afford (for 62 lodgers) was made use of. The rate of payment was fixed at threepence per night (the seventh night *gratis*, being the usual charge in the lowest class of lodging-houses), each bed being allowed to contain two persons. For sixpence any lodger can obtain exclusive use of a bed. During the first twelve months, the average number of lodgers was only 12 per night, increasing very rapidly in the following months to 30; and during the last six months of the second year rising to 46 per night—the total number of lodgers during the year having been 12,797. During the second year, the income derived from lodgers exceeded the current expenses by £.17, which may be considered fully equivalent to the interest on the original outlay in the purchase, and loss by tear and wear of furniture. The following, or third year, there was a surplus of nearly £.58. During the same year (in August 1847), a second model lodging-house was opened by the association at No. 115 Cowgate, capable of receiving 80 lodgers, in which, during the first year, no fewer than 21,278 persons obtained accommodation; the result being, that at the end of the year there was a surplus of income over expenditure considerably exceeding £.100; and during each of the two years which have since elapsed the surplus has been even greater. The success which had hitherto attended this undertaking, and the great anxiety expressed in many quarters that a house should be established where *unmarried females* might find special protection, led to the establishment of a third Victoria Lodging-house, in No. 2 Merchant Street, for *females and married persons*—*unmarried men* being excluded; in which, during the first year, recently elapsed, accommodation has been afforded to 9223 persons. The extent of the influence of these establishments will be seen in the annexed table, which shows the number of lodgers in each of the houses during the past year, besides about 2000 children, for whom no charge is made:—

	Men.	Women.	Total.
In West Port House,	18,853	982	19,805
In Cowgate House,	25,367	...	25,367
In Merchant Street House,	1,704	7,519	9,223
Total, giving an average of 1046 weekly.	45,924	8,471	54,395

Nothing has yet been said of the nature of the accommodation to be found in these houses. Without entering into details, which are here impossible, they may be characterised as affording sufficiency without luxury, and cleanliness with the absolute exclusion of

all disorderly or apparently disreputable persons.* In each of the houses the rooms are so numerous as to admit of the classification of lodgers. The bedsteads are all of iron. The system of giving each lodger exclusive use of a bed has not yet been fully carried out in any of these houses; but it has been successfully practised in the Dundee Lodging-house, and has been to some extent adopted in the Edinburgh houses; and its desirableness is fully admitted by those in the management of them.

Each house is under the charge of a superintendent (upon whose efficiency much of the success of the undertaking has been found to depend), and is subject to regulations framed by the committee of management, and strictly enforced upon all lodgers; and in very few cases has difficulty been found in obtaining compliance with them, the absolute power of expulsion being sufficient to secure obedience.

It is difficult to convey a just impression of the greatly-increased comfort, healthiness, and security afforded in these houses, without appearing to exaggerate. They will be much better understood by a visit, to which all interested in the matter are invited, and which will repay the trouble. One or two things, however, may be mentioned about these houses. While there have been now in all some 170,000 lodgers in them, hardly any cases of fever, cholera, or other infectious diseases, have occurred, although the houses are situated in localities very much exposed; and wherever there has been any reason to suspect such disease, the patient has been at once removed to the hospital; so that in no single instance has disease been known to be propagated by means of them. In this respect the contrast between them and the ordinary lodging-houses which they aim at improving is very favourable. Much in this respect is no doubt due to greater cleanliness and better ventilation. In reference to the security they afford, it may be mentioned, that the police are in the habit of directing to them any strangers or persons, especially young females, requiring protection, who may be inquiring for lodgings; and that, in some instances, persons having died in the houses leaving money, it has been duly paid to their legal representatives. The protection afforded to morals and character can hardly be overstated, and that by a measure of control and by regulations which will be felt a burthen only by the disorderly or the dissolute.

When these establishments were set up, it was not intended that they should come in place of private lodging-houses, but that they should be the means of improving them, by enforcing a higher standard of comfort, order, and cleanliness; and by showing that houses in all these respects so much better conducted than the great proportion of private houses, would be well frequented and receive a marked preference; while at the same time, even under the less economical management of a public committee, with a paid superintendent, they would be able to maintain themselves. The experiment has been eminently successful; and there is reason to believe that the improving influence of these models is now acting upon the other lodging-houses for the working-classes. It was in the view of the committee to keep a register of such lodging-houses as should seem entitled to be recommended by them, but they have not yet found this practicable.

One of the objects of the present paper is to call the attention of those who may be in circumstances to establish such institutions, to the small pecuniary means which are required, and to the facilities which

* In lately looking over an establishment of the same nature on Glasgow Green, we were somewhat surprised, and not a little amused, to hear of the 'commercial gentlemen' who come to the house—meaning, as we took pains to ascertain, much the same kind of persons who frequent ordinary hotels. This, at least, is a strong proof of the tolerable nature of the accommodations. The charge in this house is sixpence a night for exclusive use of a bed.

are afforded by the experience already had in their management. It has been already mentioned, that with a capital of about £200, the first of the Edinburgh houses was set up, which more than repaid the current expenses at the end of the second year. The success in Aberdeen has been even more remarkable (in this respect nearly equaling that of the Cowgate house); for there, starting with the same capital, and the same nightly charge of threepence, at the end of the first year the committee had in their hands a balance of no less than £32; the total number of lodgers during the year having been 12,672. The experience at Dundee has been to the same effect.

It ought to be here mentioned, that besides those already named, two other model lodging-houses of a smaller scale are noticed in the papers from which this abstract is prepared. One of them, with accommodation for 86 lodgers, was established in Falkirk by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1848; and the other, capable of receiving 12 lodgers, at New Pitsligo in Aberdeenshire by Sir John Forbes of Fettercairn in March 1849. For the guidance of any patriotic persons who may have it in view to set up houses on the smaller scale, it may be mentioned that these can hardly be made self-supporting unless the superintendent have at the same time a shop or some other means of income.

The following hint, how to set about the establishment of a model lodging-house, may be taken from the history of the Edinburgh West Port House. The locality being deemed a particularly desirable one, on account of the number and badness of the lodgings in the district, a suitable house was found, with a sufficient number of rooms, and with immediate access from the street, and a lease of it taken for ten years, at a rent of £25. It was thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom, and supplied with gas and water; considerable alterations being made on the lowest flat, so as to obtain an ample kitchen (all their meals being cooked by the lodgers for themselves) and a washing-house. No alterations were found to be necessary in the upper flats beyond putting all in good repair, cleaning, and affording the means of better ventilation. Each room was then supplied with as many iron bedsteads, and sufficient bedding for each, as were thought convenient, and with chairs; very little other furniture being necessary. The kitchen having been supplied with all the necessary utensils, &c. and above all, the services of a trustworthy and efficient superintendent having been secured, the house was ready for the reception of lodgers; of which notice was given by affixing a very prominent signboard, on which was painted 'Victoria Lodging-House'—with what results has been already shown.

Two books are kept by the superintendent, in one of which he enters, each night, the name of every lodger in the house; the other being a cash-book, in which are entered all the sums received and disbursed. Into further explanations of the details of management we cannot here enter; but every information will be given to any inquirers, and all possible aid afforded to those who may contemplate the establishment of such institutions in other localities; and probably there are very few means by which so much good, with so little harm, may be done, as by the moderate multiplication of such establishments. Those for whose use they were designed are in the habit of expressing very cordially their sense of the benefit thus conferred, and the general propriety of demeanour observed by the inmates, is highly commendable. By all means let them prosper, until they shall become superfluous through their very efficiency!

This must be looked to, however, as but a very doubtful part of the immediate interest of having the houses. Moving too strong a temptation to be outweighed in the minds of the keepers of the lower class of lodgers, by higher and more distant considerations.

It is difficult to induce such persons to enforce in their houses regulations which have the effect of excluding the profligate and the disorderly; and much time will probably be required before the salutary influence of the model houses shall have worked down to so low a level. Until then, at least, they will still be necessary.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE spread of musical taste in the British islands is a great fact which seems to be only dawning on the higher organs of periodical literature. One cause of this may be the state of insularity in which composers stand with respect to the professors of other arts and sciences; attaining as they frequently do to the very summit of musical power in comparative ignorance of the sister branches of knowledge. The two artists, for instance, who in vigour and prodigality of invention have surpassed all others in our century, were Scott and Rossini; but they stood in as little relation to each other as the Shakespeare and Rubens of the age of James and Mary de Medicis. The ignorance of composers, however, may be matched by that of the literati; one distinguished member of which body compares music to rope-dancing, while almost all assign it a place among the imitative arts. There can be no greater mistake than this. Music is a feeling, of which sound is only the exponent; and it belongs less to the external than the mysterious and invisible world.

The time is not distant, however, when music will be better understood. Already it is fully taken up by an aristocracy which, from various causes, maintains an influence upon tastes and manners unknown in the same body on the continent. Neither submerged by the people, as in France, nor converted into household and military officers, as in the rest of Europe, the nobility and higher gentry of England are able to make anything popular they choose to adopt heartily. Their reigning passion—more especially that of the female aristocracy—is at present music; and if we look back a hundred years to the unintellectual frivolity of the court of George II., and the reign of Beau Nash and the Bath waters, it will be admitted that society has lost nothing by the change. Already music is making its way downwards through every chink and cranny of society; and even in the lower-middle and humbler classes there is a perceptible gravitation to the greatest works of the greatest masters. The great central Propaganda or fountain-head, however, is the two Italian Operas in London; and having upon a former occasion devoted an article to the physiology of the Opera in Italy,* it may not be uninteresting to say something now of the Queen's Theatre and its rival Covent Garden; in the latter of which the Italian lyric drama has fixed itself on the boards trodden so recently by a Kemble and a Siddons—a revolution in public taste for which mere fashion could never account, and the reasons for which we attempted to develop in the article alluded to.

The Queen's Theatre is situated at the junction of the Haymarket with Pall-Mall, and, considering the number of architectural abortions in London, is a respectable edifice; but seen from Cockspur Street, its effect is marred by the cistern which stands on the roof like a large trunk or portmanteau on the corner of a table. Internally, it is of a horse-shoe shape, and is considered well proportioned. It is of nearly the same size as the Scala of Milan and Covent Garden, which, however, fall considerably short of the magnitude of San Carlo in Naples. The Queen's Theatre is acoustically well constructed, and has the peculiar property of lighting up beautifully for the ballet, in

* 'Italian Opera,' No. 281.

which the appeal is principally to the eye; but there is no spectacle produced on the stage equal to the view from the centre of the curtain, when the eye is directed to the audience on a gala night—that of a crowded drawing-room, for instance, when the six tiers of boxes, hung with silk, are full of the beauty of a London season, the female aristocracy wearing the feathers of the morning.

Between the orchestra and the pit are the stalls or reserved seats, all numbered, and let by the season as well as by the night. Some years ago the price of such seats was fifteen shillings a night; while by subscription, it was thirty guineas for sixty nights, each representation coming thus to only about half a guinea, a saving of nearly a third to the Opera frequenter. There are now two Italian Operas, and the price is raised to a guinea, which will enable the reader to form an idea of the progression in the taste for Italian music during the last dozen years. As regards the classes who frequent the stalls, these are mostly tenanted by the easy bachelors of the aristocracy, and the opulent section of the middle classes; the counting-houses of the City furnishing larger contingents to the stalls than either church, law, or medicine—good incomes being rarely achieved in these until the period of marriage and middle age. When a lawyer does go to the Opera, it is usually on a Saturday night, when the pressure of the business of the week is over. Between the stalls and boxes is the pit, which differs from that of an English theatre in the higher price—varying, according to pressure of demand, from seven shillings to half a guinea—and in the prevalence of evening costume, as well as in the access to the box corridors: for those who receive tickets from subscribers to boxes usually go first into the pit, paying a visit to the family box between acts. In the days of George IV. dandyism, indignant letters from wearers of drab trousers used to appear in the newspapers on their being refused admittance, as incorrect in evening costume; and even the owner of a white hat has been known to expostulate his way into the pit; but such differences have now died away.

The boxes are not open at the sides, as in other English theatres, but, as in Italy, are partitioned, so as to secure perfect privacy of conversation; and the box of a lady of fashion is the epitome of her drawing-room, where she receives a few select visits. The subscription nights are Tuesday and Saturday; and the box on the intervening Thursday night is the property of the manager, on which occasion the entertainments are usually abundant in quantity, to suit families who can afford the entertainment only occasionally. On such evenings, however, the performances are generally too long, and of a too miscellaneous and detached a character to please the habitual frequenter, who talks rather contemptuously of a 'long Thursday.' The prices of boxes vary considerably, according to demand—from five to twelve guineas—during May, June, and July; but they are to be had on much lower terms previous to Easter, for the company of artists is not usually completed until the close of the Italian Opera in Paris. This regularity has been much broken in upon since the Revolution of 1848; but there can be no doubt that the Paris season will be henceforth made to suit that of London, as Mr Lumley, the proprietor of the Queen's Theatre, has become the lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris. Towards the close of the London season boxes again fall in price, although the company is in full strength; because at the latter end of July and during all August town is gradually thinning; so that just before the commencement of partridge-shooting, on the 1st of September, and about the period of the prorogation of parliament, a few representations are given at playhouse prices, and the London fashionable season is supposed to terminate. Thus the Italian Operas regulate them-

selves by the parliamentary session; the 12th of August—when grouse-shooting commences—hastening the 'massacre of the innocents,' as the hasty legislation of this part of the year is called, and the approach of the 1st of September putting them out of pain, as there would be no chance of carrying on the business of the session after that epoch.

A large proportion of the boxes are not let to families, but to booksellers, who relet them to third parties. This connection of the proprietors of circulating libraries with the Opera arose from subscribers handing over their box to their bookseller to be let on nights when they were themselves otherwise engaged; and this was some years ago a lucrative branch of business in the hands of Messrs. Sims, Mitchell, Ebers, and Andrews; although it has latterly been much divided, all the principal music-sellers, and even wine-merchants and other tradesmen in the large thoroughfares in the vicinity of the theatre, speculating largely on the rise and fall of Opera admissions, and being, as it were, musical brokers. For this reason there is no fixity in the price of boxes and stalls, exorbitant prices being demanded on extraordinary occasions—such as the production of an opera which has had great success in Paris or on the continent; or on any unusual combination of talent—when, for instance, a Pasta and a Malibran appear together in the same opera, as they did in 'Semiramide,' when the former played her great part of the Assyrian queen, and Malibran filled the fine contralto part of Arsace. The visit of a foreign sovereign usually creates a bumper. The writer of this article was invited to accompany a family to the Queen's Theatre on the night of the Emperor of Russia's visit; and the box engaged for the occasion, although a small one on the fourth tier, cost twelve guineas.

It only remains to notice the gallery, one half of which is devoted to stalls at five shillings, and the other half, without stalls, is open to the public at two shillings and sixpence, the lowest sum of admission; and here may be seen the moustached foreigner, who enjoys and understands what he sees and hears; or the country bumpkin, who must not return home without being able to say that he has been to the Opera. Probably the heat sets him to sleep; but at all events he rarely sits out the second act, saying to his friend, after the conclusion of this renowned and unintelligible entertainment, 'Ah, you never catches me in such a slow coach as that again!' Those who are in the pit get access *ad libitum* to the gallery, and the back of the upper seat is the best place in the house for hearing an overture or favourite air, although the features of the singers are undistinguishable.

The expenditure of the British public on the two Italian Operas is consequently very large, but the expenses of the establishment are so great, that no lessee of the Queen's Theatre can be pointed out who has made a fortune. This Temple of the Muses is almost as well known to the public by the huge bankruptcies of Chambers, Waters, Ebers, Monk Muson, and Laporte, as by the successes of Pasta, Malibran, and Lind; for when the expenses range from £.700 to £.1000 every time the curtain rises, it may be easily understood that a few months of scanty receipts involve an adventurer of small means in irretrievable debts and embarrassments, and if the defalcation continue for several seasons consecutively, it must engulf a colossal capital. Mr Lumley, the present proprietor, forms an exception to the list I have given; for he had the good fortune to get possession of the Queen's Theatre after these successive bankruptcies, at the expense of which the modern inordinate appetite for Italian Opera has been created; and by the sale of boxes in perpetuity, he realised about £.90,000 of his capital. He has consequently been punctual in his payments, although the establishment of an Italian Opera in Covent Garden, supported by several of

the very first singers, unquestionably damaged the value of his property, and involved him in a struggle which had never been anticipated at the period when he held the monopoly of Italian operatic entertainment. Last season it seemed very doubtful if, notwithstanding the enormous receipts, London could support the expense of two Italian Operas; but the lesseeship of the Paris Opera is a great point gained for Mr Lumley. On the other hand, the great prospective receipts of the coming year of Exhibition will assuredly prolong the career of Covent Garden for at least another season.

As regards the detail of the expenses, the principal items are the high salaries of individual singers. A highest-class female singer gets about £3000 sterling for a season, and a first-class male singer about £1000. The former, with concerts and her Paris engagement, may consequently realise a sum of between £6000 and £7000; but if she creates a sensation (which, however, seldom lasts above a season or two), much more. A *prima donna* of this description keeps her carriage, lives in handsome apartments, has usually all her family living on her, often including idle sauntering brothers; but she spends her time on anything but a bed of roses, from the constant apprehension of new candidates for public favour. Nothing can be more unreasonable than the outcry against the high prices given to such singers, their remuneration being in proportion to the sums which they draw to the theatre. During a considerable period of the freshness of their voice, their want of musical and dramatic experience prevents their occupation of the foremost rank; and, on the other hand, when in the plenitude of dramatic power, voice and beauty are often on the wane: so that the few years of heyday must pay for a laborious education, and provide for old age. Such is the explanation given by singers when discussing this popular fallacy, which puts one in mind of the Swiss innkeepers in the high Alps, who, when taxed with having charged exorbitant prices, answer that whatever may be the case in England, the year of the Alpine innkeeper consists of only two months.

'No gains without pains' is a law from which no one is exempt; neither the artist of genius, creating the sketch out of the rude embryo, and the picture out of the sketch, nor the statesman, constructing his scheme of national policy from grains of heterogeneous fact. From this law nobody is less free than the operatic singer. When he has completed his elementary musical knowledge, passed the conservatory with éclat, and gained success on the stage, he has to go through the rehearsals, which, of all tiresome operations, are the most tiresome: and little do those who see an opera after rehearsal know what this ordeal is. The theatre, partially lighted by open shutters, and aided by an unsightly gas-pipe run up in front of the stage, producing neither the gladness of day nor the artificial brilliancy of night; the orchestra and all the performers in hats, bonnets, and greatcoats; and the business, like a crab, or the pig of the Irishman, going forwards by dint of going backwards, the musical director stopping every now and then to recommence from a previous point; in short, whoever has had the patience and the curiosity to sit out one opera rehearsal would never repeat the process. It may be said that the bread of the singer is earned by the sweat of the brow; and this was last season no metaphor in the case of Lablache, a man of twenty stone weight, wearing in the dog-days, in the opera of the 'Tempest,' a dress of hairy skins, with even his arms and hands covered with mittens, imitating the tawny hide and claw-nails of the brutish humanity of Caliban.

The best dancers are highly prized, and receive salaries not much inferior to that of the best singers. *Télaglise*, in the height of her reputation, used to receive from 2000 to 3000 francs per night, or from £40 to

£120 sterling. Male dancers are paid less. Perrot used to receive £60 per night during the period of his vigour. But dancers are liable to greater vicissitudes than singers: by a false step they may be lame for weeks or months; and even the strain of a tendon may reduce a man to a secondary or tertiary position as a dancer—fortunate, as was the case with Perrot, if he has the general capacity, to become ballet-master. The Queen's Theatre has still the monopoly of the ballet, dancing in Covent Garden being confined to the so-called *divertissements*, which are introduced either in the regular course of the business of an opera—such as coronations, marriages, and village festivals—or to relieve the tedium between acts. In grand operas, such as those of Meyerbeer, the Queen's Theatre cannot compete with Covent Garden; but the ballet preserves to the former a feature of attraction peculiarly its own.

A ballet may be characterised as a fable in dumb show, in which opportunities are created for dancing, and frequently for supernatural machinery. The French school of ballet in the last century used to be pastoral; and in the days of the elder Vestris the ballet was confined to a few simple incidents; such as may happen in a village, with its lovers' jealousies, the unwillingness of a parent to give his daughter in marriage, and the arrival of the generous lord of the manor, who furnishes a dowry, pacifies the griping parent, and makes Colin a happy bridegroom. Afterwards the ballet became more varied and romantic, with considerable changes of scenery and costume, often taken from a popular tale, such as the 'Manon l'Escout' of the Abbé Prevost, or the 'Paul and Virginie' of Bernardin St Pierre, the two most popular French narratives of the latter half of the eighteenth century. The later French ballets are like the modern romances of the French school, more brilliant and varied, but much more artificial, and trusting too much to sudden surprises and changes.

But the attention to historical accuracy of costume, and the faithful representation of the architecture of particular periods, is interesting and instructive: thus what the French school of ballet has lost in easy and unconstrained development of plot, has been partly regained by an approximation to the illusion of time and place. There is far more historical, geographical, and archaeological learning in a modern French ballet than formerly. Nothing, for instance, can be more striking than to see, as in 'The Girl of Ghent' (reproduced, by the by, in London by Mr Bunn with great ability), a scene exactly taken from one of Teniers's wedding pictures, with several hundred figures in the exact costume and colours of the period—from the drunkard with his red 'stockings and clogs, to the cavalier in the splendid costume of the period, not to mention the dwarf piper on the beer-barrel; so that we feel as if we looked out of a window near Antwerp in the middle of the seventeenth century. If the rehearsal of an opera is a laborious business, that of a ballet is still more so; for in the former case all the persons engaged, from the first singer at £100 per night, down to the chorister at ten shillings, have the requisite musical knowledge; but in the case of the ballet, a great number of persons are employed whose business is merely to wear a costume and form part of a crowd. These supernumeraries require much drilling, and are most wretchedly paid, so that if they have a family, it is a difficult matter to keep soul and body together; and while the singer and dancer of the first class often ends life in a luxurious villa, surrounded by every comfort, the last stage of the supernumerary is too often that described by the bard of terrible realities—the parish pauper asylum, with 'the moping idiot and the madman gay.'

We now pass from the stage to the orchestra, which, however subordinate in the English operas of a gene-

ration ago, and even in those of Italy up to the middle of last century, now demands a degree of completeness, variety, and excellence which forms a subject of solicitude to the manager. This has resulted from the great importance which the wind instruments acquired in the age of Mozart, and more especially from the influence which the school of Beethoven has indirectly had upon the stage. Although the latter composed only one opera, yet the full power of the modern orchestra was never developed until his symphonies were produced; and it is since Meyerbeer gave up his early disposition to imitate the Rossinian school of melody, and became the legitimate successor of Beethoven in his varied transitions and rich instrumental colouring, that he has been acknowledged as the first composer of the operatic school, in which the orchestra is predominant, and has produced a revolution of powerful influence in the elevation of the orchestra in the lyric drama.

A few years ago the orchestra of the Queen's Theatre amounted to 54 performers, and it is now increased to 74, composed as follows:—14 first violins; 14 second do.; 8 tenors; 8 violoncellos, and 8 double basses; 2 flutes; 2 clarionets; 2 oboes; 2 bassoons; 4 horns; 2 trumpets; 4 trombones; and lastly, 4 drums.

The position of the orchestral performer is in emolument much inferior to that of the singer even of the second or third rank; the highest sum I ever recollect being paid to a musician being L. 100 per night. The recipient in this case was Signor Dragonetti, certainly the greatest double bass in our generation. The musical director is of course an exception. Mr Balfe received from Mr Lumley L.1000 for the season; which, considering his position at the very head of his profession as an English composer, and the only one who ever was universally popular on the continent, is not extravagant. This sum apart, the orchestra costs on an average somewhat more than L.100 per night. But if the musician has not the large income of the singer or dancer, he is less liable to vicissitudes. He runs neither the risk of spraining his ankle nor catching a chronic cold; and long after the age when singers and dancers are past work, the musician can ply his employment, which, occasioning a healthy excitement, conduces to longevity, unless when efforts are made in which the organic laws of nature are violated; such as in certain wind instruments being played by persons having a tendency to pulmonary disease.

So much for the Queen's Theatre; Covent Garden will, we hope, on another occasion, furnish us with a still more varied spectacle.

THE O.D. FORCE.

It is nearly a century ago since Mesmer began his remarkable career, and six-and-thirty years have passed since he descended unhonoured to the grave. But when ridiculed and defamed by the would-be wise ones of his day, he is said to have retorted by declaring that ere 1852 the world would be convinced of the genuineness of his pretensions. That epoch is now at hand, and lo! the prophecy is coming true. Within the last few months there has been a stirring in men's minds. Not a year ago, mesmerism was still laughed at by the vulgar, and scoffed by men of science; and the few who in heart gave heed to it, were careful how they let the quizzing public into their secret. Now all this is changed; since winter commenced, a revelation has been all but accomplished. Poor Mesmer is no longer vilified as a charlatan; he is about to win his long-deferred laurels.

A new truth, it has been well said, has to encounter three normal stages of opposition: In the first, it is denounced as an imposture; in the second—that is, when it is beginning to force itself into notice—it is cursorily examined, and plausibly explained away; in

the third, or *cui bono?* stage, it is decried as useless, and hostile to religion. And when at length it is fully admitted, it passes only under a protest that it has been perfectly known for ages! As mesmerism has now reached at all events the third stage of belief, it may prove not uninteresting to glance at its present aspect.

Mesmer declared he had discovered a cosmical (or world-wide) power, by means of which he could induce sundry startling phenomena in his patients; but his whole system was regarded as a piece of daring charlatanism, until lately a laborious and inquisitive German stumbled upon a something somewhat similar. Von Reichenbach, in the course of his researches, became aware of a certain power, undreamed of by modern physiologists, pervading both living beings and inert matter, to which he gave the arbitrary name of *Od*. Whatever this was, it could be both seen and felt, though only persons of a certain (relaxed or irritable) temperament were capable of perceiving it. In the dark, such persons saw dim flames of light issuing and waving from the poles of a magnet; and if a hand were held up, the same luminous appearance was visible at the finger-tips. When Reichenbach, to test the reality of this, had a powerful lens so placed that it should concentrate the light of the flames (if flames there were) upon a point of the wall of the room, the patient at once saw the light upon the wall at the right place; and when the inclination of the lens was shifted, so as to throw the focus successively on different points, the sensitive observer never failed in pointing out the right spot. Reichenbach also found that when slow passes were made with a strong magnet along the surface of the body, his subjects experienced sensations rather unpleasant than otherwise, as of a light draught of air blown upon them in the path of the magnet. When the northward pole of a magnet was employed, the sensation was that of cool draught; while the southward pole, on the contrary, excited the sensation of a warm one. He soon discovered that the whole body possessed these *Od* qualities, and that the one side of a person was *polar* to the other; that is to say, one's right side bears the same relation to his left as the negative and positive sides of a horse-shoe magnet: so that when two persons take hold of each other's hands *normally* (left to right, and right to left), the *Od* current passes through both persons unobstructedly, but sometimes attended by uneasy sensations. But by changing hands the circle is broken, and opposite currents meet: so that if the two persons be equal in odyllic power, no effect is produced, the rival currents mutually repelling each other; but if unequal, a sense of inward conflict ensues, which quickly becomes intolerable. We have ourselves experienced this.

'But what does all this testimony to the reality of the *Od* force amount to?' says the sceptic. 'The subjectivity of your evidence renders it worthless. All that you can say is, that you and a few others see and feel so-and-so; and as we, and the great majority of men, see and feel nothing of the kind, we must just set you down as very fanciful persons, who are the dupes of your own imaginations.' This, in truth, is a very damaging line of argument, and, coupled with the charge of collusion brought against all platform exhibitions of mesmerism, was deemed sufficient to shelve it altogether. The only obvious way of overcoming this argument was by exhibiting so many severely-tested cases as gradually to overwhelm scepticism, by making it more astonishing that so many honest and sensible men should be deceived by impostors, or duped by their fancy, than that the marvels which they avouched should be true.

Fortunately a more speedy and satisfactory remedy for scepticism has at length been found. An objective proof of mesmerism has just been discovered; and it

is so simple in its nature that any one can try it for himself. Dr Herbert Mayo, well known both in the literary and medical world, has of late been residing as an invalid at Boppard on the Rhine; and anxious to while away the long tedious nights of winter, he resolved to engage in the study of the higher mathematics, and with this view sent for Herr Caspari, professor of that science in the gymnasium at Boppard. It was on the last night of December last that the German professor entered the room of his invalid pupil, and after the hour's lesson was over, they entered, into desultory conversation. 'I am told you have written something on the divining-rod,' said Herr Caspari, 'and as I have two or three experiments possibly akin to it, I thought it might not be uninteresting for you to see them.' He added that, so far as he knew, they were original, and that, though he had shown them to many, he had never yet received any explanation of them. He then attached a gold ring to a silk thread, wound one end of the thread round the first joint of his forefinger, and held the ring suspended above a silver spoon. After a few seconds' quiescence, lo and behold! the ring began to oscillate backwards and forwards, or to and from Herr Caspari. At the suggestion of the operator, the maid was then summoned, and directed to place her hand in his unengaged one; and forthwith the oscillations of the ring became *transverse*! Herr Caspari next took a pea-like bit of something, which he called *schweifel-kies*, and which he said exhibited another motion: when held suspended over either of the fingers, it rotated one way; when held suspended over the thumb, it rotated in the contrary direction. The professor then took his departure, promising to return on the morrow to assist in any exploratory experiments which his pupil might think fit to make.

The first dark hours of the new year, which with us came in amid many sounds, found the invalid Mayo revolving in his lonely chamber what these things might signify. They immediately seemed to him to be connected with the mystery of the divining-rod, and with Reichenbach's *Od* force; and his first supposition was amply confirmed by his subsequent experiments. But before detailing these, we must first explain his terms. Any article, of any shape, suspended either by silk or cotton thread, the other end of which is wound round the nail joint of the forefinger or thumb, he calls an *odometer*. The thread must be long enough to allow the ring, or whatever it is, to reach to about half an inch from the table, upon which you rest your elbow, to steady your hand. As soon as the ring becomes stationary, place under it on the table what substances you please—these he calls *Od-subjects*. A good arming for the odometer is gold, or a better still, a small cone of shell-lac about an inch long; the best *od-subjects* are gold, silver, and one's forefinger. All *od-subjects* do not act equally well with each odometer: for instance, an odometer of dry wood remains stationary over gold, while it moves with great vivacity over glass; and over rock-crystal shell-lac acts very feebly, while a glass odometer oscillates brilliantly. We may add that, in our own experience, the *transverse* oscillations are never so strong as the longitudinal; doubtless because the former act against the attraction of the body, while the latter act with it. The following are a few of Dr Mayo's experiments:—

1. Odometer (we will suppose armed with shell-lac), held over three sovereigns heaped loosely together to form the *od-subject*; the odometer suspended from the forefinger of a person of either sex. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations.

2. Let the experimenter, continuing experiment 1, take with his or her unengaged hand the hand of a person of the opposite sex. *Result*—Transverse oscillations of the odometer.

3. Then the experiment being continued, let a person of the sex of the experimenter take and hold the unen-

gaged hand of the second party. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations of the odometer.

4. Repeat experiment 1, and the longitudinal oscillations being established, touch the forefinger which is engaged in the odometer with the forefinger of your other hand. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

5. Repeat experiment 1, and the longitudinal oscillations being established, bring the thumb of the same hand into contact with the finger implicated in the odometer. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

6. Then continuing experiment 5, let a person of the same sex take and hold your unengaged hand. *Result*—The oscillations become again longitudinal.

7. Experiment 1 being repeated, take and hold in your disengaged hand two or three sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

8. Continuing experiment 7, let a person of the same sex take and hold your hand which holds the sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become longitudinal.

The following experiments, with results exactly parallel to the preceding, possess the greatest physiological interest:—

9. Hold the odometer over the tip of the forefinger of your disengaged hand. *Result*—Rotatory motion in the direction of the hands of a watch.

10. Hold the odometer over the thumb of your disengaged hand. *Result*—Rotatory motion against that of the hands of a watch.

11. Hold up the forefinger and thumb of the disengaged hand, their points being at two and a-half inches apart. Hold the odometer in the centre of a line which would join the points of the finger and thumb. *Result*—Oscillations transverse to the line indicated.

The development thus given of the few isolated and long-hoarded experiments of Herr Caspari was by no means so simple an affair as it may seem to be. For several days Dr Mayo was in doubt as to the genuineness of the results, so capricious and contradictory were they, and it was only when he discovered that approaching the thumb close to the other fingers of the odometer hand had the same effect as bringing it into contact with the odometer finger, that he succeeded in obtaining unvarying results.

'The interest of these experiments,' says Dr Mayo, 'is unquestionably very considerable. They open a new vein of research, and establish a new bond of connection between physical and physiological science, which cannot fail to promote the advancement of both. They contribute a mass of objective and physical evidence to give support and substantiality to the subjective results of Von Reichenbach's experiments. They tend to prove the existence of some universal force, such as that to which he has given theoretical shape and form, under the designation of *Od*. And such a universal force, what other can we deem it to be than the long-villipendous influence of Mesmer, rendered bright, and transparent, and palatable, by passing through the filter of science?'

For his other experiments, especially those with the odometer and magnetic needle, as well as for a list of some other substances suitable for experimenting with, we must refer to the book itself. Our readers will find the odometer treated of in a supplementary chapter (the twelfth) to the new edition, just published, of Dr Mayo's 'Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions'—a work of the most absorbing interest, in which a number of astonishing material and mental phenomena are systematically treated, and the latest discoveries of science are made to shed light on the old horrible legends of Vampyram, on True Ghosts, on the mysteries of *Giants* and *Somnambulism*; and lastly, on *Measmerism*, and the higher trancé-phenomena of *prevision* and *clairvoyance*. It is no secret that Sir William Hamilton and Sir David Brewster (two of our most distinguished men of science) are

now converts to the new doctrines, so that there is now no risk of these not obtaining the fullest investigation; and of the few good books at present published on this subject, we know of none so curious, so full, and so dispassionate, as this of Dr Mayo's. We cannot at present enter on so wide a field of inquiry as his little volume opens up: we must content ourselves with a few further remarks on his latest discovery—the odometer.

In concert with a fellow-dabbler in the black arts, we first repeated Dr Mayo's experiments, and then began examining for ourselves. Knowing that when a person wishes to consult a clairvoyant at a distance, he supposes he can do so without being brought into personal contact with the clairvoyant, by simply sending a lock of hair, a handkerchief, or anything that has been long worn about the person, it was natural to suspect that these articles might be impregnated with the peculiar Od of the sender. At any rate, we found that if we suspended a gold ring by a woman's hair, a transverse motion ensued, as if a female had been actually brought into contact with us. In like manner, if a woman were using the odometer, by making a man's hair part of the suspending cord, a change immediately ensued in the oscillations, as if a man had laid his hand upon hers. All we can as yet say further is, that the odometer oscillated with more than usual vivacity when suspended over the spinal cord of a boy; while over a well-developed female head, a similar action took place—with this difference, that it was the transverse oscillations that were most energetic. We propose for ourselves, and particularly recommend to others who are better fitted for such inquiries, a course of experiments with the brain and eye of men and animals. Von Reichenbach thinks he has now identified his Od force with diamagnetism; and the electrometer has already shown that muscular action is produced by a kindred agency.* The brain itself, indeed, has been likened to an electric machine, and in part the parallelism is correct; for there is a waste of brain in thinking, and a waste of zinc when electricity is being evolved.

The experiments with the hair remarkably corroborate Dr Mayo's (No. 2), in establishing the sexual difference of Od; and we doubt not some more delicate odometer will soon be discovered, by means of which the individual varieties of Od will become distinguishable. That such varieties exist is already known. It has often been remarked that people mesmerically entranced are differently, sometimes most disagreeably, affected by the different persons who then approach them. A gentleman had a brother in delicate health, and exquisitely sensitive to Od, whom he used to mesmerise himself; for of several who had been tried, there was but one other person whose hand (in mesmerising) the brother could bear at all. This was a maid-servant, who was herself highly susceptible; and she said that she perceived, when entranced, the suitableness of her influence, and that of the brother, to the patient—using the singular expression that they were *nearly of the same colour*. She said that the patient's od-emanation was of a pink-colour, and that of the brother's was a brick-colour—a flatter, deeper red; and she endeavoured to find some one else with the

same coloured Od to suit her master. 'In some experiments made at Dr Leighton's house in Gower Street,' says Dr Mayo, 'I remember it was distinctly proved that each of the experimenters produced different effects on the same person. The patient was one of the Okeys, of mesmeric celebrity; and the party consisted of Dr Elliotson, Mr Wheatstone, Dr Grant, Mr Kiernan, and some others. Mr Wheatstone tabulated the results. Each of us mesmerised a sovereign; and it was found that on each trial the trance-coma, which contact with the thus mesmerised gold induced, had a characteristic duration for each of us.' Thus it seems as if every one had a spiritual effluvium peculiar to himself, and more or less affecting those with whom he comes in contact—even as every one has a peculiar bodily effluvium, by which you see a dog track one's footsteps in the grass; though possibly the emanation in both cases is the same.

May we not discern in this a clearing up of some of those mysteries which have so long baffled thoughtful inquirers? May we not see in this an explanation of those unaccountable predilections which at times seize us?—of that 'love at first sight,' so long derided, and yet so true? A child in its nurse's arms will cry instantaneously when some persons approach it—persons whom it has never seen before—and often the instinctive feeling of aversion proves permanent; while to others, equally strangers to it, it will stretch out its little arms delightedly, as if to well-known friends. And which of us cannot recall some case in his lifetime when he has been fascinated on first sight—he knew not how—often without ever exchanging a syllable with his charmer? It is a phenomenon that happens every day, and is not less powerful in its influence than frequent in its occurrence, yet it has never been accounted for. Plato sought to explain this mystery by the notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state, and that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one, and which it discovers on earth. How often has this beautiful idea inspired the poet's strain! The Od force clears up Schiller's 'Mystery of Reminiscence' (as he titles his love poem) much more simply and satisfactorily than do the dreams of Plato. Indeed, we doubt not that this odyllic influence is the real basis of several of the most powerful of the animal feelings.

Another thing worth noting is, that the Od force exists in, and is given out by, inorganic bodies, as well as by living bodies. One instance of this will be seen in No. 7 of Dr Mayo's experiments, where it is evident that the sovereigns give out Od in the same way as if another person had taken hold of the operator's unengaged hand. But this power is by no means confined to gold; silver, lead, zinc, iron, copper, coal, bone, hair, horn, dry wood, charcoal, cinder, glass, soap, wax, shell-lac, sulphur, earthenware, and some other substances, have already been found to exhibit Od qualities when tested by the odometer; and probably all other substances will be found to possess more or less of the same power; and the few experiments already made (the odometer is not yet six weeks old) seem to show that each substance, as well as each individual, has a quality of Od peculiar to itself.

This strange force, in fact, is cosmical, as Mesmer long ago affirmed his to be. It extends throughout space, and reaches us even from the stars. Von Reichenbach's patients were quite sensible of the influence of the heavenly bodies—the sun and fixed stars being Od-negative, and the moon and planets Od-positive; in other words, the former causing the sensation as of a cool draught of air—the latter of a warm one. May not this exhibit the germ of astrology—of the ancient and almost universal belief in the influence of the heavenly host upon the destiny of man? although, doubtless, much of the basis of that old doctrine still remains lost to us. How does attraction act? May

* An anatomical inquirer asserts, that the muscles of the human body are evidently capable of exerting (or rather transmitting) an enormously greater force than we ordinarily see them do: all that is requisite to attain this being a greater evolution of electricity by the brain; or, in other words, a greater intensity of volition. The astonishing influence of the volitive process in producing strength, is evident from the prodigious muscular power occasionally exhibited by persons when inordinately excited by passion—still more remarkably, from the supernatural strength of fever-frenzy or of maniacs. It is worthy of notice, also, that the gigantic strength of Samson came by *accession*, or impulse. We may add in connection with this subject, that a person has just patented a new motive power, which acts by passing electricity along a fibrous substance—that is to say, just as our muscular system does.

we look for a solving of this mystery, too, in the new powers which the researches of the mesmerists are now beginning to disclose? But there is no limit to conjecture here. An ocean of new and strange things spreads out before us, brooded over as by the clouds of the dawn; and as here and there the faint light of morning penetrates the haze, it reveals a prospect that makes the boldest hold his breath, and the most daring imagination confess its feebleness.

One word more, and we have done. The subjects of the electro-biologists (so self-styled) are made to *mesmerise themselves* by fixing their eyes intently for some time on a piece of bright metal placed in the palm of their hand. That the *Od* force of the metal may assist the result is probable; but even the metal itself is by no means indispensable to the success of the experiment. We have heard of at least one person who could entrance himself by gazing fixedly on the cornice of his room; and we could show how the same thing has been accomplished for 3000 years in India, simply by a steadfast concentration of thought. But in our own day, and on the testimony of numerous travellers, we find the feats of the electro-biologists exactly paralleled on the banks of the Nile. The present magicians of Cairo take a boy (the young, be it recollect, from their delicate susceptibility, are most readily affected by mesmeric influences), making him stoop down and gaze steadfastly into a little pool of ink in the hollow of his palm; and after continuing thus for a little while, the youth is said to describe to the stranger any absent person or object as he is commanded. Nay, the stranger himself is sometimes subjected to the experiment; and forthwith, on command, beholds armies, processions, &c. in the inky mirror which he holds in his palm. With some travellers the Cairo magicians are unsuccessful; but the electro-biologists are liable to similar failure—the results in both cases depending on the more or less susceptible organization of the persons experimented with.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.—We have ourselves some doubts as to the cause of the oscillations and gyrations described in this article. It will require many farther trials to demonstrate clearly that they are not the result of involuntary movements in the hand of the experimentalist. Our readers may, however, have some amusement in trying over the experiments, and endeavouring to detect some less mysterious cause for the phenomena than *Od*.

DESERT OF ATACAMA.

A TRAVELLER through the highlands of Peru found lately in the Desert of Atacama the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, seated in a semicircle as when alive, and staring into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried here; life had not departed before they thus sat around; but hope was gone; the invader was at hand; and no escape being left, they had come hither to die. They still sit immovable in that dreary desert: dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air, they still keep their position, sitting up as in solemn council, while over that dread Areopagus silence broods everlasting.

The scene is described by Dr Ried, in a letter from Valparaiso to a friend at Ratisbon, to whom he sent some of the mummies for deposition in the museum of the Zoological-Mineralogical Society of that city, where they now are. The letter is dated from the old Peruvian fortress of Lassana, on the skirts of the Desert of Atacama, and is as follows:—

As I announced to you in my last, I am now on the road to Sucre, the capital of Bolivia. Four days after our departure from Valparaiso, we reached Cobija, from which the road leads for one and a-half or two leagues (twenty leagues to a degree) along the coast; it then turns towards the east. The shore consists of coarse sand, and is besprinkled with fragments of rock, which the frequent earthquakes have shaken down from the

overhanging cliffs. The first mountain-range, which runs parallel with the sea at a distance of at most 1000 paces, rises to a height of about 4000 feet. The way up leads through a steep ravine, the bed of an antediluvian torrent, and in four, or four and a-half hours, we find ourselves on the plain—in the Desert of Atacama. I will not venture to give a description of this waste. You may imagine, however, a vast undulating plain, wherein no trace of life is to be seen, where no insect shows itself, where no plant grows, where the stillness of the grave is only broken by the moaning of the wind, where the surface of the earth consists of a calcareous mass—out of which salt and sulphur, and similar products, shine forth abundantly—where a fine dust and a glaring refraction of the sun's rays make it painful to look around; and where, finally, here and there, as the sole proof that men had once been here, the mummies of mules, of horses, and of human beings, are seen dried and undecomposed—and you may have a faint picture of Atacama.

After four days' march I came to Calama, a colony in the midst of an immense morass, where the traveller gives the mules water, and allows them to rest. One cannot possibly imagine anything more dreary than this place. The marsh contains a sort of bulrush, and a liquid which has nothing in common with water, except that it's liquid, and which it is almost impossible to drink—and yet we must drink it, although it produces diarrhoea. This morass is the source of a river, which, nearer the coast, and under the appellation Lao, forms the boundary between Bolivia and Peru. If little channels are made in the banks of this river, their bed soon becomes petrified; and grass, bulrushes, and whatever vegetation may be near, is covered with a crust of lime. In two days' time I reached Chiu-Chiu, an ancient Peruvian burying-place; and here, in an extensive half-moon, sit men, women, and children—from 500 to 600 in number—all in the same attitude, and gazing vacantly before them—some fallen down, some partly covered with sand. One feels himself transplanted into another world, and fancies that these ghastly features ask, 'What seekest thou here?'

The common opinion is, that they were buried in this place: mine is, that they buried themselves. For, *firstly*, there is no place in the neighbourhood where they could have dwelt; *secondly*, many women are among them with their infants at the breast; and *thirdly*, the similar attitude of them all, and the expression of grief which is still discernible on most of the countenances, prove sufficiently that they had withdrawn hither in despair when the Spaniards conquered and devastated their land. There is, moreover, on the boundary of this desert a place called Tucuman, which, in the language of the country, means, 'All is lost.'

They had the belief that if they died, they would be removed to a better world towards the west, on which account there are cooking utensils found beside them full of maize. The whole scene produces a deeply melancholy impression—on me at least it had that effect. With this you will receive two of these dried human beings; more I cannot send, on account of the many difficulties, and the great expense of transport. The cases for these two must be sent hither from Valparaiso, for in Cobija there is no wood at all. The people and the mules must be hired at the last-named place, and for each mule I must pay from eighteen to twenty dollars.

As far from the same place are the so-famous meteorites [stones supposed to have fallen from the air], which you will receive at the same time with the mummies. It is my opinion that they are not meteorites, but are of volcanic origin. The first was found about fifty years ago. They lie on the road by which the Indians carried the Peruvian bark to Copiapo in Chili. At first they were thought to be silver, and the Indians made themselves spurs of them.

Those which have not already been collected are covered over by the drifting sand, and one must dig in order to get at them. With little trouble we may convince ourselves that a volcanic eruption once took place here, for the direction of a distinct vein can easily be followed. I have my compass with me, and find that these stones contain a large quantity of iron. The stones appear in about 23° 30' south latitude, and between forty-five and fifty Spanish leagues distant from the coast. You will get too, with these, several lumps of salt, of which I here discovered six or eight enormous veins and beds.

At the north-east end of the coast I reached Lasana, a fortress of the old Peruvians. It is built on a tongue of land between the two arms of a small river, and appears to have been the last place of refuge whither the Peruvians withdrew when pursued on all sides by the Spaniards. The style of building is exactly similar to that of our old German marauder fortresses—the walls being of coarse masonry, and the small rooms, holes, and hiding-places endless and indescribable. No room is more than eight feet square, many scarcely five; doors two feet in height; windows few in number, and those not larger than one's fist; and withal the whole town (a hundred or a hundred and fifty families perhaps may have dwelt here) built like one house, in which the greater part had to pass through from ten to fifteen rooms to get to their own apartment. All this, together with the wildness of the site, the high river-banks, which so cover this castle of the Incas, that from the level of the desert one is not aware of its existence—forms a remarkable spectacle. An old negro, who has lived down by the river for upwards of forty years, told me I was the first white man who had been there in that time. The inhabitants must have died of hunger, for we literally stand and walk on skulls and bones. Every hole and corner is full of them. I was unable to find out the meaning of the word Lasana. The language of this district is now unknown.

I got acquainted with a Bolivian officer, who, at the command of his government, had undertaken the journey to the frontier of Paraguay. His accounts are very delightful, and he showed me various medicinal plants, as yet unknown, of which I will send you some by and by. An insect which in Bolivia is found in great quantities, and which *instantly* raises a blister on the skin like boiling water, is used by the natives as a remedy for sore throat; and a plant which causes much pain is excellent for scrofula and rheumatism. It is called jarilla (charija), and deserves to be used. From this letter it will be seen that a stay in this desert alone could furnish matter for researches and observations for a whole year.

I will only add, that through the very middle of the desert a mountain-chain stretches itself, consisting of naked rocks, of which I send some fragments. Everywhere around we see the broad and deep beds of rivers, one of which falls 3000 feet in the space of four leagues. The granite to the right and to the left is polished like marble. Everywhere are traces of the gigantic effects of water, but nowhere any water, neither any historical accounts of rain.

And now enough of Atacama. May what I have sent arrive safely at its destination, and help to complete the picture which the pen of a passing wanderer is too weak to give!

The sensation produced by the sight of these mummies is very different from that experienced when viewing those Egyptian ones which we have hitherto been accustomed to see. In the latter, the recumbent posture takes from the corpse all that might connect it in our minds with the functions of the living body. Like our own dead, it lies stretched out at its full length, the hands generally crossed over the breast, nor does the countenance retain much of a life-like expression; but in the former the attitude reminds us at once of the time

when the warm blood still circulated through the now dry body, while the face has still its distinct features, and in one instance especially, the expression of intense suffering. They do not seem so far removed from our own present state as the embalmed mummy of Egypt: by that expression of human suffering, and by their erect position, there still seems some link between us and them. Hence perhaps our painful sympathy: while, as we gaze on the shrunken form that hath lain thousands of years within the Pyramids, and is at last unswathed before our scrutinising eyes, we feel, 'between us and thee there is no connecting link; we live, and thy realm is death.' And it is just because these mummies of Peru do not remind us of death that they produce on us the impression which they do. There they sit before us, inanimate and immovable, yet associated by this attitude and aspect with all the phenomena of life.

The two mummies at present in the museum at Ratisbon—of which one is the body of a man, the other of a female—may thus be described:—The knees are drawn up close to the body, the arms are pressed against the ribs, and in each instance the right arm falls between the bent knees to the ground. The body of the man is of a reddish copper colour, approaching to brown; that of the woman of a dirty brownish yellow. The nails of the fingers and toes are perfectly preserved, even the hair of both still remains, and that of the female is prettily braided, and at the end fastened with a knot. The eyelids, too, are in a good state of preservation. The heads of both are bent backwards, as if death had overtaken them in their present posture, and as if, too, they had had to combat with exhaustion. The mouth of the woman is open, giving to the whole face an expression which makes it painful to dwell upon: one turns away from it as soon as possible, and is glad to do so. Suffering, terrible suffering, is depicted on that countenance, and the last convulsive efforts of nature are distinctly visible.

Dr Riel, the traveller from whose letters the extracts above quoted have been taken, is by birth a Scotchman. While still young, he was sent to the Scotch monastery at Ratisbon to receive his education, and since, twenty years, has traversed the world in all directions, meeting with the strangest adventures, and adding greatly to our knowledge of the country and the people of the interior of South America. His present journey was undertaken in the character of inspector-general of the military hospitals in the free state of Bolivia; and it was while proceeding thither that these letters, dated from Lasana, were written.

FATE OF THE RED MEN.

It appears that, by recent annexations, about 124,000 Indians have been brought under the control of the government; and these are so fierce in their disposition, and warlike in their habits, as to be the terror of the settlers in and around the district of Texas. They are well founted and armed; they steal and murder without remorse, and utterly disregard any infantry that may be sent against them. The American war secretary recommends the employment of light cavalry, which, 'by pursuing them to their homes, and retaliating severely upon them,' will soon teach them 'to respect the property of the whites.' The expense of conveying provisions to military posts in these districts is enormous: to some it amounts to nearly L.10 for a barrel of pork, and L.6, 10s. for a barrel of flour. Again, in Florida, old though that state is, the Indians, not numbering more than a hundred men, are a source of terror and annoyance to the whites; and it is reported that 'so long as they remain in the state, collisions will continually occur, and will only end with the extinction of the race.' Efforts are to be made to induce the Indians to emigrate, and join the rest of their nation further west, or 'to abandon their wandering life—to live in villages, and resort to agricultural

pursuits.' In another report it is recommended that the Red Men should be concentrated in one district, where they would be under the direct control of the federal government—prevented from warring on each other, and forced to learn for themselves the arts of civilised life—an excellent proposition truly, and all the more excellent from its advocacy in this country by an intelligent Indian chief, who has assumed the name of George Copway. But the poor Indians seem to be a doomed race, and while here and there one or two may give up their nomadic habits, and turn civilised and industrious, the great mass seem utterly unable to subdue those propensities that, there is too good reason to believe, will ultimately exterminate them. In the report of the war secretary there is the following melancholy passage:—'Information has been communicated to this department that, through the instrumentalities and persuasion of the governor of Minnesota and our agent stationed among them, the Chippewa tribe of Indians had been prevailed upon to make a treaty of peace with the Sioux, with whom they were at war, and who had been the aggressors; that shortly after the treaty was concluded, it was broken by the Sioux, who made an unprovoked attack on the Chippewas. As the treaty had been made at the earnest solicitation and almost command of the governor and the agent, and the most solemn assurances had been given by them both to the Chippewas that if it was violated the United States would interfere to protect them and redress their wrongs, the department has been invoked to make good these pledges. It is highly important that these people should respect the authority and confide in the promises of the agents of the government. It is deemed advisable, therefore, that a small force be sent against the Sioux. No doubt it is entertained that the mere appearance of this force among them will suffice to intimidate them, and prevent what might otherwise be a protracted and sanguinary war.'

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER.

M. Adolphe Roque, who has bestowed many years of patient investigation on the improvement of the manufacture of paper, has at length, we are informed, succeeded in adapting to that purpose the fibres of certain filamentous plants, especially the banana and the aloe, whereby the present costly, laborious, wasteful, and patchy 'rag' process may be superseded by a raw material, easily procurable in large quantities, and safely and economically worked into a clear, strong, and durable texture.—*Literary Gazette*.—[With an excise duty of fourteen guineas per ton on the manufactured article, any attempt to make paper from the above material would in all likelihood prove as futile as has been the attempt to make paper from straw. So long as the duty lasts, an extension of paper-making by new and precarious operations is hopeless.]

THE PTARMIGAN IN NORWAY.

The bird which gave me the greatest sport in Norway, and which I most frequently sought for the sake of food, was the ptarmigan, called by the Norwegians 'rype.' I have generally found them concealed among the gray lichen-covered rocks on the summits of the fells, and so closely do they resemble these rocks in colour, that I could scarcely ever see them on the ground; and sometimes when the more practised eye of my guide would find them, and he would point out the exact spot, it was not until after a long scrutiny that I could distinguish the bird within a dozen yards of me. Frequently we could find them on the snow itself, and many a time has a large circular depression in the snow been pointed out to me where the ptarmigan had been lying and pluming himself in his chilly bed. He is a noble bird, as free as air, and for the most part uninterrupted in his wide domain: he can range over the enormous tracts of fells, seldom roused by a human step, and still more seldom hunted by man. When the winter clothes his dwelling in a garb of snow, he too arrays himself in the purest and most beautiful white; when the summer sun melts down the snow, and gray rocks appear, he too

puts on his coloured dress, and assimilates himself once more to his beloved rocks.—*Rev. W. Smith in Zoologist*.

THE ROAD ROUND BY KENNEDY'S MILL.

[From a volume of 'Poems, by Allan Park Paton' (Saunders and Otley, London), distinguished by fancy and feeling.]

THE steam-carriage now rushes angrily o'er

The fields where in youth's golden years I have ranged;

The streams where I tracked my flag-boats are no more,

And the dells where I lay reading ballads are changed;

But a few of the haunts of my boyhood can show

Those features so dear in the past, to me still,

And one of the few, where I yet love to go

Of an eve, is the road round by Kennedy's Mill—

The quiet little road round by Kennedy's Mill.

When closed for the day, with a smile, were our tomes,

And we rushed with a shout from the pedagogue's

frown,

When the last game was o'er, and my friends sought

their homes,

Which lay in the smoke and the dust of the town—

And a blithe little scholar, my bag on my back,

Alone I set out unto mine on the hill,

Be it early or late, be the sky bright or black,

My route was the road round by Kennedy's Mill—

The sweet winding road round by Kennedy's Mill.

Then, to gather the wild-flowers that studded its breast,

I'd slip down the glen-side so thorny and steep,

Or climb some old ivy-clad tree to its nest,

And have of the smooth oval treasures a peep;

Or I'd wade up the stream, and beneath the large stones

I'd feel for the sly little trout with a thrill!

Oh! what were the pleasures of kings on their thrones

To mine as I strayed round by Kennedy's Mill—

The silent green road round by Kennedy's Mill?

If the grasshopper chirped from the bank as I passed,

I'd gently glide over, and hope, by my ear,

To find that mysterious being at last,

That ne'er could be seen, and yet ever was near;

Or if the lark soured up to heaven's bright gate,

I'd sit down and hear out his carolling shrill;

What cared I for dinners or scolds that might wait,

As I listened this song round by Kennedy's Mill—

By the broad-shaded road round by Kennedy's Mill?

The cot by the way, on whose front roses smiled,

And the tall mill itself, with its slow-going wheel,

Its high open doors where the white bags were piled,

And its many small windows bedusted with meal;

Its dog, its gay poultry, its lamb tied above,

Near the green lane behind that led on to the hill—

Ah! these were the sights that I warily did love,

As I strolled on the road round by Kennedy's Mill—

The quick-turning road round by Kennedy's Mill.

And so was it dear unto me when a boy

All thoughtless of change, and of death and of care,

And therefore my heart will throb quicker with joy

In these days, when I wander and look round me there.

But often dark clouds will my bright spirit cover,

And feelings the saddest my bosom will fill,

When I think on the loved voice, now silent for ever,

That said, 'Let us walk round by Kennedy's Mill—

The sweet, retired road round by Kennedy's Mill!'

Erratum.—In No. 378, at page 69, an error in figures has occurred. For 400,000, (M⁰), read 80,000,000.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 376. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

STORY OF SILVER-VOICE AND HER SISTER ZOË.

THE phenomena of memory are singular objects of study. I have often thought that a certain class of ideas and observations could be so arranged as to form an orderly, connected chain, one link of which would bring home all the others, however deeply sunken in the mind. But experience teaches me that this is not the case. During my residence in the East, though I kept a careful journal of everything that seemed interesting at the time, a thousand circumstances came to my notice which I did not set down; and when I have endeavoured to recall them, many have stubbornly refused to appear when wanted. But suddenly, when I least expect it, I now and then find myself irresistibly carried back to old times. Forms that had faded into distance—thoughts that had seemed dissolved into nothing—scenes and impressions which I had in vain sought to revive—obtrude themselves irresistibly on my notice. In general, the unexpected visitors are welcome; the fireside is rendered brighter and more cheerful by them; and their presence sends a glow through this northern atmosphere which allows autumn to steal on unperceived.

I was prevented last night from sleeping by the perpetual recurrence in my reveries of the voice of Lady Silver-Voice. I had forgotten her existence, as one is apt to forget a beautiful thing amidst the material cares of this life. Let me endeavour to tell her story as simply as it was told to me.

But first, how I came to see her; for I have had that privilege. It was one evening in winter-time, that, after a prolonged illness, I was taking a stroll on the roof of a palace-like mansion in Cairo. The sun had set for me; it had gone down behind the interminable sea of houses. But I could still see it shining on the forest of minarets that rose through the moist, balmy air, and on the vast dome of the mosque that now towers above the citadel. The terrace-roof on which I was, though commanded at a distance by much more lofty buildings, was far raised above the humble dwellings near at hand, so that I could look down and observe the movements of my neighbours, who were most varied in race and costume—Turks and Maltese, Arabs and Greeks, Armenians and Copts—to say nothing of 'Jews and poultry,' which my servant, who brought me a pipe, added to the enumeration.

I passed some time in examining the movements of these various personages, who all come out upon their terraces to enjoy the evening air; and though I did not observe anything very characteristic, anything which would necessarily go down in my journal, I was suffi-

ciently interested not to notice the flight of time, and to allow complete darkness to gather round me whilst I still leaned over the parapet. Suddenly I was aroused from my contemplations by a snatch of a strange song sung in the most marvellously sweet voice I had ever heard. I started, not exactly like a guilty thing, but transfixed, as it were, by an almost painful shaft of delight. The voice swelled up on the night air, until, in spite of its divine sweetness, it became almost a cry of sorrow, and then ceased, leaving a thrill running through my frame that gradually seemed to shrink back to my heart, and expire there in a feeling of mingled joy and pain. Perhaps the state of my health rendered me peculiarly susceptible of strong emotions: I am afraid I wept. The darkness, however, prevented this weakness from being witnessed by Ali, who came to announce that my dinner was ready. I went down the winding staircase to the vast lonely hall, where I usually ate alone—the master of the house being absent on a journey; but though my appetite was that of a convalescent, I am sure I did not enliven the meal for myself by my usual humorous observations: to the officer, for example, that I was doubtful whether the beef was capel, or the mutton was donkey. Ali seemed rather surprised, especially when I asked him abruptly who it was that sang so sweetly in the neighbourhood.

He did not know! My curiosity was unsatisfied; but perhaps I went to bed that night with a fuller gush of happiness at my heart than if I had heard this prosy fellow's account of the matter. It is a frequent subject of meditation with me whether or not I am constituted as other men are. Are others played upon in this way by some slight occurrence?—by meeting with a face seen before only in a dream, by a peculiar smile, by a gesture, by a sigh, by a voice singing in the darkness? If not, who will understand the delicious watchful hours I passed that night, or the dreams, spangled with bright eyes, fairy forms, purple clouds, golden gleams, and buzzing with sweeter warblings than ever rolled in a nightingale's throat, that lured me on until morning?

Naturally, the first inquiries I made were about the voice; but I did not that day meet with any success. When evening approached, I again went up to the terrace; and, not to lengthen the story, I did see, just as the sun went down upon a low house not very far off, but looking into another street, a little fairy figure walking up and down, and leading a child by the hand. A kind of instinct told me that the voice was embodied before me; and presently all doubt was set at rest. The same silver tones rose upon the air; and this time I recognised that the song was in the Greek language. I remained looking intently in that direction, until

the form faded into a mere shadow; and then, as darkness increased, seemed to multiply before my aching eyes, and assume all sorts of fantastical shapes. Every now and then a couplet or a stanza came sweeping up. It was evident the lady, whoever she might be, was not singing merely to amuse the child. The notes were sometimes lively, but in general sad and plaintive. I listened long after the last quaver had died away, and was rather sulky when Ali came with the persevering joke that 'the camel was getting cold.'

Next day I suddenly remembered that an old Greek priest had frequently invited me to go to his house; and reproaching myself with the want of politeness I had hitherto exhibited, I ordered my donkey to be saddled, and started off. The ride was only of a few streets: it seemed to me quite a journey. On arriving, the worthy papa was fortunately at home, and by himself. He was delighted with my visit, and, after a small altercation with his servant, succeeded in getting me some coffee and a pipe. I admired the art with which I wound towards my query. The old gentleman suspected nothing; but when I casually asked if he knew who it was among his countrymen who sang like an angel, he quickly replied, 'It must be Silver-Voice, as she is called among the Moslems!'

I overturned my pipe on the mat in my eagerness to turn round and listen. Excellent old man! instead of clapping his hands for the servant, he went down upon his knees to collect the scattered tobacco, and replace it in the bowl, and silenced my excuse with as mild an 'It is no matter, my son!' as ever passed the lips of one of our species. He grew before my eyes in that humble posture; and when he returned to his seat, seemed fifty times as venerable as before. The same spirit would have led him to wash the feet of the poor.

He then told me the story of Silver-Voice and her sister:—

'Many years ago, a Greek merchant was walking through the slave-market, when he beheld for sale a little girl, so beautiful, and yet so sad, that though he was on the way to conclude a bargain for fifty thousand ardcbs of beans, he could not prevail on himself to pass indifferently on.'

"Of what country?" he inquired.

"A Candiote," replied the slave-dealer. She was from his own beloved island.

"How much?"

"Five thousand piastres."

"I will pay the price." The bargain was concluded on the spot. Another merchant got the beans: but Kariades took home the Silver-Voice to his house.

The girl followed him, silently hanging down her head, and refusing to answer the questions he put in his kind, bluff way. Some great sorrow evidently weighed upon her, and she refused to be comforted. When, however, Kariades presented her to his wife, and said, "This shall be our daughter," the child opened her mouth and cried, "Wherefore, oh father, didst thou not come to the slave-market one short hour before?" He asked her meaning, and she explained that her sister had been separated from her, and sold to a Turk; and, "cried she, "I will not live unless Zoë be brought back to my side." Kariades smiled as he replied, "I went forth this day to buy beans, and I have come back with a daughter. Must I needs go and fetch another?" "You must!" said the girl resolutely.

"From that hour forth she was the queen in the house. Kariades returned to the slave-market, but, strange to say, could find no clue to the fate of Zoë, although he offered double her price to the dealer. It was believed that she had been bought by a stranger merely passing through Cairo, and making no stay; for the public crier was employed to go about the streets

and proclaim that whoever would produce the girl should receive whatever he demanded. All was in vain. Time passed on; and the active grief of the Silver-Voice sobered down, into steadfast melancholy. She continued living as the daughter or rather as the mistress of the house, knowing no want but that of her sister, and enchanting every one with the magnificence of her singing, until she reached the age of sixteen years.

"One day Kariades said to her, 'My child, I must seek a husband for thee among the merchants of my people.' But she firmly refused, declaring that there could be no joy for her unless she knew that her sister was got living in wretched thraldom in the house of some cruel Turk.

"But," said he, "what if death have overtaken her?"

"We promised, as we lay folded in each other's arms the night before we were parted, to be happy or sorrowful together—to laugh at the same time, to weep at the same time—and if one died, the other was never to cease grieving. I remember that, as they were dragging Zoë away, she turned her pale face, all sparkling with tears, towards me, and cried *'for ever!'*"

"Meaning that you were parted for ever?"

"No; but that we were to be faithful to our vow for ever. I never shall forget the agonizing expression of that face. How can I? I see it every night in my dreams; and painful though it be, I rush into sleep as eagerly to behold it as if I were going into Paradise. No: I will never marry whilst that face threatens to interpose between my husband and me."

"Then this vision torments thee?"

"Ah, father!" and she shuddered, and bent her head.

"It was evident that her mind was weakened by too much contemplation of one idea.

Kariades yielded before a will stronger than his own, and nothing more was said either about marriage or the lost Zoë for nearly a year. At the end of this time, Silver-Voice appeared before the good old man, and said, "Father, give me money; I have thought of a means by which I may find my sister Zoë." He looked sadly at her, but gave her what she required. Next day she disappeared, and was not heard of for several weeks. Then she returned, consoled her adopted parents by her presence for a while, and again departed without giving the least indication of how she employed her time. Nor did they ask her, confident that all she did was prompted by that most powerful of all loves—the love of a sister supplying a mother's place.

The truth was, that she had hired a number of houses in various parts of Cairo, and visited them alternately, in order to pass the evenings singing on the terrace. Despite the failure of the researches made by Kariades, she remained persuaded that Zoë was in Cairo, and hoped that the echoes of her magnificent voice might at length go as messengers into the depths of every harem, and make known her presence. The whole city was by turns rendered happy by the Silver-Voice; but as it was heard now in the Citadel, now near the Bisket-el-Fil, anon at the Bab Zuweileh, men began to think strange things. It was curious, indeed, to hear the speculations of the gossiping Turks about this ubiquitous voice. I remember laughing much at the wise arguments by which one of them, who had heard the fable of Memnon's statue, demonstrated to me that the sound came from no human organ at all, but was produced by the rays of the setting sun striking in some peculiar way upon the minarets.

A whole year passed in this manner without bringing anything new; but the beautiful patience of the Silver-Voice was at length after a fashion rewarded. Better had it been perhaps for her had her soul been wafted away in some sad song. She was standing one evening, long after the sun had set, filling the air with her plaintive notes, and calling, as usual, upon her sister; sud-

denly there rose a cry—a piercing, terrible cry, such as no mortal ever utters but when the sanctuary of life is invaded. At that awful sound the Silver-Voice was struck dumb. She stood listening like a gazelle when it hears the howl of a wolf afar off upon the desert. The wild accents seemed to hang for a moment over her, and then fell into her ear, moulding, as they fell, into the words, "My sister!" How it came to pass she could not tell: over the parapet, along a crumbling wall, across a ruined house, she passed as if by magic, until she fell like a moonbeam through an open window, and saw upon a rich couch the form of an expiring woman lying. It was her sister Zoë. The blow had been too well aimed: it had gone to her heart; and the life-blood bubbled rapidly forth between her white fingers, which she pressed to her side. One eloquent glance, in which eyes mingled with eyes, whilst lips hung upon lips, was exchanged. There was not time, neither was there need, to tell their stories in any other way. The dying woman made one effort, pointed to a cradle that stood under a cloud of gauze curtains in a corner, then smiled a long impassioned smile of recognition, of gratitude, and of love, seemed to wander a little back in memory, murmured some pleasant sounds, and was still.

The Silver-Voice rose solemnly, and casting her eyes about, beheld a man crouching in a corner weeping. "It is all over!" she said. "All over!" he replied, looking up. But I will not weary you with the scene in which the wretched man, a Greek renegade, related how he had bought Zoë—how he had loved her, and made her his wife—how they had travelled in far countries—how he was jealous, ever, as he acknowledged, without cause—and how, in a fit of madness, he had slain the mother of his child. When he had finished, he led the bewildered Silver-Voice to the cradle, and thrusting aside the curtains, disclosed the miniature counterpart of Zoë, sleeping as if it had been lulled into deeper slumber by its mother's death-cries. Then stealing towards the corpse, with the step of one about to commit a new crime, he snatched a hasty kiss, and rushed away. What became of him was never known. Silver-Voice performed the last duties for poor Zoë, and took the child under her care. Since that time she has almost always continued to live in the house from the roof of which she heard her sister's cry; and though apparently rational in everything else, never fails to go up each evening and sing the song she used to sing of old, though in a more plaintive and despairing tone. If asked therefore she acts in this wise, her reply is, that she is seeking for her sister Zoë, and nobody attempts to contradict the harmless delusion. Several years have now passed away since this event, and the child has become a handsome boy. You may see them both at the church to-morrow.

I thanked the worthy papa for his story more warmly perhaps than he expected. He had been as much pleased by narrating as I had been by listening; but he was not very particular about the quality of his facts, and unintentionally made me do penance for the excessive pleasure I had experienced by giving me an account—two hours' long, and with equal unctuousness—of a tremendous controversy then raging as to the proper form of electing the sub-patriarch of Cairo. It would have been ungrateful to interrupt him, although there seemed no end to his garrulity. Fortunately two or three people at length came in, I compromised my dignity as a heretic by kissing his hand, and escaped, to turn over this curious story in my mind. Next day I went to the Greek church, and saw a melancholy-looking face through the bars of the cage-like gallery in which the women sit. I am quite certain it was that of Lady Silver-Voice, but no one whom I asked seemed to know her. The boy did not show himself. It was my intention to go another Sunday, and observe more accurately, for I really felt a deep interest in this unfor-

tunate lady. But other thoughts and occupations came upon me, and it was only by an accident that, as I have said, these circumstances recurred last night to my mind.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

THE PAUPER COLONIES.

I HAD scarcely finished breakfast the morning after my arrival at Fredericksoord, when the promised guide entered the room and announced himself. He had not long to wait, for my expectations were lively. I was about to witness the working and results of an endeavour to elevate human beings in the social scale—physically, without doubt; morally, perhaps; if both combined, then so much the better.

Many readers will remember that the first quarter of the present century was marked by times of great distress and privation to the classes immediately dependent on trade and labour, except to those directly engaged in making a profit out of the war. In common with other countries, Holland felt the pinch severely: for there pauperism threatened, as it has threatened in England, to swallow up all the available resources of public and private benevolence. The magnitude of the evil induced a remedy. A society was instituted, composed of voluntary members in every part of the kingdom, who agreed to pay a small weekly or annual contribution. So many thousands joined the new *Maatschappij van Weldadigheid* (Society of Beneficence), that the trifling amount of individual subscriptions was made up for by the bulk of the aggregate. Their project was to remove the surplus mendicity from the towns to the country, and if possible make it support itself. A most praiseworthy scheme! Accordingly, land was purchased where it could be had cheap, portions of the dreary heaths lying in the provinces of Drenthe, Overyssel, and Friesland; and thus a double reclamation would have gone on at the same time. Certain parts of the land were cleared and cultivated, trees planted, houses built, cattle and implements provided, and the first colonists installed. These were such families as had been most burthensome in the parishes from which they were sent; many of them knew as little of agriculture as they did of algebra. It was an interesting question, whether those who had heretofore ranked among the incapables would then succeed in removing the first syllable from their designation. By their labour, as was believed, they would be able to repay all the outlay for their settlement, and also to afford such a rent as would reimburse the directors for maintenance, and enable them to keep the machinery in motion, and gradually to extend their operations. Such a project appears to be hopeful as well as rational; and could the managers have borne it to a successful issue, theirs would have been the honour and satisfaction of resolving a difficult problem—one that in all ages has occupied the attention of earnest and of enthusiastic thinkers.

Immediately on leaving the tavern, I saw that what seemed to me an endless avenue in the twilight of the previous evening, was the road which runs in a straight line beyond the limits of the colony to Vledder. About fifty yards to the right of this track you see one of the long, low, gabled cottages peculiar to the district; a short distance farther stands its counterpart, and others still farther. Imagine three or four roads parallel, a furlong or two apart, with similar houses ranged along them, and each situated amid small and well-cultivated fields of wheat, barley, potatoes, or peas, and flanked by a garden displaying a goodly store of vegetables and flowers, with patches of grass and wild heath-land here and there, connected by numerous paths, and bordered by lines of fir, poplar, and birch—giving the whole a somewhat poor and dusty appearance, and you have a picture of Fredericksoord.

We went first into one of the cottages. To describe one is to describe the whole, as they are all after the same pattern. They are built of brick, and are thatched, with three windows towards the road. There is one large room on the ground-floor, and a chamber above it in the pitch of the roof. The latter descends suddenly behind, and being prolonged some distance backward, forms a low shed, partly enclosed, which serves as a wash-house and scullery, and to shelter the turf and wood-pile, working-tools and implements, live stock and fodder. In the one I visited, the living-room exhibited much neatness and comfort: a good walnut wardrobe stood against the wall; at the opposite side a corner closet, well furnished with crockery; a clock ticked between the windows; and among other miscellaneous articles on some shelves were a few books: these, as I was informed, are supplied by the Bible Society. One side of the fireplace was fitted up as a bed-closet, similar to those seen in farm-cottages in the rural districts of Scotland. The room overhead, which is reached by a ladder from the back, contained three separate bed-places; so that, allowing two to a bed, there was sleeping accommodation for a family of eight. Here the beams and rafters of the roof were whitewashed, so as to give the place a light and cheerful appearance, and the whole house was clean and well-ordered. But the habit or practice of domestic cleanliness is not universal: some of the cottages were unclean and untidy. Each one has a garden about fifty yards by ten apportioned out of the general domain, and these, with rare exceptions, are properly looked after. In some of the plots I saw scarlet-runners carefully staked, and the rows supported by horizontal poles tied across them, besides peas, potatoes, beetroot, lettuce, carrots, &c. The beds nearest to the house generally contained a few flowers; pots of blooming plants stood in the windows; and here and there a creeper clung to the wall, and drooped over the door. The cottagers work in their gardens before and after the regular duties of the day; their fixed hours of labour are from six to six, with an interval of one hour and a half for breakfast and dinner. Water is obtained from wells dug midway between every two houses, and is met with at a depth of from ten to thirty feet.

On first taking possession of their farms, the colonists are supplied with implements of husbandry, seeds, fruit-trees, and a cow and pig. Neglect of the animals or the garden is punished by deprivation, withholding of food, and, in extreme cases, by imprisonment at the Straf colony of Ommerschans or Veenhuizen; but no instance of the severer punishments being necessary had occurred for six years prior to my visit. Thus it would appear that a provision of milk, butter, and bacon, is always secure to the prudent cottager; and, judging from the beehives scattered in the gardens, some among them add honey to their dietary. Such articles as are not produced in the colonies—groceries, candles, soap, crockeryware, &c.—can be bought at shops belonging to the society. There are two to supply Fredericksoord, each managed by a competent person, the prices the same as in the large towns. The sale of spirits and intoxicating drinks is absolutely prohibited.

At the bureau certain ruled and printed sheets were shown to me, from which I saw that an account is opened with each colonist; and on these sheets are entered the weekly debit and credit. Each individual is furnished with six pounds of bread and eighteen *kope* (about five gallons) of potatoes every week—the latter are charged one cent the *kop*, and the bread three and a-half cents the pound. A Dutch cent, it should be remembered, is the fifth of a penny. Besides these items, a charge of twenty-four cents is made for clothing, and seventeen cents entered as cash paid. Thus the actual weekly cost of each colonist to the society is eighty cents weekly; and supposing he

earns not more than one florin, the twenty cents which appear on the credit side of the account go towards paying rent for his house and appurtenances, and to the fund in the *spaar-bank* for widows and orphans, and as a provision against casualties.

Each farm comprises about three acres, of which one-half is brought under cultivation before the tenant takes possession. As I wished to see the first process of reclaiming the land, we went to one of the outlying farms, where half-a-dozen lads were busy digging and trenching. The soil is loosened to a depth of three feet—that which was below is brought to the surface, and the upper stratum, with its thick tough coating of heath, is buried. In this condition it remains for a year, after which it is manured, and planted with potatoes; and in the third year, without any additional manure, wheat, oats, or buckwheat is sown, with seeds of what the Dutch call *brem*—our broom—or *genista*. The latter remains in the ground when the grain is cut, and stands through the winter and the following year, when it is dug in as green manure, and the ground again planted with potatoes. Such is the rotation; one year in four being lost for want of a sufficient supply of fertilising substances. The soil had a yellow ochre appearance—my conductor called it *ijzer grond*—iron ground. Its purification can only be effected by good drainage. Some oats which I saw—the first crop on new land after potatoes—were so thin and short as to appear scarcely worth the trouble of cutting. If the land were in high condition, produce might be raised for outward markets; at present the whole vegetable crop is consumed in the colonies.

A diligent labourer will trench and clear a piece of ground eight yards square in a week, by which he earns two florins. If, by superior skill or industry, he should succeed in gaining more than the usual average, the whole of the overplus is not paid to him, but 10 per cent. only of the amount; the remainder is applied towards rent and the contingency fund, as above-mentioned. Thus he has the opportunity of becoming a prosperous and independent agriculturist on a small scale; yet, as I was informed, very few of the colonists do this: the majority content themselves with the bare fulfilment of the prescribed routine. In general appearance, allowing for differences of dress, they might be considered as presenting a parallel to thrifty English labourers.

To reach the field we had ascended a long, low slope, which in any but a flat country would have passed unnoticed. Here, however, it was sufficiently elevated to command a prospect over the surrounding level, and enable one to comprehend the plan of the ground. The property here belonging to the society includes about 13,000 acres, on which 450 farms are established in three different localities, within half an hour's walk of each other: they are Fredericksoord, Willemsoord, and Wilhelminasoord. The word *oord* signifies place. They are situated in the three provinces of Overyssel, Drenthe, and Friesland, which here unite their boundaries. The total number of colonists at the time of my visit was 2600.

The farms, as I have already stated, are intended for families; yet no marriages are allowed to take place. If a young couple wish to enter into matrimony, they must leave the colony; and young men are not allowed to remain after the death of the parents, unless on payment of sixty florins. According to the regulations, the numbers are recruited from without, not from within. Families, however numerous, may be admitted from any part of Holland, in ratio with the occurrence of vacancies, or the ability of the society to clear new land, 1700 florins being paid with them on their entry by the contributing members in the districts from which they are sent; and in this way thickly-populated neighbourhoods have been relieved of part of their burthen of pauperism. The deaths do

not appear to be out of proportion with the total population. I could not learn the exact number; but here, in *Fredericksoord*, which has 1000 inhabitants, not more than two deaths had occurred since January, and those were of infants. The number is greater at *Ommerschans* and *Veenhuizen*—the latter suffered from cholera. With respect to religious observances, all the colonists are required to attend worship at least once every Sabbath. The Catholics have a meeting-house on the spot; the Protestants go to the church at *Vledder*. There are churches for each of these denominations at the *Straf* colonies, besides a synagogue for Jews at *Ommerschans*.

Pursuing our walk we came to the weaving-shops, in which eighty boys, women, and girls were at work. The former are employed at the looms until the age of eighteen, when they are put to field-labour. The materials produced are sackings, coarse woollens, calicoes, and checks; the surplus of which, after supplying the wants of the colony, is, by a standing arrangement, purchased by the *Handels-Maatschappij* (Trade Society). And in this way the home colonies furnish coffee and rice bags, and negro clothing, to the foreign colonies in Java and Guiana. Over the largest weaving-shop is the store-room, well stocked, and in excellent order. On the shelves lay an abundant assortment of garments for both sexes, of five different sizes. Jackets, trousers, and petticoats of coarse black fustian; shirts and chemises of a very rough texture; and worsted stockings coarser than Shetland hose. Although it may be urged that such clothing will subserve all the literal requirements of health and comfort, still the quality indicates a low standard, especially for *free* colonists. Criminals might be made to submit to it until they had earned a better by reforming their character. Besides wearing-apparel, bed-coverings, boots, shoes, and caps, the store-room contained tinware, pots and kettles, iron and wooden spoons and ladles, wheelbarrows, spades, tubs, churns, baskets, brooms, and so forth—all made at one or other of the colonies; chiefly at the penal establishments, where the fabrication of this variety of utensils and implements gives occupation to some thousands of individuals who otherwise would not be able to keep out of mischief.

We next went to the bakery, where the grain grown in the surrounding fields is converted into bread. Eight men are employed: they make 240 loaves of twelve pounds' weight each every day. The colour is very dark, and the quality extremely coarse and heavy. It will not keep good more than a week. English labourers would hardly consider it a favour to be fitted with the colonial garments, and most certainly would they find the eating of the colonial bread a grievous hardship. The loaves are made of rye, simply moistened with water, and baked. From August to May the meal is mixed with half its weight of potatoes; and the bread so prepared is liked better than during the two months when it is all rye.

After this inspection of what might be termed the *physique* of the colony, I felt desirous to observe the moral appliances and resources, and begged to be conducted to the school. This was held in a detached building not far from the weaving-shops, and numbered eighty-five children of both sexes. The system of instruction is the same as that pursued in the *Armen Schools*—the younger scholars being partitioned off in an apartment by themselves.

'I teach them music,' said the master—'that is, we sing from notes; and we do not neglect geography, grammar, or arithmetic.'

'Is there any difficulty,' I asked, 'in getting the children to attend school?'

'None whatever. On the contrary, they are all glad to come; the singing, in particular, has great attractions for them.'

'What punishments do you inflict?'

'They very seldom need punishment, and when they do, I just keep them in to conjugate a verb.'

There must be something good, I thought, in the method or matter of the training which fulfilled its purpose by means so mild, and effected moral results with so little of physical coercion.

The walls of the room were hung round with maps—an important aid in imparting knowledge, which, as far as I have had opportunity of observing, is extremely rare in village schools in England. One never sees a map-hawker in this country; and yet on the continent, and in the United States especially, they are numerous. During our conversation the master, now middle-aged, told me that he came first to the colony a poor boy nine years old, and went through the usual routine of work until he attained his present position. About three years ago he began a course of self-instruction in French, and, by dint of practice, came in time to speak that language with much facility. Several of the elder scholars were also beginning to learn French—a fact worthy of consideration, as the acquirement will open to them a world-wide literature in addition to their own, and so enlarge their minds with more abundant knowledge.

The look of the majority of the children was unintellectual: the general contentedness of expression seemed passive rather than active. How wise is the arrangement which raises up men willing to devote themselves to the unvarying routine of a teacher's duties, which endows them with patience to bear with apathy and indifference! Society, as yet, does not appreciate them at their full worth. While standing at the end of the room, with the ranks of faces before me, I was struck by some four or five which did not seem cast in the same mould as the others. On inquiry, I learned that they were the children of the director, the eldest an intelligent lad of about fourteen. They were, he informed me, ten in family; 'and we all come here in turn,' he said, 'brothers and sisters, and stay until it is time for us to go away to a higher school.' It was gratifying to see this instance of what an Englishman cannot fail to observe in Holland—the approachableness between different grades of society.

From the school we took a leisurely stroll through a plantation, which afforded a welcome shelter against the scorching heat. The guide was particularly communicative, and talked of many subjects besides those connected with his immediate duties. He spoke in high terms of the director. 'Everybody praises him,' he said; 'he has been here twenty-two years, and the longer he stays the more is he beloved. If the first directors had been as honest as he is, the colonies would have been more prosperous than they are.'

'What is the reason,' I inquired, 'that establishments apparently so well conducted are not self-sustaining?'

'Ah, monsieur, to give all the reasons one would have to go over the history of the place for the past thirty years; but the chief is, that the people, when located on their little farms, are too careless about paying their rent, or doing work enough to pay back the cost of their settlement.'

This was a disappointing conclusion, but I cannot venture to gainsay it. The director afterwards confirmed it in a conversation that we had together at the tavern, where he kindly called to talk the subject over. From this I gathered that the society would not be able to continue its operations were it not for an annual grant of money from the government. A portion of the sum is an allowance for work done by the colonists; and, considering that the mendicancy of the country is kept at honest work in the *Straf* colonies, it is but fair that the state should bear a portion of the charge of maintenance. Much better to pay money to keep paupers at labour, than to support them in forced or

voluntary idleness. At the same time, I regretted to find that the much-talked-of pauper colonies of Holland do not, after so many years trial, pay their expenses, while the best that can be said of them is, that they keep poor people alive in a deadening species of dependency. In short, they do not, in my opinion, offer an example to be followed. Pauper labour, on a great self-supporting scale, with a tendency to elevate the character, must seek for other models. I was recommended by M. Konynenburg to see other two establishments. 'If you have not time to see both,' he said, 'at least go to Ommerschans. There you will see a more widely-developed system of management than here; the farms for the hundred free colonists who are settled there are ten or twelve times larger than ours. And besides, you will see what we do with the beggars.'

'How many of that class,' I asked, 'are you entertaining at present?'

'At the two places, Ommerschans and Veenhuizen, 4400. In 1847, when prices were high, the number was 6000; so that, judging from these barometers of pauperism, the country is now pretty well off.'

At the colony of Veenhuizen there are also one hundred free families, who cultivate the larger farms, besides the pauper establishment and orphan house. The number of inmates of the latter is 1200, the greater part being foundlings from Amsterdam. In certain respects the social arrangements of the Dutch are such as to favour illegitimate births. Children are received from the city establishments at the age of seven, are instructed in the schools, taught a trade, and retained on the establishment until their twentieth year, when the regulations require them to leave. During six weeks after their departure they are maintained at the cost of the society: at the end of that time, whether they have found employment or not, they are dropped; no further thought is taken for them. Most of the young men enter the army, which perhaps derives its greatest number of recruits from this source; and the girls go into service as domestic servants, if they can—if not, they do worse. In this way, as it appeared to me, the evil professedly sought to be remedied is perpetuated.

I mentioned my thought to the director. 'What can we do?' he replied; 'we are not omnipotent. We cannot undertake to guarantee work to all who leave our colonies; we must defer something to individual responsibility.'

'True,' I answered; 'but do you take sufficient pains to inspire or cultivate a spirit of self-reliance? Pauperism, like slavery, has a debasing influence, and those to whom it has been familiar all their lives are little likely to rise in the scale without guidance. You must either force them to do right, or put it out of their power to do wrong.'

The reply was an admission that such an aim, even if practicable, did not come, except to a limited extent, within the society's plans. 'We have to feed as well as reform,' said M. Konynenburg; 'and keeping folk alive, and in working condition, seems to be the first duty, and this can only be done with money. If that fails, all goes wrong.'

'Again true,' I answered; 'but when you consider that the charities of Holland are notorious, that the enormous sums which you lavish every year in benevolence tend mainly to foster mendicancy and coddle idle people into helplessness, you will perhaps allow that money is not the supreme agent. Let a genius arise with a sufficient plan for draining the Zuyder Zee, and you will find a moral power at your disposal, beyond that of money.'

'True,' replied the director, 'we do the best we can. When M. Ducpétiaux was here from Brussels, he observed that our colonies were more successful than those in Belgium. There the colonists have sunk

into a condition scarcely better than that of serfs in the feudal ages. However, you may stay here as long as you will, six months if you like, and observe what you please, and walk about everywhere just as it suits you. And when you leave, do not fail to go to Ommerschans.'

'Shall I not need a letter of introduction?'

'No; go to the director, and say that you have been here—that will be sufficient. He will show you everything.'

A tourist out for a brief holiday is compelled to snatch hasty glances where he would gladly have time for studious observation. This was my case, and one day was all that I could spare for Fredericksord. I waited till five o'clock, in hope that the temperature would then have become more agreeable for walking. The old landlady, when I paid my bill, complimented me very undeservedly on my acquirements in Dutch, assuring me that I was the first foreign traveller she had seen for many a day who could make himself at all understood. This duty discharged, I once more lent my shoulders to the knapsack, and started for Meppel.

The route was not the same as that by which I came: it led across the widest plains my eyes ever beheld, on which in many parts troops of haymakers were busy in all stages of their odorous task. In the distance a dark and dreary-looking slope rose before me: it was the same which I had crossed more to the westward the day before. On these extensive flats it is as easy to deceive one's self regarding distance as at sea, and I was long in reaching the rising ground over which my road lay, after it seemed but half a mile further.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

[T]HE city of Glasgow cannot justly be considered as a subject of only local interest. It is the second city of this great empire in point of population—probably in industry and its results also: the best and the worst features of our present social economy are there seen in the most striking light. The most remarkable circumstance respecting this great city is, however, its rapid rise ~~and~~ progress. It has advanced from about eighty to three hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants since the beginning of the present century! It has now as many Irish immigrants as it possessed of every kind of population at the beginning of the reign of George III. Accordingly, the reminiscences of old people in Glasgow are exceedingly curious; connecting, as they do, the present age of intense activity and metropolitan hugeness of population with a time when the place was comparatively a village. Here, indeed, we must correct ourselves, for Glasgow has not, since early ages, been a village. It was in all modern times a small university town, with a system of mercantile enterprise grafted upon it. Thus, what we look back upon in its old social state is fully as dignified as anything which we can trace in its present condition—dignified, yet comparatively simple and familiar. In those old days, as now, there were men of learning in the College, and men of consequence on the Exchange; but they were fewer, their peculiarities came more strongly out, and they were more under each other's observation. Of their habits, too, many were of a nature of which we see little trace in modern society. It is thought that a few anecdotes of the characters and manners of the city in past times, which we derive from an individual of mature years, belonging to the upper class of citizens, may be perused with interest beyond the sphere to which they refer.]

Dr Smollett, who received his early education in the College of Glasgow, and was apprenticed there to a surgeon, revisited the city in 1765 or 1766, and has given the result of his observations on it in his excellent novel of 'Humphry Clinker'—perhaps the most ingenious of all his writings. According to this author—and from his personal acquaintances and connections he had the best means of information—Glasgow at this period was a 'perfect beehive in point of industry.' The following account which he gives of one of the leading merchants will show the great extent of business carried on by a few individuals of this comparatively small community:—'I conversed,' he says, 'with one Mr Glassford, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken. You must know I have a national attachment to this part of Scotland,' &c.

The branch of commerce in which Mr Glassford and others realised such large fortunes was the tobacco trade; at that time, and for some years afterwards, till the breaking out of the American war, the great staple of the trade of Glasgow. This trade is said to have taken its rise from very small beginnings. The first adventure which was sent from the Clyde to Virginia was, it is reported, put under the management of the captain of the vessel, who acted also as supercargo. This captain was a shrewd man, but totally unacquainted with accounts. Being asked, on his return, for a statement of his management, he said he had none to give; 'but there were the proceeds,' producing at the same time a large *hoggar* (stocking) filled with coin. The adventure had been successful; and the parties interested in it conceiving that if an uneducated man had done so well, one versant in figures would do still better, sent out a second shipment of goods, with an experienced accountant as supercargo. This person, when he came back to Glasgow, rendered a beautifully-made-out account to his employers—but there was no *hoggar*.

This new branch of trade, which had been only opened up to Glasgow since the Union, gradually increased, and was pushed with so much vigour as to excite the jealousy of the English merchants, who looked on the Scotch as interlopers, and used every means to crush them in the bud. At length, however, the perseverance of the Glasgow merchants overcame all obstacles, and that city became the great emporium for the tobacco trade in the kingdom.

At a certain hour of the day, the principal merchants to whom we have alluded were accustomed to assemble on a privileged walk, arrayed in scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs, where they strutted about with as much assumed dignity as a senator of Venice vicing the Rialto; and wo to the luckless plebeian who then ventured to come betwixt the wind and their gentility! The master tradesmen, who were in the habit of receiving their orders, were obliged to take their stand on the opposite side of the street, from whence they

endeavoured to catch the eye of their employers. From the following anecdote, communicated many years since by an old American merchant, it would appear that the foreign mode of salutation was then in fashion. A certain tobacco lord, who had enjoyed the double honour of being at the same time Lord Provost and M.P. for the city, was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*; and besides the peculiarity of visage which had gained him this sobriquet, was gifted with an immense capacity of mouth, extending from ear to ear. This dignitary was no small man on the *plainstones* (or pavement) opposite King William's statue at the Cross, where the walk in question was situated. He was complaining one day of 'some d—d fellow' (swearing was then in greater repute than it is now) 'who had come up to him on the walk, and, will he, will he, bussed him on both sides of the face, slavering him with his filthy saliva.' 'If I had been you,' said his friend, looking significantly at his mouth, 'I would have bitten off his head!'

Another well-known provost of Glasgow, who afterwards went to London, and became a most active and efficient police magistrate there, was standing one day on the same privileged ground chatting with the Rev. Mr Thom, minister of Govan, a shrewd but sarcastic observer, when a ragged little urchin had the temerity to ask his lordship for an alms. The dignitary replied with a growl, and the boy was running off, when Mr Thom stopped him with, 'Stay, laddie; let me see thy face: thou's a bit decent callant enough. Here's a bawbee for thee; ye'll maybe be provost of Glasgow yet.' The provost himself had been of humble origin.

This gentleman, before he left Glasgow, was considered a very precise person. One story of him was well authenticated, and often repeated. Scolding a clerk in his office one day for some trifling blunder, he softened a little towards the close of his lecture, and said, 'Well, I believe I must forgive you for this time; I myself was once guilty of a mistake.' Like many *parvenus*, this provost was very fond of good living, and had expressed to some one the peculiar relish with which he ate his dinner from china dishes. A bitter old lady, to whom the observation was repeated, and who knew his family well, said, 'Cheeny, quotha; set him wi' cheeny! I mind his mother taking her dinner—and that was a herring—aff a peat, and when she wanted another plate, she just turned the t'ither side o' t'!

The Rev. Mr Thom, whom we have just introduced to our readers, seems to have had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one fine Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather, fell fast asleep during sermon. In the middle of the discourse, a dog which had got into church most inopportune set up a howl. 'Put out that dog,' said the minister: 'put out that dog instantly—he'll waken a Glasgow magistrate!'

I have mentioned the exclusiveness of the merchant-grandees at this period; but there was one of their customers who was not to be daunted, and who kept 'the crown o' the causey' with the best of them. This was a grocer named Robert M'Nair, a shrewd, sagacious man, who knew his own interest well, but, in an age of eccentric characters, pursued his objects in a manner quite his own. A sign-board above his shop had the names, Robert M'Nair and Jane Holmes (his wife), inscribed in large characters; and all his business transactions, which were extensive, were under this firm. Like many of his neighbours of that day, he appears to have had a taste for litigation, and was occasionally before the 'fifteen' (Court of Session). One of his causes, which had been long depending, was

one day called for trial. Robin, as he was usually called, was in court himself, but no counsel for him. 'Where is your counsel, Mr M'Nair?' said the judge. 'My Lord,' said M'Nair, 'I have no counsel. The cause has been twenty-one years in court. It is now of age, and should be able to take care of itself.' An old gentleman who told me this story remembered Robin well. 'The law-plea,' he said, 'was at last decided in his favour.'

There being little competition among the grocers in those days, and Mr M'Nair and his spouse, Jane Holmes, living very frugally, he amassed by degrees a very handsome competency. A lot of ground, on which he had set his heart, having been offered for sale by public auction, he purchased it, and built a steading on it, which, in honour of his better half, he called Jeanfield. When his name was given in as purchaser, he was asked as usual for his security. 'I have no security to offer,' said Robin; 'Jean Holmes is not here, but here's her pouch!' at the same time throwing down an immense pocket, used by the goodwives of the time, full of bank-notes, with which he paid for his purchase.

Robin, when he had become well-to-do in the world, took it into his head to give an entertainment to all the merchants with whom he had dealings. He was a good customer, and most of them accepted the invitation. When dinner was served up, they found that nothing had been provided for them but herrings and potatoes. Accustomed as they were to the good things of this life, we may suppose that the guests looked rather blank at this sorry fare; but there was no remedy. When all of them had been helped, and were about to commence, Robin said, 'Gentlemen, this is the way in which I made my money; follow me, and I will show you how I mean to spend it.' He then led the way into another room, where they found an excellent dinner, set out with all the delicacies of the season, and, what some of them would relish as much, with the choicest wines which could be procured.

About the middle of last century Glasgow was a pleasant city of habitation, even externally. Arkwright, whose invention of the spinning-jenny has effected such a revolution in the manufactures of the country, was then a barber's apprentice. The dense volumes of smoke which, perpetually vomiting from the cotton-mills, gas-works, and numberless manufactories, hang like a lowering cloud over the capital of the west of Scotland, poisoning the air by its mephitic influence, were then unknown.* The atmosphere was as clear and bright as in a country village, or as you see it in some of the smaller towns in Belgium, to which, in its gable-end houses, fronting the streets, Glasgow at this period bore no small resemblance.

Several of the mansion-houses of the first-rate merchants of Glasgow at this period were built in a style of sumptuous magnificence, greatly superior to any private dwellings which have since been erected in the city. They were generally surrounded with fine gardens, thus forming a 'rus in urbe.' The immense rise which has taken place in the value of ground in Glasgow, is the reason that, one after the other, these fine houses have been sacrificed to the wants of a contiguously-increasing community. One of the last which was taken down was the very fine mansion-house in Queen Street, built by Mr Cunningham of Lainshaw, a Glasgow merchant, after the model, it is said, of a palace at Rome. It was latterly purchased by the Royal Bank of Scotland for their

branch established here, and afterwards disposed of by them as a site for the Royal Exchange. The Royal Bank's present office is situated in the ground which in days of yore was part of Mr Cunningham's garden—the remaining space round the Royal Exchange being filled up by a square of very substantial shops and warehouses, built by the Royal Bank Company, which no doubt that wealthy establishment have found a profitable investment. 'Ex uno discit omnes.' all the old houses of the Glasgow patricians have disappeared from the same cause.

The great value of such houses, even in the times when they were built, may be estimated from the heavy damages adjudged to Mr Campbell of Shawfield, the member of parliament for Glasgow, whose house was destroyed by a riotous mob in 1725, in consequence of his having voted for the extension of the malt tax to Scotland. The sum was £6400, besides £2600 for other damages.

The style of life in the middle classes was very different. The bulk of the inhabitants, including many who had prospered considerably in the world, dwelt in flats—that is, floors of large houses, denominated *lands*, such as the Trades' Land, Gibson's Land, and the like. In one of these, Donald's Land, opposite the Tron Church, Sir John Moore, the 'Hero of Corunna,' first saw the light; and the fathers of many of the most distinguished citizens who were destined to make a figure in the world—of Sir Thomas Munro, Kirkman Finlay, and many others—had no better dwellings. As might have been expected in a rising mercantile community, time was precious, and the hours of the citizens generally were very early. The maxim inculcated on the rising generation was—

'He that would thrive
Must rise at five;'

and their fathers enforced the rule by their own example. It is recorded that three leading merchants had made an appointment to meet each other at five o'clock on a winter morning, for the purpose of examining their books, and striking a balance-sheet. Two of them had met while the clock was striking, and the third, as the story goes, made his appearance with his *bawat* (small lantern) 'just as the last stroke of the bell had chappit.' The same method was pursued by some of the merchants till a much later period in the century. Thus the late Mr Carrick, one of the most successful bankers in Scotland, and who realised an immense fortune by his own industry and good management, regularly as the balance-day came round—some day, I think, in July—was seen, to a very late period in his life, working most assiduously at six o'clock in the morning, surrounded by his clerks, each labouring in his own department to bring out the results. Mr Carrick's maxim was, that one hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon. The good effects of this orderly method were exemplified in his own case: 'Carrick on the Promises,' as his promissory bank-notes were quaintly called, had a circulation all over Scotland, particularly in the Highlands, to which they were taken by the drovers, and where they were greatly preferred to gold or silver. The writer has himself seen notes of the *Ship* Bank—of which Mr Carrick was cashier and principal partner—originally issued in 1775, and not returned for payment till nearly thirty years afterwards—thus, at the rate of compound interest, more than doubling their value. So much for the profits of Scotch bankers at this period.

The usual hour of dinner was two o'clock, and for fashionable parties an hour later. Tea at six o'clock was a very sociable meal. The best families in the city used then to meet each other, to chat over the occurrences of the day; and after a hand at *whist*, or a round game of cards, generally concluded with a hot supper, which, like the supper of the Romans, was in

* The smokeiness of manufacturing towns is surely susceptible of some degree of remedy, if we can attach any consequence to the results of an arrangement applied to the furnaces of the tolerably large cities used in printing these sheets. It certainly prevents smoke, and that without any drawback or difficulty what, the simple principle being a gradual and regulated introduction of the coals. We trust soon to be able to return to this point, with details as to saving of fuel, &c.—ED.

fact the principal meal. As the streets were badly lighted in winter nights, a servant-girl, very trimly arrayed, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Matic, generally preceded her master, mistress, and family, bearing a small lantern. This practice was continued to a very recent period in Glasgow—indeed till the introduction of gas-light made it unnecessary. The celebrated Dibdin—the composer of those admirable sea-songs which infused so much spirit into our gallant tars during the last war—at his visit to Glasgow about the beginning of this century, was struck with the peculiarity which I have mentioned, and introduced it into the amusing fund of anecdotes with which he was accustomed to vary his musical entertainments. 'In other places which he had visited,' he said, 'when the company were departing, the usual order to the servant was, "John, bring up the currie," or, "John, order up the carriage;" but in Glasgow it was, "Whaur's the lass and the lantern?"'

Such was the usual temperate mode of life of the respectable citizens of Glasgow. But all rules are liable to exceptions. Occasionally they would take what they called a 'screed,' and then, to be sure, all the rules of temperance were thrown to the winds. When a jollification had been resolved on, after the ladies, if there were any in the party, had retired, the first thing done by the landlord was to lock the door, and put the key in his pocket. Punch was then, and long afterwards, the favourite beverage; it was, according to a song of the day, 'the liquor of life,' and wo to the luckless wight who failed to do justice to the toast! As the glass went round, coarse wit and broad humour had their full swing, like Counsellor Pleydell at his high-jinks, till at last few of the company were conscious of what either themselves or their neighbours were about. It is a well-authenticated fact, that at a joyous meeting of this kind, where the Laird of Garscadden—an estate in the neighbourhood—was present, some one made the remark to the person who sat next him, that 'his neebour Garsend was looking unco gash' (grave). 'Deil mean him,' said the other, 'to look gash, he has been with his Maker for the last half hour!' 'And why didn't *you* speak out?' 'Ou, I didna like to spoil gude company!' was the reply.

This occasional relaxation of manners was perhaps never seen to a greater extent than in what is now very properly accompanied with suitable feelings of solemnity—a funeral.

I have often heard the story, that a Dumbartonshire laird—connected perhaps with Glasgow—at the *dressie* given in honour of his mother, where, as in duty bound, he presided—delighted with the mirth and good-humour of the party, and totally forgetting the occasion of the meeting proposed as a toast—'May ne'er waur be amang us!'

In the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries, claret seems to have been the favourite wine with the wealthier Glasgow citizens, and those of the middle class who could afford it; and the only perquisite of office afforded to the Lord Provost was a certain sum for a hogshead of claret, that he might entertain therewith the chief citizens. After the trade to the West Indian colonies had been opened up to the Scotch merchants by the union of the kingdoms, rum-punch gradually superseded claret and wines of every description, and maintained its place for many long years as the favourite beverage of Glasgow. Brydone, the celebrated traveller, tells a good story of this mixture. Dining one day with a large party of Sicilians at Agrigentum, where he and his English friends had been regaled with the choicest delicacies, they were asked to make a bowl of punch, which the Italians had often heard of, but had never seen. The materials were at hand: a bowl was made, and so much approved of, that he was obliged to replenish the contents again and again. The Italians preferred it to their own wines, of which there was a

great variety on the table. They called it Pontio, and (alluding to Pontius Pilate) said, 'Pontio was a much better fellow than they had ever taken him for!' 'However, after dinner—I give the words of the lively writer—'one of them, a reverend canon, became excessively sick, and while throwing up, he turned to me with a rueful countenance, and shaking his head, he groaned out—"Ah, Signor Capitano, sapova sempre che Pontio era un grande traditore!"'—("I always knew that Pontius was a great traitor!")'

The *deceptive* qualities of this very pleasant liquor, to which Brydone's unfortunate canon alluded, were quite proverbial among strangers who visited Glasgow for the first time; and it was only the 'auld-used hands,' or, as they were usually called, 'seasoned casks,' who could stand the debauch of an evening where punch was the only tipple. I remember, many years since, that a party of very gentlemanlike officers belonging to the Cheshire militia, then quartered in Glasgow, dined one day with a gentleman, who, as usual after dinner, made a bowl of punch. The Cheshire men were much pleased with the beverage, but gently hinted at the smallness of the glasses. 'Very well, gentlemen,' said the landlord, 'larger glasses are at your service.' These were ordered; but alas for the pride of England, not one, or two, but several of the gallant soldiers were ere long laid under the table!

Sir John Sinclair, in his 'Code of Health and Longevity,' published many years since, attributes the general good health and long lives of the Glasgow people to their free use of punch, which, unlike immoderate indulgence in wine, was never followed by gout, gravel, or other complaints which he enumerates. It is certainly remarkable that many of the votaries of punch lived to a good old age; and I remember very well often seeing, when a boy, an old West India merchant who had spent the greater part of his life in Jamaica, and who, it was notorious, never went sober to bed; to which, however, he retired at an early hour, and rose betwixt four and five o'clock next morning. This patriarch died about the venerable age of ninety.

The reduction on the duties on foreign wines, which took place some years after the late war, introduced, or rather extended in Glasgow, a taste for these luxuries. Punch gradually became unfashionable, and at length was all but excluded from the higher circles. One wealthy West India merchant, at whose hospitable table the *elite* of the society was always to be found, continued his devotions to the punch-bowl as formerly to the end of his days; and great was his contempt if any younger guest hinted that punch did not agree with his stomach. 'For his part,' he said, 'he had been born before stomachs were in fashion.' This gentleman certainly tried a Herculean constitution as much as any man I ever knew. He was engaged from one year's end to the other in a constant round of dinner parties at home or abroad, and usually concluded the evening with a hot supper, after which the punch-bowl was always introduced. A robust frame of body, early rising, and regular exercise, long prevented the usual effects of such a mode of life from being visible. But 'non omnia possumus omnes,' nature will vindicate her rights. One evening, while dealing out his favourite potion to a party of friends, he was suddenly seized with a vertigo (or *whirley*, as it then used to be called), and fell insensible on the table. His friends, knowing that he would be mortally offended were he to find he had been interfered with, prudently waited till he should recover. He did so in about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and grasping the punch-spoon, gave the well-known call, 'Put in your glasses, gentlemen!' as if nothing had happened.

Punch, so long the favourite drink of Glasgow men—high and low—received its *coup de grace* when the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in this country. It was then interdicted by the faculty, and

has never since recovered favour. 'Stat nominis umbra,' the name only is remembered, and scarcely even that, except by veterans of the old school like myself.

THE READER OF THE THOUGHTS.

IN Berlin, at the end of the grand promenade 'Under the Linden,' between the Catholic church and the king's palace, stands the well-known Café Belvidere. This is the favourite dining-place for students at the university, junior officers, briefless advocates, patientless doctors, supernumerary diplomats; in a word, for a host of young men whose embryo fortune does not in the least prevent them from enjoying a good dinner, while it effectually denies them a dear one.

In front of the café, which is entered by a broad flight of stone steps, is a garden surrounded by summer-houses. In one of these were lounging, on a fine summer afternoon some ten years ago, two young men, habitual frequenters of the café. The younger of the two was evidently of the university. None but a student would have worn those long, light-brown, curling locks which streamed over his shoulders, or that beard and moustache of anything but 'formal cut,' whose extent seemed only limited by its powers of vegetation. Nevertheless, the German student at Berlin is no longer the wild apparition of Bonn or Heidelberg. The scornful glance and half-suppressed grin of the dandy of the capital may, on his first arrival, provoke his untamed, almost savage spirit of defiance to more than optical reprisals; but the *Bursche* ends by submitting to public opinion. If he do turn down the collar of his shirt, the linen is at anyrate of unobjectionable colour: if his hair be some quarter of a yard longer than is customary, no one can deny that it is often combed, brushed, and even oiled and curled, with considerable attention. In fact he begins to emerge from the natural Bedouin and smoke-beckiform into the so-called civilised state. His hands red with exercise in scrambling over mountains, gymnasticising, and fencing; browned by exposure to the sun of the valley and the wind of the forests—are cunningly disguised in Parisian gloves, manufactured in the Friedrich-Strasse; his white, sky-blue, or crimson cap, denoting the illegal Landsmannschaft or club to which he belongs, is replaced by a well-brushed gossamer; the rusty velvet shooting-coat, so remarkably short in the skirts, gives way to an orthodox surtout; and instead of a rapier or a sabre under his arm, may be seen a gold or silver-headed whalebone instrument, neither dangerous nor useful to any mortal man, and which cannot be too soon lost, to save its proprietor the unnecessary labour of carrying it. Such also, outwardly considered, was the student of our sketch; but his pale, thoughtful countenance, and dark, dreamy blue eyes, implied a lofty and imaginative soul; while his fine mouth betrayed in its sombre curves sufferings of more than momentary origin.

His companion, on the other hand, was a little, dark, lively man of some thirty years of age, in the costume of the Royal Guards. Balancing his sabre between his knees, he beat what is vulgarly and inexplicably termed the 'devil's tattoo' on the rustic table before him, while discoursing with apparent indifference, but real eagerness, in an undertone to his companion. Notwithstanding the gay smile that played round his trimly-moustached lips, an almost imperceptible spasmodic contraction of his brows confused, as it were, the general expression of his features, which were delicate without being harmonious, and handsome without conveying much idea of dignity. As he spoke, the student occasionally replied with an equally assumed nonchalance. After uttering a few words, however, this old reflective look

his surtout, indicated an internal agitation, which would otherwise have escaped the penetration of the keenest observer.

But the eyes which rested upon the two young men were those of no ordinary critic. He was seated in the opposite summer-house, at a distance of some dozen yards. Resting a forehead, darkened by locks of iron gray, upon his wrist, he seemed to shade his eyes from the light with his hand; while, in fact, regarding with deep attention the faces of the student and the officer before him. In a few minutes he rose, after having written hastily some lines with a pencil in a red morocco-covered note-book. Placing a broad-brimmed hat resembling a Spanish sombrero on his head, and smoothing down the skirts of a strait single-breasted frock-coat, green in colour, and antique in cut, he strode leisurely across the garden, tore out the leaf on which he had written from his red morocco note-book, threw it with a slight, but stately inclination to the student upon the table at which he was seated, and disappeared through the door leading to the Linden, without uttering a word in explanation, or seeming to notice the surprise of the two friends at his eccentric conduct.

They caught but one glimpse of a severe and deeply-marked countenance, surmounting a tall, thin, muscular figure, and he was gone.

'What is it, baron?' cried the officer impatiently.

'I can inform you better when I am myself more enlightened,' replied the student, poring intently over the dim and mysterious ciphers.

'Read it aloud, if it be no secret,' said the captain.

'Certainly,' replied his friend, 'as soon as I can make out three words consecutively.'

'It is difficult to decipher, then?'

'Very. Perhaps you will succeed better than I in making out the meaning of the scrawl. Take it,' and the student handed the stranger's manuscript to his companion.

The captain regarded it with a look that changed rapidly from mere idle curiosity to intense anger. With a flushed face and sparkling eye he rose abruptly, overturning his chair in the act, and demanded fiercely, 'Which way did he go? Where is the scoundrel?'

'He passed through that door,' replied the student, pointing with his finger in the direction alluded to.

The captain darted through the portal. The stranger was still visible. He was, however, at a considerable distance, and about to step into a fiacre. The captain shouted to him to stop, accompanying this request with an insulting reflection on the courage of the stranger. The latter saw the captain's gestures, if he could not at the distance hear his words. He raised his hat with sarcastic politeness, and entered the vehicle, which soon bore him out of reach of the infuriated captain's threats of vengeance.

'Who is he?' said the captain, returning to his impassable friend, still seated in the summer-house, and occupied in lighting a long meerschaum.

'I do not know,' said the student.

'Did you never see him before?'

'Never,' replied the young baron somewhat abstractedly.

'Let us inquire in the café,' said the captain. 'I am determined to discover his name at all costs and hazards.'

'You forget that you have not yet explained to me the cause of your unusual excitement. At anyrate read the paper to me, or let me try again if I can make it out myself.'

'I have lost it in my confusion,' said the captain, hesitatingly, casting a quick, scrutinising glance at his friend, whose calm look seemed to give convincing proof of his ignorance as to the contents of the strange missive.

'No—you have it crumpled up in your hand,' said the student with a smile.

'*Donner Wetter!* so I have!' exclaimed the captain, reddening. 'What a curious thing it is when the mind is absent or the nerves excited! *Blitz noch einmal!*' (one more flash of lightning!) 'I have hunted for my nightcap when it was on my head all the while before now!'

'Nothing commoner,' said the student, seeming not to notice the captain's embarrassment. 'Give me the paper; I am curious to know what roused your bile, so terribly.'

'Here it is. Ha! ha! you will be amused at its absurdity.'

The student took the mystic document. He was far too good a decipherer of notes taken at college lectures, in heterogeneous short-hands, old manuscripts of the dark ages, and other curious specimens of calligraphy, to have been really puzzled by the writing of the stranger, which, though sufficiently indistinct, and evidently the production of a foreigner, was nevertheless far from illegible, even to a less practised eye. Consequently, he was already perfectly in possession of the contents of the paper. Notwithstanding which fact, he proceeded to read aloud slowly, and with apparent effort—observing meanwhile, without seeming to observe, its effect upon his friend—the stranger's note, thus conceived and worded:—

'**HERR STUDIOSUS**—Cassandra prophesied in vain, and Troy fell. She was wise, and they called her mad. What I reveal to you, unerring science teaches.

'Beware of the man beside you! He is a traitor, and his counsels are delusions! His lightest hint may be a snare, and his most friendly offer of service a deadly injury!'

'Wiser than the Trojans, be warned in time by

A READER OF THE THOUGHTS.'

'Did you ever read such monstrous and impertinent nonsense?' cried the captain.

'*Nur ruhig!* (only be calm); it is merely carrying a practical joke a little too far,' replied the student, laughing. 'The idea of your betraying me—giving me delusive counsels— injuring me by pretended services! It is preposterous!'

'A reader of the thoughts indeed!' said the captain, delighted at his friend's careless confidence. 'Why, what were we thinking of, and talking of, both of us? Mere bagatelles!'

'Mere bagatelles!' repeated the baron.

'A casual discussion about a pretty girl' resumed the captain. 'A fine occasion, truly, for all the Machiavelian plottings this old conjurer would feign to have read in my heart! He did well to run away, or I would have made him swallow his words, in the literal sense, paper and all. He shall do it yet, if ever I catch him!'

'You may catch a Tartar,' thought the student as he mentally compared the tall figure of the stranger with that of the irate little captain, and added aloud—'I shall always laugh when I think of this droll adventure. By the way, I have a lecture to attend at four, and my watch only gives me five minutes to reach the university; *au revoir!*'

'*Au revoir!*' replied the captain; and the student entered the cafe to seek his portfolio, without which no German student enters a lecture-room.

As he went out he met the landlord; and after describing the stranger, demanded whether his name was known at the cafe.

'Oh yes,' replied the landlord, 'he dines here almost every day, generally at a late hour, and has grand discussions with the Herr Doctor Matthiasius Wackstrecken, who is, as you know, professor ~~extraordinary~~* of the philosophic faculty at the university.'

'Who is he, then?' rejoined the student. 'I am interested in making his acquaintance.'

'Why, they say, Herr Baron, that he is a gentleman from Scotland; and that, as a physiognomist, he beats somebody whose name I cannot at the moment—

'Lavater, perhaps?' suggested the student.

'Yes, that's the name,' said the landlord—'beats Lavater hollow. That's it! And his name is Herr—: that's the name as near as I can pronounce it.'

'Thank you,' said the student, as he hastened off to his lecture, well resolved not to despise the warning of the stranger, and to dine *after* the lecture on the morrow. He even caught himself reflecting on the curious ways in which nature writes her secrets on material forms during a discourse by a great transcendental transcendentalist, which amply demonstrated that everything and nothing were identical; and that black and white were only the same idea at bottom, rendered contradictory by the absolute unity of their elementary principles. The student, who was at least as great a metaphysician as his master, lay awake all night pondering over the astounding fact, that a strange Scotchman should discover at a glance what all his profound analyses of human nature, and the primitive elements of thought, had left him utterly blind to.

Within three days after his eyes had been thus opened he knew all. The captain's vague inuendoes and dark hints as to the past and present conduct of the Geheim-Rath's (secret state-councillor's) daughter were all explained. His eagerness to dissuade the baron from ruining himself by marrying an extravagant, and, whatever report might say, portionless bride, were fully accounted for. The captain had made the attempt to supplant him, after having, as he believed, hopelessly embroiled the student with his mistress. The young heiress, forewarned of his perfidy, had rejected the offer with suppressed contempt; and Hugo Baron von Reichenheim was betrothed to the object of his long-cherished dreams, and subsequently popular poem.

Within three months he had taken his degree, and invited the strange professor of physiognomy to his wedding. Whether the captain ever made the professor eat his written words, as threatened, we never heard. But as the physiognomist in question was our intimate friend, and never mentioned the circumstance, we suspect the valiant guardsman of not having kept his promise to the letter.

GAS-LIGHT—ITS INVENTORS AND IMPROVERS.

WE believe that the daily applications of science to economic purposes would excite a greater degree of interest, and attract the attention of a larger portion of the community, if the nature and history of such discoveries were more familiarly known. In this remark we do not refer to discoveries in science, properly so speaking; these require, to be appreciated, a certain acquaintance with the subject to which they belong, which is perhaps only possessed by those who have seriously engaged in its study. To the purgely scientific investigator, the attainment of knowledge is the aim, and the discovery of a new fact or principle is his reward. Such men are the pioneers in the march towards physical improvement, though they may be themselves unconscious of their mission; and the facts which they are the means of bringing to light, while they possess a special value in as far as they contribute to the extension of knowledge for its own sake, have also a special interest for those who devote themselves to such acquirements. It is not in this light, however, that we regard them at present. Apart from the special importance to which we have alluded, the facts of science are often fraught with

* That is, supernumerary without fixed salary, and living on hope, literature, and the chance of subscribers to his courses of lectures.

valuable applications to the useful arts, which may not happen to be followed out to this end by the cultivator of science alone; the economic powers which they contain are often left to be trained into service by more practical men, who are usually stimulated to the task, as well perhaps for their own profit as for the benefit of the public.

It is a common saying that great discoveries are often made gradually, the progress of knowledge leading slowly but surely towards them; and the remark is peculiarly applicable to many of the useful arts. A happy arrangement is often attained at last, not so much by the labours of one individual, as by a succession of inventors, to whom it is difficult to apportion the credit which each may justly claim. To illustrate these views, and with the hope of exciting the interest of our readers in a subject of considerable social importance, we propose to lay before them a short account of the history of gas-making, to which our own attention has recently been directed, by a process which promises to be a valuable contribution towards the cheap production and an extended use of this useful article.

The first notice of the artificial production of an inflammable air from coal is to be found in a letter from the Rev. Dr John Clayton of Kildare to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in the year 1691. In this letter, published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1730, he states that he distilled coal in a close vessel, and obtained abundance of gas, which he collected in bladders, and afterwards burnt for the amusement of his friends. Other experimenters, among whom Bishop Watson is conspicuous ('Chemical Essays'), confirmed Dr Clayton's discovery; and the properties of coal-gas, and the method of preparing it, thus became well known to chemists.

The idea of applying this air for purposes of illumination seems to have first occurred to Mr Murdoch—an engineer residing at Redruth in Cornwall.* In the year 1792 he commenced a series of experiments on the gases obtained by the action of heat upon coal, wood, peat, and other inflammable substances, and actually prepared coal-gas on a scale sufficiently large to light up his own house and office. Five years after, while living at Cumnock in Ayrshire, he again erected a coal-gas apparatus. In 1798 he was engaged to put up his apparatus at the manufactory of Messrs Boulton and Watt, Soho, near Birmingham, where he continued to experiment, with occasional interruptions, until the year 1802. It does not appear, however, that much attention was excited by these first efforts at gas-lighting, except among a very few scientific individuals, until the general illumination at the Peace of Amiens afforded opportunity for a more public display. On this occasion the front of the manufactory was brilliantly lighted up by the new method, and it at once attracted the wonder and admiration of every one who saw it. 'All Birmingham poured forth to view the spectacle; and strangers carried to every part of the country an account of what they had seen. It was spread about everywhere by the newspapers; easy modes of making gas were described; and coal was distilled in tobacco-pipes at the fireside all over the kingdom.'

By the exertions of a Mr Winsor, a company was formed for supplying London with gas; but it struggled for many years with the difficulties at once of inexperience and public prejudice, and was a cause of loss to many individuals. This is the less to be wondered at, as the coal-gas first produced was not in a state of great purity: it was injurious to many articles of furniture, and to wares exposed in shops, and it had a very disagreeable smell. In course of time, how-

ever, methods have been devised, by the joint labours of the chemist and practical engineer, to remove nearly all its noxious and disagreeable qualities; and now the whole apparatus for making gas and the mode of its purification seem to be so perfect in well-constructed gas-works, that it is doubtful whether much remains to be done either in simplifying the processes or improving the quality of the product from coal.

The following is a brief and general statement of the process by which the best coal-gas is made:—Cannel or parrot-coal is quickly shovelled into a red-hot cylinder of iron or clay, and the mouth of the cylinder being closed by an appropriate lid, the vapours which instantly arise from the coal are carried away by a wide tube which passes from the cylinder into a series of vessels, where the mixed product is cooled, and loses much condensable matter: thus partially purified, the gas still contains sulphureous, and other vapours, which, if allowed to remain, would give it a very nauseous smell, and tarnish paint and metallic surfaces wherever it was burnt. To remove these impurities, it is subjected, in some gas-works, to dilute sulphuric acid, which separates ammonia; but it is mainly purified by quicklime, contained in a series of vessels, through which it is made to pass; and being thus cleared from all sulphureous gases, it flows on to the gasometer, where it is stored for use.

The change from all the older modes of illumination to the employment of coal-gas was certainly a very remarkable one, whether we look to the novelty of the method or to the brilliancy and economy of the light; yet it has only stimulated to the search for better methods and greater economy, and few arts have produced so many inventions in so short a time, or led to so great an expenditure in patents. It was a very natural step from the production of gas from coal to attempt to make it from oil, and it was not long before oil-gas appeared to compete with the other. The advantages claimed for the new gas were the simplicity of its preparation, for no purifiers were required; it could have no noxious qualities not equally pertaining to oil-lamps or candles; it gave a more brilliant light, and took longer time to burn, than an equal bulk of coal-gas. All these merits, however, though justly belonging to it, have not enabled it to compete with the superior economy of its progenitor, and oil-gas may be now considered to be in disuse.

The gases which have been spoken of, whether from coal or oil, are not simple or uncompounded airs: they both consist of an air called hydrogen in combination with charcoal. When pure hydrogen is burned, it gives a very feeble light; but if a small portion of an combustible substance be held in its flame, such as a piece of thin platinum wire, the wire becomes heated to whiteness, and is strongly luminous: it is said to be incandescent. In a common gas flame the charcoal is separated from the hydrogen before it is consumed; and thus losing its gaseous form, it exists for an instant in the condition of minute solid particles suspended in the flame. This fact, first explained by Sir Humphry Davy, can be made apparent by the introduction of the edge of a white plate into the burning gas. If the plate be thrust into the lowest part of the jet where the flame is blue, it will not be stained, because the charcoal is still in the gaseous state; but if it be raised to the middle of the flame, where the light is brilliant, it is instantly coated with charcoal. In accordance with these facts, it is seen that heated particles of charcoal are the source of light emitted from coal-gas; and as the luminosity of incandescent bodies is greater as the heat is more intense, an increase of light should be obtained by increasing the temperature of a flame by more rapid combustion—an object which is in so far effected in the Argand and other improved burners.

As early as about the beginning of the present century, Dr Thomas Young in London, and Dr Ure in

* Mr Murdoch was a native of Scotland. There is a good full-length portrait of him in the halls of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.—Ed.

Glasgow (1806), introduced a jet of oxygen (the great supporter of combustion) into the interior of the flame of a lamp, and thereby produced a more rapid combustion and an increase of light.

In 1838 and 1839 patents were taken by Mr G. Gurney for a similar method of burning an Argand oil-lamp, and also for coal-gas. This light, commonly attributed to him, takes its name from his residence in Cornwall, and is called the Bude Light. Mr Gurney also improved the London coal-gas for his lamp, by passing it through a vessel of naphtha, a vaporisable substance abounding in charcoal; and he finally obtained a light of so great brilliancy, that for flames of equal size it was twelve times more luminous than ordinary gas. Unfortunately, the Bude light is troublesome to manage, and expensive; and though it has been tried by the Trinity Board with a view to its introduction in lighthouses, and was used for some time to light up the House of Commons, we believe that it has been abandoned in both cases, and its expense is likely to prevent it from being ever generally adopted.

The principle of an incandescent solid body being the main source of the luminosity of flame, is beautifully apparent in another intense light, obtained by directing a stream of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases upon lime or clay. It was first noticed by Dr Hare of Philadelphia, who used clay as the incandescent substance; but lime was subsequently employed at the suggestion of Mr Gurney, and it is now usually called the Lime-ball Light. The flame of the mixed gases which contain no solid matter is scarcely visible; but the heat is intense, and the lime at so high a temperature is almost too brilliant for the eye to look upon. It has been proposed to use the lime-ball as a miniature sun, where one powerful lamp might supersede a great number of ordinary lights; but it is not easily managed, and, like the Bude light, it is expensive.

Of late years experimenters in gas-making have mainly directed their attention towards new methods for procuring it at a cheaper rate than its present cost. And the easy preparation of hydrogen gas from water, long known to chemists, has especially pointed to it as a basis for their operations. Water, which is a compound of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—is decomposed at a red heat both by iron and charcoal. If steam, for instance, be forced through a mass of red-hot iron filings, its oxygen is retained by the iron, and its hydrogen, which is an inflammable gas, passes off by itself. If, again, steam be passed through a quantity of red-hot charcoal or coke, it is equally decomposed; but in this case its oxygen is not retained; it forms gaseous compounds with the charcoal, which come over along with the hydrogen. In both cases the resulting gases will burn—but they give a very feeble light. In fact the *water gases*, as we may call them, cannot give much light, from their deficiency in charcoal, which we have already shown to be the great source of light in ordinary flame. On the other hand, there are many substances of no great value which, when heated, abound in vapours rich in charcoal—such are coal-tar, naphtha, resin, turpentine, &c.—but they deposit a great quantity of their charcoal when exposed to a decomposing temperature, and cannot be profitably converted into gas. Now if the water or other gases deficient in charcoal, and the tar or resin vapours holding it in excess, could be combined together, the probability is great that they would produce a gas of good illuminating power, and at a cheaper rate also than it can be manufactured from coal.

Viewing this problem theoretically, a chemist has some reason to doubt the facility of solving it; yet he is aware that otherwise improbable unions do take place when bodies meet each other in what may be called a nascent condition. And it is possible so to present the water gases and the resin vapours to each

other. Next to the first experiments by which coal-gas was brought into notice, we regard this era in the history of gas-making as the most interesting, and will therefore plead no excuse for narrating a number of its inventions. They may be regarded in four different groups—namely, those in which coal-gas is sought to be improved by the addition of carboniferous vapours; where the water gases are treated in the same way; where inferior gases are produced at the same time with the vapour of tar and resin; and finally, where the water gases are brought into contact, at a red heat, with the vapours forming from tar, resins, or oils. Mr Gurney's method of improving the London coal-gas for the Bude burner is an example of the first; and had the union of the gas with the naphtha vapour been permanent, the feat would have been accomplished. But the naphtha vapour is liable to be condensed into a liquid, and the improved gas cannot be passed through any great length of pipe. A patent was taken for a similar plan, however, in 1842, with what success we are not acquainted. In the second group we may rank a process by M. Jobard, which he invented in 1833, and laid before the Royal Academy of Brussels, who reported favourably on it in the beginning of 1834. It appears to have consisted in the production of gases from water, which were simply passed through liquid naphtha, so as to take up a portion of its vapour. In 1845 Mr J. Constable obtained a patent for producing gas by throwing steam upon anthracite coal at a red heat, and afterwards passing the mixed gas, with a certain portion of common air, through turpentine, to improve its luminosity. The same process, we believe, or a very similar one, was reproduced very lately in America, and had for a short time a considerable notoriety in the public prints. In all these cases the gases sought to be improved can only obtain a mechanical mixture of the vapours which increase their light; and as even the best coal or oil gases soon deteriorate when kept, it is not to be expected that such condensable vapours as those of naphtha or turpentine should remain with the gases which have imbibed with them, especially if the temperature is lowered. The third group includes a process patented by Mr Cobold in 1838, in which he produced gas fit for illumination by distilling peat saturated with coal-tar; and a patent process by J. C. Robertson in 1848, in which he proposes to distil a mixture of resin, sawdust, and some alkaline matters, passes the vapours over red-hot surfaces, and thereby produces, among other products, a gas fit for illumination. In the last group we include a second process by M. Jobard, which he appears to have invented soon after his experiments in 1833. He caused the gases formed by passing steam upon red-hot coke to come in contact with the vapours arising from resinous substances in a heated cylinder; his invention was sold by him for 10,000 francs to an individual in Paris, who passed it off as his own, and not only received for it gold medals from the Society of Encouragement and the Academy of Industry, but was in 1839 about to obtain the cross of the Legion of Honour, when the fraud was discovered.

In 1839 a patent was granted in England to M. de Val Marigny for a process essentially, if not actually, the same as Jobard's. The apparatus of this patent consisted in three upright cylinders filled with coke in small pieces, and brought to a bright red heat; water was allowed to drop into one of them, coal-tar into another, and the products from both were brought into contact in the third, from which the gas was led off in-pipes. The quantity of water introduced, compared with the tar, was made a matter of calculation, but in practice it was regulated by the workman superintending the process, who had a small burner as a test of the quality of his product, and could increase or diminish the quantity of either ingredient according

to its indications. Practically and economically this method has proved a failure, owing to carbonic acid in the water 'gases,' and sulphurous vapours given out by the coke—which greatly injured the illuminating power—and more especially from the tar in the second retort producing so rapid an incrustation around the coke, as speedily to destroy its decomposing power, and prevent all egress of gas through it. In 1845 a patent was taken by Mr J. Murdoch for a method of bringing the gases from water decomposed by coke in contact with the products distilling from coal and coal-tar, and thereby producing an improved gas; and another very ingenious process, for a similar end, was patented by Mr Croll in 1848. In 1847 Mr Stephen White of Manchester took a patent for what he calls 'hydro-carbon gas'; and in 1849, secured by another patent various improvements in the manufacture of this and other gases for illuminating and heating purposes. His process differs from that of Jobard and Val-de-Marino principally in his substituting wood-charcoal and iron turnings for coke, and in a very improved form of apparatus. Mr White decomposes the carbonic acid in the 'water gases' by causing them to pass through red-hot iron turnings, previous to their contact with the resin vapours. Water is made to drop into the top of a red-hot upright cylinder, the upper part of which is filled with wood charcoal, and the lower part with scrap iron or iron turnings; the water is decomposed by the charcoal before it meets the iron through which the newly-formed gases must also pass to arrive at the exit-pipe; they are then conveyed into a horizontal cylinder, also at a red heat, in which they meet with the carboniferous vapours arising from the decomposition of a small stream of melted resin or coal-tar, and (it is asserted) combine with them so as to form a permanent and highly-luminous gas. We have not ourselves seen or examined this gas, but we know it to be the opinion of individuals who have done so, and are apparently competent to decide the question, that an actual union is effected, and its applicability to all purposes of illumination in which coal-gas could be used is no longer a matter of speculation or opinion, but of fact. The towns of Southport in Lancashire, and Ruthin in Wales, are lighted up by it; and it has been for some time in use in a large factory in Manchester, and in several private establishments in different places.

The main superiority of this kind of gas over that which is produced from coal is its greater cheapness. One hundredweight of resin, which may be bought, including an estimate for carriage, for three or four shillings, is said to produce not less than from 1800 to 2000 feet of gas, yielding at the same time a residual oil equal to half the value of the resin; and the other materials, exclusive of the cost of fuel for heating the apparatus, may be had for a few pence. One individual, who lights up a large hotel in Harrogate with this gas, states that he fills his gasometer, containing 1100 cubic feet, at a cost of thirteen pence for the gas-yielding materials—a price far below that for which he could get the same amount of gas from coals. In addition to its greater cheapness, this gas is also estimated by competent judges to be superior to the best coal-gas in brilliancy as well as durability; and it possesses several great advantages over coal, which will render it especially desirable for private establishments—namely, the smaller bulk and easier management of the apparatus, as well as its freedom from the offensive smells so characteristic of a coal-gas manufacture. In conclusion, we may observe that we have made particular mention of Mr White's apparatus, in connection with what appears to be a great improvement in gas-making, because we believe that it exhibits the principle reduced at last to a simple and an efficient working condition; and we have the greater pleasure in lending our assistance to its publication for this reason, that while we are interested in

every invention which promises to minister to the wants, or to increase the comfort of the community, we regard the cheaper production of light not only in this view, but as a powerful aid towards the moral and intellectual improvement of the industrious classes.

AN ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

WILLIAM and Ellen Craft were reared in Georgia, and living near each other at Macon, they became in time man and wife. Their lot as slaves was not of the worst kind, but they nevertheless formed an ardent wish to escape from their bondage—an object in which they were at last successful. We for our own part know nothing of the couple beyond what they themselves relate. Their narration, however, involves such singular adventures, and forms so curious a contrast with the ordinary usages of a civilised country, that we are induced to give it a place in these pages.

William, who is a black man, had been apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, and in this occupation he in time became a source of considerable profit to his owner—not less, he says, than £45 a year. It was from gains, made by himself in over-work that he realised the means of making his escape. Ellen, who is nearly white, belonged to a tyrannical lady, who, being annoyed at finding her often mistaken for a child of the family, gave her, when she was eleven years old, as a wedding-gift to her daughter. In the care of that lady she was better treated; but she nevertheless longed for freedom. Whenever she and William met after their marriage, they contrived and discussed plans of escape. At length, in 1848, they resolved on the ingenious expedient of disguising Ellen as a white young gentleman, while William should act as his servant, or rather slave. By cautious degrees they procured the necessary articles, buying one at one place, and another at another. Ellen then asked leave to go to see a sick aunt, and, after much intreaty, received the necessary permission. William, with much difficulty, obtained a similar permission to accompany his wife; and they lost no time in availing themselves of the liberty granted, that they might extend it to a point little thought of by the master and mistress. William cut off his wife's hair, and provided her with a pair of green spectacles. There was one difficulty which for a while puzzled them: this was, that at the railway-offices, &c. they might be asked to write their names, and neither of them could read a letter, much less write one. So it was fixed that Ellen should pass for a very sickly young gentleman suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, which required the right hand to be kept poulticed.

This ignorance of being able to read, on more than one occasion nearly betrayed Ellen. Once a very kind-hearted gentleman, pitying her delicacy, presented her with a receipt for rheumatism, for which she thanked him politely, and, folding it carefully up, put it in her pocket, lest, in pretending to read it, she might hold it upside down.

They first travelled to Savannah, and then took the steamboat to Charleston in South Carolina. On arriving there they went to the first hotel. William took care to secure a good room for his master, and to provide two hot poultices for the rheumatic hand and face. These, however, were not used till the poor invalid had cried to get some rest; the faithful slave then went to blacken the master's boots, and to perform all the usual necessary services; after which, dinner being served, the master with all honour was seated at the guest-table, and treated with the best viands, while the slave was sent off to the kitchen with a rusty knife and fork and broken plate to get a few rough scraps. These, however, suited him as well as daintier fare, for appetite failed him at the moment, and he returned to the side of his master, who soon finished the repast, and, leaning on his slave for support, returned to the steamer.

When they reached the office, the master asked for tickets for himself and servant to Philadelphia. The clerk requested him to write his name, to which he replied by pointing to his poulticed arm, and requesting the clerk to write the name. He declined, saying such was not his duty; but the difficulty was met by the captain of the steamer offering to do it, and William Johnston's name was entered on the books.

On arriving at Wilmington, they took the railway, and travelled through Virginia. At Petersburg an old gentleman with two nice daughters got into the car along with the master. The old gentleman soon entered into conversation, and expressing much sympathy with the poor young man on his bad health, invited him to recline on the couch (which in the American railway cars stretches across one end of the saloon-like apartment), and also to take off his boots. These attentions were suffered, in the hope that further conversation would be avoided. The interesting young gentleman seemed to excite much sympathy in the young ladies, who were overheard expressing their interest in warm terms: they handed him refreshments, and vied with each other in attentions till they reached Richmond, Virginia, where the old gentleman and his daughters left the train, but not before warmly inviting their fellow-passenger to visit them whenever he went that way again.

The fugitives proceeded in the same way, with many terrors excited by the various incidents of the road, but in safety, to Fredericksburgh, thence to Washington, and thence to Baltimore, which place they reached on the third day after leaving Macon. Here a great danger awaited them. The slave was accosted, and asked where he was going. He said he belonged to a sick young gentleman, and was going to Philadelphia. They were then informed that no negro was allowed to pass from the slave into the free states, between which this was the boundary, without a certificate to prove that all was right, and that they must go to the office to be examined. The clerk asked the master, 'Is this your servant?' to which he replied in the affirmative. 'Well, then,' said the clerk, 'it is against our rules to allow any slaves to pass unless we have security that all is right. You must get some gentleman who knows you to certify that you have a right to take this fellow with you.' The master replied, with more energy than could have been expected from a person of such delicate appearance, 'that he had bought tickets in Charleston to take both to Philadelphia; that he knew several gentlemen there, but that he did not know it was necessary to bring them along with him to certify that he was master of his own slave.' 'Well,' said the clerk, 'you must stay here then, as it is against our rules to let you pass.' But in the end, after some minutes' deliberation and consultation, he said—'I don't know what to do about it; but he is a sick young fellow, and I suppose I must tell the conductor to let him and his slave go on.' So the two fugitives, with trepidation which can scarcely be conceived, but with thankfulness of heart, resumed their seats in the train, and entered the free states.

Here the coloured man had to be parted from his master, and to take his seat in the negro car, where he made inquiries as to lodging-houses in Philadelphia, and being satisfied as to the character of one for the coloured people, he repaired to it with his weary but thankful wife, who concurred with him in thinking the effort well repaid by their being free; and though not a penny almost was left them, they considered the hard savings of all their previous lives well spent in securing the blessed boon of liberty. They made their case known to the lodging-house keeper, who introduced them to several friends, who thought it best for them to remove to Boston, where their safety was less liable to be endangered. Accordingly they repaired to that city, where they settled down, William to pursue his

trade of cabinetmaking, and Ellen to work with her needle.

In this way they maintained themselves respectably, and procured a little education, so as to enable them to read and write. They had formed pleasant plans for the winter of 1850 and 1851, of working in the day, and going to evening-schools to obtain what they so much prized—a little more learning—when the fugitive-slave law came into operation; and on the very first evening they attended the school, the warrant was issued for their apprehension, and the slave-catchers were abroad in Boston. William Craft lost no time in placing his beloved Ellen in a situation of concealment, and, he hoped, safety, and then he left her, thinking at the time he would never see her again; for although he had resolved never to go back to slavery again, he fully contemplated that he should die in the attempt to resist his captors. The excitement and agitation of the three or four days' hunt in Boston were extreme; but William and Ellen ultimately succeeded in getting on board a British vessel, while the kidnappers were at New York.

They arrived about three months since in Liverpool, where, for the first time, they set foot on really free soil. They are described as very interesting and intelligent persons. Ellen is a gentle, refined-looking young creature of twenty-four years, as fair as most of her British sisters, and in mental qualifications their equal too. William is very dark, but of a reflective, intelligent countenance, and of manly and dignified deportment.

LIBRARY COBWEBS.

Diapason of Laughter.—An ancient writer has remarked that the five vowels form a diapason for the laugh in general. According to this singular observer, man laughs in A, woman in E, the devout woman in I, the countryman in O, and the old woman in U. We should, however, observe that the first vowel must be sounded like the Italian A, or like that letter in the word father, which is the sound given to this keystone of knowledge in almost all languages but our own. We leave it to the reader fond of a laugh to ascertain how far the assertion of the eccentric author is borne out in the manly Ha, ha, ha! and the feminine titter, so full of malice, He, he, he! The vowel I might also seem to express the more devout laugh, partaking rather of the languid Heigho! than the gay and hearty Ha, ha, ha! How well, too, the O sounds the merriment of the honest countryman, whose gaiety arises more from astonishment than from any lively perception of the ridiculous. Some village wit has been repeating for the hundredth time some wonderful tale, or performing some practical joke, and out bursts the boisterous Ho, ho, ho! Lastly, the poor old lady, forced to economise her breath, finds the fifth vowel more kind to her infirmities, and gives utterance to her feeble mirth in an asthmatic Heu, heu, heu!

An Italian astronomer, Damascene, published in 1662 a pamphlet of six sheets, printed at Orleans, in which the different temperaments of men and women are indicated by their various kinds of laughs. The laugh in I, says this grave author, denotes the melancholic disposition; in E, the bilious; in A, the phlegmatic; and in O, the sanguine temperaments.

Early Alphabets.—Godefroy Henselius, in his 'Synopsis Universae Philologie,' published at Nuremberg so late as the year 1741, gives the alphabets of Adam, Enoch, and Noah; and even dwells at some length on the language spoken by the angels. Another author, Andrew Kempe, maintains that God spoke to our first parents in Swedish, and that Adam replied in Dutch; and, as if to confirm the ancient reputation of the French for gallantry, he declares that the serpent tempted Eve in French.

Peculiarities in Authors.—The French historian, Mezerai, wrote only by candle-light, even in the daytime, and in the middle of summer. He never failed to conduct his visitors to the door with a candle in his

hand; and whenever he wrote, a bottle of wine was always placed on the table. Varillas, contemporary with Mezera, wrote only at daylight, and pretended that all his knowledge had been acquired in conversation, which might perhaps account for the fabulous statements to be met with in his works. This romantic historian boasted that he never dined out once during thirty-four years; and he disinherited a nephew because he knew not how to spell. The celebrated French jurisconsult Cujas always wrote and studied while stretched out on a carpet with his books around him. Magliabechi, a learned Italian of the seventeenth century, passed all his life in the midst of books. His meals were most frugal, and a few eggs, with a little bread and water, his ordinary food. His usual bed was the chair he sat in; and, surrounded by his books, his thoughts were wholly absorbed in study. The only being he appeared to take an interest in were his spiders; and he would often cry out to those visitors whose curiosity appeared to him imprudent, to take care and not injure his spiders. It was to this celebrated librarian that a Cardinal Noris wrote, 'that he was more obliged to him for having directed his studies than to the pope for making him a cardinal.'

Learned Infant.—Among the numerous infant prodigies and examples of precocious learning, the most remarkable on record was Christian Henry Heinecken, born in Lubeck in 1721. It is related that at ten months this extraordinary infant was acquainted with geography, as well as ancient and modern history; and when only two years and a half old, he could speak with fluency the French and Latin languages. He was taken to Denmark in his fourth year, where he harangued the king and royal family. His body was delicate and infirm, and he was averse to every kind of food but his nurse's milk. He died in 1725, in the fourth year of his age; and his death is stated to have been so edifying, as to have astonished those who beheld it still more than the wonderful knowledge he displayed during his brief existence.

MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

In an article with the above title, in No. 366 of this Journal, the invention of the blockmaking machinery in Portsmouth dockyard is attributed to Brunel. We are now assured, however, that many of the most money-saving machines subservient to the manufacture of blocks were invented by General Bentham, and were actually in use in that dockyard before the year 1802, in which Brunel first presented himself to the general. It was not by the friendly offices of either Lord or Lady Spencer that Brunel's part of that machinery was introduced. By General Bentham's advice it was proposed to the Admiralty in 1802, during Lord St Vincent's naval administration; and through his recommendation, both private and official, it was adopted. The remuneration to Brunel was not £20,000, but £16,621, 8s. 10d., being the precise amount of a year's savings made by manufacturing blocks and blockmaker's wares on government account, instead of obtaining them, as theretofore, by contract.

AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

I encountered to-day in a ravine some three miles' distant, among the gold-washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl, by the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, 'Three weeks and an ounce!' Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B—, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, 'How deep did you find the stream?' 'Did you get for your butter?' 'Up to the knee and ninepence,' was the reply. 'Ah!' said the judge to himself, 'she is the girl for me; no words together.' turned back, proposed, and was accepted, and married the next week. And a more happy couple the nuptial bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never dimmed—its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who jingle off and on for seven years, and are at last perhaps,

capsized, take a lesson of the judge, that 'up to the knee and ninepence' is worth all the love-letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.—*American Paper.*

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

THE TEMPLE IN DARKNESS.

DARKNESS broods upon the temple,
Gloomis along the lonely aisles,
Fills up all the orient window,
Whence, like little children's wiles,
Shadows—purple, azure, golden—
Broke upon the floor in smiles.
From the great heart of the organ
Bursts no voice of chant or psalm;
All the air, by music-pulses
Stirred no more, floats deathly calm;
And no precious incense rising,
Falls, like good men's prayers, in balm.
Not a sound of living footstep
Echoes on the marble floor;
Not a sigh of stranger passing
Pierces through the closed door.
Quenched the light upon the altar:
Where the priest stood, none stands more.
Lord, why hast thou left thy temple
Scorned of man, disowned by thee?
Rather let thy right hand crush it,
None its desolation see!
List—He who the temple builded
Doth his will there. Let it be!

A LIGHT IN THE TEMPLE.

Lo, a light within the temple!
Whence it cometh no man knows;
Barred the doors: the night-black windows
Stand apart in solemn rows.
All without seems gloom eternal,
Yet the glimmer comes and goes—
As if silent-footed angels
Through the dim aisles wandered fair,
Only seen amid the darkness
By the glory in their hair.
Till on the forsaken altar
They all met, and praised God there!
Now the light grows!—fuller, clearer!
Hark, the organ 'gins to sound,
Faint, like broken spirit crying
Unto Heaven from the ground;
While the chorus of the angels
Mingles everywhere around!
Lo, the altar shines all radiant,
Though no mortal priest there stands,
And no earthly congregation
Worships with uplifted hands:
Yet they gather, slow and saint-like,
In innumerable bands!
And the chant celestial rises
Where the human prayers have ceased:
No tear-sacrifice is offered,
For all anguish is appeased.
Through its night of desolation,
To His temple comes—the Priest!

DECISION.

Things should not be done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—*Bishop Hall.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 377. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

'I SWEEPS THE CROSSING.'

SOME time ago there was a little boy introduced to one of the police-offices in London, as a witness of some offence, who astonished the magistrate and the audience by the betrayal of a degree of ignorance hardly conceivable. If he had been the child of an Australian savage, and now for the first time brought into contact with civilised men, he could not have been more utterly destitute of knowledge either of the things of this life, or of the hopes of that which is to come. And the wretched boy seemed to feel his degradation; for it was with a gloomy look and a sullen voice he gave in his perpetual 'No!' to the interrogatories that were intended to ascertain whether he possessed the common intelligence of a human being. But there was at length one question put—'How do you get your living?'—which roused him from his stupor; and suddenly raising his head, and looking boldly round him into the eyes that were fixed upon him, he answered in a clear voice, 'I sweeps the crossing!' He did not know how to read or write; he did not know that falsehood was less commendable than truth; he did not know that there was a God; he did not know that there was a future state—

'My poor boy,' said the magistrate in a voice of wonder and compassion, 'what *do* you know?'

'I know how to sweep the crossing!' And straightway the boy felt as if there was some link between his questioners and himself, as if he was not wholly an outcast from the social system, as if he had a place and a position in the world, and as if he had a right to be in it.

This is a true interpretation of the boy's look and tone; and we venture to affirm that a corresponding change took place in the estimate formed of him by the bystanders. Their compassion remained, but their contempt was gone. They unconsciously admitted his claims. They regarded him as one of themselves, only more hardly treated by fortune; and low as his post was in the general system, they knew that it belonged to it as well as their own. They lamented his ignorance; they execrated the neglect with which he had been treated by his natural guardians; but nevertheless they respected that boy as having something to do in the community, and as knowing how to do it.

The idea we are trying to bring out will be comprehended with painful distinctness by those who have had the misfortune to be thrown into temporary want of employment. Such persons will easily call to mind that their uneasy thoughts about the future recurred only at intervals, while their permanent state of mind was composed of a feeling of isolation and insignifi-

cance. A barrier was between them and their employed brethren; they had no part in the general business; their presence was an interruption and a reproach; and they stole along the street like criminals and castaways. They made way, with a feeling of unconscious respect, for the porter staggering along under his load. They stood aside to let the living current pass, with their thoughtful eyes, determined step, and preoccupied minds. For themselves they were nothing—worse than nothing; they were an exception to the rule, a discord in the harmony—a blot, an excess, a superfluity: they had not a crossing to sweep in all the highways of the wide world!

There is another class who might seem to be in a very different position: those who are idle from choice, or from want of energy. But if we consider their lot we find so many analogies between them and the compulsory idler, that we almost come to the conclusion that want of employment is no negative, but a positive substantive thing, whose properties are only slightly modified by the character of the subjects on which they act. They belong to the class who are said to be born with a silver spoon in their mouths—a self-acting-spoon, which fills the mouth without troubling the hand. It might seem, at first view, that such persons had nothing to do but to sit still and submit patiently to the comforts and luxuries of life; but if we examine them a little closer, we find them amenable to the same law of work as their fellows, and subject to the same penalties for its contravention. The boy of this class studies as hard, and learns as much at school as any other boy; and when he arrives at manhood he seeks out a crossing for himself, and applies himself to it as energetically as if his bread depended on his industry. Some of these voluntary workers are farmers, some magistrates, some statesmen, some one thing, some another; each prides himself on a particular line; and all yoke themselves quietly, and as a matter of course, in the great harness of the commonwealth. Their money purchases anything but rest; their independence is no independence of toil; and for the one avenue of anxiety in their case closed, a hundred others are open which their humbler brethren know nothing about.

If such persons resemble the workers of the other classes, so do the optional idlers of all resemble each other. The difference is merely conventional; the real character is the same. Ignorance, stupidity, and profligacy, are only superficially different in a cellar and a palace; and in both they draw down the contempt of the world. If the idleness is mere indolence—if it escapes temptation through want of sensibility, and the individual is only negatively virtuous because he has

not energy enough to be vicious, then he passes, in whatever station he may be, with simple disregard. The rank of one may excite the admiration of the vulgar, just as the rags of another may be looked upon as adjuncts of the picturesque; but in both cases the wearer, be he lord or beggar, is a complete nonentity.

Generally speaking, men of all stations are trained from their boyhood to work in some way or other; and the optional idlers are the Pariahs and outcasts of their class. But with women the case is for the most part different; and this, we venture to surmise, is the true reason why the stigma of frivolity attaches in a peculiar manner to the sex. A woman of the lower rank is rarely frivolous, because work is compulsory with her; while in the higher rank, it is only a comparatively small number who, yielding to a natural taste, choose their own crossings, whether in art, needlework, music, housekeeping, economy, or any other department. Such women, however common the taste may be, have a definite place in society—there is no mistake about them; and their opinion is always listened to with respect on their own subject. They are not liable to be passed over without notice, or to be grouped in classes, or spoken of as abstractions. 'Who is that?' said one of the women-workers whose crossing is literature, addressing us at an evening party—'I never know one young lady from another: they seem to me to be all sets of ringlets!'

It is both unscriptural and unreasonable to suppose, as is very commonly done, that the law of work was intended as a penalty upon fallen Adam. Adam, when this law came into operation, was no longer in Eden, but a denizen of this stubborn earth, which, like the angel at Piniel, yields its blessing only on compulsion. The penal sentence was exile; and work was accorded, not merely as a means of rendering the exile tolerable, but of turning the wilderness into a garden, typical of the lost paradise. Man was indeed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and woman to bring forth in sorrow. In both, endurance and energy were necessary, yet in both, the result was joy and exultation. We do not live in this world by bread alone, neither are children the only sources of solace and delight; but in any way in which laudable perseverance is shown, in which toil is cheerfully borne, in which pain is proudly endured, the sentence of the Lord of the Garden is fulfilled. Idleness in this point of view is sin, and the wages of sin is moral death: it is a breach of the divine law, and the offender is punished even in our present life by the forfeiture of the respect of his fellow-men.

To this point we confine ourselves here. To obtain the respect of the world, we must fill properly our place as links in the social chain: we must work, and work with purpose and intelligence. Set a merchant to dig the earth with a spade, and see what kind of job he will make of his husbandry! Set a rustic labourer to the business of the counting-house, and mark with what a wild stare he will look at its simple implements of industry! Each of these men, however, is perfect in his own department: he knows how to sweep his crossing, and he does it; and the one is as necessary as the other to the work of society, and as respectable in his degree.

It is an old saying, and deserves more attention than it usually receives, that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. We may be dissatisfied with our present employment; we may consider that we are fit for something better; we may long to try some more ~~crossing~~ crossing: but while waiting for opportunity, or seeking it, let us by all means do what we ~~can~~ do to the very best of our ability. It is an admirable thing for a man to know, and do some one thing thoroughly. It gives him confidence in himself, and gains for him the confidence of others. However humble his position, however unsuccessful his

efforts in the world, he has an inward satisfaction to the last. He looks back upon no wasted years, no abused powers. When death approaches, he feels that he has lived—that, in so far as work is concerned, he has fulfilled the law; and in turning away from the things of time to address himself to that new prospect which opens out like a gleam of light amid clouds and darkness, he thanks God that, to the best of his strength, and of his skill, and of his opportunities, he has swept his crossing!

L. R.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

'EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.'

A SMARTER trader, a keener appreciator of the tendencies to a rise or fall in colonial produce—sugars more especially—than John Linden, of Mincing Lane, it would have been difficult to point out in the wide city of London. He was not so immensely rich as many others engaged in the same merchant-traffic as himself; nothing at all like it, indeed, for I doubt that he could at any time have been esteemed worth more than from eighty to ninety thousand pounds; but his transactions, although limited in extent when compared with those of the mammoth colonial houses, almost always returned more or less of profit; the result of his remarkable keenness and sagacity in scenting hurricanes, black insurrections, and emancipation bills, whilst yet inappreciable, or deemed afar off, by less sensitive organizations. At least to this wonderful prescience of future sugar-value did Mr Linden himself attribute his rise in the world, and gradual increase in rotundity, riches, and respectability. This constant success engendered, as it is too apt to do, inordinate egotism, conceit, self-esteem, vanity. There was scarcely a social, governmental, or economical problem which he did not believe himself capable of solving as easily as he could eat his dinner when hungry. Common-sense business-habits—his favourite phrase—he believed to be quite sufficient for the elucidation of the most difficult question in law, physic, or divinity. The science of law, especially, he held to be an alphabet which any man—of common sense and business habits—could as easily master as he could count five on his fingers; and there was no end to his ridicule of the men with horse-hair head-dresses, and their quirks, quiddits, cases, tenures, and such-like devil's lingo. Lawyers, according to him, were a set of thorough humbugs and impostors, who gained their living by false pretence—that of affording advice and counsel, which every sane man could better render himself. He was unmistakably mad upon this subject, and he carried his insane theory into practice. He drew his own leases, examined the titles of some house-property he purchased, and set his hand and seal to the final deeds, guided only by his own common-sense spectacles. Once he bid, at the Auction Mart, as high as fifty-three thousand pounds for the Holmfirth estate, Herefordshire; and had he not been outbid by young Palliser, son of the then recently-deceased eminent distiller, who was eager to obtain the property, with view to a seat in parliament which its possession was said to almost insure—he would, I had not at the time the slightest doubt, have completed the purchase, without for a moment dreaming of submitting the vendor's title to the scrutiny of a professional adviser. Mr Linden, I should mention, had been for some time desirous of resigning his business in Mincing Lane to his son, Thomas Linden, the only child born to him by his long-since deceased wife, and of retiring, an estate squires, to ~~statum cum~~, or *sine dignitate*, as the case might be, of a country life; and this disposition had of late been much quickened by daily-increasing apprehensions of negro emancipation and revolutionary interference with differential duties—changes which, in conjunction with others of similar character, would

infallibly bring about that utter commercial ruin which Mr Linden, like every other rich and about-to-retire merchant or tradesman whom I have ever known, constantly prophesied to be near at hand and inevitable.

With such a gentleman the firm of Flint & Sharp had only professional interviews, when procrastinating or doubtful debtors required that he should put on the screw—a process which I have no doubt he would himself have confidently performed, but for the waste of valuable time which doing so would necessarily involve. Both Flint and myself were, however, privately intimate with him—Flint more especially, who had known him from boyhood—and we frequently dined with him on a Sunday at his little box at Fulham. Latterly, we had on these occasions met there a Mrs Arnold and her daughter Catherine—an apparently amiable, and certainly very pretty and interesting young person, to whom, Mr Linden confidentially informed us, his son Tom had been for some time engaged.

'I don't know much about her family,' observed Mr Linden one day, in the course of a gossip at the office, 'but she moves in very respectable society. Tom met her at the Slades'; but I do know she has something like thirty-five thousand pounds in the funds. The instant I was informed how matters stood with the young folk, I, as a matter of common sense and business, asked the mother, Mrs Arnold, for a reference to her banker or solicitor—there being no doubt that a woman and a minor would be in lawyers' leading-strings—and she referred me to Messrs Dobson of Chancery Lane. You know the Dobsons?'

'Perfectly: what was the reply?'

'That Catherine Arnold, when she came of age—it wants but a very short time of that now—would be entitled to the capital of thirty-four thousand seven hundred pounds, bequeathed by an uncle, and now lodged in the funds in the names of the trustees, Crowther & Jenkins of Leadenhall Street, by whom the interest on that sum was regularly paid, half-yearly, through the Messrs Dobson, for the maintenance and education of the heiress. A common-sense, business-like letter in every respect, and extremely satisfactory; and as soon as he pleases, after Catherine Arnold comes of age, and into actual possession of her fortune, Tom may have her, with my blessing over the bargain.'

I dined at Laurel Villa, Fulham, about two months after this conversation, and Linden and I found ourselves alone over the dessert—the young people having gone out for a stroll, attracted doubtless by the gay aspect of the Thames, which flows past the miniature grounds attached to the villa. Never had I seen Mr Linden in so gay, so mirthful a mood.

'Pass the decanter,' he exclaimed, the instant the door had closed upon Tom and his fiancée. 'Pass the decanter, Sharp; I have news for you, my boy, now they are gone.'

'Indeed; and what may the news be?'

'Fill a bumper for yourself, and I'll give you a toast. Here's to the health and prosperity of the proprietor of the Holmford estate; and may he live a thousand years, and one over!—Hip—hip—hurra!'

He swallowed his glass of wine, and then, in his intensity of glee, laughed himself purple.

'You needn't stare so,' he said, as soon as he had partially recovered breath; 'I am the proprietor of the Holmford property—bought it for fifty-six thousand pounds of that young scant-grace and spendthrift, Palliser—fifteen thousand pounds less than what it cost him, with the outlay he has made upon it. Signed, sealed, delivered, paid for yesterday. Ha! ha! ho! Leave John Linden alone for a bargain! It's worth seventy thousand pounds if it's worth a shilling. I say,' continued he, after a renewed spasm of exuberant mirth, 'not a word about it to anybody—mind! I promised Palliser, who is quietly packing up to be off

to Italy, or Australia, or Constantinople, or the devil—all of them, perhaps, in succession—not to mention a word about it till he was well off—you understand? Ha! ha!—ho! ho!' again burst out Mr Linden. 'I pity the poor creditors though! Bless you! I shouldn't have had it at anything like the price, only for his knowing that I was not likely to be running about exposing the affair, by asking lawyers whether an estate in a family's possession, as this was in Dursley's for three hundred years, had a good title or not. So be careful not to drop a word, even to Tom—for my honour's sake. A delicious bargain, and no mistake! Worth, if a penny, seventy thousand pounds. Ha! ha!—ho! ho!'

'Then you have really parted with that enormous sum of money without having had the title to the estate professionally examined?'

'Title! Fiddlestick! I looked over the deeds myself. Besides, haven't I told you the ancestors of Dursley, from whose executors Palliser purchased the estate, were in possession of it for centuries. What better title than prescription can there be?'

'That may be true enough; but still—'

'I ought, you think, to have risked losing the bargain by delay, and have squandered time and money upon fellows in horse-hair wigs, in order to ascertain what I sufficiently well knew already? Pooh! I am not in my second childhood yet!'

It was useless to argue with him; besides the mischief, if mischief there was, had been done, and the not long delayed entrance of the young couple necessitating a change of topic, I innocently inquired what he thought of the Negro Emancipation Bill which Mr Stanley, as the organ of the ministry, had introduced a few evenings previously, and was rewarded by a perfect deluge of loquacious indignation and invective; during a pause in which hurly-burly of angry words I contrived to effect my escape.

'Crowther & Jenkins!' exclaimed one morning Mr Flint, looking up from the 'Times' newspaper he held in his hand. 'Crowther & Jenkins!—what is it we know about Crowther & Jenkins?'

The question was addressed to me, and I, like my partner, could not at the moment precisely recall why those names sounded upon our ears with a certain degree of interest as well as familiarity. 'Crowther & Jenkins!' I echoed. 'True: what do we know about Crowther & Jenkins? Oh, I have it!—they are the executors of a will under which young Linden's pretty bride, that is to be, inherits her fortune.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Mr Flint, as he put down the paper, and looked me gravely in the face—'I remember now: their names are in the list of bankrupts. A failure in the gambling corn-trade too. I hope they have not been speculating with the young woman's money.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Mr Linden was announced, and presently in walked that gentleman in a state of considerable excitement.

'I told you,' he began, 'some time ago about Crowther & Jenkins being the persons in whose names Catherine Arnold's money stood in the funds?'

'Yes,' replied Flint; 'and I see by the Gazette they are bankrupts, and, by your face, that they have speculated with your intended daughter-in-law's money, and lost it!'

'Positively so!' rejoined Mr Linden with great heat. 'Drew it out many months ago! But they have exceedingly wealthy connections—at least Crowther has—who will, I suppose, arrange Miss Arnold's claim rather than their relative should be arraigned for felony.'

'Felony!—you are mistaken, my good sir. There is no felony—no legal felony, I mean—in the matter. Miss Arnold can only prove against the estate like any other creditor.'

'The devil she can't! Tom, then, must look out for

another wife, for I am credibly informed there wont be a shilling in the pound.'

And so it turned out. The great corn firm had been insolvent for years; and after speculating desperately, and to a frightful extent, with a view to recover themselves, had failed to an enormous amount—their assets, comparatively speaking, proving to be *nil*.

The ruin spread around, chiefly on account of the vast quantity of accommodation-paper they had afloat, was terrible; but upon no one did the blow fall with greater severity than on young Linden and his promised wife. His father ordered him to instantly break off all acquaintance with Miss Arnold; and on the son, who was deeply attached to her, peremptorily refusing to do so, Linden senior threatened to turn him out of doors, and ultimately disinherit him. Angry, indignant, and in love, Thomas Linden did a very rash and foolish thing: he persuaded Catherine Arnold to consent to a private marriage, arguing that if the indissoluble knot were once fairly tied, his father would, as a matter of course—he being an only child—become reconciled to what he could no longer hope to prevent or remedy.

The imprudent young man deceived both himself and her who trusted in his pleasing plausibilities. Ten minutes after he had disclosed the marriage to his father, he was turned, almost penniless, out of doors; and the exasperated and inexorable old man refused to listen to any representation in his favour, by whomsoever proffered, and finally, even to permit the mention of his name in his hearing.

'It's of no use,' said Mr Flint, on returning for the last time from a mission undertaken to extort, if possible, some provision against absolute starvation for the newly-wedded couple. 'He is as cold and hard as adamant, and I think, if possible, even more of a tiger than before. He will be here presently to give instructions for his will.'

'His will! Surely he will draw that up himself after his own common-sense, business fashion?'

'He would unquestionably have done so a short time since; but some events that have lately occurred have considerably shaken his estimate of his own infallibility, and he is, moreover, determined, he says, that there shall be no mistake as to effectually disinheriting his son. He has made two or three heavy losses, and his mind is altogether in a very cankered, distempered state.'

Mr Linden called, as he had promised to do, and gave us the written heads of a will which he desired to have at once formally drawn up. By this instrument he devised the Holmford estate, and all other property, real and personal, of which he might die possessed, to certain charitable institutions, in varying proportions, payable as soon after his death as the property could be turned into money. 'The statute of mortmain does not give me much uneasiness,' remarked the vindictive old man with a bitter smile. 'I shall last some time yet. I would have left it all to you, Flint,' he added, 'only that I knew you would defeat my purpose by giving it back to that disobedient, ungrateful, worthless boy.'

'Do leave it to me,' rejoined Mr Flint with grave emphasis, 'and I promise you faithfully this—that the wish respecting it, whatever it may be, which trembles on your lip as you are about to leave this world for another, and when it may be too late to formally revoke the testament you now propose, shall be strictly carried out. That time cannot be a very distant one, John Linden, for you whose hair is white as yours.'

It was ~~now~~ ^{now} blowing to the winds. He was deaf, blind, maimed, and attempt at changing his resolve. The will was drawn in accordance with his peremptorily-issued instructions, and duly signed, sealed, and attested. Not very long afterwards, Mr Linden disposed of his business in Mincing Lane, and retired to Holmford, but with nothing like the money-fortune he

had once calculated upon, the losses alluded to by Mr Flint, and followed by others, having considerably diminished his wealth.

We ultimately obtained a respectable and remunerative situation for Thomas Linden in a mercantile house at Belfast with which we were professionally acquainted, and after securing berths in the *Erin* steamer, he, with his wife and mother-in-law, came, with a kind of hopeful sadness in their looks and voices, to bid us farewell—for a very long time they and we also feared.

For an eternity, it seemed, on reading the account of the loss of the *Erin*, a few days afterwards, with every soul on board! Their names were published with those of the other passengers who had embarked, and we had of course concluded that they had perished, when a letter reached us from Belfast, stating that through some delay on the part of Mrs Arnold, they had happily lost their passage in the *Erin*, and embarked in the next steamer for Belfast, where they arrived in perfect safety. We forwarded this intelligence to Holmford, but it elicited no reply.

We heard nothing of Mr Linden for about two months, except by occasional notices in the 'Hereford Times,' which he regularly forwarded to the office, relative to the improvements on the Holmford estate, either actually begun or contemplated by its new proprietor. He very suddenly reappeared. I was cooling my heels in the waiting-room of the chambers of the Barons of the Exchequer, Chancery Lane, awaiting my turn of admission, when one of our clerks came in half-breathless with haste. 'You are wanted, sir, immediately; Mr Flint is out, and Mr Linden is at the office raving like a madman.' I instantly transferred the business I was in attendance at chambers upon to the clerk, and with the help of a cab soon reached home.

Mr Linden was not *raving* when I arrived. The violence of the paroxysm of rage and terror by which he was possessed had passed away, and he looked, as I entered, the image of pale, rigid, iron, dumb despair. He held a letter and a strip of parchment in his hand: these he presented, and with white, stammering lips, bade me read. The letter was from an attorney of the name of Sawbridge, giving notice of an action of ejectment, to oust him from the possession of the Holmford estate, the property, according to Mr Sawbridge, of one Edwin Majoribanks; and the strip of parchment was the writ by which the letter had been quickly followed. I was astounded; and my scared looks questioned Mr Linden for further information.

'I do not quite understand it,' he said in a hoarse, palpitating voice. 'No possession or title in the vendors: a niece not of age—executors no power to sell—Palliser discovered it, robbed me, absconded, and I, oh God! am a miserable beggar!'

The last words were uttered with a convulsive scream, and after a few frightful struggles he fell down in a fit. I had him conveyed to bed, and as soon as he was somewhat recovered, I hastened off to ascertain from Sawbridge, whom I knew very intimately, the nature of the claim intended to be set up for the plaintiff, Edwin Majoribanks.

I met Sawbridge just as he was leaving his office, and as he was in too great a hurry to turn back, I walked along with him, and he rapidly detailed the chief facts about to be embodied in the plaintiff's declaration. Archibald Dursley, once a London merchant, and who died a bachelor, had bequeathed his estate, real and personal, to his brother Charles, and a niece, his sister's child—two-thirds to the niece, and one-third to the brother. The Holmford property, the will directed, should be sold by public auction when the niece came of age, unless she, by marriage or otherwise, was enabled, within six months after attaining her majority, to pay over to Charles Dursley his third in money, according to a valuation made for the purpose by competent assessors. The brother, Charles Dursley,

had urged upon the executors to anticipate the time directed by the will for the sale of the property; and having persuaded the niece to give a written authorisation for the immediate sale, the executors, chiefly, Sawbridge supposed, prompted by their own necessities, sold the estate accordingly. But the niece not being of age when she signed the authority to sell, her consent was of no legal value; and she having since died intestate, Edwin Majoribanks, her cousin and undoubted heir-at-law—for the property could not have passed from her, even by marriage—now claimed the estate. Charles Dursley, the brother, was dead; and, continued Mr Sawbridge, 'the worst of it is, Linden will never get a farthing of his purchase-money from the vendors, for they are bankrupt, nor from Palliser, who has made permanent arrangements for continuing abroad, out of harm's reach. It is just as I tell you,' he added, as we shook hands at parting; 'but you will of course see the will, and satisfy yourself. Good-by.'

Here was a precious result of amateur common-sense lawership! Linden could only have examined the abstract of title furnished him by Palliser's attorney, and not the right of Dursley's executors to sell; or had not been aware that the niece could not, during her minority, subscribe an effective legal consent.

I found Mr Flint at the office, and quickly imparted the astounding news. He was as much taken aback as myself.

'The obstinate, pig-headed old ass!' he exclaimed; 'it almost serves him right, if only for his Tom-fool nonsense of "Every man his own lawyer." What did you say was the niece's name?'

'Well, I don't remember that Sawbridge told me; he was in such a hurry; but suppose you go at once and look over the will?'

'True: I will do so,' and away he went.

'This is a very singular affair, Sharp,' said Mr Flint on his return from Doctors' Commons, at the same time composedly sealing himself, hooking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, crossing his legs, and tilting his chair back on its hind legs. 'A very singular affair. Whom, in the name of the god of thieves—Mercury, wasn't he called?—do you suppose the bankrupt executors to be? No other,' continued Mr Flint with a sudden burst, 'than Crowther & Jenkins!'

'The devil!—and the niece then is'—

'Catherine Arnold—Tom Linden's wife—supposed to have been drowned in the *Erin*! That's checkmate, I rather fancy—not only to Mr Edwin Majoribanks, but some one else we know of. The old fellow up stairs won't refuse to acknowledge his daughter-in-law now, I fancy!'

This was indeed a happy change in the fortunes of the House of Linden; and we discussed, with much alacrity, the best mode of turning disclosures so momentous and surprising to the best account. As a first step, a letter, with an enclosure, was despatched to Belfast, requiring the return of Thomas Linden and family immediately; and the next was to plead in form to the action. This done, we awaited Catherine Linden's arrival in London, and Mr Linden senior's convalescence—for his mental agitation had resulted in a sharp fit of illness—to effect a satisfactory and just arrangement.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Linden and Mrs Arnold arrived by the earliest steamer that left Belfast after the receipt of our letter; and much astonished were they by the intelligence that awaited them. Catherine Linden was for confirming the validity of the sale of the Holmford estate by her now authoritative consent at once, as a mere act of common justice and good faith; but this, looking at the total loss of fortune she had sustained by the knavery of the executors, and the obstinate, mulish temper of the father-in-law, from whom

she had already received such harsh treatment, could not for a moment be permitted; and it was finally resolved to take advantage of the legal position in which she stood, to enforce a due present provision for herself and husband, and their ultimate succession to the estate.

John Linden gradually recovered; and as soon as it was deemed prudent to do so, we informed him that the niece was not dead, as the plaintiff in the action of ejectment had supposed, and that of course, if she could now be persuaded to ratify the imperative consent she had formerly subscribed, he might retain Holmford. At first he received the intelligence as a gleam of light and hope, but he soon relapsed into doubt and gloom. 'What chance was there,' he hopelessly argued, 'that, holding the legal power, she would not exercise it?' It was not, he said, in human nature to do otherwise; and he commissioned us to make liberal offers for a compromise: half—he would be content to lose half his purchase-money; even a greater sacrifice than that he would agree to—anything indeed that would not be utter ruin—that did not involve utter beggary and destitution in old age.

Three days after this conversation, I announced to him that the lady and her husband were below, and desirous of seeing him.

'What do they say?' he eagerly demanded. 'Will they accept of half—two-thirds? What do they say?'

'I cannot precisely tell you. They wish to see you alone, and you can urge your own views and offers.' He trembled violently, and shrank nervously back as I placed my hand on the door-handle of the private office. He presently recovered in some degree his self-possession, passed in, and I withdrew from the humiliating, but salutary spectacle, of obdurate tyrant power compelled to humble itself before those whom it had previously scorned and trampled upon.

The legal arrangements which Flint and I had suggested were effected, and Linden senior, accompanied by his son, daughter-in-law, and Mrs Arnold, set off in restored amity for Holmford House. Edwin Majoribanks abominated his action, and Palliser, finding that matters were satisfactorily arranged, returned to England. We afterwards knew that he had discovered the defect of title, on applying to a well-known conveyancer, to raise a considerable sum by way of mortgage, and that his first step was to threaten legal proceedings against Crowther & Jenkins for the recovery of his money; but a hint he obtained of the futility of proceedings against them, determined him to offer the estate at a low figure to Linden, relying upon that gentleman's ostentatious contempt of lawyers that the blot in the title, subjected only to his own commonsense spectacles, would not be perceived.

M A H O G A N Y.

THE literature of commerce, as embodied in prices-current, trade-circulars, share-lists, &c. is usually the very reverse of popular. In the little circles of the various trades the documents are read and studied with eagerness, but in the eyes of the general public they are classed with those useful but rather dry publications, the *Ready Reckoner* and *Interest Tables*. The abbreviations, significant marks, and strangely-applied nouns and adjectives with which this literature abounds, are almost as puzzling to the general reader as the inscription on the Rosetta stone, or an advertisement at the head of the third column of the *Times*. But when things serve their purpose, few people wish to change them, and no one can deny that the peculiarities of these business documents save time, facilitate buying and selling, and if they are mysteries to many, no harm can result if many are mystified by them. But when the trader has to address a circle wider than his own, he shows that the British merchant can, when

necessary, write 'a fine Roman hand,' and give an exposition of some subject connected with his business, marked by a directness and vigour of style that if not classical, is at least clear.

There is an example of this in a little work now before us on 'The Mahogany-Tree,' by Messrs Chaloner & Fleming, timber-merchants, Liverpool. The book extends to nearly a hundred and twenty octavo pages, is profusely illustrated with drawings and maps, and though it is little else than an extended trade circular, it yet contains information of considerable importance to the public.

The discovery of gold in California seems to have led to the publication of this book; which may appear to be a 'far-fetched reason,' though in reality it is not. The mahogany chiefly used in this country and Europe generally is brought from the West India islands and Central America. There are two species grown in the East Indies, but seldom exported, and seldom used except in the ornaments and other decorations of the native temples, for which the beauty and durability of the wood eminently fit it. Of the West India islands, Jamaica, Cuba, and Hayti, have hitherto been the most productive; and the best mahogany, known as *Spanish*, and almost always selected for veneering, has been brought from thence. But in these islands, Jamaica especially, the trees are now very scarce. Those nearest the shore have of course fallen first; and though the quality of the wood in the interior, where it grows on drier and more elevated districts, is superior to that of the lower plains, yet the expenses of felling and transit increase so much, that there is little inducement to capitalists to embark in such enterprise. On the other hand, the tree, while it is among the largest and most majestic, takes a long series of years to reach maturity, and a mahogany-tree is not considered of full age and growth until it has lived out the winds and rains and heats of at least two hundred years. We should like to see the man who, in these days of 'quick returns' of capital, would plant a forest of mahogany-trees, by which nobody would be benefited until the second half of the twenty-first century of our era! But on the mainland, in the district where mahogany grows in greatest abundance and perfection, a district extending from the Isthmus of Darien northwards to Mexico, nearly 1200 miles, there are 'the densest forests of mahogany and other gigantic trees, with an underwood of many valuable tropical plants and shrubs, so matted together, that it is difficult for parties on foot to make a track into the interior.' Now if there were no other motive to the clearing of these dense forests than the rich woods that could be carried away, and the rich soils that would then be exposed, it is probable that many generations would pass before the work was done. But the whole of this district lies in the west route from the United States and Europe to California, and a large tract of these forests must be cleared to open up that route effectually. The desire for gold is greater than the desire for mahogany, and both roads and canals must be made across this district. These will ultimately facilitate the permanent settlement of the country; the forester will be the pioneer of the planter, and Europe will be as completely stocked with mahogany from Central, as it has already been with pine from North America. This beautiful wood, being thus made plentiful and cheap, will of course come into general use, and to show its superior claims to be used in ship-building seems to be one great object of this publication from the Liverpool timber-yard.

The idea of a mahogany ship may perhaps be to some as extraordinary as that of an iron ship was some years ago. Certainly it would be an extraordinary sight to witness a stately ship entering some of our harbours, her sides glistening and slippery, not with salt water, but with French polish, and looking as if

she had been lined, not with copper, but with the tops of dining-tables. Such a spectacle will in all probability never be witnessed; but if any one will think of mahogany, not as it is usually seen in cabinet-makers' shops, but in the wood-yard, he will have a better idea of how a mahogany ship will look. The idea of using it in ship-building is not new. Many of the first vessels built by the Spaniards in the West Indies were constructed of mahogany, and so were several of the Spanish men-of-war, captured during some of our naval battles. One of these, the *Gibraltar*, of eighty guns, captured in 1780 by Lord Rodney off Cape St Vincent, was broken up in the royal dock-yard at Pembroke, and though 'she must have been one of the oldest ships afloat, yet all her timbers were as sound as when they were put into her, and the whole British navy, if I [Captain Chappell, secretary to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company] am not mistaken, are now supplied with tables made out of the *Gibraltar's* timbers.' So long ago as 1597, some vessels belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh were repaired with mahogany at Trinidad, in the West Indies. It is said that the best mahogany is almost entirely free from liability to dry-rot; that, being produced in the tropics, it is best fitted for tropical navigation; that it is much more buoyant than British oak—a cubic foot of the latter weighing 55 lbs., and of mahogany only 44 lbs.; and that it is much more free from acid than oak, and consequently, as reported by Dr Ure, 'iron and copper bolts and fastenings will waste much more rapidly in oak at sea than in mahogany, when each is employed in ship-building.' Several interesting experiments have been made by Messrs White, ship-builders at Cowes, Isle of Wight, to ascertain the comparative stiffness and strength of Honduras mahogany, compared with other ship-building woods. The following was the result. If the deflection from the horizontal line of a piece of Honduras mahogany under pressure be represented by 1000, the deflection of

American Yellow Pine	will be	1702
... Elm,	-	1512
Quebec Oak,	-	1457
English Oak,	-	1364
Moulniein Teak,	-	1075
Dantzic Fir,	-	1049

thus showing the mahogany to present the greatest resistance; or, in other words, to be the least flexible.

Why, then, it may reasonably be asked, is this wood not used to a greater extent in ship-building? Among many other reasons, this important one appears, that it must not be used in certain parts of a vessel that is intended to be registered at Lloyd's as a first-class ship for twelve years. If the mahogany be used, then the ship can appear as first-class for ten years only. This of course renders a ship less valuable, and prevents the general use of the wood.

Turning now to the subject generally, we find in Messrs Chaloner & Fleming's work a repetition of the time-honoured anecdote of the mode in which the peculiar qualities of mahogany were first discovered in our country in 1724. 'A few planks,' it is related, 'were sent to Dr Gibbons of London by a brother, who was a West India captain. The doctor was erecting a house in King Street, Covent Garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected them as being too hard. The doctor's cabinet-maker, named Wollaston, was then employed to make a candle-box of them, but as he was sawing up the planks, he also complained of the hardness of the timber; but when the candle-box was finished, it outshone in beauty all the doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favour. Dr Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another; and the despised mahogany now became an article of luxury, and at the same time

raised the fortune of the cabinet-maker by whom it had at first been so little regarded.* The imports of mahogany into this country are very large. In 1829 they were 19,885 tons; in 1839, 25,859 tons; and in 1849, 29,012. Of this last-named quantity, 11,057 tons were imported into Liverpool, being 5121 from Hayti, 1025 from Cuba, and 4911 from Honduras. In the year ending 31st January 1851, the quantity imported into Liverpool was altogether 13,874 tons, or about two and a quarter millions feet of Honduras, a million and a half of Hayti, and nearly half a million of Cuban. These logs, if joined together, would form an unbroken line of eight hundred miles, or about the distance, 'as the crow flies,' between London and Vienna.

In Honduras, nearly a year is occupied before a mahogany-tree can be felled and brought to the sea-coast for shipment. A beginning is made in August; one man, more experienced than the rest, penetrates into the forest, and after making a survey of the country from the tops of the tallest trees, selects the places where the mahogany appears most abundant. Parties of men are conducted thither, platforms are erected round the doomed 'monarchs of the wood,' and the men cut them down with the axe about ten or twelve feet from the ground. After a sufficient number have been felled, it is necessary to cut roads to the nearest river, and often miles have thus to be cleared of brushwood and hillocks, and bridges thrown across ravines, &c. The cost of this is estimated as being two-thirds of the labour and expense of bringing the mahogany to a place of shipment. The roads are usually fit for use about the beginning of April, which, along with part of May, embraces the dry season. The rainy season begins about the end of May, and the object is to convey the logs across to the river just before this season sets in, so as to avoid wet, soft roads, and be in time for the swelling and increased rapidity of the river, caused by the rain. The logs are conveyed on trucks drawn by bullocks. 'A gang of forty men is capable of working six trucks, each of which requires seven pairs of oxen and two drivers, sixteen men to cut food for the cattle, and twelve to load or put the logs on the carriage. The intense heat of the sun prevents the cattle being worked under its influence, consequently they are obliged to labour in the night instead of the day-time.' The logs are tumbled into the river after being marked, and left to float down until stopped by a kind of weir previously placed at the river's mouth. The labourers follow in canoes, and disengage any log that may have been stopped by overhanging trees or other obstructions. In Cuba, the process is not so laborious, as the wood is nearer the sea; and no cutter will fell a tree unless in the wane of the moon, as then the wood 'is freer from sap, sounder, and of a richer colour, than when felled before the full.'

'The beauty of mahogany,' says Messrs Chaloner & Fleming, 'arises from its being cross-grained, or presenting the fibres endways or obliquely on the surface. These positions of the fibres, as well as their different colours, give a clouded and mottled variety to the surface; and when some of the parts are partially transparent, they give rise to a variety of lights and shades as the observer shifts his place, and reflect them in the most varied number, like the surface of a crystal. This overlapping of the fibres and their various colours are the occasion of the singular appearance which the surface of a dining-table will present to two persons when seated opposite to each other. From one side of the table portions will seem to be quite light, but in

the same, seen from an opposite point of view, the contrary effect of deep shade will be produced; and this is the reason why no painter can correctly imitate mahogany.'

What changes for the better, even in household furniture, may we not yet live to see? Some people characterise the present time as an 'age of veneer,' but however true this may be as regards the superficial acquirements of various loud-speaking classes of the community, it is not true, especially as regards the physical comforts of the people. The luxuries of the rich in one age are certain to become the necessities of the poor in another; and the day does not seem distant when the solid mahogany will supersede the veneer, and many articles now confined to the houses of the wealthy will be found imparting new grace, and giving additional comfort, to the poor man's home.

SEMINARY FOR (SHAKSPEARE'S) YOUNG LADIES.

In this age of novelty and novel applications, it is curious to observe the usual failure of authors in their manifold attempts to devise something new, and it is the more interesting on that account to notice an effort of the kind which has any appearance of success. We do not say, however, that Mrs Cowden Clarke's preparatory school for heroines is a *perfectly* new idea, since another author has already given us a view of these ladies in their superannuation and retirement. This occurs in the 'Ilero,' a bad novel, by the author of the 'Heroine,' a more than commonly good one; and introduces us to the company of fat dowager Sophia Westerns and gouty Sir Charles Grandisons. If these personages have their old age, why not their nownage? And the latter is surely the more interesting of the two, and likewise the more instructive, since it shows the process by which young people are brought up to the heroic profession, and finished for the use of the dramatist and romancer. Now this is precisely Mrs Clarke's notion, although she confines her pupils for the present to the female offspring of Mr William Shakespeare.*

To disarm the objections to this little work on the score of presumption, the author plants a pretty feminine acknowledgment on the title-page—

'As petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea;'

but for our part we find no fault with an aim for being lofty. Our author has tried to show, in her own way, what education of circumstances would be likely to bring out those materials of character which the great wizard of all times wrought into so wonderful a fabric; and we think she has done this so far with skill and feeling. 'The ladies, be it understood, are with her in their youth, before they have embarked in the profession, before even they know that they are intended for heroines, and certainly before they are touched by that wand which makes them, spring, like so many Columbines, from the common state of young ladyhood into an enchanted life. This keeps them within the circle of our sympathies. They are the young ladies of Mrs Clarke's seminary—nothing more; and as we see them walking out in procession, we think to ourselves—alas, poor dears, if they only knew what is to come!'

It will be seen that in these sketches a regular story is not demanded of Mrs Clarke, but rather an introduction to a story. The child is born, educated in feeling and fancy, and then turned over to the *Magna Parens*. The anecdotes of her early years, however, are suffi-

* In the handsome old town of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, there is a gentleman's house of good proportions, which was built about eighty years ago, and the whole wood-work of which, the floors, we believe, alone excepted, is of mahogany. The effect is inexpressibly rich and substantial.—ED.

* The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines; in a series of Fifteen Tales. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Parts I., II., III., and IV. London: Smith & Son. 1851.

ciently interesting to keep up the reader's attention; and sometimes Mrs Clarke thinks it necessary to go back a generation, and begin with the adventures of her mortal mothers and fathers, showing how it came to pass that she was born at all. The plan of the work is such as to render it impossible, by means of brief extracts, to give any idea of the author's theory of the character; although it is very easy to show by separate sketches the literary power with which the task is executed. Take this as an example, which occurs in 'Helena': it is the portrait of the Bonne:—

'A gray-headed man, whose garb at once proclaimed him to be the venerable curé of the village, sat on a wooden chair with his back towards Gerard; whilst opposite him was seated a white-capped, gold-earringed, smooth-aproned, wrinkle-cheeked, but quick-eyed old dame, who seemed to be his Bonne. She was knitting diligently, but her keen eyes were not required for her work; her practised hands plied the needles with twinkling rapidity, and allowed her sharp glances to be wholly absorbed by another object.

"Over the back of the curé's chair leaned the figure of a young peasant girl. She had drooped over the shoulder of the old man, so that her face rested nearly on his bosom, whence it looked up at the Bonne, and was indeed the object upon which her keen eyes rested.

"By the young girl's position, her face was entirely hidden from Gerard's sight, but as soon as that bending figure met his eye, Gerard felt no hesitation in at once ascribing the voice he heard to herself. There was something harmonious in the flexible grace of the outline, that seemed to claim affinity with the gentle tones; something of beauty, purity, and attractive charm, that rendered both naturally akin.

"But your father should not have allowed you to come alone!" retorted the Bonne with a tone as sharp as her eyes, to something the sweet voice had just said.

"I did not come alone," it replied. "My father sent Petit Pierre with me."

"Bah! Petit Pierre indeed!" was the tart exclamation of the Bonne, with a cutting flash of her eyes, and a smart snap of her knitting-needles:—"Petit Pierre forsooth! A pretty person to take care of you!—a cow-boy!—an urchin of ten years old!—a scapergrace that can't take care of himself, much less of anybody else! What could your father be thinking of?"

"My father was thinking of indulging me as usual," replied the soft voice. "You know everybody says he spoils his Gabrielle; and as he found she was intent upon going, and as nobody could be spared from the farm so well as Petit Pierre, my father sent him with me."

"I can't think why you were so intent upon coming for my part," said the old lady, darting another piercing glance, and sticking one of her needles with a sudden stab into her apron-string. "I don't mind your coming over quietly, as you do at other times, to read, and write, and study, and to talk, and confess, to Monsieur le Curé. That's all very right and proper, and what he approves, I approve of course; but why you should take it into your foolish little head to come to the fête, is what I can't fathom, and can't approve; it's not at all the thing for you, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, to come here, with only a cow-urchin to take care of you, among a parcel of strangers, and a crowd of nobody-knows-who from the other villages."

Here the old lady snatched out the knitting-needle again, and dashed it into her work with a poignant thrust, and began another row, without so much as suffering her eyes for an instant to withdraw from the succession of pointed interrogatories they were aiming with such relentless acuteness into the face that looked up into hers.

The young lady here is the mother of that Helena so

loving, so forgiving, and so persevering, who conquered fate itself, and who, unmindful of sorrows and insults, was satisfied at last that 'all's well that ends well.' Her love and endurance begin in the seminary where she and Bertram are still girl and boy; and we are early prepared for those exquisite musings of her after-life, which are in all hearts and on all tongues:—

My imagination
• Carries no favour in it but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
• That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me;
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques.' —

In the 'girlhood of Portia,' that high-hearted heiress and brilliant doctress of laws—she who jew'd the Jew of Venice by her wit, and was won by the instinct of love in a raffle—we can find no suitable extract; but perhaps the reader will accept us a substitute her portrait, taken after she had left Mrs Clarke's seminary for young ladies, and was metamorphosed into a heroine:—

What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the bails of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should suffer such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow,
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.'

The name of a third embryo heroine is Gruoch, and she is the daughter of a thane of Scotland. The nature of the elements that are struggling into their places in her character may be observed from an anecdote told with considerable power, which we have no room to give entire. A page had discovered a nest of martlets on a slight jutting point of the castle wall, not far from the top, and Gruoch and he, leaning over the parapet, amused themselves in watching the callow nestlings, with gaping mouths, fed by the parent birds. The young lady's ball, with which she had been playing, fell from her hand, and lodged in a crevice just below the nest.

"If I had but a ledge ever so small to set my foot upon, I could get it; I know I could!" exclaimed Culen. "It's quite close; I could be over in a moment!"

"Would you venture?" said his young mistress, looking at him approvingly.

"That I would! I could get it in an instant, if I had but a spot to step my foot upon: ever such a point would do; the martlet's nest were not there now, that would be quite room enough!"

"But we can soon dislodge the nest, if that's all!" exclaimed Gruoch. "Here's one of Grym's long shafts—that'll do exactly to poke it off with."

"Oh no," said the page hastily.
 "Are you afraid?" said she, looking at him abruptly.
 "No, not that; but I don't like—I can't push the nest off," said Culen.

"Then I will! Give me the arrow!" she exclaimed.

Gruoch leaned over the edge, fixed the point of the arrow into the caked mud and earth which fastened the nest to the jutting point, loosened it, raised it, and in another moment the martlet's home, with its unfledged tenants, spun whirling through the air, and was scattered to pieces, striking against the buttresses and rough-hewn walls.

The page, excited to the adventure by his young mistress, now grasped her little hand, and climbed over the wall.

But when he set his foot upon the jutting point which had lately held the nest, and then planted the other foot on the same spot, and after that carefully stooped down, and stretched his arm out, so as to stick the arrow into the ball, that he might raise it, and convey it to the top of the wall—he had no sooner effected this, than he suddenly felt his head reel, and his eyes swim at the unaccustomed height over which he hung suspended, merely sustained by that frail support.

He closed his eyes for an instant, and struggled to nerve himself boldly against the thought of the small point on which he stood, and to shut out the view of the depth beneath him.

Gruoch felt the spasmodic twitch that these sensations communicated to the hand she grasped.

"Keep firm, Culen! Hold fast my hand! I have yours tight!" And the small hand never trembled or wavered, but clutched close, like a vice.

Her voice did him good; her tone of resolution inspired him; her steady grasp encouraged him; and he was enabled to recall his dizzied senses.

He looked up; and as he beheld that exquisite face leaning over towards him, anxiety and interest in each lineament, and wish for his success beaming in every feature, he flung up the ball from the point of the arrow, and strove to regain the top of the wall.

But on raising his arm to the edge, he found he should not be able to obtain sufficient purchase, even when he should gain the assistance of the other hand which was now held by Gruoch, to enable him to draw himself up that height. The point upon which he stood afforded too little space, the weight of his body was too great, to allow of his climbing up again unassisted.

The page cast one look of mute dismay towards his young mistress.

She shrieked for assistance, and he was saved; and then Gruoch turned pale, and had nearly fallen to the ground.

"And she feels thus for me!" whispered Culen's heart, as he stood rooted to the spot, his cheek flushed, and his chest heaving at the thought.

They were wrong. Neither the page nor the man-at-arms guessed that her swoon was the effect of mere physical sympathy; a sickening sense of danger past; a reaction of the nerves—braced for the moment by strength of will, with an object in view—but suddenly relaxed from their tension by the native weakness of a frame less powerful than her spirit.

It was this same Gruoch who thus mused later in life—

"Come, come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, ensex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood!
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctionous visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall me in the dunkest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wou'd it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry 'Hold, hold!'

It was the same Gruoch who said still later, when walking in her frenzied sleep, 'Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!' and the sigh that accompanied the words, transmitted to our own day—we are old enough to remember it—made the hearts of a whole people quake.

The latest published of these sketches is 'Desdemona'; but towards the close of this one the mistress of the seminary goes a little beyond her vocation, and, loth to part with the young lady she has so skilfully finished, pursues her into her heroine life. Mrs Clarke should have felt that any account of Othello's recitation of his story in the hearing of the gentle Desdemona would be lame and impotent after his own. But it must be confessed, that if this offence against good taste is deep in dye, it is small in bulk; and we think, upon the whole, that no inconsiderable portion of the public will watch the progress of Mrs Clarke's preparatory seminary for heroines.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

COVENT GARDEN.

In order to understand the revolution which has been brought about by the orchestra in the lyric drama, we must call the reader's attention to the distinctive styles of a few of the most eminent composers, who are not only classical, but whose works are constantly reproduced, and still enjoyed; for although Handel as an operatic composer, Porpora, Scarlatti, Zomelli, Paesiello, and several others, renowned both for their dramatic and sacred styles, are justly accounted classics, they are rather names embalmed in musical histories, than composers of music whose works continue to be enjoyed by generation after generation.

Music is real, as it adheres to dramatic passion; ideal as it falls into melting melodies, or soars to grand harmonic combinations; but in Mozart we find the perfection of the art displayed in the exquisite balance of both those qualities. No composer ever followed more closely the action of his drama, and no composer ever relieved the intentional irregularity of his rhythm with more enchanting melodies; while the ingenious elaborateness of its construction is a barrier to a large proportion of his music being ever hackneyed in chamber practice. With Mozart, as with Raphael, we find ourselves in that wide and lofty region of art where every taste can appropriate something to itself—that of the million, the obvious and striking beauties—and that of the initiated, those mysterious graces and that tranquillity of effect which we find only in the aristocracy of genius.

Rossini is the prince of melodists, and his popularity has been prodigious. At first sight, the profusion of ornament seems to interfere with the dramatic passion of his works; but on a closer examination, this profusion is mostly to be found in the cavatinas of the principal singers, which comprise a very small part of the whole of an opera; and this very florid vocalisation has preserved even the most popular airs of Rossini from being hackneyed. Take, for instance, any of his commonest songs, such as the serenade 'Ecco ridente' in the Barber of Seville, which not one amateur in a thousand can even attempt. Unquestionably Rossini has carried

the ornate ~~excess~~; but it belongs to his nature, which is that of a fertility, facility, and spontaneity of invention altogether unrivalled in musical history, and which in the world of sweet sounds is a miracle which equals, if it does not exceed, what was achieved in romance by the pen of Scott, or in painting by the pencil of Rubens. His comic style is quite in the 'Erotes vein'; and in buoyant hilarity he surpasses all musicians that ever lived, not even excepting Mozart himself, who rarely let himself loose in high glee. Donzelli, the greatest tenor of his day, who had played Count Almaviva in the Barber of Seville many hundred times, once assured us that this opera was, after a life-glut of music, the most enjoyable of operas to him; and yet it was written literally *currente calamo*. But as a successful author is said to be in the latter part of his career his own most serious rival, there was for a time (especially after the works of Beethoven and Weber became well known) a reaction against him; and even Coleridge, in a spirit of spurious German purism, said to a friend, 'The music of Rossini, compared with that of Beethoven, seems to me like nonsense verses.' But this one-sided folly lasted a very short time. Beethoven is more worshipped than ever; and yet Rossini stands on a pedestal of his own that nothing can shake.

His immediate Italian successor was Bellini, who also was a melodist, and a stranger to the complication of German instrumentation; but in tenderness he is without a rival. His pathos is frequently so exquisite as even to go to excess; and while a certain vein of dignity lurks under the tenderness of Rossini, that of Bellini is often suggestive of hopeless prostration, such as in the celebrated 'Qui m' Accolse' in Beatrice di Tenda. Bellini was not prolific, but what he did was carefully digested. In fact he was somewhat the converse of Rossini; for while the profuse ornament of the latter was spontaneous, the simplicity of Bellini was elaborate. His temperament was melancholy, his manners soft and retiring; his person slender; a sepulchral gloom hung over his compositions; and to make all complete, he died in youth. Rossini, on the other hand, according to the last accounts from Italy, is in the fulness of fame and of personal form, robust, hearty, vigorous, and one of the *bon vivants* of Bologna la Grassa; for while from time immemorial Venice has been surnamed the fair, Bologna has rejoiced in the epithet of the lusty.

Next in prominence to Rossini and Bellini on the modern Italian stage is Donizetti — a most prolific composer, whose works are characterised by great versatility. In his genius there was no lagging and flagging; like the Arab courser, he stood more in need of the bridle than of the spur. His *Elisir* shows that he approaches the nearest of modern writers to the excellence of Rossini. In *Lucrezia Borgia* he is equally successful in the treatment of the darker and more violent passions; while in *Anna Bolena*, and in several other operas, there is a depth of tenderness that frequently reminds one of Bellini. But the great error of this most plastic and versatile genius was diffusion. Had he, instead of writing several scores of operas, concentrated his energies on a dozen, his fame would unquestionably have sailed down the stream of time with a heavier freight. As it is, the operas we have named, and half a dozen others, have become stock pieces in every Italian theatre. But his mortal career has been closed in a manner even more painful to contemplate than that of Bellini, for he descended to the grave from the lunatic asylum.

Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, are the chief Italian composers that for a series of years have held possession of the Queen's Theatre, and who may be called the most eminent masters of the school of melodists, as

contrasted with that of the German instrumentalists, who have now taken a firm hold of the Italian operatic stage, and who, without detracting from the peculiar merit of the melodists, give a grandeur and variety to the Italian lyric drama in London such as was never before known. This distinction must be taken in its broad acceptation; for the Italian melodists are not deficient in good scoring; on the other hand, no one who has heard the masterpieces of the German instrumental school — such as *Robert the Devil* and *Freischtutz* — can be insensible to their delicious flow of melody.

This Gothic invasion of the Italian stage of London has had several immediate causes, the most prominent of which are the disruption of the old company of the Queen's Theatre, the establishment of Covent Garden, and last, not least, the mighty influence of the genius of Meyerbeer on his day and generation. We have already adverted to the successive bankruptcies of former Opera directors, and so long as the Opera was a precarious speculation, there was no thought of a second theatre; but no sooner did the principal singers find that Mr Lumley was likely to accumulate a large fortune, without making any corresponding advance in their salaries, than the project of Covent Garden as an Italian Opera was started. The partisans of the new theatre included Grisi, Mario, Tanburini, and other singers of the very highest class; and, above all, Signor Costa as the musical director, a gentleman of unrivalled experience in this capacity, and possessed of an amount of talent and energy which has been shown not only in the difficult task of overcoming preliminary difficulties, but of producing the greatest works of the greatest masters, in a manner to elicit the hearty approbation of the fiercest critics.

But in so huge a speculation as a rival to the Queen's Theatre, the most consummate science and the most melodious voices could have done nothing without an adequate capital to set the machine afloat. This at first sight would seem a difficult matter, for the chain of bankruptcies of the older establishment formed a barrier sufficient to deter any experienced member of the money market from such speculation; but a young gentleman, possessed of more musical enthusiasm than worldly prudence, stood forth on the occasion. This was Mr Delafield, a scion of the brewing-house of Combe, Delafield, & Company, who had recently come into a fortune of between £90,000 and £100,000. His share in the brewery was sold, and the product devoted to the reconstruction of Covent Garden, from the floor to the roof, nothing but the shell having been suffered to remain of the old edifice. The result, as is well known, was a bankruptcy after a couple of seasons, the details of which have been so recently given in the newspapers of the day, that it is unnecessary to reproduce them; and the theatre is now going on at the risk and charge of several of the principal performers, including Signor Costa. The rivalry with the Queen's Theatre is maintained by parties who are not weighed down by the heavy liabilities that pressed upon Mr Delafield, whose patrimonial thousands may be called the sunken piles on which the new fabric of Covent Garden stands.

But with all this sacrifice of original capital, it is much to be doubted if Covent Garden could have been kept open unless the entertainments had presented that novelty and variety of character by which they are distinguished. There is no ballet, and consequently all attention is concentrated on the operatic department. Signor Costa, the musical director, is about fifty years of age, and was educated at the Conservatory at Naples, and unites in his person the popular sentiment of Italian music with the profound science of Germany; and it is his production of the great works of the German school of instrumentation that has enabled Covent Garden to stand its ground. For a quarter of a century and more, Meyerbeer has had a

great and increasing reputation; but the impetus to his popularity in England has come from Signor Costa's direction of Covent Garden, for the muse of Meyerbeer is like that of Milton, a majestic beauty, somewhat distant and unfamiliar.

In order to characterise this remarkable composer, his music may be presented as the most striking contrast to that of the Italian melodists we have named. In natural genius he falls far short of Rossini, and yet his numbers will live as long as those of a Mozart or a Beethoven, being written not for an age, but for all time; and no composer can be pointed out who has so husbanded his powers by skilful elaboration and inexhaustible pains and patience. Meyerbeer is a German Jew, but his works are unlike those of the other German Jews, who in literature are more remarkable for showy than solid qualities. The genius of Meyerbeer is essentially Teutonic. He cares nothing for a quick brilliant success: he looks upon the composition of a butterfly opera which lives a short season as a mere waste of time. In like manner, when somebody asked a friend of Beethoven why he had composed only one opera, the answer given was, 'a lioness drops only one cub.' Meyerbeer's work, 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' is an illustration that there is no greatness attainable by imitation. He then imitated Rossini, and 'Il Crociato' is the least effective of his compositions. Not less than six laborious years were spent in the composition of 'Robert le Diable,' and of all modern operas, it is that which best unites the graceful forms of Italian melody with the massive colouring of German instrumentation. The 'Huguenots,' which followed, is as remarkable as a work of art, but lacks inspiration, except in some pieces. It is a difficult matter to unite grace with strength; the one is generally at the expense of the other; and the 'Huguenots' is massive and cyclopean rather than remarkable for ideal beauty of form, and has since been surpassed by 'The Prophet,' Meyerbeer's last production; which, after fifteen years of silent labour, he has given to the public as a work which will send his name down to distant ages and distant nations. Its detached melodies will not stand a comparison with those of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, and therefore 'The Prophet' can never be popular chamber-music. Italian melodies are like the pictures of a gallery, complete in themselves, and may be enjoyed even if removed; while the various parts of 'The Prophet' are like the columns of a hall, admirable as parts of the structure, but incapable of separation without ruin. A work such as 'The Prophet' must be regarded as a whole, and is a mixture of the grand oratorial style of Handel and the fervid passion of Gluck, with that rich massive orchestral power in which Meyerbeer shows himself as a worthy occupant of the throne of Beethoven.

In order to understand this great artist and his new school, we shall attempt to set 'The Prophet' in a few lines before the mind's eye and ear of the reader; and first let us remark, that the vaulting ambition of Meyerbeer eschews all subjects of a quiet or partial character: he must have a broad canvas, with numerous figures, bold light and shade, movement, variety, and complication, as a vehicle for a description of lyric drama, not illustrative of an incident, but of some great historical epoch, abounding in incidents. In 'Robert le Diable,' the middle ages immediately preceding the period of the Crusades, surrounded with the splendours of chivalry and the terrors of superstition, seem to awake after a slumber of eight centuries. 'The Huguenots' is taken from that part of French history of which the bare chronicle is thrilling romance; and in 'The Prophet' we have that most extraordinary of the episodes of the Reformation, in which the Anabaptists of Munster recognised John of Leyden as prophet, priest, and king.

This opera commences with a view in Holland, at the gate of a castle, and presents us with a glance at the humble early fortunes of John, who was a Dutchman, and of that exercise of feudal and priestly power which lent each other a hand in precipitating the social and religious revolution of the period. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, we see John of Leyden, a poor tailor and innkeeper, interrupted in the preparations for his marriage with Bertha, by the lord of the manor interposing his authority. The exercise of this feudal privilege not only shocks John and his mother, and appals his bride, but excites the indignation of a people ripe for revolution; and three Anabaptist elders, clad in deep black, with stern countenances, appear to fortify their resolutions, as the representatives of the superiority of spiritual over temporal power. This is the business of the first act, the music of which is managed with consummate skill, commencing with the melancholy pipe of a peasant sitting on the bridge, as if deplored the excesses of priestly and feudal domination, and then rising progressively to a musical climax in the so-called 'final chorus,' which is the first full outburst of popular frenzy.

In the next act, the bride flees, and is hidden by John of Leyden; but his mother being brought before him by the myrmidons of the feudal lord, and threatened with death if she be not given up, the bride comes forth and generously surrenders herself. John becomes frantic, and his thirst of vengeance prepares him for any hallucination. On recounting a strange dream, he is persuaded by the elders to assume the character of prophet and deliverer of the people from feudal and priestly tyranny. In the following act, the revolutionary drama advances. Winter has incrusted the wide plains of Westphalia with nipping frost. The people are conquerors. Priests, barons, and ladies, terror-struck, beg their lives of the frenzied mob; and we see that the reformation was so far no mere matter of theological subtleties. Hundreds of skaters pass and repass on the river below, while darkness covers the earth, and a grand choral-hymn resounds through the camp, while a sun, produced by electrical light, is seen to rise in the east.

We are then carried into the city of Munster, which has become the possession of the Anabaptists (A.D. 1534), and where John of Leyden was crowned with great pomp, during which scene is presented one of the most striking and dramatic situations that can be conceived. The mother of John enters the cathedral, and recognises in the impostor her own son; but he, struck with guilt, feels that to own his humble mother will be ruin. She wishes to appeal to his filial affection; but the elders menace her with death, and John himself, his criminal ambition gaining the mastery, asks her, with an agitated and a guilty countenance, who she is. And after a scene of the highest interest, we see her maternal affection so strong, as to deny her own identity, in order not to expose her son; on which the credulous mob proclaim him to have performed a miracle, in restoring reason to the insane old woman who believed herself to be his mother. The effect of this scene is electrical. The grand coronation-march with which it is heralded—the pealing organ—the loud anthem; and, with this conjunction of dramatic effect and inspiring music, the acting and singing of Madam Viardot, who soars to the highest flight of tragic declamation—realise that union of the fervour of Gluck with the majesty of Handel, and harmonic richness unknown to either, which has made the Prophet a landmark in musical history. As for the fifth act, although containing some fine things, and essential to the conclusion of the career of John of Leyden, whose grandeur was succeeded by defeat and death, it falls off; and both author and composer would have done well to finish with the cathedral scene.

Covent Garden, in prices and in the class of *habitués*, differs little from the Queen's Theatre. With its dark crimson hangings and its semicircular form, it has a richer and more spacious appearance than the Queen's, with its yellow damask and horse-shoe form, but is less light and elegant in general effect. Having, as already stated, no ballet, it appeals less to the eye; but no expense is spared in costume and scenery, as accessory to the gratification of the ear; and few things are finer than the production of even operas of light music, such as the 'Masaniello' of Auber—with the azure atmosphere and the unruffled sea that washes the Bay of Naples, its picture-like dancing groups and soft Circcean melodies wooing the most obdurate ears from the first chorus to the last finale, when the eruption from the crater shows the mountain ribbed with seething lava.

As for the company, its excellence is fully on a par with the high class of music selected, and with the efficiency of the orchestra. The soprano prima donna is Madame Grisi, who has been for nearly twenty years at the head of her profession, and whose dramatic experience has been gathering new strength ever since her first appearance in the Queen's Theatre, in 'La Gazza Ladra,' in the year 1833, she having appeared the previous season in Paris, where her cismontane reputation was made. Her voice is in freshness not greatly abated; and although in delicacy of quality it does not equal that of Jenny Lind, Grisi is altogether the first dramatic soprano now on the stage. The first contralto is Madame Viardot Garcia, the sister of the late Malibran; and of her voice we may say that in fulness of volume and compact beauty it is not equal to that of Alboni, yet in dramatic power she not only surpasses that singer, but may fairly challenge comparison with any tragic actress of our own generation. Old opera frequenters have been heard to say that since the days of Siddons, half a century ago, the stage has presented nothing superior to the acting of Viardot in 'The Prophet.'

The principal male singers are Mario, Tamburini, and others, a notice of all of whom would swell this article to an unconscionable length. The former may be called the finest tenor of the day; for although he cannot combine the same amount of power and sweetness in a few of the highest chest notes, as Signor Tamburlik, the other first tenor of Covent Garden, yet in fulness, steadiness, equability of voice, grace of ornament, and dramatic experience, he takes the precedence of that singer. We may add that Mario is a stage name, as this gentleman is an Italian count of ancient family.

The first barytone is Signor Tamburini, who was born at Faenza in 1800, and is now consequently fifty-one years of age. He is the son of a horn-player of the cathedral of that town, who brought his son up to his own instrument, though from weakness of chest the lad gave it up, and took to sing the contralto parts in the cathedral. At the change of his voice, he settled into a low barytone, and first appeared at Ceuto, the birthplace of Guido, in 1818, which led to an engagement in Naples, in Milan, Vienna, and Paris. His voice is capable of taking bass parts; but his power lies in the florid barytone, as in 'Corradino' and 'Pirata.' If in a notice of the principal singers of Covent Garden we omit Madame Castellane, Zeiger, Tagliacchio, and several others, it is from want of space, and not from lack of appreciation of their merits.

It may be easily imagined how formidable such a rivalry must be to the Queen's Theatre. Mr Lumley has been induced to bring out Shakspeare's *Tempest*, with all the aids and appliances of Halevy's music, and the full strength of his company; but in spite of all this expenditure and labour on a noble subject, there is no appearance of Covent Garden closing its doors. It is much to be regretted that some arrangements cannot be made for concentrating the strength of both

companies in one effective and lucrative establishment, leaving the other open for English opera; that is to say, for not only classical foreign operas translated into English, but as an arena for the employment of English singers, and of the rapidly rising school of English musical composers. An essential feature of the plan should be a scale of prices for the English opera, such as would render good music more accessible to the middle classes. For the direction of such a theatre Mr Balfe has been unanimously designated by the native musical public as beyond all comparison the most fitting individual; and we close this article with a very short account of the musical career of the only English composer who has ever been universally popular on the continent of Europe.

Mr Balfe was born in Dublin in the year 1808, and when a youth of only sixteen, was so admirable a violin player, as to attract the attention of Mr Charles Horne; and being brought forward by him, played concertos at several oratorios in England, in the palmy days of Braham and Mrs Salmon. During this tour an incident occurred which had a great influence on his fortunes. Count Mazzara, a wealthy Roman travelling in England, having heard a ballad composed by Balfe, entitled 'The Lover's Mistake,' at once advised him to go to Italy and study composition; while at the same time he offered him a home in his own palace. Thus favoured by fortune, Balfe, at the age of seventeen, set out for Italy, and, by a singular coincidence, the Countess Mazzara finding in him a great resemblance to a son she had lost, the young artist was adopted by her.

For two years Balfe laboured at composition under Federici, then one of the best contra-puntists of his day; and in 1827, when only nineteen years of age, he tried his youthful skill in the composition of the music of a ballet for the theatre of La Scala, in Milan, on the subject of *La Perouse*. This being successful, he was introduced to Rossini, then musical director of the Italian opera at Paris, and commenced his theatrical career as bass singer at a salary of £600, playing Figaro to Santiago Rosina, in the Barber of Seville, for nine successive nights. Balfe revisited Italy in 1830, and had composed his first opera, entitled 'Atala,' founded on Chateaubriand's romance of that name; but unfortunately having lost a portion of his luggage in travelling, his Italian opera never saw the light. But a circumstance soon occurred which again put his powers into requisition. Being engaged for a year, in 1830, as first bass-singer at Palermo, the revolutionary spirit of that year passed from the arena of politics to that of the arts. The chorus revolted, from some motive that does not appear, and the director having said to Balfe, 'Oh for an opera like "Il Matrimonio Secreto," that would enable me to do without a chorus!' Balfe wrote his second, and produced his first opera, 'I Rivali.' The attempt was successful, and made him well known as a composer to the Italian public; and having, in 1832, sung with Malibran at the Fenice of Venice, that accomplished singer and actress made his talents known to Mr Bunn, and in 1835 his first English opera, the 'Siege of Rochelle,' was produced in Drury Lane. This established his reputation, and was succeeded by many others, which it is not necessary to particularise; but the most successful of which was the 'Bohemian Girl,' produced in 1843, with such signal success, that he was called to Vienna, where the opera stood the test of the critical audience of a metropolis, which had seen the triumphs of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. Mr Balfe has also written several operas for the French stage; and the last accounts of him state that, having composed a new opera, it is to be presented to the throng of strangers expected to crowd London during the forthcoming Exhibition. Let us hope that it will be successful, and that this specimen of our lyric drama will take a place which, until the

advent of Mr Balfe, has been unanimously refused to Great Britain in this department of the 'arts and industry of all nations.'

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

HINDOO COLLEGE—PARSEE FAMILY—DRESS—EMBARKATION OF ELEPHANTS—FANCY BALL.

December 5.—We had long promised ourselves a visit to the Hindoo College, but never made this intention out till to-day. It was a very interesting sight. The boys looked well and lively, the teachers good-natured, but pale and worn, at least those among them who are European. Several classes are taught by their own pundits, who seemed especially pleased to see us, or probably any strangers. The friend who accompanied Edward, Arthur, and me, examined the highest English class for our benefit, to the great joy of the teacher, who complains that the gentlemen of the presidency never come to see how the boys get on. They were just now preparing for a public exhibition, and were all quite aware of the value of a few private rehearsals. The pupils we were to hear questioned first were all fourteen years old or upwards, they spoke English fluently, seemed intelligent, looked bright, and apparently liked being thus noticed, perhaps in the hope of the half-holiday usually asked for by any lady visitor. In history they were reading our own, and had arrived at the reign of Elizabeth. They were perfectly correct in all facts, names, and dates; and they drew such just conclusions from these premises, as evidenced great care in their instructor, not only in teaching them what was past, but its application to the present, thus bringing forward the reflecting powers of his pupils as they proceeded; for no two gave the same answer, nor were any two of exactly the same opinion either as to the propriety of events, or the characters of the actors in them. They were perfectly acquainted with the great men in all departments who had figured in that or any preceding reign. If one of them were at a loss, another could always set him right; and their replies were all made without the book—extempore, as were the questions put to them. We could detect neither shyness, nor forwardness, nor envy among them—it was altogether a very interesting scene. We had then a little bit of amusement. Arthur gravely demanded their opinions upon some of the political matters of the day. They gave them readily, as from minds quite made up—ultra-liberal in the extreme, their ideas all taken from the newspapers of that side in which they are deeply read—Lord Brougham their hero. They next gave us some readings from Shakespeare's scenes, taking each his character, and they really astonished us. They dote upon Shakespeare, understand him, feel his sentiments and his poetry, and give nearly perfect expression to his meaning. Their voices are naturally soft, low-toned, and melodious; and having been well taught from the beginning to attend to the sense more than to the rhythm of the verse, their recitation was curiously beautiful. The head boy, a lad of seventeen, was particularly at home in his appreciation of this 'oracle of nature.' He quite amazed us by his explanation of obsolete words and inverted passages, and by the occasionally fine expression of his voice and eye.

We next put some questions to the junior classes; geography, grammar, history, arithmetic, all were satisfactorily answered. The drawing-class was very good—maps, landscapes, and figures very promising. A class of some little boys, of from four to ten years of age, was almost the most amusing of any in the schools. They were only in the rudiments, which were taught to them very agreeably. They were lively little creatures, some of them very pretty. It is easy to distinguish the high-caste boys from those of lower orders: Independent of their better dress, their look and bearing is

quite superior. It is certainly a great step to have so far conquered the deeply-rooted prejudices of the natives in this respect, as to have brought so many children of different castes together at this Hindoo college, where the young Brahman stands up in the same form and sits on the same bench with his lower-caste brethren, or maybe with those of no caste at all; but it is curious to know how entirely they keep aloof from contamination when out of school—immediately then resuming their own peculiarly exclusive habits. I observed one natural curiosity in this collection of young Hindoos: a boy with hair quite red; his complexion was in nowise different from other natives, but he had an odd countenance, and looked more stupid than the rest of the children.

6th.—We went this morning to visit the Parsee ladies; but before entering on the particulars of our interview, I must tell you that we had each of us secret reasons for waiting upon these new acquaintance. I am preparing some figures for your cabinet of costumes, which I wish to make as true to nature as possible: I therefore intended making a most minutely-accurate examination of toilette matters; while Caroline's purpose was to borrow some jewels, as she is going very splendid to a fancy ball, which is to be given in a few days by a very spirited party of bachelors. We met with no difficulties on preferring our requests. I rather think, indeed, they were flattered by feeling able to oblige us; for they took every kind of trouble to assist us, all appearing and crowding about us—women, and children, and attendants—seemingly most anxious to be of use, and quite amused and interested with our schemes—the old mother above all. She sent her daughters here and there on all sorts of messages, and chattered and laughed unceasingly. They had a pretty long journey to go occasionally; for they are at this time not living in their garden-house, but in their immense factory of a residence in the denser part of the native town, which serves for warehouse, counting-house, stor-house, and ordinary domicile for all ramifications of these extensive families. These town-houses are for the most part of great size, generally built round the four sides of a large court, without one good room in all the vast number of private apartments. In this Parsee abode there are as many as three hundred small dark cells, into half of which I am sure but little light or air can enter, and where furniture would seem to be as little necessary; for with the exception of some few bedsteads, there was none as far as we could see. The verandas are spacious, and the house-top better still after the sun is down. By the by, Edward has taken to play chess up there of an evening—native fashion—with his new friend the race-horse man; and there they sit, as grave as two Turks, till the darkness of night over-shadows them.

But I must go back to the dress of the Parsee ladies. It is surprising how little clothing they wear, for they were not in full dress on this occasion; their garments were of homely texture, and there were no shoes and stockings. A short inner vest of muslin just reaches the waist; in fact, it is a mere body with short sleeves: the drawers are very full. They reach down to the ankles, but only up to the hips, round which they are drawn, thus leaving a good wide space of naked skin between them and the little body. A small tight silk jacket goes on over these, and the long web of silk or cotton, called the saree, completes the dress. There is some dexterity required to arrange the saree, for no pins are used. One end is tucked into the belt of the drawers behind, then some yards are plaited up in the hand—passed between the legs—brought up in front, and fastened to the string of the drawers before—tucked into the belt, falling down in pretty drapery in front, but scanty and ugly, and indeed scarcely decent, behind, although the other end, thrown over the head and shoulders, falls low about the figure. When I had thoroughly

examined them, the Parsee ladies, as of right, as minutely scrutinised me; and the fits of laughter elicited by my complex attire—the exclamations of wonder—the numerous inquiries as to the use or necessity of certain articles of my clothing, and surprise at the forms so curiously contrived for them, cannot be set down as altogether complimentary to the fashionable toilette of an Englishwoman.

The jewels were lent with pleasure, and were to be carried to us next day by the eldest son. They were of such value, I should not have liked to borrow them; but Cary had no fears.

8th.—This was a day of real bustle, for the Coolie bazaar is a long way down the river, and we were to be there by ten o'clock, to see the embarkation of the elephants. The large male elephant declined to put his foot upon the jetty or pier, along which it was intended he should walk towards the steamer, which had been warped up so close, that it was expected one turn of the crane erected there would have hoisted the huge animal right over the main hatch, when he could have been immediately lowered into his berth. When we came in sight of him, he was down on his knees, for about the twentieth time, in token of his refusal to move in obedience to the mohaut seated on his neck. Many times the spur of the hook induced him to rise slowly till his broad back towered above the surrounding crowd, his head turned to the ship, but one step forward he would not make. So he kneeled down again. When standing, he looked to be about twice the height of the tallest man. The female elephant, longer tamed and better trained, had walked to the end of the jetty and back again several times to show him the way, but he seemed aware of his greater weight, and that what would support her might yield under him; for his great foot having once struck the sounding planks, no power could move him to venture on them. After a couple of hours of vain attempts, the whole plan of operations had to be altered. The ship was unmoored, and swung round some twenty yards higher up the stream, and the elephants were to swim to her side. The two enormous creatures turned at the bidding of their guides, walked leisurely along the quay, and entered the water with a sort of stately docility, which gave a certain dignity to their unwieldy ugliness. They were both of them well cased in slings made of strong canvas, and the larger one carried several men upon his back engaged in arranging the cords attached to his canvas casing. The mohauts prepared for steady seats by closely embracing the necks of the animals with their legs. A thick bed of mud extends close to the bank, through which they had to make their way before attaining the deep water. On entering this, the slingsmen slipped off, and the female quietly leading, the male followed, both sinking knee-deep at every step, and raising up their gigantic limbs for the next stride with apparent difficulty. When they got beyond their depth, they rolled off like enormous porpoises, swimming in the direction required, in obedience to the iron nook. They soon neared the vessel, but close up to her the larger elephant would not go: no pricking, no coaxing, no menaces, affected his dogged determination to keep his distance. At last he wheeled about and began to swim back to shore. The mohaut got him turned again, and brought him to the ship-side once more, when round he wheeled again; and the game continued. There appeared now to be much consultation on board. A crane had been erected on the deck close to the hatchway, for the purpose of the disembarkation at Suez, and this, it seems, it was intended to make use of in the present perplexity. The opening of the main hatch had been considerably enlarged to admit the bodies of these monstrous creatures, and about this opening, just beneath the crane, stood the consulting parties, certainly in some dilemma.

At length a boat was lowered from the steamer, men

with long cords having iron hooks fastened to the end of them, descended into it, and rowed as near the poor frightened elephant as they dared. Two or three of them then jumped into the river, and swimming towards him, warily climbed upon the huge back as it lay suddenly upon the water. They fastened their hooks into the rings fixed in the slings bound round him, and then slipped off, without his attempting to molest them, carrying the cords attached to the hooks in their hands. Half of these cords were thus fastened to each side of the elephant; and they were respectively caught by parties of men on the quay and on the deck of the steamer, and passed through pulleys attached to a windlass and a capstan. Now began an exciting scene. An immense crowd covered the shore, boats innumerable lay upon the water, and a large company stood upon the deck. The preparations being completed by signal-masters on the quay and near the capstan, the monstrous creature began to move. As his immense carcass rose helpless in the air, a nervous half-strangled cry burst from all the multitude. The animal himself was exceedingly terrified, as was seen by the nervous twitchings of his head and legs, though he was perfectly quiescent under this astounding mode of transport. The ropes from the ship pulled him steadily towards her, those from the shore kept him as steadily back; so that there could be no jerk to hurt him. The men who worked the ropes kept their eyes fixed on the signal-masters, whose directions were all given by various motions of the arms. Regularly worked the ropes, lengthening on the shore side, shortening on the ship side, till the elephant swung slowly over the deck above the open hatchway, the mohaut still upon his neck, bravely keeping his seat there, and coaxing and fondling his huge charge during the whole operation. They descended slowly together, the man and the elephant—the elephant sinking down the abyss slightly struggling, and the man—just at the critical moment, when a more than ordinary nervous plunge might have dashed him against the crane—sliding easily from his dangerous position, and standing safe upon the deck. Then a shout did rend the air—a waving of hats and handkerchiefs accompanying the wild huzzas: it was a sort of delirium for the moment. One of our party told us that the first time an elephant was put on board ship at Calcutta, not one native would believe such an undertaking to be of possible accomplishment. They fully expected to see the English machinery at fault, and to have a laugh at the Bellatee sahibs. Their astonishment at the result was proportionably great, their admiration unbounded. For me, I grudged the pacha his present, thinking of all the fear the poor animals had gone through, and all the discomfort they would have to undergo. The hatchway had hardly been sufficiently enlarged—it only barely admitted this huge freight; and an enormous foot escaping from a loosened cord, caused the male elephant to do some damage to the poultry coops. One of these was quite broken by the blow, and all its imprisoned inmates sent fluttering about, more alarmed than pleased by their sudden liberty.

Another accident happened afterwards that might have been more serious. The female elephant, though more easily led to the vessel, was less manageable during her descent to her berth; and in her struggles she knocked an officer down before her a fall of many feet through both the decks. He was stunned, but not otherwise injured, although some hours elapsed before he came quite to himself. As soon as these creatures were fairly secured below, they were regaled with sugar-cane, which they devoured with an avidity quite reassuring as to any ill effects upon their nervous systems from the exploit of the morning. The male is eleven feet high, and fifteen feet long—very large for this part of the world, where the general size is much less than that of the Ceylon or Bombay elephant. We

heard from some friends who remained later than ourselves, that after eating the sugar-cane, the large elephant became much excited, knocked all his berth to pieces, and conducted himself so violently it was dangerous to go near him: they had some difficulty in chaining him properly up. He really could not be a pleasant shipmate, and so probably most people have thought; for almost all the passengers who had intended going to Suez in this steamer, have forfeited their passage-money rather than run the risk of an introduction to such society.

9th.—The fancy ball took place last night. I don't exactly know what Cary called her dress: it was Eastern certainly, and suited her well, which I suppose was all she wanted. She wore a turban, a tunic, and full drawers—all of rich materials glittering with gold and jewels. Her diamond stomacher was worth a thousand pounds: her three rows of large pearls for a necklace near as much: her earrings were very costly: the aigrettes and clasps about her head, some of them priceless, as were the ornaments she stuck about her sleeves; for everywhere she possibly could place them, she sewed on brilliants. She was all in a blaze, her husband said. He wore a real Turkish dress, which he had got at Constantinople some years ago. Mr Black was an Albanian pirate, in a very splendid dress, with such handsome pistols in his belt—two pair of them, and a cutlass, and a great number of richly-studded baldries, and sashes, and other adornments. Helen wore the costume of a Greek girl, which suited her peculiar style of beauty so well. We who knew the family history were quite amused by some one saying, when they walked about together, that the pirate had run off with his bride: at which he laughed, and she blushed, as a willing captive might be supposed to do.

THE LENTIL IN SCOTLAND.

THE *Eruv lens*, although a new field-crop in Scotland, in its cultivation as an article of food, is so well known abroad, especially in Catholic countries, that the very name *Lent* is unquestionably derived from the use of lentils during that period of abstinence from all sorts of animal diet. As green crop for cattle-feeding, however, we can trace its introduction into Britain three hundred years back: the date which Mr Lawson gives being 1545. But he adds in his 'Agriculturists' Manual,' that 'although well adapted to our climate, its cultivation has not been attended to'—for what good reason it is difficult to discover, unless, like other items of husbandry practised by the monks in the vicinity of their settlements, it was driven out with the Reformation. The vine, which was general in the south of England, shared this fate. The *Eruv lens* belongs to the general order *leguminosæ*; in generic character its calyx is five-parted; segments linear, acute; corolla, sub-equal; pod, oblong, and two and four seeded. Six species are natives of the northern hemisphere. The species termed botanically *Eruv tetraspermum hirsutum*, presents us with those troublesome weeds of the New-Testament parable called tares. They are natives of England; but the *Eruv lens*, the lentil, is native of the south of Europe. The eatable lenticular seed is of very ancient culture. On the authority of Genesis xxv. 34, it distinctly formed the mess of red pottage for which Esau sold his birthright. Several references to it occur elsewhere in holy writ, as in 2d Sam. xvii. 28; xxiii. 11; and Ezek. iv. 9. It constitutes at the present time much of the food of the common people of many continental states, being not only the cheapest, but the most palatable and nutritious diet. For the value of twopence six men may dine well on lentils, and as this extraordinary fact will doubtless excite the attention both of the poor and the benevolent, we shall mention the various modes of cooking adopted.

Steep the lentils an hour or two in cold water; then

take them out and place them in a goblet, with enough of water to cover the surface; adding a little butter, some salt, and flavouring with parsley. Place the whole over a slow fire. They must boil slowly; and care must be taken to add water enough to keep the surface covered, but merely covered.

They may be boiled with ham, bacon, sausage, or merely with water and salt, or prepared afterwards with onion à la maître d'hôtel.

In schools, barracks, or large boarding establishments, they are often boiled in salt and water; and when cool the water is poured off, and they are dressed with oil, vinegar, &c. like French salad.

When the lentil is bruised or ground into meal, it makes an excellent purée, with wildfowl or roasted game.

It is prepared also like peas for soups, dumplings, puddings, &c. *

One single pound of meal makes soup sufficient for fifteen persons; or a pudding-dumpling, purée, &c. for six; and the pound costs from 2d. to 3d. in France or Germany.

Being exceedingly nutritious, lentils would make a capital substitute for potatoes; and it is mainly on this ground that the recent efforts of a French gentleman, M. Guillerez, of Castle Street, Edinburgh, have been directed to bring about their adoption as a British field-crop. But why is it that, having free trade in corn of all kinds, this foreign crop is not in the meantime more largely imported for British consumption? This is a singular circumstance, for it affords one of the most popular of all dishes abroad; the finest or small brown kind—which is also the most prolific—being esteemed a delicacy by the rich, and highly relished by the poor. The very paucity of the supplies that have lately reached us of the flour of lentils have tempted those by whom it is vended as food for invalids, to palm off mixtures of bran-meal, and other leguminous products, for the genuine article. And the high price put upon the packages doled out so mysteriously, and puffed so extensively, would preclude the public from enjoying the advantages of this cheap and plentiful description of food, even if their contents were legitimate.

The character of the lentil, both intrinsic and economical, would seem to point it out as a proper substitute for the potato; and the important question is, whether it would thrive under general culture in this soil and climate as luxuriantly as that root? One of our scientific growers (Lawson) has already given his testimony in the affirmative—'Agriculturists' Manual,' p. 95. Dr Palnekehill failed, indeed, in an attempt to cultivate them twenty years ago, at Canonmills, near Edinburgh; but Messrs P. Lawson & Son ripened specimens of the seed of the larger lentil at their Meadowbank nursery in 1835. They were sown on the 7th April, were in flower on the 6th July, and ripened the second week of August. The only systematic and persevering attempts, however, to ripen the seed, and acclimatise the plant, have been those of M. Guillerez. These have been carried on at Queensferry; and in the course of his experiments, it has been found that seed of his own produce ripened there, and proved more luxuriant than continental seed newly imported from France, given to him in exchange by Lord Murray. Here, then, there is room to hope that, if not already predisposed for vegetating kindly in our climate, the lentil is in a fair way of being acclimated.

M. Guillerez's plants grew, we believe, to two and even three feet in height—a luxuriance seldom attained in France; and yet his experiments could hardly be said to have been made under circumstances the most favourable for the growth of the plants. A dry warm soil is requisite for the lentil. This gentleman, however, sowed his at Queensferry in heavy garden-ground, manured with sea-weed and common manure. He put in the seed at various periods, some

two months earlier than others, without experiencing any sort of advantage from anticipating the stated period for sowing; and, on the whole, has arrived at the conclusions, that in this country the best time for sowing is a little later than that for peas—about the middle of March. There should be from one to one and a half bushels to the acre; with probably a row of horse-beans between every row of lentils, to prevent their falling, and to save the expense of propping, which is never incurred by the foreign farmer. In other respects their treatment, harvesting, &c. are similar to those bestowed upon the pea. The plant is of a close branching habit, producing from 100 to 150, and often a considerably greater number of pods. M. Guillerez counted 134 of a single stalk, and has found his pods to contain from 1 to 2, and occasionally 3^o seeds each. In gardens they may of course appear in pretty thick rows, 18 inches or 2 feet apart, and 5 inches' distant from each other. Their appearance in this situation is improved by their being propped.

There are three cultivated varieties of the lentil—the lentil of Provence, as large as a pea, with a luxuriant straw, better adapted for culture as a tare than as a grain for human food; the yellow lentil, less in size, easily unhusked, and convertible into flour, serving as the base of the preparations so much and so long puffed in the newspapers; and the small brown lentil, the best for use, the most agreeable in flavour, and preferable to all others for haricots and soups. The two last-named varieties are those which have been grown, and their seed ripened, in the open air at Queensferry.

It was a very pleasant sight to see this novel and agreeable-looking product in bloom at Queensferry in the middle of June, covering the drills with a profusion of delicate white blossoms. There was even a peculiar charm in the fairy-like tracery of its soft green foliage. In the beginning of August it was properly podded, and within a few days of being ripe. In short, the experiment, on however limited a scale, was entirely successful; and it is to be hoped that the prosecution of an object so desirable will not be lost sight of. It is always to be remembered that such an addition to our resources must be of essential importance to the poor, whether as a substitute for the potato crop or not; for a pint of the meal, or of the lentils entire, simply unhusked, will produce at this moment two large and substantial family dishes, at a cost of sixpence; and if cultivated in our own fields, at a much less expense. This vegetable, so generally used in France in boarding-schools, in the army, in large families, and in hospitals, is one of the most nutritious and succulent serials in existence—cheaper, more wholesome, and more susceptible of digestion and assimilation as human food, than any description of peas or beans—making delightful soup, very savoury to the taste when cooked with ham, or when its farina is used for puddings or purée with any kind of meat. In short, it wants but a knowledge and appreciation of its qualities among us to create a demand which our farmers, having now been shown the way, will greatly advance their own interests in studying to gratify.

EGGS OF THE EPIORNIS.

Until very lately, ostrich eggs were regarded as the largest in existence, but they are mere dwarfs when compared with those which M. de Malanau has just sent over from the island of Réunion, and which are to be placed in the Paris Museum. Their history is as follows:—In 1850 M. Abadie, a captain in the merchant service, saw in the hands of a Malagasy a gigantic perforated egg. The information obtained from the natives led to the discovery of two other equally large eggs, and some bones. These were all sent to Paris; but one of the eggs was accidentally broken. The others arrived in safety, and M. de Malanau, Saint-Hilaire has presented them to the Academy.

These eggs differ from each other in form: one has its two ends very unequal; the other approaches nearly to the form of an ellipsoid. The dimensions of the latter are:—Largest diameter, 12½ inches; smallest diameter, 8½ do.; largest circumference, 33½ do.; smallest circumference, 28½ do. The thickness of the shell is about the eighth of an inch. This great Madagascar egg would contain about seventeen English pints, and its gross volume is six times that of an ostrich egg, and equal to 148 ordinary hen eggs. The first question to be decided was—Are these the eggs of a bird or of a reptile? The structure of the shells, which is strictly analogous to that of the eggs belonging to large birds with rudimentary wings, would have sufficed to determine the question; but it has been completely set at rest by the nature of the bones which were sent with them. One of them is the inferior extremity of the great metatarsal bone of the left side: the three-jointed apophyses exist, two of them being nearly perfect. Even a person unskilled in comparative anatomy cannot fail to see that these are the remains of a bird. The gigantic bird of Madagascar, or *epiornis*, appears to have differed in many respects from the struthionidæ, and may henceforward become the type of a new species in the group of *rudipennæ* or *brevipennæ*. The height of the *epiornis*, according to the most careful calculations made by comparative anatomists, must have been about twelve English feet, or about two feet higher than the largest of the extinct birds (*dinornis*) of New Zealand. According to the natives of the Sakalamas tribe, this immense creature, although extremely rare, still exists. In other parts of the island, however, no traces of belief in its present being can be found. But there is a very ancient and universally-received tradition amongst the natives relative to a bird of colossal size, which used to slay a bull, and feed on the flesh. To this bird the Malagasy assign the gigantic eggs lately found in their island.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A thought of joy, that rises in the mind
Where sadness hath been sitting many an hour!
A thought of joy, that comes with sudden power
When least the welcome guest we looked to find!
Who sends that thought? Whence springs it? Like
the wind,
Its passage is invisible! The shower
That falls is seen—the lightning o'er the bower
Passes with fiery wing, and leaves behind
Rent boughs and withered buds! But air and thought
Come and depart, we know not how! Be sure,
From Heaven the solace is! Lo, as men note
A gorgeous butterfly, whose tremulous wings—
All bright with crimson meal—a glory flings;
So joyful thoughts are seen, and sent by angels pure!

HORN HOUSES OF LASSA, THE CAPITAL OF THIBET.

There is a certain district in the suburbs where the houses are built entirely with the horns of cattle and sheep. These odd edifices are of extreme solidity, and present a rather agreeable appearance to the eye; the horns of the cattle being smooth and white, and those of the sheep being black and rough. These strange materials admit a wonderful diversity of combinations, and form on the walls an infinite variety of designs. The interstices between the horns are filled with mortar. These are the only houses that are not whitewashed. The Thibetians have the good taste to leave them in their natural state, without endeavouring to add to their wild and fantastic beauty. It is superfluous to remark, that the inhabitants of Lassa consume a fair share of beef and mutton; their horn-houses are an incontestable proof of it.—*Cape Colonist.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 378. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

THE PEACE APOSTLE.

NOTHING of any value is ever done unless under a certain degree of enthusiasm. Indeed, enthusiasm, even when verging upon downright craziness, is generally more effective in matters of enterprise than cool calculation or considerations of prudence. Wise, discreet sort of people seldom do anything very novel; they are too much afraid of what the world will say to dare to invent or originate. A total disregard, in short, of the laughers and snarlers is at the bottom of the more important class of movements, whether public or private.

Amongst the various enthusiasts at present refreshing society with their various demonstrations, there is one for whom we must own a special regard; namely, Elihu Burritt, the Peace Apostle. It will be said that Elihu labours under a decided monomania. Yes; that is what is always said of your uncompromising enthusiasts—the said enthusiasts entertaining the blessed conviction that they know better than all the rest of mankind, and not caring one pin what is thought of them.

To come to the point: Elihu Burritt, as will be known to a tolerably wide circle, is an American who, having raised himself from the condition of a working blacksmith, and acquired a wonderful command of languages, has for several years been engaged in a seemingly hopeless crusade against war in every shape. The continent of Europe has been the chief theatre of his operations. Four years ago, on the occasion of a personal interview with this apostle of Peace, we ventured a doubt as to the likelihood of continental countries giving up their reliance on Force; seeing that they all sat like so many men each with a dagger in his hand, and a significant look at his neighbour's throat. Elihu only compassiuated our incredulity. He foresaw the approaching commencement of the reign of common sense. Gentleness was to guide the Earth.

These pleasant anticipations could not but be ruffled by the subsequent and entirely unforeseen revolutions of 1848, every one of which was a work of force in its most abrupt and revolting form. Warned by the progress and consequences of these tumults, Elihu has assumed the character of teacher; without, however, abating one jot of his enthusiasm. On this ground we think he is likely for the first time to find rest for the soles of his feet. The world is much in need of schoolmasters, and no lesson is more desirable than that which inculcates the folly of fighting. But to give proper, or at least practical efficacy to admonitions of this kind, it is unfortunately necessary to teach all

nations and peoples simultaneously; for if one of any importance be left out, it goes on according to its old fighting notions, and obliges peaceably-disposed neighbours to remain in arms in self-defence.

To this desperate job of teaching continental nations how to behave themselves, the American has addressed himself; and nothing could be more easy than to laugh at the presumption of undertaking so Herculean a task. But why deride any plan whatever that aims at good? By all means let Elihu alone, and see what he will do in his own way. Wesley and Whitefield did very wonderful things by means not quite orthodox, and, as is well known, things which orthodoxy left unheeded. Who knows but this wandering blacksmith may, after all, do more to disseminate ideas of peace among foreign nations, than any ambassador with ten thousand a year, or other accredited functionary?

The manner in which Elihu goes to work is worth noting. Every month he prepares and issues a small tract of four octavo pages. The 'Olive Leaf,' as this interesting little periodical is called, consists principally of short articles, from a few lines to a column in length, all elucidating some point or principle involved in the subject of peace. These articles embrace short moral arguments, pointing out the sinfulness, inhumanity, and folly of war; statistics carefully collated, shewing the bearings and burdens of the war-system; anecdotes and facts in illustration of the power of love, and the beauty of peace and fraternal concord between different classes, communities, and countries. The 'Olive Leaf,' as thus described, is circulated over Great Britain and North America; and the work is regularly translated into French and German for continental circulation. At first, the French edition was a tract resembling that in English; but the difficulties and expense of disposal in this form, as well as the obligations of the new stamp law in France, soon compelled a change of measures. The plan was resorted to of getting the whole contents of the 'Olive Leaf' transferred to the pages of the newspapers. The idea was a happy one, and was speedily tested. Elihu went to different European capitals; spoke to some editors, and wrote to others. All entered warmly into the proposal, and space was offered at a comparatively moderate charge. Not one man in a thousand could have gone through the thing with the tact of this uncompromising, yet quiet and inoffensive enthusiast. To make a long story short, Elihu has actually procured admission for his articles, deprecatory of war and all its concerns, into twelve papers, which perforate almost every district from the Northern Ocean to the Mediterranean. Let us just present a copy of Elihu's jotting, to shew the amount of his auditory. The 'Evenement,' a Parisian

paper, edited by Victor Hugo, with a circulation of 30,000 copies; 'Vossische Zeitung,' Berlin, 16,000; two other papers in Berlin, with a united circulation of 17,000 copies; the 'Nachrichten,' Hamburg, 11,000; 'Illustrated Zeitung,' Leipzig, 10,000; 'Cologne Gazette,' 18,000; 'Frankfort Journal,' 12,000; 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' Augsburg, 15,000; 'Swabian Mercury,' Stuttgart, 10,000; 'Austrian Lloyd's,' Vienna, 10,000; 'St Petersburg Journal,' 10,000—the whole comprehending a circulation of 159,000 copies. In these an 'Olive Leaf' appears once every month. Besides these, articles ready for insertion are despatched by post to other newspapers on the continent, with the hope that the editor will transfer them to his columns; thus putting into gratuitous and wide-spread circulation a great variety of arguments on the impolicy of resorting to force, and keeping up large and expensive armies. Several of the leading French journals have made these articles texts from which to denounce that stupendous war-system that preys on the vitals of the nation, and makes France a terror to peacefully-disposed neighbours.

It need hardly be said that all this machinery of translating, printing, and distribution, is maintained at considerable cost. Burritt's efforts, however, are supported by voluntary contributions in Great Britain and America, and, we have reason to believe, principally from small periodical subscriptions among ladies connected with the Society of Friends. In order to impart interest to the undertaking, a number of individuals take a distinct country in charge. The ladies of Edinburgh, for example, are at the entire cost of humanising Saxony through the agency of these tracts; and they will by and by be able to say to what extent their endeavours have been successful. The ladies of Leeds have in a similar manner taken charge of Wurtemberg. Altogether, we are told that there are thirty societies of this kind already formed. The expense of irrigating such a country as Saxony with 'Olive Leaves' is said to be about £24 per annum. If no practical benefit be achieved through this novel and somewhat expensive enterprise, it will certainly not be from lack of earnest application.

The novelty of these proceedings will probably afford some amusement to our readers. They have revealed to them one of those remarkable under-currents of benevolence for which the Anglo-Saxons are so greatly distinguished. We cannot say, however, that we are particularly hopeful of the result of this any more than of numerous other schemes of missionary enterprise; yet, to dogmatise on the subject would be as unsafe as it would be ungracious. There can be no doubt that the pithy little articles and anecdotes which Elihu presents for cogitation, will be something quite new within the sphere of their circulation. Take, for instance, the following short explanation of the method of preserving 'a balance of naval power':—

'Most persons are familiar with the process by which the monkey in the fable sought to effect a balance between the two pieces of cheese which he was asked to apportion equitably between two litigant cats. All will recollect how the wily arbiter presided at the scales, until he had appropriated to himself the last morsel of the cheese in dispute. We shall find the commerce of the nations wasting away, like those pieces of cheese, under the modern process of establishing a balance of naval power for its protection. One of these days, Great Britain, for instance, constructs a scud of enormous power, or a war-dog, called *Stromboli, Styx, or Bull-dog*. This fiery dog is not unkennelled to hunt pirates. In the application for money to build it, the secretary of the French navy perhaps referred point-blank to the possible and power of France, and even hinted at her disposition to injure the commerce of Great Britain. In

fact this war-steamer is let out like a bull-dog, to thrust his nose through the fences of the English Channel, and growl a defiance at France. Well, France has not been asleep the while. She knew the purpose and argument of that war-steamer before its keel was laid. The secretary of the French navy has described the danger to which that nation is exposed by the power of sudden invasion or injury which that new war-ship has put into the hands of England. In all haste the keel of one to match it is laid down at Cherbourg; and before the British mastiff has displayed his teeth for a week upon the sea, a French one, of equal power, is unkennelled, to shew his, and growl a defiance. The two nations are now relatively just where they began. They are equally exposed to each other's invasions; perhaps more than they were before their war-steamer left the stocks. At least England has quite as much occasion to send out another sea-mastiff as she had to launch the first. So the next year another is turned out upon the sea, to mate its companion in watching that suspicious bulldog of France. Of course France cannot suffer this disparity; she feels that her coasts and commerce are in greater jeopardy than ever; and, in what she calls the sheer necessity of defence, she draws more deeply upon her revenues, and sends out another mastiff, with longer teeth and stronger claws. The competition between the two countries for the purpose of *effecting a balance of naval power* is now fairly under way. When each nation has constructed one hundred war-steamer, they are relatively just where they commenced. Is it not self-evident that, at this point, they are just as much exposed to each other's attacks as they were before they had a single war-steamer upon the ocean?'

If the above logic serves to persuade our belligerent neighbours, the gain will not be inconsiderable; but as a large proportion of the male population may be said to make fighting a trade, the argument which Elihu employs is not likely to meet with universal acceptance. An instance of proselytising an accomplished military officer is, however, recorded in the following anecdote:—

'During our sojourn at Hamburg, a Swedish officer took up his quarters for a few days at the hotel in which we resided, and was presented with one of the German "Olive-Leaf" pamphlets, which we caused to be distributed among all the guests of the establishment. The next day the officer came into our room, and expressed himself fully convinced of the truth and force of the arguments against war contained in the little *brochure*. "But," he asked with serious tone and emphasis, "what shall we military officers do? This is our *trade*!" He then fully and frankly described his condition. He had been educated for the army from his youth up, and he was the son of a general. He had graduated in the first university of Sweden, spoke five or six languages, was an accomplished scholar, and just in the prime of young manhood. Having studied for the army, and acquired the theory of the soldier's *trade*, he entered the Russian service, and went into the war with the Circassians, to learn the practice of the profession, just as young American surgeons go to France and other countries to practise in their hospitals, and under their professors of anatomy, the art of setting broken bones, and of performing difficult and dangerous operations on the human body; with the difference, that his *trade* was to break bones, and gash human beings with wounds beyond the healing of surgery. For four years he *fleshed* his blade upon the Circassians, and acquired scientific skill in cleaving the skull, transfixing the bosom, or lopping

* While we write, a debate has occurred in the French Assembly respecting the warlike preparations at Cherbourg, which are justified on the ground that the English are making similar preparations; these said English preparations having been entered upon in consequence of certain previous proceedings at Cherbourg. One may well ask, where is this rivalry to end?—*Ed.*

off the arm of a fellow-being. Having thus perfected himself in the art, he left the Russian service, to practise his profession wherever it should be most remunerative, and, perhaps, honourable. His native country had nothing for him to do in his line of business, so he repaired to Denmark, as we understood, and offered his services to the Danes, to fight the Schleswig-Holsteiners. But they had plenty of officers, and declined his offer. He then proceeded to Hamburg, with the view of offering himself to the Schleswig-Holsteiners to fight the Danes—being equally ready and willing to draw his sword against the one as the other. But the war was drawing to a close, and could not furnish him a job in his profession. "His occupation was gone," and he seemed to open his eyes to its uncertainty, and to the loss of time he had suffered in learning the trade. He said he was ready to enter upon any situation in civil life which would afford him support, and employment of his talents. He was then looking for such a place, and would prefer any honest business to his military profession. He admitted all its incongruities and immorality, and wished himself well out of it. Taking up one of the "Olive Leaves," he said he should like to translate them into Swedish, for circulation in that country. The idea was a pleasant one to our mind, and full of promise. It was turning the sword into a ploughshare by an interesting process of transformation. It seemed to indicate what might come in coming days. It was one of the incidents of progress, of encouraging significance. If the first "Olive Leaf" that shall carry its message of peace to the people of Sweden shall be put in their language by this officer, whose other occupation was gone, it will make another incident of interest.

Elihu's general appeals are pervaded by an amount of hopefulness that contrasts dismally with some of the late operations of Austria and Prussia. While Force is stifling nascent demonstrations of social improvement, the Apostle of Peace sees only indications of universal brotherhood. It is this proneness to overlook discouraging circumstances which has invested Elihu's proceedings with some degree of ridicule. 'The bristling barriers of nationality, which have hitherto divided and alienated men, are everywhere disappearing, and they are beginning to fraternise with each other across the boundaries which once made them enemies. The great transactions of nations, the mighty works of human skill and energy, are becoming *international*, not only in their benefits, but in their ownership and construction. Is it a canal that is proposed?—It is a channel for the ships of all nations across the Isthmus of Panama, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and shorten the passage to India by 6000 miles. Is it a railway that is projected?—It is one 4000 miles in length, across the continent of North America, to open to the nations of Europe a north-west passage to China of thirty days from London; or it is one to be constructed from Calais to Calcutta for their equal benefit. Is it an electric telegraph?—It is one to reach round the globe, crossing Behring's Straits and the English Channel, and stringing on its nerve of wire all the capitals of the civilised world between London and Washington. Is it a grand display of the works of art and industry, for the encouragement of mechanical skill?—It is an exhibition opened, without the slightest distinction, to the artists and artisans of all nations, just as if they were all equal subjects of one and the same government, and equally entitled to its patronage and support. Is it an act affecting navigation?—It is to place all the ships that plough the ocean upon the same footing, as if they were owned by one and the same nation. Is it a proposition to cheapen and extend the facilities of correspondence between individuals and communities?—It is "to give the world an Ocean Penny-Postage, to make home everywhere, and all nations neighbours." These are the material manifestations of the idea of brotherhood which is permeating the

popular mind in different countries, and preparing them for that condition promised to mankind in Divine revelation. They are, as it were, the mechanical efforts of civilisation to demonstrate, in physical forms of illustration, the truth, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

We wish we could with truth say that the anticipations here expressed are, to any common apprehension, in the way of being realised. But perhaps we are in error in looking for the fruits of August, when we have no chance of seeing more than the *bud* above the ground, or the *seed* beginning to germinate. Give Mr Burritt a little time, and then judge of the value of that moral husbandry which he is practising. At any rate, there is surely no harm in looking hopefully on human progress; and, as we have said already, nothing of any importance is to be done without enthusiasm. Elihu Burritt, with all his self-sacrificing ardour and devotedness—and, it may be, all his delusions—is fully as useful in his generation as the man who dares not, for the life of him, entertain an original idea, or perform an original act, and who spends existence in the unvarying round of commonplace duties, and the exercise of a dull jog-trot respectability—

"Content to dwell in decencies for ever."

M E S M E R I S M.*

In a recent paper, we treated of the qualities of the Od Force, and of the ways in which it manifested itself to our sight and feelings. We then shewed the strange bond existing between man and the globe on which he lives, and how much he is unwittingly influenced by the lifeless matter around and beneath him. Let us now proceed to a still more interesting part of our subject, and observe the way in which the Od Force, circulating in each of us, can be propelled outwards, and made to influence others.

The practice of animal magnetism seems to have existed in the earliest ages, and, more or less, among all nations with whose ancient history we are familiar. But in those ages it was made a mystery of, its secrets were jealously kept from the mass of the people, and served to invest its adepts (generally the higher class of the priesthood) with a character and attributes seemingly divine. This appears to have been especially the case in ancient Egypt. In later times—as among the Rosicrucians of mediæval Germany—the same mystery was kept up, but from a different reason. The age that burned witches, and imprisoned Galileo for maintaining that the earth revolved, was obviously not a tolerant one. The researches of science it denounced as profane; and powers which it could not account for were summarily ascribed to the devil. Hence the illuminati of the middle ages had to veil their discoveries from the public eye, only communicating them to a chosen few, banded by oath in Secret Societies.

In circumstances so unfavourable to its preservation, it is not surprising that, by the beginning of last century, the knowledge of animal magnetism had become virtually extinct, or could only be gathered, dimly and in fragments, from the not very intelligible writings of the old mystics. The merit of its rediscovery is due to

* This paper coming to us from a respectable quarter, and containing information on a subject which at present excites much attention, we do not feel called upon to exclude it, merely because we have not ourselves had the opportunities enjoyed by the writer of becoming convinced of the truth of the phenomena described and referred to. The reader will please to receive the paper as one presented for the gratification of any curiosity which may exist on the subject of Mesmerism, and not as a declaration of our own faith upon that subject; on which, however, it is but candid to say, we entertain none of those prejudices of scepticism which are often formed a measure of ignorance and self-conceit as of knowledge and true wisdom.—Ed.

Mesmer; and accordingly the science of animal magnetism has very generally been called after his name.

Puysegur subsequently discovered that the magnetic trance could be induced by a simpler method than that practised by Mesmer. The principal features of the process are too generally known to need any description here: suffice it to say, that the result can be obtained either by contact or *passes*—by the eye, or by the will. As a general rule, the mesmeriser should be stronger than the person he operates on. From their weak diet and apathetic temperament, Dr Esdaile found the natives of Bengal very susceptible to the magnetic treatment; but the case is different with Europeans. With us a person in health succumbs only to a skilled operator, remarkable for mesmeric power; and if he be robust in body, as well as in health, it is almost impossible to affect him. The lymphatic temperament is the most easily subdued; while a restless, energetic mind is least so. Trance is ordinarily induced in from five minutes to half an hour; but sometimes more than half-a-dozen sittings are required ere this takes place. Among French patients, the mesmeric powers are more rapidly developed than with English or Germans. The English especially, says Dr Mayo, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings, to have their powers drawn out; but, 'these are by far the most interesting cases.' Let us see now what are the principal stages in the development of the mesmeric powers—premising that very few persons are capable of reaching the clairvoyant degree, and that the progression is not always regular from stage to stage, but varies with different persons, and even with the same person at different times, both in order and extent:—

1. As soon as the mesmeric process has taken effect, the patient falls into a profound trance. In some cases one or other of his senses is partially active, but in general he is totally insensible. You may cut off a leg or an arm, and he will not feel it; you may fire a gun at his ear, and he will not hear it.

2. After continuing thus for some time, or after being several times entranced, the patient awakes within himself. He cannot see anything; but he hears and pertinently answers his mesmeriser, and sometimes others also.

3. By and by a new phenomenon appears. Without seeing, he sympathetically adopts the voluntary movements of the operator. He imitates what he says and does. He will sing a song after him, though the music be strange to him, and the words be in a foreign tongue; and will throw himself into any posture the operator may assume, however difficult to maintain, and will continue in it motionless as long as you please, or until he awake. Thus Dr Esdaile made a native Bengalee, who knew not a word of English, sing 'God save the Queen,' and others of our national ditties, in capital style. He gives a curious account also of the odd rigid postures which he made his patients assume; and mentions that any limb could be instantaneously thawed by directing against it a jet of cold water. Thus with a syringe, and from a distance, he shot down one limb after another of his living statues; while, directing a *jet-d'eau* against the calf of the leg brought them at once to the ground.

4. A step further, and the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, feels, tastes, and smells everything that is made to tell on the senses of the operator. If the most acrid substance be put in his own mouth, he is quite insensible to its presence; but if sugar candy be placed on the operator's tongue, the entranced person immediately expresses satisfaction. So, also, if you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give him.

Dr Mayo accounts for these sympathetic phenomena by supposing that the mind of the entranced person has

interpenetrated the nervous system of the operator; that in the third stage, it is in relation with the anterior half of the cranio-spinal chord and its nerves (by which the impulse to voluntary motion is originated and conveyed); and in the fourth stage, with the posterior half also.

This interpenetration can extend farther; but before this happens, a phenomenon of an altogether different kind manifests itself: this is *transposed sensation*. The operator contrives to awake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new organs of sensation. Comparatively few persons can be brought as far as this, but many make a tantalising advance towards it, thus: They are asked, 'Do you see anything?' and after some days they at length answer 'Yes.' 'What?'—'A light.' 'Where is the light?' Then they intimate its place, which may be anywhere around or above them, and describe its colour, which is usually yellowish. Each day it is pointed to in the same direction, and is seen equally whether the room be light or dark—their eyes meanwhile being shut. And here with many the phenomenon stops. Others now begin to discern objects held in the direction in which they see this light. In most of the persons in whom Mr Williamson (of Whickham) brought out this transposed sensation, the faculty was located in a small surface of the scalp behind the left ear. The patients generally saw objects best when held at five or six inches distant from and opposite to this spot; but with one the best distance was seven or eight feet, and behind her. Some can see to read with their finger-ends, others with the pit of the stomach; and in some rare cases this visual faculty is spread over the whole cutaneous membrane. Dr Mayo mentions a curious case in which a girl, when entranced, saw with the knuckles of one hand; and on smearing the back of that hand with ink, she could no longer see with it.

5. In the fifth stage, the entranced person reaches what has been called the state of self-intuition: he obtains a clear knowledge of his own internal, mental, and bodily state, and generally possesses a like power of internal inspection with regard to others who have been placed in magnetic connection (*en rapport*) with him. Thus such persons have frequently told the exact nature of their disease; have prescribed for themselves, in no recorded instance erroneously; if subject to fits, have predicted the precise hour of their recurrence, sometimes months beforehand, as well as the period of their own recovery. It is to this stage and the next that the term clairvoyance, or 'lucid vision,' has been applied.

6. The sixth degree is just an extension of the preceding one, and has been styled that of *universal lucidity*. When a person has reached this stage, if there be given him a lock of hair, or letter, &c. belonging to an unknown and distant party (and of course impregnated with his peculiar od), the clairvoyant will forthwith mentally go in search of him, and will tell where he is, what he is like, what he is doing—nay, even how he is, both in body and in mind.

To this stage belongs the remarkable phenomenon of *mental travelling* by entranced persons; the more complicated cases of which prove that the mind of the clairvoyant actually pays a visit to the scene in question, and can see things, or pass on to remote places, of which the fellow-traveller has no cognisance. Instances of this are stated. We quote one in illustration from Dr Mayo's book:—'A young person whom Mr Williamson mesmerised became clairvoyante. In this state she paid me a mental visit at Boppard; and Mr Williamson, who had been a resident there, was satisfied that she realised the scene. Afterwards I removed to Weilbach, where Mr Williamson had never been. Then he proposed to the clairvoyante to visit me again. She reached, accordingly, in mental travelling, my former room in Boppard, and expressed surprise and annoyance at not

finding me there, and at observing others in its occupation. Mr Williamson proposed that she should set out and try to find me. She said, "You must help me." Then Mr Williamson said, "We must go up the river some way till we come to a great town (Mainz)." The clairvoyante said she had got there. Then said Mr Williamson, "We must go up another river (the Maine), which joins our river at this town, and try to find Dr Mayo on its banks somewhere." Then the clairvoyante said, "Oh, there is a large house, let us go and see it: no; there are two large houses—one white, the other red." Upon this Mr Williamson proposed that she should go into one of the two houses, and look about; she quickly recognised my servant, went mentally into my room, and described a particular or two which were by no means likely to be guessed by her. When Mr Williamson subsequently came to visit me at Weilbach, he was forcibly struck with the appearance of the two houses, which tallied with the account given beforehand by the mental traveller. I have not the smallest doubt she mentally realised my new abode. Then how did she do all this? . . . I cannot help inclining to the belief, that in the *ordinary perception* of a place or person the mind acts exoneurally [beyond the body]; that in visiting new places the mind establishes a direct relation with the scenes or persons. Then, in the simplest case of mental visiting, where the scene to be visited is familiar to the interrogator, I presume that the clairvoyante's mind, being in communion with his, realises scenes which his has previously exoneurally realised. Arriving thus at the scene itself, the clairvoyante observes for herself, and sees what may be new in it and unknown to her fellow-traveller; and in the same way may pursue (as in the mental visit made to myself at Weilbach) suggested features of the locality, and be thus helped to beat about in space for new objects, and at length to recognise among them, and mentally identify persons with whom she has already arrived at a mental mesmeric relation.'

Still more astonishing is the faculty of prevision manifested in the higher degrees of mesmeric trance. Cases of this kind are referrible to three different heads:—1. The case of Cazot (mentioned by Dr Foissac), who had predicted, as usual, when his next epileptic fit would occur, but ere the time came round, was thrown from his horse, and killed, proves that the clairvoyant can foresee what his living economy will be, *other things continuing the same*. 2. Dr Teste gives the case of a lady, his patient, who, when entranced, foretold the day and hour when an accident, the nature of which she could not foresee, was to befall her, and from it a long series of illness was to take its rise. Dr Teste and the lady's husband were staying with her when the fatal moment (unknown to her) approached. Then she rose, and making an excuse, left the room, followed by her husband; when, on opening a door, a great gray rat rushed out, and she sank down in a fit of terror, and the predicted illness ensued. In this case the prevision plainly extended to an extraneous and accidental circumstance, which no calculation or intuition of her natural bodily changes could have led her to. 3. But there are instances which reach yet further. Dr Foissac mentions the case of a Mademoiselle Coeline, who, when entranced, predicted that she would be poisoned on a certain evening, at a given hour. What would be the vehicle of the poison she could not foresee, either at the time when she first uttered the prediction, or on an occasion or two afterwards, when, being again entranced, she recurred to the subject. However, shortly before the day she was to be poisoned, being questioned in trance as to the possibility of averting her fate, she said, "Throw me into the sleep a little before the time I have named, and then ask me whether I can discern where the danger lies." This was done, and Mademoiselle Coeline at once said that the poison was in a glass

at her bedside: they had substituted for quinine an excessive dose of morphine.

"Thus," says Dr Mayo, "there is a true series of consequences to be deduced from whatever partial premises the clairvoyante may happen to be acquainted with. When she has more data, she makes a wider calculation, again certain so far as it goes; but other premises influencing the ultimate result may still have escaped her. So the utmost reach of genuine trance-prevision is but the announcement of a probability which unforeseen events may counteract."

• Such, in brief, are the mesmeric faculties, and the modes in which they manifest themselves. Wonderful they certainly are, but, unlike the more recondite facts of science, which yet readily obtain credence—unlike the velocity of light or the vibrations of the air—the verification of animal magnetism is within the power of all. It is the apparent impossibility of the thing that hinders belief in it: people think it so opposed to the whole course of nature, that they will not waste time in examining the matter. Let us see if we cannot remove this impression—if we cannot find in nature herself something analogous to the mesmeric powers. We trust in a few sentences to do this, and more than this—to shew that nature often develops in the human being powers not only analogous, but identical, and even exceeding in some respects any *yet observed* in the mesmeric stages. The annals of natural trance, of somnambulism, and catalepsy, furnish proofs redundant. Our only difficulty is what to select.

Take the following:—M. Petetin attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious, and her arms, when raised, remained in the air. Being put to bed, she commenced singing; but pinching her skin, and shouting in her ear, all failed to arouse her attention. Then it happened that the doctor's foot slipped while arranging her; and as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, "How provoking we can't make her leave off singing!" "Ah, doctor!" she cried, "don't be angry: I won't sing any more;" and she stopped. But shortly she began again: and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties addressed to the ear, to keep her promise, and desist. At last it occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before; and raising the bedclothes, he bent his head towards her stomach, and said in a loud voice, "Do you, then, mean to sing for ever?" "Oh, what pain you have given me!" she exclaimed: "I implore you speak lower;" at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. "In what way, then, do you hear?" asked Dr Petetin. "Like any one else," was the answer. "But I am speaking to your stomach!" "Is it possible?" she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears, speaking even through a tube, to aggravate the sound: she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him—"No," said she; "I am indeed unfortunate." Here is transposed sensation.

A few days after the scene just described, the lady had another attack of catalepsy, during which she still heard with her stomach, and also saw with it, even through an intervening opaque body. Meanwhile her countenance expressed astonishment, and Dr Petetin inquired the cause. "I am singing, doctor," she answered, "to divert my attention from a sight which appals me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a network of light. My countenance must express what I feel—astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him." "Do you see your heart?" asked Dr Petetin. "Yes, there it is: it beats at twice—the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts,

the lower part swells, and immediately afterwards contracts; the blood rushes out all luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but a little apart.'

But to proceed. One morning (still farther on in her case) the fit came on, according to custom, at eight o'clock. Petetin arrived later than usual. He announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient (by which also he was now heard). 'You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor,' said she. 'It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me.' 'Ah!' said she; 'I perceive: you have had a headache for the last four hours: it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing: no human means can prevent it running its course.' 'Can you tell me on which side is the pain?' said Petetin. 'On the right side: it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth: I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock: at six you will be free from pain.' The prediction came out literally true. 'If you wish me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand.' 'I see through your hand an antique medal.' Dr Petetin inquired at what hour her own fit would terminate. 'At eleven.' 'And the evening accession, when will it come on?' 'At seven o'clock.' 'In that case it will be later than usual.' 'Yes: the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so.' During this conversation the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin—'My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband behind the screen; his visit will fatigue me; beg him to go away.' The uncle, on leaving, took with him, by mistake, her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim it. Here, indubitably, is clairvoyance and *prevision*.

Experiments were subsequently tried by M. Petetin upon eight different patients, all of whom exhibited the same phenomenon of the transference of the faculties to the pit of the stomach (*epigastrium*), and to the extremities of the fingers and toes; with the addition of a prodigious development of the intellectual powers, and a presentiment or foresight of their future diseased symptoms. The following experiments shew that *taste*, as well as sight and hearing, is sometimes transferred to the epigastrium. M. Petetin secretly placed pieces of cake, biscuit, tarts, &c. upon the stomach of one of these patients, which was immediately followed by the taste of the particular article in the mouth. When the substance was enveloped in silk stuff, no sensation was felt by the patient; but the taste was immediately perceived on removing the covering. An egg was covered over with varnish, and the patient felt no taste until the varnish was removed. M. Petetin, we may remark, was by no means an advocate of the Mesmerian system; of which, indeed, at the time he published his reports on these cases, he does not appear to have had the slightest experimental knowledge.

The late Mr Bultel witnessed the following phenomena in the case of a female in natural trance:—After a remark made to put her off her guard, a line of a folded note was pressed against the back of her neck: she read it. She used also to tell that persons, whom she knew, were coming to the house, while they were yet at some distance; and when persons were in the room with her playing chess, behind her, if they made intentionally false moves, she would ask them what they could possibly do for her.

A case treated by Dr Despine at Aix-les-Bains. This was an epileptic patient, who had all sorts of fits and day-somnambulism, during which she was not incapacitated for waiting at table, though her eyes were shut. She likewise saw alternately with her fingers, the palm of her hand, and her elbow, and would write with precision with her right hand, superintending the process with her left elbow. 'These details,'

adds Dr Mayo, 'are peculiarly gratifying to myself; for in the little I have seen, I yet have seen a patient walk about with her eyes shut, and well blinded besides, holding the knuckles of one hand before her as a seeing lantern.'

Of another patient Dr Prost remarks:—'Her intellectual faculties acquired a great activity, and the richness of her fancy made itself remarked in the picturesque images which she threw into her descriptions.' 'As she was telling her friends of an approaching attack of catalepsy, suddenly she exclaimed—'I no longer see or hear things in the same manner; everything is transparent around me, and my observation extends to incalculable distances.' She designated without an error the people who were on the public promenade, whether near the house, or still a quarter of an hour's walk distant. She read the thoughts of every one who came near her; she marked those who were false and vicious (a faculty which is often remarkably exhibited by dying persons); and repelled the approach of stupid people, who bored her with their questions, and aggravated her malady. (Persons much questioned when in trance, either natural or mesmeric, generally complain of severe headache when awaking out of it.)

We commend these cases of natural trance to general attention. They are selected and abridged from the works of Mayo and Colquhoun—the latter of which gentlemen was the first to draw the public attention of this country to the claims of animal magnetism, in his erudite work, *'Isis Revelata.'* These cases, we think, sufficiently prove that there is nothing supernatural or impossible in the pretensions of animal magnetism; on the contrary, that the mesmeric state is nothing else than *natural trance artificially produced*. A comparison of the cases quoted will in fact shew, that in 'self-intuition' the natural trance equals the mesmeric, while in 'transposed sensation' it surpasses it. In 'prevision' they are nearly on a par: especially if we add in favour of the former (as we now do) the well-authenticated prediction of the sudden death of the late king of Württemberg, four years before it happened, by one somnambulist, and six months previous to it by another; the latter naming the very day (28th October 1816) on which he was struck by the fatal apoplexy. Lest our evidence in favour of *natural clairvoyance and mental travelling* should be thought inferior to that of the mesmeric trance, we shall close our case with one more instance, which we hope will be found decisive. The strange communion of the spirits at such a distance, and previously unacquainted, cannot fail to arrest the reader's notice.

Mademoiselle W—, a natural clairvoyante, whose case is minutely detailed by Dr Klein, her physician, being on a visit at the house of M. St —, was asked by that gentleman to turn her clairvoyant powers towards his son, then serving with the French army in Russia. From that moment Mademoiselle W— directed her thoughts towards the young officer, and in all her paroxysms, although she had never seen him, she described him exactly as if she had him before her eyes. She frequently asked his sister if she did not see him in a corner of the room; and one day, upon receiving a negative answer, she said, 'Well, then, ask him any questions you please, and I shall return his answers.' The sister then asked all sorts of questions relative to family matters, which were quite unknown to the somnambulist, who answered them all in a manner so precise and accurate, that the interrogator afterwards declared that she felt herself seized with a cold perspiration, and was several times on the point of fainting with fright, during what she called the Dialogue of the Spirits. On another occasion the somnambulist declared to the father that she saw his son at the hospital, with a piece of white linen wrapt round his chin—that he was wounded in the face—that he was

unable to eat, but that he was in no danger. Some days later she said that he was now able to eat, and that he was much better. Some weeks afterwards a courier arrived from the army. M. St — immediately went to Count Th—— to inquire what news he had received; and the latter set his mind completely at rest, by informing him that his son's name was not in the list of the wounded. Transported with joy, he returned home, and said to Mademoiselle W——, who was at that time in her somnambulic sleep, that for once she had not divined correctly, and that, fortunately for his son and himself, she had been completely deceived. At these words the young lady felt much offended; and in an angry and energetic tone assured him that she was quite certain of the truth of her statement—that, at the very moment, she saw his son at the hospital with his chin wrapt in white linen, and that, in the state in which she then was, it was quite impossible she could be deceived. Soon afterwards there came a note from Count Th——; which, after some expressions of politeness and condolence, announced that a second list of the wounded had arrived, containing the name of his son, who had been struck by a musket-ball on the chin, and was under medical treatment in the hospital, &c.

These facts are related in the third volume of the 'Bibliothèque du Magnetisme Animal,' and 'the veracity of the persons upon whose authority it is given,' says Mr Colquhoun, 'lies under no suspicion.'

LIBRARIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

As you walk from the Manchester Exchange to the railway station, you pass near Hunt's Bank, a neat stone gateway, above which is carved a Latin inscription. The door stands invitingly open; and on looking in, you see a large, clean, and well-kept courtyard, surrounded by buildings bearing the stamp of age, and marked by a decidedly learned or monastic look. Crossing over, a boy dressed in an antique costume will conduct you into what is called Chetham's Library, which, until two or three years ago, was the only public library open freely, and without restriction, to the people of England. The interior has a venerable and scholarly look: the volumes—about twenty thousand in number, and nearly all folios—are piled up in compartments, with locked doors of wire-work. At one end is the printed catalogue, from which you select the book wanted, which the librarian speedily procures. Your name and address are registered, and you are ushered into a small comfortable room with stained-glass windows, and fitted up with convenient sloping tables, where, having disposed of yourself and book, you may study at your ease. Around you are a few thoughtful-looking people; some busily engaged in making extracts, not on mere slips of paper, but in large paper-books; others reading with an intentness that shews they are seeking instruction, not amusement; and one or two are perusing, with less attention, a volume of some review. It matters not who the man may be who comes wanting to read a book. He may have a shabby coat of his back, and no cash in his pocket; he may be a cotton-spinner from Manchester, or a foreigner scarcely able to speak English; the book he wants is always supplied. No fee is charged; no gratuity looked for; no thanks expected. The visitor may sit and read day after day for a whole year, and never spend a farthing.

This library was founded by Humphrey Chetham, Esq., one of the earliest 'merchant-princes' of Lancashire, in the year 1653. He endowed it with some property, which now produces about £540 per annum; designing it for 'scholars and others well affected,' and imposing no restriction whatever on its free use, except directing that the books should be chained or otherwise fixed—a condition at one time literally complied with,

but which is now fulfilled by the arrangements in the reading-room. The population of Manchester, when Chetham founded this library, was only 12,000. The greater part of the books belong to the sixteenth century, and are mostly on theology. No gas is allowed in the library, lest it should injure the books; and it is never open after four in winter, and five in summer. Except, therefore, for students and men engaged in making books, this library is of little practical use: it is not open at a time when the people of Manchester can use it; and its contents, rich though they are of that kind, are not attractive to the great majority of modern readers. It is, in fact, a library of the past, placed in the heart of the most stirring influences of the present.

Leaving it, however, you proceed across the Irwell into Salford, up Chapel Street, and past a crescent, and arrive at the entrance to the Peel Public Park. In the large mansion in the park there is another public library, open as freely to all comers as the Chetham in Manchester, but differing from it materially in many respects. The Salford Library is not a private endowment, but to a great extent a municipal institution: the books have been obtained by the donations and subscriptions of the public; while the Salford corporation have supplied a building, and pay the officers required for the proper working of the library. The proposition for the establishment of such a library was first made in May 1849; and it was so energetically taken up by the town-council and the public, that on the 9th January 1850 the library was opened with no fewer than 5300 volumes; besides a great many specimens of natural history, &c. forming the nucleus of a museum. Of the books, 3000 volumes were presented, and the remainder purchased out of a fund of £1715, to which the mayor of Salford (Mr Longworth) contributed the handsome sum of £250. In the rules, the object of the library is declared to be 'providing all classes of society with the means of acquiring sound and useful knowledge gratuitously: the property in the museum and library being permanently vested in the town-council for the free use of the public.' The hours during which it is open are from ten in the morning till nine at night, there being no prejudice against gas, as in the Chetham Library. There are three reading-rooms—two for males, and one for females—comfortably fitted up, well lighted and heated. They are supplied with the local newspapers, and several literary and scientific periodicals. You will find few scholars or book-makers among the visitors: the greater part seem reading chiefly for amusement, though many are seen consulting the numerous and excellent dictionaries both of languages, geography, &c. with which one of the reading-rooms is well supplied. A Hebrew dictionary, in particular, has been remarkably well thumbed. On first opening the library, it was thought necessary that each person who obtained a book should write his name and address in the register; but this had to be given up after a few days' trial, not only because it occupied so much time, but because many who came for books were unable to write; and some, rather than confess their inability, would go without the book they desired.

The number of volumes now in this library is nearly 10,000. The additions by purchase have been made with the greatest care, and with the view of stocking the library not only with the best standard English works, but with the best editions of them. It has been necessary, of course, to include novels and light literature generally among the purchases; but the discretion with which this is done may be judged of from the fact, that recently £700 were expended in the purchase of 2057 volumes: of these, 186, costing £28, were novels, chiefly by Bulwer, Dickens, James, &c.; and 544 were standard, solid works, costing £300. During the year ending 9th January 1851, being the first year that

library was open, the number of volumes issued was 27,828, or an average of about 90 for each day. During the summer months the number of readers decreases, as then the park in which the library is situated presents greater attractions, not only in respect to pleasant and agreeable walks, but also in giving facilities to exercises and games, such as cricket, &c. and enlivened by a military band. In one week in May, for example, the number of issues of books was 450, and in one week in March it was 778. Many young men come day after day and apply for the same book, reading it steadily through. I traced through the register the name of a young man who had come day after day for more than a week to read a *Life of Napoleon*. The check on the readers is entirely of a moral kind—a person so disposed could, without much difficulty, carry off the volume he had been reading; but *not one case of this kind has yet occurred*, and the conduct of all the readers has been most orderly and becoming. The readers know and feel that they are trusted, and this naturally makes them anxious to shew that the trust has been well reposed. Mr Plant, the excellent and intelligent librarian, wisely remarked, that any arrangement which would indicate that the readers were suspected, would, he was convinced, lead to the very thing it was intended to check. Indeed the apprehension of loss by the free admission of the public to such collections seems very ill-grounded; for in the Chetham Library at Manchester, which has been open freely for nearly 200 years, only 150 volumes have been lost, and of that number very few can be said to have been purloined. The number of readers is usually greatest on Saturday; the increase arising from those who have no other spare time during the week, and also from some who come from villages in the neighbourhood. On one Saturday in January of this year, the number of volumes given out was 147, thus classified:—

Novels and Romances,	92
History, Biography, Voyages, &c.	30
Sciences,	17
Bound Periodicals,	10
Collected Works,	4
Ecclesiastical History,	3
The Drama,	1

147

It is no doubt to be regretted that in this number novels occupy such a conspicuous place; but in all libraries to which the general public have access the same fact is seen. Every keeper of a circulating library, every librarian of a mechanics' institution, every list of new books, and every catalogue of old, all tell the same tale. The people *will* read novels; and all the managers of such a library can do, is to take care that the library does not contain novels of a decidedly bad kind. Even among the higher classes there is a disposition equally strong, if not stronger, to patronise light literature; and a Lancashire cotton-spinner reading a 'romance by the author of Waverley' in a public library, will favourably stand a comparison with a man educated at one of the universities yawning over the last new novel at his club. Where is the man of education or taste who would not, if he could, blot out all his remembrances of Scott's novels, that he might reperuse them with all the pleasure and zest of a first acquaintance? And why should we be sorry to see the sons of toil doing that which we ourselves have done and would gladly do again?

Less progress, as was to be expected, has been made with the museum connected with the Salford Library. An excellent suite of rooms has, however, been prepared, and one of these is already well filled with specimens. The glass-cases attached to the wall have sheets of plate-glass, eight feet by three; so that from the top to the bottom is one unbroken mass, shewing specimens

much more distinctly than when the glass was divided into smaller portions. There are about four hundred visitors each day to the museum, many of them being servants in charge of children sent out into the park for recreation. It is not proposed to make the museum a great general collection, but rather to give it a local character, as specially illustrative of the surrounding district. This appears to be the true policy for the managers of all provincial museums.

The example of Salford is about to be followed by Manchester and Liverpool. Already a large building, originally erected as a Socialist hall, has been purchased in Manchester for the purpose, and subscriptions and donations have been received to such an extent, that the mayor expects the library will be opened this year with about 15,000 volumes. In Liverpool, the extensive buildings and fine museum of the Royal Institution have been given to the town-council, and active measures are now in progress for the formation and opening of a free library. The act passed during last session of parliament, which authorises town-councils to levy a rate for the support of such libraries and museums, will doubtless be taken advantage of very soon, by other towns in the kingdom.

In the Manchester Library it is intended that a considerable portion of the books shall circulate so that they may be read at home. At Salford, the books are not allowed to be taken out of the room. There are many of course who would prefer reading books in a comfortable room at a public institution, to reading them by their own fireside; but there are many others, fathers and brothers, who would much rather take a book and read it aloud in the family circle; while, again, there are many among the working-classes unable to attend a public library from illness, or some other cause, who would be cheered and comforted in sickness and sorrow if they could procure books in such a way. A plan that gives facilities for this will vastly increase the beneficial influence of these libraries; and it is to be hoped that the experience of Manchester will shew that it can be carried out without danger and without loss.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

HINDOO RETROTHAI—DANCING GIRLS AND DANCING BOYS—FOUR OF JEWELS—ANGLO-INDIAN CONCERT—DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS FOR EUROPE—Convalescence.

December 10th. —Yesterday evening I carried out my intention of seeing a nautch. I should have been better amused at the fancy-ball, which I had given up, not caring to venture on two dissipated nights close together. This was a very fine entertainment too, quite beyond the ordinary style of an ordinary nautch, being given in honour of the betrothal of two children of very high caste and wealthy parentage. There was a large party of British assembled. We had, first a dinner in the European style; our Baoor host and the men of his family—a very numerous connection seemingly—sitting with us at table. Except the Parsee guests, some of them ate, and all of them drank very sociably. Dinner over, and the great lady having made the proper move, we lesser ladies rose and followed her up stairs, where, at the end of the drawing-room, close to a large Indian screen, were the females of the family, waiting anxiously to receive us. There were a good many of all ages; two young wives, really handsome girls—all richly dressed in silk sarees, edged with gold or embroidery, the tight bodies underneath made either of fine muslin, or of gold and silver tissue. The saree fell gracefully around the upper part of their persons, and was ~~they~~ only head-dress. Their little feet were popped into inlaid slippers, their ankles and their arms were hung with bangles; strings of pearls were round their necks, and they wore earrings. The worth of all these jewels must have been very great;

but I don't believe they were all personal property, nor the sarcas neither—it was the wealth of the firm, or a portion of it at least, exhibited on the various members upon this occasion of unusual display. The little bride and bridegroom were really loaded, poor children, with pearls, diamonds, and gold! The bridegroom walked by the side of the old lady—the mother of the tribe—and seemed to be three or four years old; the bride was a mere baby in the arms of her ayah. Our toilettes again delighted our female native acquaintance. They looked at us from head to foot all round, and touched all our clothes, lost in wonder at their form. They kept chattering all the time, and laughed with such genuine glee as was really quite infecting to hear; so we joined the merry chorus heartily. At length the noise of approaching gentlemen sounded up the staircase, and away the dark ladies all scuttled behind the screen with the quickness of children; and we saw no more of them, although I am quite sure they saw us; for a whispering often reached the ears of those who approached that screen during the evening, and bright eyes could be detected glancing through the crevices of the folding leaves.

After tea and coffee, the nautch began. It is certainly not easy to understand how it can be thought amusing. Two dancing-girls stepped forward, and began to spin round like two tectotums, which we took for a kind of prelude; but nothing more came of it: they just spun on their allotted time. There was neither agility in their movements nor grace in their attitudes; the feet merely shuffling very quietly in time to the beat of the tomtom, and the very monotonous tone of a sort of mandolin. The dress of the nautch-girl is curious: over the full and loosely-hanging drawers—which touch the ground, and merely allow the point of the toe to be visible—she wears a short petticoat, exceedingly wide, plaited up in large folds all round her waist, hanging about her person handsomely, while the wearer is motionless; but the moment she begins her spinning round, these folds open at the bottom like an opening fan; and being supported by the current of air passing under, the little full petticoat stands out like a hoop, disclosing a scanty under-petticoat of muslin in the ordinary form. The material of the upper dress was white and gold, or white and silver muslin, or red and gold silk. Shawls were draped about the head and shoulders. When one pair of dancers had finished, another pair began: each set had its own musicians—conceited-looking men, finely equipped in turban, shawl, and tunic of gay colours, and generally handsome, though saucy enough. They are all much occupied, each with his own lat, holding their heads on one side, and admiring, even applauding, as the dance proceeds. These musicians stood all in a row at the end of the apartment; the girls not dancing sat on the ground at their feet, each pair beside their own master. All the servants were ranged in the veranda, enjoying this rather tiresome spectacle with an intensity of pleasure which there is no possibility of a European comprehending: and, by the by, I believe the Indians as little understand our dancing: they wonder how we can take such trouble when there are those to be had who, for pay, will dance for us. We British all sat in dignified composure together, the native gentlemen in great numbers a little removed from us smoking their bubbling hookahs.

When several pairs of girls had finished their exhibition, two boys came forward, twirling round and shuffling their feet in just the same manner as the girls had done. Then the girls began again; and this time, while spinning round, they unwound their shawls, and twisted them into many ingenious forms, making them up into bunches of flowers and other representations, singing all the while, as well as moving their feet, a sort of low humming chant, in praise, I believe, of our entertainer. The two boys next gave us a

sword-dance, doing many difficult feats, and strange, and I thought dangerous ones; always twirling round however, which seems to be the only idea they have of dancing. Then we had a tumbler with a body like an eel, and a head of shock-hair—excepting which natural adornment he was otherwise all but naked.

When the tumbler had finished, the best nautch-girl came forward alone. She had been seated all the evening rather apart, throwing herself into attitudes with a coquettish air, which spoke the *prima donna*. She was extremely well made, tall, and with fine features; her head particularly well set upon her shoulders, and her complexion by no means dark—a great beauty in Indian eyes. Her dress was of fine materials, and had nothing tawdry about it; and her hair fell in long ringlets, English fashion. Poor girl, she could not have been all Hindoo! Her dance was the same whirling round and round as all the rest had been, but it was more gracefully done; and her shawl attitudes were really attractive. She had a way, too, of holding the edge of her wide petticoats in her fingers, while raising both hands and clasping them over her head, thus letting the folds of the petticoat fall on either side in the form of the wings of a butterfly: it was very pretty. As she began to turn quicker she sang, loud and screaming, an air with very few notes; sad rather, yet pleasing; with a great many verses to it; two or three mandolins and a tomtom accompanying her. When she had tired herself, a little girl of nine years old took her place, and nautched far better than any of them. This concluded the entertainment: a very tiresome one to me: quite uninteresting. Up the country there is much better nautching it seems: the best must be wearisome enough, except to the natives, to all of whom it certainly affords extreme delight. It is indeed the only way in which the rich Baboos spend their wealth, or mark the difference between themselves and their inferiors. All classes appear to have much the same tastes—a love of money, a supreme pleasure in making it, in adding to it, and no way of shewing they possess it, except this one of great displays upon either religious or family festivals. They don't care about multiplying daily comforts; they don't feel any wants beyond the simplest; they seldom assist a friend; they are for the most part indifferent to fine houses or handsome equipages; but on these state occasions, sometimes the hoards of a lifetime have been dissipated in one great feast, lasting days, perhaps weeks. The very poorest save for this purpose—beg, borrow, stint themselves of necessaries, to make their little suitable display, and lavish their whole substance on one nautch.

Another passion they all seem to have in common, rich and poor alike—the love of jewels. A rich native will walk about at one of these feasts, when in full dress, bedecked with what would purchase a principality in Australia. The women, when seen, are equally valuably laden; and the poor, who can't reach jewels, take to coloured glass, for bedizened they must be. Formerly, when there was no safe way of investing money, it was a method of banking to buy up precious stones; and the habit remains, now that the funds offer better security, and that mercantile speculation, alas! tempts to the risk of hard earnings.

12th.—Our concert at last. We never could collect all the performers before: one or two always happened to be out of the way; and as we were resolved to have a full orchestra, we put off the great evening from day to day in order to secure our artists. One good effect of this delay will be the proficiency consequent on such repeated practice. Your pianoforte is off already to Mr Black's house, with all the little glass-cups its feet stand in to protect it from the white ants. The cups are deep, and filled with water; so any adventurous insect surmounting the slippery side falls into the lake below. The sofas are all on the move too,

the chandeliers ; and from the go-down's large boxes of small-wares have been taking the road ever since daylight. Caroline being no performer, has undertaken the commissariat : she will also receive the company. She went yesterday to see what was required ; made out the necessary list on the spot ; came back to give her orders ; and is now off again to see how they have been executed—her second visit to-day. She came back extremely displeased from her first. Everything was in confusion ; nothing had been properly done ; nobody was inclined to take any trouble ; the servants were quite behind-hand. And there sat Helen and her husband ! No : he stood with his violin to his shoulder, and the tall partner bending over his viol de gamba—all wrapped up in a trio of Beethoven's, with which we are to end our first act this evening. If the men had been at the counting-house, she would have thought nothing of it—business must be attended to ; but to see them here, dead to the world, fiddling away, and all at sixes and sevens round them, was really beyond her patience to bear ; and so she came off to complain to me. She found me at her old pianoforte, totally abstracted in the difficult accompaniment of a fine quartette of Mozart's, in which our baritone is to electrify the audience. In total despair she turned to the consolament, the only friend she has this day a chance of interesting in her perplexities.

Angry as dear Cary was, she did all she had undertaken well ; and the rooms looked so pretty in the evening, and she was so heartily thanked, so much praised then, when we were at leisure to think of all the trouble she had taken, that she got into excellent humour, and forgave us all. The long drawing-room was the concert-room—desks and chairs at one end for the orchestra, the pianoforte in the centre of them, with standing lights on each side of it for the vocalists. At the other end, and down the long walls of the room, were sofas for the company. In the smaller drawing-room a number of little tables were laid with refreshments. The veranda was covered in with matting, hung with red curtains, carpeted, lighted by our chandeliers, and furnished with our sofas. The effect was excellent. Cary acknowledged she considered it her masterpiece, and a most agreeable lounge we all found it. About forty intimate friends formed the company. With great difficulty has Helen managed to keep the party so small ; for the fame of the musicians—we will say nothing about the novelty of the entertainment—had caused a great demand for invitations. We numbered twelve musicians, amateurs and professionals ; and having confided the leadership to one we felt perfect confidence in following, we really did our parts well. It was a very perfectly executed concert—the instrumental part excellent, and the singing much better than is generally heard in private society : the one soprano voice is hardly to be equalled anywhere. She outdid herself this evening, particularly in one duet with the baritone, whose quartette, by the by, was also eminently successful. It was encored. We had chosen good composers and pleasing compositions—nothing very difficult either of execution or comprehension—and the result was deservedly gratifying to us. The audience had been equally well selected ; all people really fond of listening to music. The only complaint made was that the concert was too short. We were really rewarded for our pains in preparing it. And how many pleasant evenings had our rehearsals given us ! How well acquainted some of us have become by means of this help to intimacy ! It was no bad part of the arrangements to find at the end of the great crash, the final flourish, when all rose to mingle in a moving crowd, that the slight refreshments of the round tables had been changed into a good substantial supper ; and as nothing gives such an appetite as music, full justice was done to all provided. I don't know what o'clock it was when our merry party broke up.

13th.—This is Selena's wedding-day ; the marriage has been a quiet one ; not more than twenty people present at it in the cathedral, and about as many more at the dinner afterwards. The bride and bridegroom were as happy-looking a pair as could well be seen—she slightly agitated, timid and modest, and paler than usual, but always graceful and interesting ; he a fine-spirited, decided-mannered young man, handsome from intelligence and military bearing, and from his unmistakable air of having won the prize. The friends all seemed more than reconciled to him. The good appointment had developed numberless perfections in the once slighted lover. The dinner was very animated ; every one seeming to be in spirits, as if particularly pleased ; more than usually satisfied with so ordinary an affair as a marriage. I certainly have no misgivings as to the future happiness of Selena and her faithful lover. We shall lose them, for his appointment is at a distance ; but we part with the hope of meeting again.

14th.—At last the vessel sails. After twice altering her day, the captain has sent word that she starts with the tide to-night. We have had a toiling morning, still sending stray luggage on board even to near the last, and after all finding another trunk required to hold the gatherings. No place could well have been more wretched than the sick partner's house during this unsettled time. It shewed all the melancholy symptoms of approaching desertion. The furniture was disarranged, the packing was going forward, the children were unsettled, and the master and mistress very much out of spirits. The leave-taking of their servants was quite affecting, for the natives are a grateful and affectionate people ; perhaps easily moved to tears, still there must be some feeling before tears flow. They begged their sahibs to come back again, promising literally to be 'good boys' till their return. The head-servant and her own particular personal attendant kissed Mary's hands over and over again, saying what a kind mistress she had been—how should they bear to serve any other. I was really glad to escape from them. The scene at Helen's house I shall not venture near.

We have got them off at last—Freeman and all the children—and the first division of the cabin luggage went on board early in the afternoon. Cary's servants had been in the vessel since quite the morning, arranging the furniture. After dinner came the melancholy parting. Helen and Mr Black took charge of the sick man, and I went with Mary, and the new trunk, and a new tin case, and sundry bundles and some bags and baskets. Edward's carriage conveyed us quickly to the ghaut, where Arthur and I, at the same time of night a year ago, had landed. The comfortable boat of one of the native partners of the firm was there waiting for us, and we were soon alongside the ship. It was nearly dark : all was wretchedly uncomfortable, confused, and noisy, and crowded ; altogether, it was very sad. The uncertainty of the poor debilitated husband recovering ; the unfitness of the young wife to scramble through her troubled way with such a charge and her four baby children ; and Helen's silent agony as she herself undressed her pretty boys, and laid them in their little cots, kissing them for the last time as her children, for if they live to meet again, it is grown men who will receive the embrace of their mother. I could not stay below—I was choking : I left the cabins without saying farewell, and waited upon deck the re-appearance of Mr Black and Helen. They came, he leading her silently, and we descended to the boat, and reached the shore, and entered the carriage, and drove away ; not one single word uttered amongst us. She lay with her head upon her husband's shoulder in speechless grief. It was the most miserable half hour I ever passed. It must be like a succession of deaths to parents these dreadful separations from their children. Gay, happy, thoughtless Helen ! she will never wear her bright smile again.

15th.—This is the anniversary of our arrival. One whole year we have been in Calcutta—a very happy one, all things considered. Arthur's prospects are very fair. If he proceed as he has begun, he may do here what he never could have done at home—say out of the income he will earn at the bar, from the beginning of his law career. And for happiness while doing so, we can insure it, for we have but to will it—the way is very plain. It is a little difficult to bear up against the languor induced by the climate; but for the greater part of the year it can be done, and health can be preserved here as at home—by care. India, so little known by those unconnected with it, reveals itself on near approach as much like any other place where British congregate. The busy may work, the reflecting may study, the benevolent may serve their kind, and the frivolous will find their follies. Duty here must guide us as elsewhere. We move into our own house upon the 20th; after which, as we intend to lead a much quieter life than we have been able to do hitherto, my journal will become of little interest.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

March, 1851.

SCOTTISH men may plume themselves somewhat on a matter connected with the Exhibition: their stall in the Crystal Palace, with its display of goods and cunning handiwork, is the first finished: The special merit belongs to the worthy burghers of the little town of Dunfermline. Now that the building can be seen in all its complete proportions, with the painting and decoration so far advanced as to produce an effect, its attraction increases; and the crowds that flock to Hyde Park, favoured by the present fine weather, constitute already a 'fair' of such magnitude, as to remind you of the great gatherings talked about in history. Venders of cakes, cigars, fruit, sweetmeats, and potables, occupy the approaches; while itinerant retailers of 'Splendid Engravings of Mr Paxton's Palace of Glass,' one penny each, and 'Correct History and Descriptions of the Crystal Palace,' only sixpence, walk up and down, and entice customers among the multitudes. The southern end of the transept looks remarkably imposing, with its decorations of white and blue, and circle of numerals to mark the hours of the electric-clock there to be set up; and, whatever may have been predicted of the *tout ensemble*, whether of the inside or outside, the fault-finders are now in a minority. Notwithstanding the host of onlookers, the various works are going on with systematic celerity: sappers and miners, policemen, artificers, and porters, each man has a certain task assigned him, with regulations to prevent interference of the numerous groups. 'Mind your work!' is the order of the day; and with pass-tickets and counter-checks due order is preserved over the vast establishment. Of course you know what has been published touching the admission charges, but there will be no harm in repeating them. Season tickets, of which 4000 have been already sold, are to be three guineas for a gentleman, and two guineas for a lady; and on the first day of opening, none but the holders of these tickets are to be admitted. On the two following days the charge will be a sovereign per head, and from the 4th to the 24th of May, five shillings per head; after which, on the first four days of every week, it will be one shilling only; on Fridays it will be half-a-crown, on Saturdays, five shillings, as long as the show lasts. Thus all parties will have an opportunity to gratify their curiosity according to their means, leisure, or inclination. The thousands of handicraftsmen and operatives in our northern counties who make Whitsuntide an especial holiday, will be able to come up in June, with their wives and children, and see the famous Exhibition—

something to talk about for the rest of their lives. Eighteen acres of show for a shilling!—less than three farthings an acre! Lodgings for working-men are being fitted up on a large scale in Westminster, where cheap beds, cheap food, cleanliness, and security, and a line of conveyance to the Park, are the claims put forward for the allurement of guests. Householders with spare rooms and spare beds are everywhere on the alert: those who never turned a penny in their lives before mean to do so now. Tradesmen, too, are laying their plans for transferring coin from the pockets of visitors to their own. Booksellers, in particular, are active with Guide-Books, Maps of the Metropolis, and Cautions, Directions, and Descriptions, at all prices; disdaining not 'the exiguous sixpence,' or its cupriferous unit. And, not to be behind-hand, omnibuses are already placarded, 'To the Exhibition—all the way—threepence,' or have the word EXHIBITION painted in large capitals on their varnished sides. Whether locomotion is to be possible in our thoroughfares or on our river, when the additional battalions of omnibuses, cabs, and steamboats enter the field, is a problem which midsummer will solve much more accurately than any present speculation.

Goods for show, native as well as foreign, are pouring in fast, numerous and various. France is to send us £.800,000 worth; Italy and Switzerland mean to beat us—if they can; Sardinia has just sent her quota of industrial and artistic ingenuity; and before these lines are printed, the *St Lawrence*, a United States frigate, will have arrived with her multifarious cargo of Yankee notions; besides the *Susquehanna*, a war-steamer, which in herself is to exhibit the skill of American ship-builders, and also to bring specimens of what can be done by the mechanics and artisans of Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, as it is often called by Brother Jonathan. Among the articles for exhibition from the state of New York, we are to have sawing-machines, gold-mounted harness, fire and water proof paint; springs for chairs, bedsteads, and railway seats; brooms, bridges, stoves, sleighs, books, telegraphs, steamers, teeth, hats, coat and trousers, bonnets; a herbarium of 300 plants, and paintings of native wild-flowers—the last two by ladies. The specimens of leather will, it is said, present some extraordinary qualities; and daguerreotype-machines are talked of which will take pictures exceeding in dimensions all that has hitherto been attempted or accomplished in that department of art. If every state in the Union is to send in the like proportion, the *St Lawrence* will be stowed to repletion, and the Crystal Palace will have to concede a good breadth of territory; the more so, as we are promised a multitudinous throng of the makers of the interesting articles above enumerated. So many, indeed, have made up their mind to come over, that a packet is to sail from New York daily for their conveyance. It will be a rare time for ethnologists and social philosophers to study the genus homo—to compare transatlantic and Gallic republicans; Kentucks and Kalnucks; Brazilians and Belgians; Indians and Icelanders; Poles and Patagonians! The concourse will be a noteworthy one, and well worth a pilgrimage to the metropolis to look at it.

The printing of the catalogue of the Exhibition is rapidly proceeding. There are to be editions in French and German, besides two in English; of the latter, the most complete will comprise some thousand pages, as numerous illustrations are promised of the articles exhibited. An abridgment however, for popular use will be sold in the building for one shilling; and we are given to understand that it shall specify all the objects on show, and contain references to their positions, so that sight-seers may find whatever they want. The price of the foreign catalogues will be half-a-crown: all the editions are to be ready by the first of May. It is considered that

their publication affords a capital opportunity to advertisers. I heard the other day that a well-known clothing firm had offered £850 for the outside-end cover of the catalogue as an advertisement page, and that their offer had not been accepted. The sum asked is said to be £1,000.

Apart from what America is to do apropos of the Exhibition, a few items of invention have lately come to hand from the western republic, which I may as well chronicle before proceeding further. One is, 'an improved method of manufacturing drop-shot,' of which the patentee states—'The main feature of my invention consists in causing the fused metal to fall through an ascending current of air, which shall travel at such a velocity that the dropping metal shall come in contact with the same number or more particles of air, in a short time, than it would in falling through the high towers heretofore found necessary.' Another, which is said to prevent fatigue in walking, 'consists in making a hollow metallic heel for boots and shoes, in two parts, one placed within the other, with a spring between them, to support the weight of the body, and prevent the unpleasant shocks produced by the concussion of the ordinary boot-heel upon a hard surface, when the wearer is walking fast.' Boots, as you know, are criticised as severely as hats—both alike condemned as detrimental to human comfort: if the spring-heels prove a step towards reform, we on this side the ocean shall not be slow to make trial of them. Then there is a man in Massachusetts who has contrived an 'improved table for ships' cabins,' intended especially for the use of sea-going vessels—the particular object of the invention being, to always preserve the top surface of the table horizontal in a transverse direction, during the motions of the vessel produced by the sea or otherwise.' This table, which may be pronounced a 'trimmer,' comes just in time to suit the crowd of adventurers who mean to tempt old Neptune's playfulness during the next six months. Another strengthens spoon-handles by means of a wire concealed within their substance. Another has a sausage-machine, 'by the action of which the meat is minced or ground, and the sausage stuffed, at one operation.' Another makes rakes with spring teeth; another brooms and brushes, handle and all, out of one and the same piece of wood, or whatever may be the material used. Another rejoices in an 'improvement for cleansing bottles;' another in 'an improvement in securing hooks-and-eyes to tape and dresses;' a 'machine for turning leaves of books'—a desideratum with pianofortists and drowsy lecturers; and another produces buttons from straw. Well may this be called the utilitarian age! But the list is not ended yet: there is an improved sun-dial which, with a 'shadow-indicator' attached to the gnomon, tells you not only the hour, but the day and name of the month all through the year. More ingenious, perhaps, than useful, especially in a land where clockmakers are so numerous and clocks so cheap. Next come 'railroad gates,' which open and shut of themselves whenever a train passes; and, last for the present, 'a life-preserving hammock'—an article worthy of more than passing consideration, with the late melancholy steamboat accidents fresh in our memory. It 'consists in the construction of a hollow, sectional, air-tight hammock, of India-rubber cloth, to be inflated with air, and provided with a provision-pouch, pillow, water-pouch, inflating tubes and valves, loops and toggles, slings, thimbles, lanyards, and other appendages, by which it is made to serve the purposes of a hammock-mattress, and, in case of shipwreck, as a life-preserved; also as a canoe and pontoon, for the support of a bridge-raft, for the removal of cargoes from stranded ships, barricades against the small shot of the enemy during an action, or for other purposes.' The catalogue of uses is certainly sufficiently extensive: if the inventor have tact

as well as talent, he will send a few over in the *Susquehanna*.

Enough, however, for the moment, of transatlantic projects: I must tell you of a few other talked-of matters. The Academy of Sciences at Munich has appointed five commissions for the physical exploration of Bavaria: the department of botanical geography falls to Martius, a foreign member of some of our learned societies, and well known for his scientific writing on vegetable productions and phenomena. Then our Geographical Society has had a little windfall, which has set some tongues in motion. It appears that a year or two ago the pope appointed Dr Knoblecher, an Austrian, vicar-general of a mission to Central Africa. After staying for some time among the Maronites of Lebanon, the reverend envoy travelled on at the end of 1849 to Khartoum, the point where the Nile diverges into what are known as the White Fork and Blue Fork. The doctor pursued his journey along the former of the two, up to about four degrees from the equator, where he ascended a mountain called Logwek, from the top of which he saw the river trending away in a south-westerly direction, until it was lost among mountains. The stream at the farthest point reached was more than 200 yards wide, and from 9 to 18 feet deep. If not interrupted by rapids or shallows, what availabilities would not such a channel afford for navigation! The doctor believes that the source of the river will be found south of the equator; and having come to Europe to advise and recruit, intends to return to the torrid zone forthwith, and hopes to be again among the Bari negroes—the most distant tribe which he saw—by November next. We can but wish success to his further explorations; for the geography of Central Africa is not less interesting to us than that of the Arctic regions, on which so much endeavour and money have been expended.

I did not mean to say anything more about America in this gossip, but there is one little item relating to travel which presses for notice. It is, that a high-pressure steamer, fifty-five feet in length, with two engines of ten-horse power each, has been built at New York for service on Lake Titicaca, in Peru. It is of course made to take to pieces, and no piece is to weigh more than 350 pounds, so as not to be too heavy for the mules on whose backs it will have to be carried up the Andes to its destination. The lake is so extensive, as to be worthy the name of an inland sea; and besides the valuable wood which grows in abundance on its shores, there are other products out of which commerce knows how to extract a profit. Should the first vessel succeed, she will be speedily followed by a consort. Frequently in such enterprises as these, which make but little noise, and scarcely excite attention, the germ is deposited of vast social changes, which in after-years puzzle alike the politician and philosopher.

It is some time since I afflicted you with any details of social statistics, so you must permit me now to call your attention to one or two from the last 'Quarterly Return' of the Registrar-General. He tells us, that 'in their general character the returns of the last quarter of 1850 are highly favourable, and imply a happier condition of the population at the close than at the commencement of the year. While fewer lives have been lost by epidemics, the marriages and births have increased.' The marriages are given for the quarter ending September 30th. The number was 37,496—'more by 10,000 than were registered in the summer quarter of 1842; and 2400 more than have been returned in the summer quarter of any previous years. Allowing for increase of population, the proportion of marriages is greater than it has been in the same season of any year since the registration commenced.' This increase has been general all over the country, excepting the eastern and south-eastern counties; and, singularly enough, we find it greatest in the weaving districts.

'In the purely agricultural counties,' continues the Registrar, 'marriage went on slowly, but steadily; in all the iron and coal fields at but a slightly-increasing rate; while in all the counties peopled by the workers in lace, silk, wool, and cotton, the number of marriages—of new families established—has increased at a rate of which there are few examples in the returns of the last hundred years.' Then we are told that 'the births in the quarter following, which ended on December 31, 1850, were also the greatest number ever registered in the autumn quarters of any previous year: 146,268 children were born in the three months. The births are in general most numerous in the spring quarter, and were so in the spring of 1850: they have since greatly exceeded the numbers registered in previous years in all the divisions of the kingdom, whether agricultural or manufacturing, in counties ravaged by cholera, and in counties left unscathed by that plague.' Thus it would seem as though nature were eager to repair the loss caused by sweeping visitations of the fierce epidemic. 'The excess of births registered over deaths in the quarter is 54,245. The usual excess is 40,000 more births than deaths. The excess in the last quarter of 1845 was 50,000; in 1847, when influenza was epidemic, only 24,000; in 1849, when the cholera epidemic was rapidly declining, 38,000. During the whole of the year 1850, the births were 593,567, the deaths 369,679, and consequently the excess of births over deaths was 223,888 in England: the same year 280,843 emigrants sailed from the shores of the United Kingdom—214,606 (many of them of Irish birth) from England, 15,154 from Scotland, and 51,083 from Ireland. The number of births and deaths in Scotland and Ireland is unknown; and the census alone can disclose at what precise rate the population increases; but we know that the new births more than replace the vast armies of peaceful emigrants that every year assemble without much noise, and, led apparently by the same kind of Divine instinct that directs other migrations, leave their native land to seek homes in regions prepared for them all over the world.'

Now, about a book or two, and then to finish: people who read French literature are talking of 'Whims and Levities,' recently published at Paris. The author, M. Petit-Senn, says, by way of sample, 'People often find themselves cleverer in thinking of what they might have said, than in remembering what they really did say.' Again—'We can find a day to enjoy a pleasure, but seek for an hour to acquit ourselves of duty.' And—'Great legislators, in enlightening a people, raise them up to themselves; tribunes who seek but to delude, sink down to their level.' Another subject is, 'Directions for the Preservation of English Antiquities,' by the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries; a small pamphlet, intended chiefly for the instruction of the humbler classes, who often through ignorance deface or destroy objects of antiquity which fall into their possession. And last is Mr Johnston's 'England as It Is,' &c.—a work worth reading, notwithstanding the author's strictures on nearly the whole scope of our political and social life. With him all is barren; nothing to inspire promise or hope. I send you a specimen, which perhaps will hit the views of many besides the writer. He is complaining of the unhealthy desire manifested to get into company, and says—'To see men of science pursuing knighthoods, and ribbons, and decorations—men of literature anxious to rub their skirts to dull dukes or leaden lords—members of parliament propitiated by tickets to a state ball—professional men who scarcely allow themselves an hour of recreation—to see all this, and the pompous, hot, heavy dinners—the parade, the waste, the prodigality of expense, the poverty of sense, cheerfulness, and cordiality—is certainly enough to abate one's pride in the social philosophy of England, whatever we may say of the energy, enterprise, ability, and

perseverance of the people in affairs of business.' And with this demonstration of authorship against custom and fashion, I cease to tax your patience until the equinox has come and gone—and then!

Tales for Young People.

THE STOLEN FRUIT.

On the 15th of August 1777, two little girls of seven or eight years old were playing in a garden near Ajaccio in Corsica. After running up and down among the trees and flowers, one of them stopped the other at the entrance to a dark grotto under a rock.

'Eliza,' she said, 'don't go any farther: it frightens me to look into that black cave.'

'Nonsense! 'tis only Napoleon's Grotto.'

'This garden belongs to your uncle Fesch: has he given this dark hole to Napoleon?'

'No, Panoria; my great uncle has not given him this grotto. But as he often comes and spends hours in it by himself, we all call it *Napoleon's Grotto*.'

'And what can he be doing there?'

'Talking to himself.'

'What about?'

'Oh, I don't know: a variety of things. But come, help me to gather a large bunch of flowers.'

'Just now, when we were on the lower walk, you told me not to pull any, although there was abundance of sweet ones.'

'Yes; but that was in my uncle the canon's garden.'

'And are his flowers more sacred than those of Uncle Fesch?'

'They are indeed, Panoria.'

'And why?'

'I'm sure I don't know; but when any one wants to prevent our playing, they say, "That will give your uncle the canon a headache!" When we are not to touch something, 'tis always, "That belongs to the canon!" If we want to eat some fine fruit, "Don't touch that; 'tis for your uncle the canon!" And even when we are praised or rewarded, 'tis always because the canon is pleased with us!'

'Is it because he is archdeacon of Ajaccio that people are so much afraid of him?'

'Oh no, Panoria; but because he is our tutor. Papa is not rich enough to pay for masters to teach us, and he has not time to look after our education himself; so our uncle the canon teaches us everything. He is not unkind, but he is very strict. If we don't know our lessons, he slaps us smartly.'

'And don't you call that unkind, Eliza?'

'Not exactly. Do you never get a whipping yourself, Panoria?'

'No indeed, Eliza. It is the Corsican fashion to beat children; but our family is Greek, and mamma says Greeks must not be beaten.'

'Then I'm sure, Panoria, I wish I were a Greek; for 'tis very unpleasant to be slapped!'

'I daresay your brother Napoleon does not like it either.'

'He is the only one of my brothers who does not cry or complain when he is punished. If you heard what a noise Joseph and Lucien make, you would fancy that uncle was flaying them alive!'

'But about Napoleon. What can he be talking about alone in the grotto?'

'Hush! Here he is! Let us hide ourselves behind this lilac-tree, and you'll hear.'

'I see Severia coming to call us.'

'Ah! it will take her an hour to gather ripe fruit for uncle the canon. We shall have time enough. Come!'

And the little girls, gliding between the rock and the overhanging shrubs, took up their position in perfect concealment.

The boy who advanced towards the grotto differed from the generality of children of his age in the size of his head, the massive form of his noble brow, and the

fixed *startling* expression of his eyes. He walked slowly—looking at the bright blue sea—and unconscious that his proceedings were closely watched by two pair of little bright black eyes.

“Here I am, my own master!” he said as he entered the grotto. “No one commands me here!” And seating himself royally on a bench within the dark entrance, he continued—“This is my birthday. I am eight years old to-day. I wish I lived among the Spartans, then I should be beyond the control of women; but now I have to obey such a number of people—old Severia among the rest. Ah, if I were the master!”

“Well, and if you were the master, what would you do?” cried Eliza, thrusting forward her pretty little head.

“First of all, I’d teach you not to come listening at doors,” replied Napoleon, disconcerted at being overheard.

“But, brother, there’s no door that I can see.”

“No matter, you have been eavesdropping all the same.”

“Eliza!—Panoria!” cried a loud voice. “Where can these children have gone to?”

The young ladies came out of their leafy lurking-place in time to meet the little Bonaparte’s nurse, Severia—a tall old woman, who carried on her arm a basket filled with the most luscious, tempting pears, grapes, and figs.

“A pear, Severia!” cried Napoleon, darting forwards, and thrusting his hand into the basket.

“The saints forbid, child!” exclaimed Severia. “They are for your uncle the canon!”

“Ah!” said Napoleon, drawing back his hand as quickly as if a wasp had stung him.

Panoria burst out laughing.

“I never saw such people!” she said, as soon as her mirth allowed her to speak. “My uncle the canon seems the bugbear of the whole family. Is Severia afraid of him too?”

“Not more than I am,” said Napoleon boldly.

“And yet you were afraid to take a pear?”

“Because I did not wish to do it, Panoria.”

“Did not dare do it, Napoleon!”

“Did not *wish* to do it, Panoria.”

“And if you wished it, would you do it?”

“Certainly I would.”

“I think you are a boaster, Napoleon; and in your uncle’s presence would be just as great a coward as Eliza or Pauline!”

“Come, children, follow me,” said Severia, walking on.

“You think I am a coward?” whispered Eliza to her little friend. “Come into the house, and see if I don’t eat as much of uncle’s fruit as I please. Mamma is gone out to pay a visit, and will not be home until to-morrow.”

“Then I’ll help you,” said Panoria. And the little girls, fixing their wistful eyes on the tempting fruit, followed Severia to the house.

Napoleon remained some time longer in his grotto; and when supper-time approached, he went into the house. Feeling very thirsty, he entered the dining-room, in which was a large cupboard, where fresh water was usually kept. Just as he was going in, he heard a noise: the cupboard doors were quickly shut, and he caught a glimpse of a white frock disappearing through the open window. Instead, however, of looking after the fugitive, he went quietly to get a glass of water in the cupboard. Then, to his dismay, he saw his uncle’s basket of fruit half empty! While, forgetting his thirst, he looked with astonishment at the fruit, considering who could have been the *bold* thief, a voice behind him roused him from his reverie.

“What are you doing there, Napoleon? You know you are not permitted to help yourself to supper.”

“It was uncle the canon himself—a short, stout old man with a bald head, whose otherwise ordinary features were lighted up with the eagle glance which afterwards distinguished his grand-nephew.

“I was not taking anything, uncle,” replied Napoleon. And then suddenly the idea occurring to him that he

might be accused of having taken the fruit, the blood rushed hotly to his cheeks.

His confusion was so evident, that the canon said, “I hope you are not telling a falsehood, Napoleon?”

“I never tell falsehoods,” said the boy proudly.

“What were you doing?”

“I was thirsty; I came to get some water.”

“No harm in that—and then, my boy?”

“That was all, uncle.”

“Have you drunk the water?”

“Not yet.”

The archdeacon shook his head. “You came to drink, and you did not drink; that does not hang well together. Napoleon, take care. If you frankly confess your fault, whatever it may be, you shall be forgiven; but if you tell a lie, and persist in it, I warn you that I shall punish you severely.”

The entrance of M. Bonaparte, M. Fesch, and Joseph, Napoleon’s eldest brother, interrupted the conversation; and for some minutes the elder gentlemen spoke to each other on political subjects; when a sudden exclamation from Severia, as she opened the cupboard, attracted the attention of all.

“Santa Madona! who has taken the fruit?”

“This is the mystery discovered!” said the canon, turning towards Napoleon. “So you stole the fruit?”

“I never touched it,” replied the boy.

“Call in the other children,” said the archdeacon.

In a few minutes five beautiful children, three boys and two girls, formed a group round their father, who, looking at each one in turn, asked—“Which of you has taken the fruit that was gathered in your uncle the canon’s garden?”

“I did not!” “Nor I!” “Nor I!” cried they all. But Eliza’s voice was lower and less assured than those of the others.

“And you, Napoleon?”

“I have said, papa, that I did not do it.”

“That’s a falsehood!” exclaimed Severia, who, being an old domestic, took great liberties.

“If you were not a woman!” said Napoleon, shaking his small clenched hand at her.

“Silence! Napoleon,” said his father sternly.

“It must have been you, Napoleon,” said Severia; “for after putting the fruit into the cupboard, I never left the anteroom, and not a soul passed through except the archdeacon and yourself. If he has not taken them?”

“I wish truly I had,” said the old gentleman, “and then I should not have the grief of seeing one of my children persist in a lie.”

“Uncle, I am not guilty,” repeated Napoleon firmly.

“Do not be obstinate, but confess,” said his father.

“Yes,” added the canon; “tis the only way to escape punishment.”

“But I never touched the fruit—indeed, I did not.”

“Napoleon,” said his uncle, “I cannot believe you. I shall give you five minutes; and if, at the end of that time, you do not confess, and ask for pardon, I shall whip you.”

“A whip is for horses and dogs, not for children!” said the boy.

“A whip is for disobedient, lying children,” replied his father.

“Then tis unjust to give it me, for I am neither a har nor disobedient.” So saying, Napoleon crossed his arms on his chest, and settled himself in a firm attitude.

Meantime his brothers and his sister Pauline came close to him, and whispered good-natured entreaties that he would confess.

“But how can I, when I have not done wrong?”

“So you are still obstinate!” said his uncle. And taking him by the arm, he led him into the next room. Presently the sound of sharp repeated blows was heard, but not a cry or complaint from the little sufferer.

Madame Bonaparte was away from home, and in the evening her husband went to meet her, accompanied by Joseph, Lucien, and Eliza. M. Fesch and the canon were also about to depart, and in passing through the ante-

room, they saw Napoleon standing, pale and grave, but proud and firm-looking as before.

'Well, my child,' said his father, 'I hope you will now ask your uncle's pardon?'

'I did not touch the fruit, papa.'

'Still obstinate! As the rod will not do, I shall try another method. Your mother, brothers, Eliza, and I, will be away for three days, and during that time you shall have nothing but bread and water, unless you ask your uncle's forgiveness.'

'But, papa, won't you let him have some cheese with his bread?' whispered little Pauline.

'Yes, but not *broccio*.'

'Ah do, papa, please let him have *broccio*; 'tis the nicest cheese in Corsica!'

'That's the reason he does not deserve it,' said his father, looking at the boy with an anxious expression, as if he hoped to see some sign of penitence on his face. But none such appearing, he proceeded towards the carriage.

Joseph and Lucien took a kind leave of their brother, but Eliza seemed unwilling and afraid to go near or look at him.

The three days passed on, heavily enough for poor Napoleon, who was in disgrace, and living on bread, water, and cheese, which was not *broccio*. At length the party returned, and little Panoria, who was watching for her friend Eliza, came with them into the house.

'Good-morning, uncle,' said Madame Bonaparte to the archdeacon; 'how are you? And where are Napoleon and Pauline?'

'Here I am, mamma,' said the latter, throwing her arms around her mother's neck.

'And Napoleon?'

'He is here,' said the canon.

'Has he confessed?' asked his father.

'No,' replied the uncle. 'I never before witnessed such obstinacy.'

'What has he done?' asked his mother.

The canon, in reply, related the story of the fruit; but before he could finish it, Panoria exclaimed—

'Of course, poor fellow, he would not confess what he never did!'

'And who did take the fruit?' asked the canon.

'I and Eliza,' replied the little girl without hesitation.

There was a universal exclamation.

'My poor child,' said the archdeacon, embracing Napoleon tenderly, 'why did you not undeceive us?'

'I suspected it was Eliza,' replied Napoleon; 'but I was not sure. At all events, I would not have told, for Panoria's sake, who is not a liar.'

My readers may imagine how Napoleon was caressed and rewarded to make him amends for the pain he had unjustly suffered. As to Eliza, she was severely and rightly punished: first for her gluttony; and then for what was much worse—her cowardice and deceit in allowing her innocent brother to suffer for her fault.*

GOTHLAND AS A FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.

It will be recollected that in the Journal for 9th March 1850 a favourable account was given of the island of Gothland as a field for emigration. This was not done from the personal observation of the writer, but from the report of Major Pringle, the English consul at Stockholm, and of Mr George Stephens, an English land-valuer, who had made an inspection of certain lands upon the island, and whose words were quoted. It was at the same time stated that there was a Land-Company who were buying up lands with the view to encouraging an immigration of British settlers, who might introduce improvements in culture, of which the native population stood much in want.

Subsequently (June 22) a report was given in the Journal respecting this Company's lands, from an East Lothian farmer of experience, who had been induced by the former article to visit the island. He described them

as consisting principally of marshes in the course of being drained, and which he judged to be capable of producing excellent turnip crops. On the whole, he judged so favourably of the country, as to resolve on settling in it. He accordingly proceeded thither with his family in the month of July.

He was accompanied by seven individuals who wished to judge of the island; but these quickly returned, and published an unfavourable account of the lands offered to settlers by the Company, unfortunately in a manner and style which we felt to be at once discourteous and unjust towards ourselves. We passed over the discourtesy and injustice, and only expressed (October 26) our surprise that the accounts of an island in the Baltic should differ so greatly, throwing out at the same time a request for an impartial view of the lands from some other source. This we have not yet obtained; but we nevertheless have arrived at a tolerably distinct idea of the real state of the case.

The island of Gothland is a mass of limestone, about 60 miles long, favoured, from its insular situation, with what is for the north of Europe a mild climate. It was a great seat of commerce in the middle ages; and its principal town, Visby, is full of fine antique structures. The more elevated parts of the island are rounded surfaces of rock, bearing only forests. The lower districts present fine tracts of rich soil, alternating with marshes—the latter condition of the land being very much a result of neglect and of bad legal arrangements regarding mills. Our original statement regarding the island is borne out by what we learn is the condition of a large portion of it. The English consul at Stockholm, reasserts, in a letter to us, dated the 8th October last: 'There is a great deal of excellent land in Gothland, capable, if properly drained, of bearing crops of barley, oats, and turnips. . . . I repeat that I saw excellent land in the marshes, particularly near Rone and Kloster.' The East Lothian farmer, having accepted a commission from the Land Company, is less valid authority; but we know him to be a man incapable of mistaking a matter of fact. He informs us that 'they have grown most magnificent crops of turnips and barley on the marshes this last season—the former not surpassed in any country, and that with most imperfect cultivation.'

He adds—'Independent of the Company's lands, the island offers very great inducements to men of small capital, as all over it properties can be bought at very low prices; and, in general, the old cultivated land is of the very finest quality (I have never seen better in any country), but it has hitherto been so wretchedly farmed and manured, that the wonder is it can produce any crop at all. Were it in the hands of Scotchmen, it would produce most abundant crops of all kinds except oats, for which the climate appears too dry; other grains cannot be surpassed in quality. Any person who could afford to look about him for a few months, could easily purchase land on which, were he industrious, he could produce every requisite for the support of a family in far better style than with three times the capital he could do on any farm in Scotland.'

In Sweden prices are generally low, and land is not an exception. The consul, in the letter already quoted, says that he saw a Gothland estate, comprising 600 good arable acres, 1500 acres of forest, and a dwelling-house for a large family, with excellent farm-offices, sold for £1900. It is obvious that, in producing grain at a moderate outlay, in an island within eight days' sail of England, there would be a great advantage, provided the business were conducted with the benefit of British skill and British mechanical appliances. The consul, however, recommends none but Scottish farmers, and those of the hardier class, to attempt settling in Gothland, anticipating that the discontents necessarily encountered at first would be discomfiting to the generality of Englishmen.

It thus appears on very good evidence that our original statements regarding Gothland are perfectly true as far as the bulk of the island is concerned. Our subsequent moderate account of the marsh-lands is also true. Any

* This article is abridged from the French of Madame Félix.

discrepancy that can arise in the accounts of different observers must only be where one denies regarding the marshes what has only been ascribed to the old cultivated lands. We cannot now entertain any doubt that Gothland forms a good field for the emigrant. We believe that it contains much good arable land, to be had at a moderate, or rather low price, and that even its marshes form a promising field of settlement. If any further evidence on this point were wanting, it would be found in an unexpected testimony from two of the seven individuals who published the condemnatory notice in September last. We now learn, what they did not think proper to make known at the time, that one of them had actually, while on the island, entered into a negotiation for a piece of the Marsh Company's lands, and that another offered £3750 for an estate, which, however, was not accepted. Where two of the seven persons acted in this manner, and the rest must have been aware of it, it seems strange that their ostensible condemnation of Gothland should have been so sweeping; but it is not our part to solve the problem of their inconsistency; neither shall we stop to inquire if a few hours spent by them in examining an island eighty miles long, and containing a great variety of land, were sufficient either to enable them prudently to make offers for estates upon it, or to entitle them to publish an abrupt, dogmatic statement regarding its general character and condition. We simply set aside their testimony as not appearing to us worthy of the slightest degree of credit, and express our belief, as at first, that hardy and industrious farmers, who find a difficulty in existing circumstances at home, would do well to take a look of this island.*

IMPROVED AMERICAN PIANOFORTE.

This improvement, termed the 'Patent Dolce Campana Pedal Pianoforte,' is from the manufactory of Messrs Boardman and Gray of New York. The effects produced by the application of this pedal are a prolongation of the sound, and the alteration of the quality of tone from the ordinary piano (to that of sweet bells or harps), and which can be used *ad libitum* by the performer; thereby producing not only a charming variety of sound, but a most beautiful accompaniment long sought for the voice. The mechanical part of this ingenious improvement is exceedingly simple, being merely a number of weights arranged by a lever pedal, to fall, when required, upon an equal number of screws fixed in the sounding-board of the piano, and which, of course, altering the vibration, effects and produces peculiar qualities and expressions of tone, unlike anything heretofore known; and when combined with the other two pedals, produces the lightest shade of altissimo notes, alternating with the crescendo and diminuendo, and other musical accents of any kind which may be desired, in imitation of an orchestral performance. The particular qualities of this new attachment are its clearness, brilliancy, and delicacy of tone, which falls upon the ear with a surpassing softness, like the chiming peals of distant bells: hence its peculiar name, 'Dolce Campana' (Sweet Bells). This attachment is perfectly simple, and so constructed that it can be detached from the instrument in a few moments.

WORK FOR SOLDIERS.

An order has been issued from the War Department, which strikes us as being a very sensible one. It provides that at every permanent post at which our troops are or shall be stationed, they shall be employed in cultivating a kitchen-garden, to insure a supply of vegetables. A system of more extended cultivation is soon to be commenced in those military departments which are located in Texas, New Mexico, California, and Oregon, in which

* The agent for the Marsh Company's lands is Mr Lilljevalch, Stockholm. Mr. Macquist, the English consul at Wisby, and a member of the company, may likewise be addressed or applied to. There are steamer from Hull to Gothenburg once a fortnight during the summer, and from this town, or from Hamburg or Copenhagen, it cannot be difficult to reach the island.

Indians are to be employed in company with the soldiers. The clear proceeds from these labours are to be distributed among the soldiers.—*Boston Museum.*

THE GOOD OF IT.

A CYNIC'S SONG.

SOME men strut proudly 'midst honours and gold,
Hiding strange deeds 'neath the shadow of fame;
I creep along, braving hunger and cold,
To keep my heart taintless as well as my name.
"So—so—where is the good of it?"

Some cloth bare Truth in fine garments of words,
Fetter her free limbs with purple and state:
With me, let me sit at the lordliest boards;
'I love' means *I love*, and 'I hate' means *I hate*.
But—but—where is the good of it?

Some have rich dainties and costly attire,
Guests flattering round them, and duns at the door;
I crouch by myself at my plain board and fire,
Enjoy what I pay for, and scorn to have more.
Yet—yet—where is the good of it?

Some gather round them a phalanx of 'friends,'
Scattering professions like coins in a crowd;
I keep my heart close for the few that Heaven sends,
Where they'll find their names writ when I lie in my shroud!
"So—so—where is the good of it?"

Some toy with love—lightly come, lightly go;
A blithe game at hearts—little worth, little cost.
I staked my whole soul, hope and peace, on one throw,
A life 'gainst an hour's sport. We played, and I—lost!
Ha—ha!—where was the good of it?

Moral—added on his Deathbed.

Turn the past's mirror backward! Its shadows removed,
The dim confused mass grows all softened, sublime!
I have worked—I have felt—I have lived—I have loved,
And each was a step towards the mount I now climb!
Thou, God—Thou saw'st the good of it!

TO RESTORE DECAYED IVORY.

Dr Layard, in his explorations among the ruins of Nineveh, discovered some splendid works of art carved in ivory, which he forwarded to England. When they arrived there, it was discovered that the ivory was crumbling to pieces very rapidly. Professor Owen was consulted to know if there was any means of preventing the entire loss of these specimens of ancient art: he came to the conclusion that the decay was owing to the loss of the albumen in the ivory, and therefore recommended that the articles be boiled in a solution of albumen. The experiment was tried with complete success, and the ivory has been rendered as firm and solid as when it was first entombed.—*Jameson's Journal.*

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper: it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rose-wood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it consists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by those intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a place far outviving the Oriental in brilliancy and glory.—*American paper.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 379. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

A MODEST CELEBRITY.

SOME years ago I set out to visit Italy for the first time, and took my way up the Rhine and through Switzerland. A lady friend whom I was to meet, with her family at Milan, had desired me to bring her some of Jean Maria Farina's true and genuine eau de Cologne; and anxious, like a true knight, to fulfil the behest of lady fair, no sooner was I arrived at Cologne, and the duties of the toilet and my breakfast were over, than I sallied out to execute my commission. I had not taken twenty steps along the street, when, over a warehouse door, a large board struck my eye, thus inscribed in gigantic capitals—

ONLY VERITABLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
JEAN MARIA FARINA'S GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE.

This was just what I wanted. The shop contained nothing but bottles of eau de Cologne, for the most part neatly packed by dozens in slight wooden boxes. I made my purchase, desired the box to be carried to the hotel, and went forth to take a survey of the town. But I had not proceeded many steps further, before another sign-board made precisely the same pretensions for its shop, as being the sole depositary of the genuine eau de Cologne by Jean Maria Farina. I was startled. 'I hope I have made no mistake,' thought I. 'If I have, it must be rectified: there is full time.'

Vexed at my precipitancy, I walked on thoughtfully, and soon came to another, and another, and another warehouse of the same description; and so on, in every part of the town, all bearing, in every diversity of colour and characters, the same announcement of being 'the sole and veritable depositary of Jean Maria Farina's genuine eau de Cologne.' I made anxious inquiries of divers persons, without arriving at anything satisfactory; and so, returning to my hotel, I determined to abide by my purchase, and to present it to my fair friend as the real and genuine eau de Cologne, without disturbing her faith by the doubts that distracted my own mind. The subject vanished gradually from my thoughts, only leaving behind it a general impression of the greatness of Jean Maria Farina, that European personage, whose name had stared me thus in the face at every turn in the old town on the Rhine.

Next morning I set off for Mainz by the steamboat. The vessel was crowded with passengers, of whom the majority were English. To own the truth, I am apt to feel greatly ashamed of my countrymen—speaking of them in the mass—when I meet them abroad, swarming in steamboats, railways, and hotels. On this occasion my eye wandered over the commonplace set, with

their endless and cumbersome abundance of travelling comforts in the shape of bags, baskets, bottles, and boxes of all sizes and forms. There were likewise flat-faced Germans, smoking extraordinary pipes, and wearing fantastical hats and caps; but of the whole crowd, the only individual who at all fixed my attention was a tall man somewhat advanced in years, and his black hair sprinkled with white, though he was still of comely appearance. The deep-set black eyes, olive complexion, oval-shaped head, and finely-cut features, the mobility and *finesse* of expression, the pliable and easy motions of the body, stamped him a native of the south. There was a shrewd thoughtfulness in the countenance while silent, brightening when he spoke into benevolent cheerfulness, a good-humoured smile lighting his dark eyes, and disclosing a fine set of white teeth, which gave something very agreeable to the whole physiognomy. He looked like a prosperous man, well contented with himself and with the world. That his prosperity had been *earned*, seemed denoted by an appearance of activity which age had not subdued.

The old gentleman was surrounded by a numerous party, and nothing occurred to bring about any communication between us. But by an odd chance we happened to meet every day for a week either in a steamboat, on a railway, or at a *table-d'hôte*—always at a distance, however, without at any time exchanging a word. There was a sort of silent acquaintance established, but we seemed under a spell which obliged us to look, and not to speak. At last it was with a kind of painful consciousness our eyes met, although feeling rather attracted than repelled; so that it was almost a relief the first day I no longer met my dark-eyed vision at supper, although I felt, notwithstanding, a lingering regret that I should now never satisfy a certain curiosity which had sprung up in my own mind as to who or what the stranger might be.

I stayed some time in Switzerland, and then went on to Italy. I crossed the Alps by the Simplon—that wonderful road conceived by the geniuses of Napoleon—as easy as an English turnpike-road, winding its way up through mountain pastures and vast pine forests to the regions of eternal snow and ice, and the wild territory of the avalanche. Nothing gives a more forcible impression of the power of man's intellect, struggling, calmly and successfully, with the awful powers of nature. Arrived at the summit of the pass, the descent on the Italian side begins from the village of Simplon; and you go winding down, between gigantic, perpendicular, larch-grown rocks, which seem to admit reluctantly within their jaws the road that winds along the edge of the roaring torrent, which has fretted its way during long ages through these rocky walls. And

and torrent run together confined between them, and the traveller sees the sky far above the towering masses on either side.

After passing several hours in this gorge, you issue from it suddenly, where at your feet lies, opening to view, the verdant, smiling basin of the Val d'Ossola, rich in luxuriant Italian beauty. After the stern grandeur of the Alpine pass, the view from the bridge of Crevola bursts like enchantment on the sight, presenting a wide, gracefully-circular plain, watered by a winding river, and surrounded by the most picturesque mountains, clothed half-way up their sides with rich wood, while above stand out the naked, brown mountain-tops in fantastic peaks against the blue sky. Among the dark verdure of their swelling base stand forth in strong relief cheerful white villages and country-houses, and tall square white church towers, spotting the sides of the hills, while the town of Domo d'Ossola shines smilingly at the further end of the vale. The vine, allowed to run in its elegant natural festoons, the mulberry mixed with other trees, and the soft balmy air, all tell the traveller he has set foot in Italy. Domo d'Ossola struck me as a cheerful, elegant little town. It had an Italian character, quite new to me, which took my fancy. I travelled alone, guided solely by my own inclination; and I was so much pleased with the situation, that I determined to give some days to examine a few of the numerous valleys which diverge from the Val d'Ossola, winding among these picturesque, but rarely-explored mountains.

I have always had a passion for deviating from the high road. After resting a night at Domo, I inquired if a guide could be procured. My host informed me that as few travellers wandered from the high road, there were no regular guides, but that there was at that moment in his house a young man, servant to a gentleman of the Val Vegeste, who was returning to Santa Maria Maggiore, the principal village in that valley, whom I could accompany thus far. Arrived there, I might easily find some one else to guide me further on. The arrangement was soon made; and Battistino—so my guide was named—and I set out on foot together towards the Val Vegeste. My companion was a barefooted, tall, active, black-eyed, intelligent young fellow, with those free and supple limbs, and that somewhat melancholy cast of countenance—easily, however, brightening into an animated and cheerful variety of expression—which characterise the Italian peasant.

I knew something of the Italian language, but I was totally at a loss to communicate with my present conductor, whose only tongue was his native mountain dialect, in which I with difficulty recognised here and there some word disguised by a pronunciation wholly new to me; so our communication was more in looks and gestures than in speech. We first retraced a short part of the road by which I had entered the town the day before; but soon deviating to the right, we crossed by a plank bridge the stream which intersects the Val d'Ossola, and proceeding to the limit of the valley in that direction, and then turning to the left, skirted the base of the mountain. Nothing could exceed the beauty of everything that met my eye. After an hour's walk, I was struck by the appearance of a very handsome country-house, which stood on a lofty eminence facing us, surrounded by noble terraced gardens. The mansion commanded the same extensive views of the beautiful valley that strike the traveller so forcibly from the bridge of Crevola. I pointed out this dwelling to my guide with an inquiring look.

'Palazzo del Signor Padrone' ('The palace of my master') was his answer.

'Your padrone then is rich?'

'Ha!' returned Battistino with a lengthened exclamation, waving his hand expressively up and down.

'Tanto ricco!—ricchissimo! Tanto scior!' ('So rich!—very rich! Such a great gentleman!') And this was followed by a long and eloquent eulogium, or history, unfortunately lost upon me, with the exception of the words, 'Generoso, generosissimo—da Paris,' by which I made out the very rich man to be likewise very generous, and to have come from Paris.

As we proceeded along our way, I found that we were not to go towards the palace, as Battistino termed the handsome dwelling upon the hill, our road turning sharply to the right, where a singularly picturesque opening gives entrance to the wild Val Vegeste. Here we crossed a bridge over a beautiful stream, flowing from between two high walls of rock, richly grown with overhanging wood. A few houses stand on this spot, and a chapel with an image of the Virgin, to which is attached a legendary miracle; and from thence a road cut in the rock leads up the course of the stream to Santa Maria Maggiore. At every step the picturesque beauties of this singular valley become more striking. As we advanced, the sound of a fine-toned church-bell came wafted on the air. It sounded like a rejoicing peal. Battistino became excited, and contrived to make me understand that the bell, the *great bell*, was a gift from his padrone to the church.

On entering Santa Maria Maggiore, we found the whole village in holiday trim: the women's heads adorned with snow-white muslin handkerchiefs, or braids of hair fastened round the back of the head by large silver pins placed in a semicircle—the latter coiffure having a peculiarly classical and Italian appearance. Some added coquettishly a natural flower on one side. Their ears and necks were adorned with large earrings and necklaces; and the neat stocking, and embroidered instep of a sort of slipper, with a wooden sole and heels, under a short smart petticoat, completed the holiday attire. Each, with fan in hand, was hurrying to church; while some, after a fashion peculiar to these mountains, carried their infants attached to their backs in light wooden cradles.

The whole formed a rich and novel scene. My guide had a word, a nod, or a smile for everybody, and you may suppose that the stranger with him excited no slight attention. Battistino seemed irresistibly impelled to follow the crowd, and led me with him into the church. We walked up a side aisle, and he pointed out from afar the altar-piece, with a gesture which implied that he looked upon it as a masterpiece of art, whispering at the same time, 'Gift of the padrone.' As I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, I was going to propose that we should leave the church, when a numerous company entering, relieved me from the attention of the congregation, and I remained a forgotten observer. The new-comers were two young couples, surrounded by their respective friends, coming to the altar to receive the nuptial benediction.

'Pepino and Ghita, Giovanni and Maria,' said my guide in an undertone, as he pointed out the couples; and he went on to make me understand that his padrone had given the dota (marriage-portion.) His enthusiasm now seemed to lose all power of expression in words, and to concentrate itself in his two bright eyes; while I thought to myself: 'This padrone of his must be a rare character—a rich and liberal man dispensing his wealth in shedding happiness among the simple population of this retired valley. I should like to see him.'

The wedding-party had stopped in the middle of the church, as if waiting for some one; a moment after, the expected person made his appearance. 'Il padrone!' exclaimed Battistino; and 'at the same instant I recognised my old mysterious acquaintance of the steamboat.'

The priest now stood at the altar, the marriage-ceremony was performed, and the blessing given. The two wedding-parties walked out of the church to return

to their respective homes. At the door of the church, all crowded round Battistino's master with various expressions of affectionate and respectful gratitude, which he received with fatherly good-humour, and then disengaged himself from the group. His eye had caught mine, and we exchanged a smile of recognition. Battistino darted forward, and said a few words to him; after which the stranger moved towards me, and accosting me with courteous ease in good French, said, that since fate seemed determined to procure him the pleasure of my acquaintance, I must allow him to look upon a foreigner, who did this remote valley the very rare honour of a visit, as his welcome guest. I was too well pleased with the invitation to hesitate in accepting the hospitality offered with so good a grace, and so benevolent a smile; and had I acceded less readily, a sudden clap of thunder, and the bursting of an unexpected storm over our heads, would have left me little choice: as it was, I was made doubly grateful.

I followed my new friend into the open door of a handsome house, while sudden night seemed to occupy the place of day; and the rain poured down in torrents, making me appreciate such comfortable shelter. My host was cordially and gracefully courteous. He assured me that the streams and torrents, swollen by the rain, would make it impossible to proceed in the direction I had intended; and that even when the storm abated, it would already have cut off my return to Domo; for the small stream I had crossed by a plank in the morning must now be swollen, by innumerable mountain-tributaries, into a wide, deep, and impassable torrent. He therefore begged me to submit with patience to necessity, and allow him to make me his guest for the night. He had come that morning from the country-house I had perhaps remarked before entering Val Vegeste, for the purpose of being present at the two marriages that had taken place, and purposed returning as soon as the rain cleared off. He added, that at Monte Christesi he should have the pleasure of introducing me to his wife and family. So, as soon as the storm rolled away, and a blue sky once more smiled upon the valley, Battistino brought to the door a four-wheeled open carriage drawn by one horse; he mounted the front seat as driver, and my host and I took our places behind.

We rolled along the rocky road I had followed on foot. Battistino pointed to the road, and said something to me, of which the word 'padrone' was the only one I understood. I turned to my host for an explanation. He said, laughing, 'Battistino is anxious to inform you that this road from Santa Maria Maggiore to Domo was made by me: some years ago there was only a bridle-path. Living in the neighbourhood, I was of course one of the most interested in the improvement.'

Battistino turned again to add some words on the subject. At the same instant, we came to a sharp turn in the road; and as our driver's eye was not upon his horse, we ran full against a car laden with hay drawn by an ox. The wheels locked, and that of our vehicle gave way, and came off. We got out of the carriage, leaving the mortified Battistino to remedy the damage, and follow in the best way he could. As we walked on, we were overtaken by two youths, each with a pack on his back, and a staff over his shoulder, with a pair of thick-soled shoes slung upon it. They went the swift noiseless gliding pace of the barefooted Italian peasant. My host exchanged kind salutations with the lads, and bade them go on to his house, where they should sleep that night, as the swollen state of the torrents would not let them proceed farther; and he added: 'To-morrow morning I will give you a letter which may be of use to you.' He then desired them to go on before us, and announce that he was following with a stranger gentleman.

My host then explained to me that these youths were leaving home to seek their fortunes abroad, their native valleys being too poor to maintain their population. A large portion of the males emigrate, and generally return at the end of a few months with the little earnings they have gained in some distant place by their industry; then, after a while, they go forth again, like bees to gather new honey. Their traffic is chiefly in tin-ware, or in simples, of which these mountains offer an abundant supply. During the absence of the men, the women and children cultivate the poor soil.

'Our Italians,' continued the padrone, 'are an intelligent race, full of resources, and generally succeed in what they undertake. A most erroneous impression prevails with respect to us in other countries. In my travels I have constantly heard of the idleness of the Italian peasantry—of the "*dolce far niente*" of Italy. Yet there is no country in which the peasantry labour so incessantly, and with so much intelligence, activity, and cheerful industry. I can vouch for so much at least to the credit of Lombardy and Piedmont, which I know intimately. If you, sir, were to remain long enough in this country, to have opportunities of observing our rural life, you would soon be convinced of this. No part of the world is more travelled by foreigners, and so little known. But if strangers underrate our country, most of its wandering sons hold it in loving remembrance. I have myself been absent many long years, and have seen many lands, but I never forgot this spot. I left it, fifty years ago, a poor mountain boy, like those you saw just now, and I always said in my heart, "If ever I can build a house, it shall be on Monte Christesi." I never changed my mind, and there stands my house to-day. Never did I forget my love for these valleys.' And as we advanced, he pointed out the different striking beauties of the prospect.

Everything I heard and saw served to heighten my curiosity respecting my companion, and I was framing in my mind some proper mode of shaping a few questions, when we arrived at the mansion. Here my host introduced me to his wife, a French lady, to two children, and to his brother. I immediately recognised the party in the steamboat. I was cordially received by all, almost as an old acquaintance, and the incidents of our unexpected meeting afforded subject of cheerful conversation. We sat down to dinner in a very handsome hall, ornamented, after the Italian manner, with fresco paintings on the walls and ceiling. Easy chat, and several bottles of good wine, rendered the meal very pleasant. After dinner, we passed from the dining-room to one of the garden-terraces, where coffee was served in the open air.

The terrace on which we were overlooked several others, shelving in succession to the limits of the property. The valley, enclosed by mountains, and watered by a rushing stream, was spread at our feet. The prospect was splendid; the sky glowed with the tints of the evening sun; and the late rain brought out in exquisite freshness the aromatic scent of the flowers and of the neighbouring woods.

It was a moment in which the heart opens to warm and easy sympathies. I felt no difficulty in asking my host to explain to me by what uncommon fortunes he had become, from a poor mountain boy, such as we had met in the morning, the happy possessor of so noble a property, and the benefactor of all around him.

He nodded with a shrewd and cheerful smile, saying, 'I often wonder at it myself. You must know that in my travels I met with a magician who pointed the way to a golden fountain. I will tell you my modest history.'

'I was born in Santa Maria Maggiore, the village you visited this morning. My parents were not so poor as the rest of the inhabitants, for my father, according to the custom I mentioned to you, had gone in foreign

parts. My mother, too, accompanied him; and at the end of some years, they had collected, by their industry in managing a "humble commerce, that which was a little fortune on their return to their native vale. They possessed a field more than their neighbours, and two cows to fill the double office of supplying the family with milk and drawing the plough—as you see that cow doing yonder, guided by a woman and a girl. Yet when the family increased, and three boys grew into lads, the means of the family could not suffice for our maintenance. I was the eldest, and while yet in tender years, it became necessary for me to follow the course of most of our valesmen, and go to earn a living elsewhere.

My parents had carried on their little trade in simples in a town upon the Rhine, and they gave me a letter of recommendation to a friend and distant connection, a chemist and druggist there. With this letter, a few pieces of money in my pocket, and a pack on my back, I set out for a foreign land—distant in reality, and still more so in my imagination. The fancy of youth is always excited by the thought of travel, adventure, and independence, and my spirits kept up well till the day of departure, when the awfulness of separation from all I loved came with full force upon my heart. In those days there were no steamboats or railways—nothing to reduce distance, or ease the toils of the poor traveller. On foot, or with some occasional lift from a slow-going vehicle, or some floating raft, was I to wend my way to my remote destination. I shall never forget the day of my departure. My mother accompanied me as far as the chapel of the Madona you saw this morning. On that spot we parted with many tears. Before our last embrace, my mother knelt before the image of the Virgin, and I beside her, to implore a blessing on my adventure. Then my mother hung round my neck her own rosary. "Keep this, my son," she said, "in memory of your mother. Be a good boy, and never forget your prayers. Every evening I shall say a pater and an ave for you. Now, my boy, farewell! God bless you!"

I have this rosary still. Sad, indeed, did I feel that night when the melancholy tinkling of the Ave Maria bell sounded from a distant village where I was to rest, and which I hastened to reach before the twilight should deepen into night. How often, through many long years, at the sound of the evening bell, did my sinking heart yearn for my mother and my home!

Well, in due time I reached my destination, presented the letter to the protector to whom my parents had directed me, and was taken into his service. He was an intelligent man, with an inventive turn of mind, which he applied to the practical purpose of improving his business by the sale of certain mixtures, of which he alone possessed the secret. He was of a capricious disposition, and often became disgusted with his assistants. To me, however, he took a fancy, and proved invariably kind. He initiated me into the mysteries of the laboratory sufficiently to qualify me to be of real use in his operations; but he carefully kept some mysterious secrets to himself: praising, nevertheless, my intelligence, activity, and zeal, and becoming more and more attached to me. I was of a cheerful disposition, and my lively sallies and ingenuous remarks amused and cheered the old man. But while I imparted vivacity to his age, my own spirits gradually sunk under the influence of a total change of life—shut up as I was in a dismal laboratory, behind a dark shop, in a narrow street, instead of roaming among our beautiful valleys, and breezy mountains. My natural buoyancy bore me up for a time; but as month after month, and even year after year, rolled on in the same monotony, I sunk into unconquerable depression. All surrounding objects became disgusting to me; the very quality of the air, and colour of the light, grew odious. Day and

night I was haunted by the thought of the immeasurable distance I had traversed, and which divided me from home. The familiar faces and sounds of my native scenes gleaned upon me in waking dreams. The best moment of the day was when the bell of the Ave Maria brought to my lips my mother's prayer, and to my eyes a refreshing shower of tears.

Three years had elapsed since my departure from home, when these impressions reached their greatest intensity. My gains were small, and part I had already sent to my family. I thought with agony that not only I had no store by me, but that I had not even sufficient to take me home. I felt as if I must die an outcast in a distant land. My strength failed rapidly, and at last I was obliged to take to my bed. My master consulted a medical man who often came to our shop. He examined me, and pronounced my malady to be no other than nostalgia. The only remedy was to revisit my native land. My worthy master proved himself truly kind; not only did he allow me three months' holidays to go home, but he advanced me the sum necessary for the journey, undertaken of course in the most economical way. He gave me, besides, a letter to my parents, expressive of his satisfaction with my conduct and abilities, and likewise of his desire for my return to his service.

From that moment he obtained my unbounded gratitude and attachment. No sooner was this plan settled, than my spirits rose, and life seemed infused into my veins. In a few days I was able to rise from my bed of sickness, and set forth on my way homewards. At the first sight of my native valley, at the first breath of the mountain-breezes, at the first embrace of my father, mother, and brothers, all my ills vanished, and health and strength returned to me, as if wafted on the very air. I was speedily quite recovered. I spent a happy three months at home, and then set out to return to my kind old master with renewed courage, instead of the hopeless feeling of banishment. Now I went with the firm hope and resolve to return again, as my parents had done before me, with my modest gains, and settle in this spot, the dearest to me on earth. I trusted that a few years' exertion could accomplish this. I was animated also by a desire to prove my gratitude to my benevolent master, and I came back to his service with redoubled zeal. By degrees he initiated me into many delicate operations, and instructed me in the choice and preparation of various simples, which he often sent me on long excursions to collect. These he prepared for divers uses. His confidence in me increased, on finding that I never pressed inquiries on any point upon which he wished to maintain reserve. Each year the good old man grew more attached to me. He had no near relative of his own; I became to him as a son, and I endeavoured to fulfil the duties of one. Age crept on, with its infirmities; he felt life drawing to a close; and calling me to his bedside, he ordered me to take down in writing certain notes he dictated—the secret, as he termed it, of the golden fountain. "Your activity and ingenuity," said he, "will follow out these hints so as to lead you to it infallibly, my dear child. I may well call you so, for you have been an affectionate child to me."

Not long afterwards I followed my adopted father to the grave. He had bequeathed to me all his possessions. They were very humble; but I perceived that in his last instructions, if judiciously improved, he had indeed opened a road which might lead to fortune. The course pointed out shortly led me to Paris, where, without giving up my establishment on the banks of the Rhine, I opened another for the sale of genuine and improved can de Cologne, by Jean Maria Farina.

"I then stand," exclaimed I, rising with a feeling of enthusiasm and reverence, "in the presence of that celebrated man? Truly I thank my fortune for having

guided me so agreeably to the gratification of a strong desire in so pleasant a meeting! My host was flattered and amused at this burst, and laughed much at the description I gave him of my perplexity at Cologne in trying to find out his real establishment.

'Tis true,' replied he, 'it stands in a very obscure corner of an old narrow street. I never left the old Ulick's Platz: I never abandoned the original establishment of my friend.' Our conversation then diverged to other interesting points, and my host added a few details, which completed his autobiography.

Eau de Cologne has been to him truly an Aladdin's lamp—a magic cruise. The sale rapidly brought him a fortune. Jean Maria early visited a second time his native place, and had the happiness to lavish on his parents more comforts and luxury than had ever even entered their dreams. They dwelt long in Santa Maria Maggiore, proud and happy in their son's prosperity. He never forgot his love for his native valley, and has invested part of his property in the purchase of land in the Val Vegeste and its neighbourhood. He built the mansion, and laid out the gardens on Monte Christesi, where he now received me, and where he has settled one of his brothers. His wife is French, and he has several children. He contributes with generous care to the welfare of the poor in his neighbourhood. He knows intimately their wants and their feelings; and is therefore competent, from experience as well as inclination, to dispense, with the best effect, his munificence among those who want his assistance.

He constantly spends the winter in Paris, and the summer in his native home among the folds of the Alps, much loved by all around. I slept that night under the hospitable roof of Monte Christesi; and my kind host and I parted next morning with the promise of meeting again.

Ever since then, Eau de Cologne is associated in my mind with the ancient cathedral town beside the Rhine—the romantic Val Vegeste and Val d'Ossola—the mansion on Monte Christesi—and the uncommon fortunes, European name, and goodly benevolent presence of Jean Maria Farina.

DAHOMEY AND THE DAHOMEANS.*

DAHOMEY, as every one knows, is a negro kingdom, adjacent to Ashantee, extending from the coast of Guinea as far as the Kong Mountains. The existence of such a kingdom was not known in Europe till the beginning of last century; though some suppose that *Dauma*, which is mentioned by the early geographer Leo Africanus (died 1526) as one of many African kingdoms lying south of Nigritia, was a corruption of the word *Dahomey*. The native tradition, however, assigns both to the name and to the kingdom an origin not much older than two hundred years. The king, Ada Hoonzoo, who succeeded in 1774, was 'the Macadam of Africa;' for he 'made roads leading to his capital as broad as Pall Mall, and as suited to the traffic of the country as our roads are to that of England.' Another of the 'institutions' of Dahomey, which owes its origin to this monarch, is the far-famed army of Amazons—that is, negro women, who act as the king's body-guard, and take part with the male soldiers in all expeditions, rivalling them in courage and ferocity. Ada Hoonzoo's successor was Agon-groo, who was succeeded by his son Adanazah. Adanazah proving a coward, was, after a short time, deposed, and superseded by his younger brother Gezo, the present king.

The earliest account we have of the Dahomans and their customs is contained in a letter written in 1724 to the commandant of the English fort at Whydah, by

a Mr Bulfinch Lamb, an agent for the English African Company, who was seized by the Dahoman army during one of Guadjah Trudo's conquering expeditions to the coast, and carried away prisoner to Abomey, where he was detained for some time, but treated with great kindness. One or two subsequent accounts and sketches have been published by persons whom chance or business had led into that part of the world. On the whole, however, very little has hitherto been known of Dahomey; yet, as it is the chief site of the odious slave-traffic, which, notwithstanding all the efforts of England and Europe, is still carried on between Africa and the Brazils, there is perhaps no country in Africa towards which it is more desirable that attention should be turned. Aware of this, the English government, in the autumn of 1849, appointed the enterprising African traveller, Mr Duncan, to the post of her Majesty's vice-consul at Dahomey. The death of Da Souza, the king of Dahomey's principal slave-buyer, and a great promoter of the slave-trade, having created a blank in the slave-market, it was imagined that the king would be more favourably disposed than at any other time to listen to proposals for the abolition, or at least the modification, of this hereditary branch of the Dahoman commerce. To give greater weight to Mr Duncan's mission, a naval officer was selected to accompany him; and the choice fell on Lieutenant Frederick E. Forbes, already known for his useful services in the African blockade. The naval commander-in-chief gave Lieutenant Forbes a letter to be delivered to the king of Dahomey.

On the 12th of October 1849, Mr Duncan and Lieutenant Forbes set out from Whydah, accompanied by a large retinue of black men and women, one or two of whom were to act as interpreters, and the rest were employed in carrying the baggage, and the load of presents, consisting of kegs of rum, pieces of cloth, and packages of cowrie-shells (the currency of Dahomey), which were to be distributed among the Dahoman king and his courtiers. Intelligence of the arrival of the mission had been previously sent to Abomey, and Gezo had forwarded the necessary passport through his dominions, in the shape of 'a gold-headed Malacca cane,' to Lieutenant Forbes. A journey of four days brought the party to Abomey, the first aspect of which is thus described:—

'The city is about eight miles in circumference, surrounded by a ditch about five feet deep, filled with the prickly acacia—its only defence. It is entered by six gates, which are simply clay walls crossing the road, with two apertures—one reserved for the king, the other a thoroughfare for his subjects. In each aperture are two human skulls; and on the inside a pile of skulls, human, and of all the beasts of the field, even to the elephant's. Besides these six gates, the ditch, which is of an oval form, branches off at each side the north-west gate to the north and north-west; and over each branch is a similar gateway, for one only purpose—to mislead an enemy in a night attack. In the centre of the city are the palaces of Dongelah-cardeh and Agrim-gamleh, adjoining; on the north stands the original palace of Dahomey: about these, and to the south gate, are houses, the most conspicuous of which are those of the ministers. In front of Agrim-gamleh is an extensive square, in which are the barracks and a high shed or palaver-house, a saluting battery of fifteen guns, and a stagnant pond. Just inside the south-east gate (the Cannah) are a saluting-battery and pond, and numerous blacksmiths' shops. The roads or streets are in good order, and though there are not any shops, the want of them is supplied by two large markets—Ajjah-ee, to the eastward of the central palace, at once a market, parade, and sacrificial-ground; and Hung-jooloh, just outside the south gate. Besides these are several smaller markets, the stalls of which are all awned, and are generally attended by women, the wives

* Dahomey and the Dahomans; being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital, in the Years 1849 and 1850. By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander, R.N. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

of all classes and orders, from the mignons to the blacksmiths. The fetish houses are numerous, ridiculously ornamented. Cloths are manufactured within the palaces and houses. . . . Within the city are large waste lands, and many cultivated farms. There are no regular streets, and it is difficult for a European to imagine himself in the capital of a large country, as all the houses are surrounded by high red clay walls, which enclose large forest-trees, besides orange, banana, and other fruit-trees. All the houses are low and thatched, and one only in the palace of Dongelah-pardeh, and one in that of Cumasse, can boast of two storeys.'

After being visited by several of the Dahoman chiefs, the embassy was admitted to an interview with the king:—

'The square of the palace was filled with armed people, squatted on their hams, the polished barrels of their Danish muskets standing up like a forest. Under a thatched gateway was the king, surrounded by his immediate wives; while on each side sat the Amazons, all in uniform, armed and accoutred; and in the centre of the square squatted the males. Hundreds of banners and umbrellas enlivened the scene, and a constant firing from great guns and small arms increased the excitement. When near the king's seat we came to a halt, while the cabooceers bowed down and kissed the dust. Passing before the throne we bowed, and made the circuit of the square three times—the cabooceers prostrating, and ourselves repeating our obeisances each time that we passed the royal seat. On the third time, the ministers and cabooceers formed a line to the king's position; and as we stepped from our hammocks, the king, who had been reclining, rose, and forty discordant bands struck up a quick step, whilst guns were fired, and all shouted except the ministers and cabooceers, who prostrated themselves, and threw dirt on their heads, as we advanced and shook hands with the king. His Dahoman majesty, King Gezo, is about forty-eight years of age, good-looking, with nothing of the negro features, his complexion wanting several shades of being black; his appearance commanding, and his countenance intellectual, though stern in the extreme. That he is proud there can be no doubt, for he treads the earth as if it were honoured by its burthen. Were it not for a slight cast in his eye, he would be a handsome man. Contrasted with the gaudy attire of his ministers, wives, and cabooceers (of every hue, and laden with coral, gold, silver, and brass ornaments), the king was plainly dressed in a loose robe of yellow silk, slashed with satin stars and half-moons, Mandingo sandals, and a Spanish hat trimmed with gold lace; the only ornament being a small gold chain of European manufacture. Taking our seats on chairs facing the royal mat, we entered into a complimentary conversation; the king asking many questions about our sovereign and England, and afterwards of Messrs Freeman, Cruikshanks, and Wynniatt, who had preceded us at his court. The ministers were then introduced by name, and we all drank together.'

Two days spent in feasting, giving and receiving presents, and seeing the sights of Abomey, such as the review of the Amazons, &c. and the mission came to business:—

'After many compliments, his majesty requested me to read the commander-in-chief's letter. Handing it to him, he broke the seal, and returned it. I then read its contents piecemeal, so that the interpreters might the better explain it. His majesty listened attentively; and then explained that he was not accompanied by those officers who should form members of so serious a palaver, but if I would attend his Customs, he would give an answer. He then dictated a letter to the commander-in-chief, in which he promised to give me an answer at the Customs.'

The 'Customs' here alluded to are certain periodical festivals held at Abomey, when, after drinking, rejoic-

ing, the offering of human sacrifices, and much military parado, all the more important business of Dahomey (such as the paying of the troops, the trial of offences, and the determination of the scene of the great slave-hunt of the following year, &c. &c.) is transacted. The king of Dahomey is absolute, and can strike off the heads of his subjects when he pleases; still, even in Dahomey, there cannot be entire absolutism, and the Customs are, as it were, the meeting of the Dahoman parliament, when the king hears the grumblings as well as the adulations of his subjects. As the Customs were not to be held till the months of May, June, and July, and as, by Gezo's dexterous procrastination of the subject of the mission till then, no farther conversation with him upon it could be immediately obtained, Messrs Duncan and Forbes set out on their return to Whydah. Mr Duncan fell severely ill on the way, and died almost immediately after having embarked on board the *Kingfisher* on his voyage home.

Lieutenant Forbes, according to promise, returned to Abomey in May 1850, accompanied by Mr Beecroft, Her Majesty's consul at the Bights; and staying there for about six weeks, witnessed the following customs:—1st, The *Fe-que-ah-ch-bek*, or 'Paying of the Troubadours'; 2d, The *Ek-bah-tong-ek-bek*, or 'Display of the King's Wealth'; 3d, The *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-meh*, or 'Throwing of the Presents'—an essential portion of which custom consists of human sacrifices, though these are frequent on other occasions; 4th, The *Ek-bek-soh-ek-bek*, or 'Firing of the Guns'; 5th, The 'King's Court of Justice' or parliament, which lasted several days, and in which various charges were made, and various questions entertained, amid much noise and confusion; 6th, The 'Amazon's Oath of Fidelity'; 7th, A 'Sham Fight'; 8th, The *See-que-ah-hee*, or 'Watering of the Ancestral Graves.' Mr Forbes gives detailed accounts of these ceremonies, which were a curious combination of the comic, the gaudy, the fierce, and the disgusting.

The Custom of the *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-bek*, or 'Throwing of the Presents,' took place on the last day of May, and consisted in the king's throwing—for seven hours continuously, from a raised platform in the market-place—cowry-shells, pieces of cloth, kegs of rum, rolls of tobacco, &c. into the midst of a vast multitude of naked blacks, who scrambled for the prizes. As neither the Dahoman army nor any of the Dahoman officials have any regular pay (though many peripherals), this distribution of the royal bounty is, in fact, the annual payment of the nation's salaries. At the close, however, of the distribution comes a horrid gift from the monarch to his subjects—that of a number of captives of the last slave-hunt, who, after being exhibited all day, tied in shallow baskets or cradles posted round the parapet of the platform, are thrown down, head foremost, among the yelling thousands beneath, there to be despatched with clubs, and torn in pieces. Fourteen such victims had been prepared on the present occasion; and after the rest of the ceremonial was over, the king asked Messrs Forbes and Beecroft to stay to witness their execution. They very properly refused; and after succeeding in buying off three of the poor wretches, hurried from the platform. The remaining eleven victims were then thrown down, three by Gezo, the others by his ministers. The whole expense to the king of the day's ceremonial did not exceed 2000 dollars.

At the 'palaver,' or parliament proper, the chief subjects of debate were the conduct of certain individuals during the slave-hunt of the preceding year, and the direction in which the expedition of the next year should be led. There was a great deal of quarrelling and mutual abuse among the Amazons and male soldiers. The following extract, containing the closing speeches of an Amazon and the king, will give an idea of Dahoman parliamentary eloquence:—

'Again all rise, whilst an Amazon chief makes the following speech:—"As the blacksmith takes an iron bar, and by fire changes its fashion, so have we changed our nature. We are no longer women; we are men. By fire we will change Abeahkeutah. The king gives us cloth, but without thread it cannot be fashioned: we are the thread. If corn is put in the sun to dry, and not looked after, will not the goats eat it? If Abeahkeutah be left too long, some other nation will spoil it. A cask of rum cannot roll itself. A table in a house becomes useful when anything is placed theron. The Dahoman army, without the Amazons, are as both unassisted. Spitting makes the belly more comfortable, and the outstretched hand will be the receiving one: so we ask you for war, that our bellies may have their desire, and our hands be filled." At the conclusion of this harangue the female court again rose, and, heading the Amazons, saluted the king; all sang in chorus— "May thunder and lightning kill us if we break our oaths!" The king now left the tent amid cries of *Kok-pah-sa-kree* (a peculiarly fierce eagle), whilst all fell prostrate. The king received a handsome ebony club, and danced with it. Then the Amazons rose, and the king thus addressed them:—"The hunter buys a dog, and having trained him, he takes him out a hunting, without telling him the game he expects to meet. When in the bush he sees a beast, and by his teaching the dog pursues it. If the dog returns without the game, the huntsman, in his anger, kills him, and leaves his carcass a prey to the wolves and vultures. If I order you to clear the bush, and you do not do it, will I not punish you? If I tell my people to put their hands in the fire, they must do it. When you go to war, if you are taken prisoners, you will be sacrificed, and your bodies become food for wolves and vultures." Having concluded his oration, the king again dined and drank, then handed round rum in a large pewter basin to the Amazon officers. On his return to his tent, all the Amazons—in number about 2400—marched off, and thus ended the parade.'

It was understood, as agreed upon, that the scene of the next slave-hunt would be the city and neighbourhood of Abeahkeutah—a flourishing negro community in the Bight of Benin, containing many hundreds of Christians.

At the end of the Customs, Gezo, to whom Lieutenant Forbes had delivered a letter from the queen of England, became more explicit on the subject of the slave trade. 'He now wished to know the ulterior object of the embassy. In the first place, we answered, we hoped he would put a stop to the slave trade in his vast dominions; and in order to do that, we impressed upon him the methods pursued by neighbouring nations, who, by encouraging the growth of the palm-tree, had so well met the market as now to have a far more advanced and lucrative trade than the Portuguese and Brazilians offered to Dahomey. That the first step to the establishment of the palm-oil trade must be the encouragement of labour within his dominions; and instead of devastating his neighbours' territories (particularly those whose geographical position placed Dahomey between them and the sea), he should, if war were unavoidable, reduce them, binding them by treaties to join in the pursuit of agriculture and trade, and then, by levying transit-duties on their goods, cause them to enrich him far more than the mere sale of the slaves of the exterminating hunt. Thus by making Dahomey the centre of a vast trading country, all kinds of goods would soon find their way into his kingdom; and instead of being dependent on a few merchants for the paltry articles with which they chose to supply him, he might demand the choicest merchandise of the world—a boon already obtained by many neighbours. By thus turning a military into an agricultural people, and raising himself into the enviable position of a reformer of the iniquitous and fearful

habits of this people, in the course of time he could abolish those fearful human sacrifices he had already reduced in numbers, and then his memory would be revered by all nations, and be handed down in love and peace instead of slaughter.'

'The king gave a history of trade, from its earliest commencement in Whydah and Dahomey, down to the present date. First, he said, the French came to Whydah before Dahomey conquered it. War put a stop to trade for many years. The white man left Whydah in Ali-dah-hoon-zar's time: the English traders were the first who landed there and bought slaves. His father had impressed him with the belief that the English were the first of white men: he thought so, and desired much to be at peace with them. "Time had passed," he continued, "but the Dahomans had never given up slave-dealing. His people were soldiers, his revenue the proceeds of the slave trade. Do we not observe the absence of agriculture? Other nations dealt in slaves, but not like me: they keep no Customs, make no general disbursement. The slave trade of these states must be stopped before I can treat."

'The king then dictated a letter to Her Majesty, stating his anxiety for peace with Great Britain; his willingness to enter into treaty when the trade was stopped in the neighbouring petty chiefdoms; his wish for a British consul to be sent to his kingdom, for missionaries to visit Dahomey, and reside at Whydah; and that the military state of his subjects alone at present precluded his becoming the head of an agricultural people.'

Connected collaterally with the narrative of his mission, Lieutenant Forbes gives many interesting particulars relative to the negro races in general. Of these perhaps the most curious refer to the discovery of a native African language, called the *Value*, constructed on phonetic principles, as a means of reducing the prevalent languages of that part of Africa to a written unity. The notice of it leads Lieutenant Forbes to speak of the prospects of negro education in general. He says:—'Education is a favourite pride of the African, and there are few in Sierra Leone, who have been brought there young, but can read and write. Men of eminence are now expounding the Gospel in their native languages, as ordained clergymen of the Episcopal Church, whose early sojourn and troubled life was passed in the lottery of foreign slavery. . . . Instances are constantly occurring illustrating the extraordinary capacity of the African mind. The island of St Thomas sends forth hundreds of black Roman Catholic priests to many parts of Africa; and these sable fathers assist materially towards the great object—the civilisation of Africa. Acting, however, under the protection of the Portuguese government, the known connection of that people with the slave trade prevents the fathers from being often heard of out of the scene of their labours. The richest slave merchant resident in Whydah, Don Jose Almedia, is an ex-slave, sold from the very part of Popoe in which he now commands a monopoly. This remarkably clever, shrewd man was educated in the Brazils during the period of his slavery in that country. If from each great slave state a selection of youths were made, educated in professional rule as clergymen, doctors, agriculturists, and artisans, these, returning to their countries, would soon assist civilisation, and generate a contempt for sacrifice and slavery. The extraordinary contempt an educated black has for his unpolished neighbour is inconceivable; and it is the pride of all to attend church meetings, to prove their education (not to mention a weaker pride of exhibiting their finery.) These foibles worked upon, studied, and humoured, might be rendered eminently serviceable. What the African particularly requires is example; for, be it good or bad, he will follow it if set by.'

white man," by which he means men of *any* colour, but educated.

As regards the immediate object of the abolition of the Dahoman slave trade, Lieutenant Forbes thinks it is to be accomplished by a judicious blending of coercion, commercial enterprise, and education. He is a friend to the continuance of the blockade, an opinion in which many will differ from him. But his revelations of the state of Dahomey—a land rich in native resources, yet not half peopled—a land, the most conspicuous household ornaments of which are human skulls, and whose soil drinks nightly the blood of human sacrifices—a land, the people of which are clever enough, yet the slaves of the most abominable habits and superstitions; these revelations can have but one effect on all right minds—that of increasing the conviction that, whatever are the true methods for abolishing the horrid slave traffic, whether force or suasion, the earth ought not to be at peace till the object is finally and for ever accomplished.

THE 'COMING MAN.'

As the nineteenth century advances towards maturity, a fear begins to be entertained that it will not produce that due supply of 'great men' which we are entitled to look for every hundred years. The crop of heroes is becoming gradually more stinted. There is a complaint of a universal mediocrity. Yet, even thus afflicted, the world is unwilling to relinquish hope. It cannot bring itself to the belief that it has entered on an everlasting reign of hum-drum. Something must be in store. All look for the 'Coming Man.'

But where or in what direction to look for this personage is the difficulty. Gaze as fixedly as we will, we feel as if trying to pierce a mist. An impenetrable haze hangs over the future. Speculation, in these circumstances, takes the place of certainty. Is the 'Coming Man' yet born into the world? Is he an unruly brat, squalling for his porridge in some obscure hovel? Is he advanced to boyhood, indulging like an incipient Bonaparte, in the delights of a snow-ball engagement, and domineering over the turbulent democracy of the schoolyard? Supposing him to be arrived at manhood, whether does he flourish a pen or a sword?—how behind a counter, or bend within the precincts of a court? Has this shadowy individual ever opened his mouth at a public meeting, and astonished the parish with his eloquence? All this, and much more, lends a painful interest to the whereabouts of the 'Man.' One really would be glad to have even the slightest inkling on the subject. Surely somebody might speak out. All the biographies of great men reveal the fact, that their greatness was prognosticated from their cradle upwards. Shrewd people saw at a glance that 'the boy would come to something.' Knowing ones, who possess the rare faculty of prognostication, but usually exercise it retrospectively, treat us for once to a prediction before the event! Tell us where, and who, and what, is the 'Coming Man!' Now is your time!

What if the 'Man' has already come, and people are so stupid as not to see and acknowledge him? There is something very awful in this idea—the more so, from its being justified by every historical parallel. For anything we can tell, some intimate and very modest acquaintance, whom we occasionally eat an egg with, and take the liberty of calling 'Jemmy,' may be the 'Coming Man.' It may be fated that one day, all on a sudden, a marvellous concurrence of circumstances—quite a social whirlwind—will toss him to the surface.

A word spoken, or a deed done, just in the nick of time, makes every one fall back; and the 'Man' stands revealed—is by general consent ~~put~~ at the helm of affairs—very much doubtless to his own amazement! How, when this grand apotheosis takes place, we are to conduct ourselves towards our old and valued friend, we cannot imagine. Much will depend on himself. If, like the rest of the world, he forget former poor acquaintances, we shall have little trouble on the subject. Under a modest sense of our own merits, we hope to be not quite overlooked by him. The great man will probably retain a sort of kindness for us, and accordingly throw a post of some kind in our way. Perhaps he may admit us to a private audience when no grand companions are at hand; and, like Napoleon with Bourienne, joke about old stories. His friendship may go so far that we may, unchallenged, slip out the dear old familiar name—'Jemmy!'

So much for one view of the subject. Physiologically speaking, the elementary properties of greatness cannot be quite absent in the passing generation. One cannot seriously be brought to the conclusion that nature has betaken herself to the production of pygmies. On the contrary, the aggregate as well as the individual mind seems to be improving. In short, it must be social circumstances, not efforts of nature, that are at fault; or, to speak more plainly to the general apprehension, there would most likely be plenty of great men if we would only permit them to develop themselves. We cry for the 'Coming Man,' but do all in our power to keep him back when he wants to come. It must be said that the world is pretty much of a simpleton on this point, with all its claims to increasing wisdom. No doubt there are faults on both sides. The 'Man' himself is far from blameless, as we shall immediately take the liberty of explaining to him.

It is tolerably clear that society abounds in two growing principles: on the one hand, an idle opulence, with an increasing susceptibility of feeling; and on the other, a disposition and power to criticise severely, laugh down, and positively abuse, all generous and noble aspirations. This is an unhappy conjuncture of opposing influences, leading to what may be called a neutral result. The spectacle of whole masses of highly-educated and wealthy, and consequently leisurely men, spending existence in walking up and down a fashionable thoroughfare, lounging in club-rooms, and peeping through eye-glasses at painted Opera-dancers, is surely not what we should naturally expect as the ultimate consequence of high civilisation. Mankind must have been made for something more than the perfection of elegant indolence. If there be any thinking still wanted, it would be at least economic to employ those in that occupation who have nothing else to do. Very true as *h* proposition; but unfortunately the lounger is not without his excuse. As he is, he is free from annoyance; as he might be, he should indisputably subject himself to distracting cares. Talk to him confidentially on the subject. 'I would,' says he, in reply to your expositulations—'I would of course do a little in the performance of active public duties; but *cui bono*, where is the good of it? The moment I peep above the surface of stagnation, I should be assailed with all sorts of impertinence. If I came forward voluntarily, I should be pronounced vain, and desirous of display: if I suffered myself to be brought into notice by others, I should be set down as the tool of

a party. No doubt I had some selfish object in view by making myself so officious. I wanted a place, a title, a pension, a job or a son or nephew. My presumption was laughable. I deserved to be caricatured. A pretty fellow to be sure—*à bas l'aristocrat!* Down with him! Now, continues our delicate-minded idler, 'I do not much like this sort of thing. As I want nothing, what inducement can there be for my exposing myself to this course of misconception and obloquy? I should, in fact, be little better than a fool to give myself the slightest trouble either to think or act for the public, which may go seek servants where it can find them: I shall have nothing to do with it.' Duty, duty, my dear, good sir. The world has a right to ask your assistance in carrying on its affairs. 'Bah! I don't choose to take kicks in exchange for my halfpence. When the world learns how to behave itself, it will be time enough for me to enlist in its service.'

There, in our opinion, lies one branch of the philosophy of the question. Jemmy naturally prefers to eat his egg with us in the evening in peace and quietness, to taking the path to glory across a sea of vexation. It may be argued that, ever since the world began, heroes have had to contend with peculiar difficulties before they established themselves in their respective shrines. Circumstances, however, change with times. The world is not now so young as when Mohammed was able to persuade whole nations that he went up every night to the seventh heaven on the back of a horse. If any would-be-great man were to tell such stories now, he would readily find accommodation in Bedlam, and his case would be reported in the morning papers at the rate of three-halfpence a line. So that would be the end of him. Without going to extreme examples in the Mohammedan line of greatness, we can fancy that the 'Man' would be trammelled with a variety of encumbrances in his laudable endeavour to burst the shell. Public opinion, acting with concentrated energy through the press, can be faced by comparatively few. By means of this marvellous engine the whole kingdom is in a sense reduced to the character of a small country town, in which every man keeps an eye on his neighbour, and can tell what everybody else has for his dinner. Hence the feverish dread of being in anyway conspicuous, unless in the matter of trade, where notoriety is only another name for fortune. Add to this the susceptibility which, as already hinted, accompanies refinement of manners, and the indifference which ordinarily goes in the train of wealth, and we can account for the growing indisposition to start out from the ranks even in the most pressing emergencies.

Yes; the time has apparently arrived when ambition is so chastened by conventional dogmas that comparatively few whose opinion is worth regarding, or whose character can endure criticism, care for taking a high seat in the social circle. We of course do not mean here to confine our view to the ranks of idle opulence. To these we allude merely as the nursery of a great majority of the men who have come, and as the ranks which are daily recruited from all the lower places of society. That a 'crisis' in general affairs would tend materially to dispel diffidence, and hasten the development of what may be termed the elementary principles of greatness, nobody can doubt. Meanwhile, the course of events and tone of manners are in some degree counteractive of robustness either in private or public sentiment. The defect of the age, in whatever way it comes about, is want of moral courage. Thousands of men may be picked up to face a storm of bullets for the poor guerdon of a shilling a day. But that is physical courage, a quality existing in the greatest force among the lower animals. Moral courage is quite a different thing, and partakes of the very highest spirituality.

The man who would unconcernedly mount 'the deadly breach,' though animated by a consciousness of rectitude and sense of duty, shrinks from encountering the paper pellets of nameless paragraph writers and pamphleteers. A somewhat mortifying feature this of the nineteenth century!

There are other restraints on civil greatness. Constitutional and legal forms are now so nicely defined, and of such pervading influence, that eccentricity in public affairs is far from being so easily realised as in the days of Cromwell. Men must now go to work only according to law. A police-officer, with an act of parliament in his pocket, is within reach of every man's collar. Aspiring geniuses, who attempt to emulate Hampden, have a lamentably small chance of any other distinction than that of appearing in handcuffs at the Old Bailey. Unfortunately, also, the faith in greatness is lessened by the many instances of imposture. Those who have been fondly deemed to be the 'Coming Men,' have turned out to be nothing more than dexterous charlatans, who had all the time a deliberately selfish object in view. It may be doubted if ever blatant crowds will again fall down and worship a state prisoner who affects to consult Magna-Charta on his way to the Tower. That kind of stuff has had its day.

An incredulity in the possibilities of greatness arises from one more circumstance. It is observed, not without a painful revulsion of feeling, that men endowed with certain qualities of greatness—eloquent in debate, acute in discernment, honest in intention, and of persevering industry—ruin everything by giving themselves up to crotchetts. Now crotchettness is one of the things which that exceedingly practical people, the English, heartily detest. If the 'Coming Man' shew the slightest proneness to occupy himself with crotchetts, he is regularly done for, and may at once relinquish his expectations. Tact is, therefore, an essential attribute. The man must be bold, original, and self-confident; regardless of obloquy, he must possess the moral courage to encounter sectarian and party storms, roar they never so wildly. But oh let his originality not be tainted by crotchetts, past or present; for if it be, he is a 'damaged man!' The soberest truths he can utter will be set down to the score of fanaticism. His most brilliant harangues may command admiration, but it will be that bestowed on the splendid cornucopias of a sky-rocket—not that in which we behold the glory of the noonday sun.

These hints may perhaps not be altogether useless to the 'Coming Man,' if he happen to be numbered among our readers, as we hope he is. In conclusion, and to prevent false starts, we propose to put intending 'Coming Men' through a little bit of catechism, by which they will see what they have to look for in their career. 'Can you submit to be called a fool, an idiot, a designing demagogue?'—'No.' Then you are not the 'Coming Man.' 'Can you go without your dinner, and sit on a bench half the night listening to nonsense?'—'No.' You need never try to be the 'Coming Man.' 'Can you bear to be hissed, laughed at, mimicked, caricatured; to have every action misconstrued; your deeds of benevolence ascribed to systematic bribery and corruption?'—'Certainly not.' It is absurd, then, for you to think of being the 'Coming Man.' 'Have you the constitution of a rhinoceros, the stolidity of a courtier, the coolness and imperturbability of an iceberg?'—'Not altogether.' I am afraid you are not fit for being the 'Coming Man.' 'Are you able and willing to curry favour with people whom you despise, to associate for a time with ignorance and low-mindedness?'—'That I could do least of all.' Well, you are evidently incapable of being the 'Coming Man.' 'Do you intend to think for yourself, or to adopt the opinions of others?'—'I shall certainly take the great characters of the past age as my models—Batham, Burke, Erskine,

Fox, Horner.' The confession does credit to your candour, but is fatal to your hopes. The men you talk of were all very well in their day, and still they have their use, in furnishing materials for school collections; but the living world stands not in need of fossil orators. To let you into a secret—we are getting past the middle of the nineteenth century, and want workers, not talkers. Accordingly, you are not the 'Coming Man.' Last, and above all, 'Do you possess any sort of crotchet—for example, do you believe that a time will come when people will very much prefer paying tenpence instead of sixpence for a quarter loaf?'—I candidly admit entertaining that opinion, or, as you call it, crotchet, and am prepared to prove that we should all be actually richer and more comfortable were we to buy loaves at tenpence instead of sixpence!' Enough said, my dear fellow, I see how it is; pray abandon every idea of rising above the general level of a blessed obscurity. If you have any real wish to shine, I recommend you to confine your ambition to the grand-mastership of a Mason Lodge, or the secretaryship of a Sunday-evening school. I am sorry to say you are not the 'Coming Man'!

A DAY'S DREDGING IN SALCOMBE* BAY.

On the south coast of Devonshire, some twenty miles from Plymouth, lies the small town of Salcombe. This busy little sea-port is situated near the mouth of the Kingsbridge Water, a considerable arm of the sea, which runs inland for about five miles, winding amidst a rich and smiling country, and terminating near the market-town of Kingsbridge. Salcombe, placed within sight of the opening to the sea, is sheltered from the colder winds, and nestles snugly in a bend of the shore that bounds the bay bearing its name. It commands a lovely prospect. On the opposite side of the estuary, here of no great width, the ground rises somewhat abruptly, and the eye wanders over meadows and corn-fields, which cover the slope almost to the water's edge, until it rests on the clustering cottages and simple church of a village crowning the height.

Looking up the estuary, one might fancy one's self in the presence of a fine lake-scene. The water in this direction expands into an ample sheet, bounded by prettily-indented shores, while here and there an arm passes off from the main body, and penetrates the land, soon lost to view, but stimulating the imagination, and suggesting pleasant fancies as to its further course. Turning now towards the opposite point, we have before us the mouth of the estuary, distant a mile or two from the town, and the open sea beyond it. The Salcombe shore is for some way prettily wooded and studded with mansions, until at last it runs out bare and rugged to the ocean, and terminates in the Bolt—a majestic pile of schistose and micaceous rock, which, like a giant-keeper, fronts the fury of wind and wave, and guards the entrance to the bay. The opposite shore is for the most part low, and destitute of wood. The mouth of the estuary is of no great width. During the prevalence of certain winds, a tremendous sea lashes the base of the Bolt-Head, and breaks over the bar; and the bay within is strangely agitated.

The town presents no features of interest. Its population is dependent on fishing and ship-building. The noise of the shipwright's hammer is seldom wanting, and a pretty thriving trade belongs to the place. The climate is mild, and recommended for consumptive patients. The aloe blossoms in the open air; the finer kinds of wall-fruit attain great perfection in the neighbourhood; and well-grown citrons, laden with their yellow fruit, may be seen covering the walls in favourable aspects.

The town is secluded, and somewhat difficult of access, and has but little accommodation to offer; but to the lover of scenery and to the naturalist it is a spot

full of attractions, and would reward them for much more inconvenience than they are even likely to experience in visiting it. To the latter, indeed, it is classic ground, for its bay was the favourite dredging-place of Montague, one of the fathers of British natural history.

Having often explored its depths, and revelled amidst its treasures, we propose to share with our readers the delight which these have yielded us, and to lay before them the results of a day's dredging in its waters. And at the outset we must warn them, that if they will bear us company, we shall never carry them out of calm water or the sight of land. Our expeditions in Salcombe Bay were marked by none of the stirring incidents which often fall to the dredger's lot when he forsakes the littoral region, and casts forth into the deep sea. We commonly enjoyed our sport in perfect ease and security, floating on tranquil water, and beneath a summer sky, with the familiar sounds of the shore, the lowing of cattle, or the song of birds, or the cheerful cries of the labourer in the fields, borne to us by each passing breath of air.

But not in the sky, which bent so lovingly over us, nor on the land, which presented so many forms of beauty, and sent us so many pleasant sounds, was there anything more wondrous, more exquisite, than that which our dredge displayed to us as it rose, splashing and dripping, from its submarine search. At each fresh haul some new object of interest presented itself, some new form of animal or vegetable life, which excited our curiosity, and rewarded our examination. We cannot expect those who have had no practical experience of the dredger's sport to enter at once into our enthusiasm, but we hope to convince even them that it is not unreasonable.

It is a fine July morning, and we are afloat on the bay. The deep quietude of summer is around us. So motionless is the air, that on the neighbouring shore 'the shadow of the trees lies engraven on the grass.' The dredge has been cast out, and drags heavily along the bottom. Our boatman puts forth all his strength, but the craft seems scarcely to move. We arrange our bottles and vessels of various form and size, destined to contain the 'treasures of the deep,' and plant a small tub filled with salt water in the centre of the boat, for the reception of the larger specimens. These preparations completed, we abandon ourselves to the enjoyment of the scene: follow the windings of the shore; speculate on the fortunes of the inmates of yonder quiet cottage, which looks as if it could not shelter sin or sorrow; watch the light clouds, which chequer the summer sky, and their shadows creeping over the corn-fields; allow the eye to wander over the broad expanse of water beyond the mouth of the estuary, or to rest for a while on the foam breaking at the base of the Bolt; or the white sail, near the horizon, gleaming in the sunlight.

And now it is time to haul in the dredge. The oars are shipped, and the boat swings round. As the rope is slowly drawn in, all eyes are fixed on the water, to catch the first sight of the dredge as it rises laden with its spoil. We almost feel inclined to bestow a malediction on the old sailor, who performs his work with extreme deliberation, and coils his rope with the most provoking neatness and precision, as though this were by far the most important part of the proceeding! At length it comes in view, tangled with weed, the long streamers of which trail after it through the water; and soon its contents are safely deposited within the boat. What a scene they present to us! what strange forms! what colours! what a profusion of life!

Here a large star-fish (*Uroster glacialis*) shews its beautiful bluish disk, and writhes its spine-covered arms; here, amidst some exquisite tufts of weed, lies an unsightly sea-slug (*Aplysia*), pouring forth the purple fluid with which it clouds the water and eludes pursuit; here a broad frond exhibits a miniature forest

of zoophytes investing its surface, each stem laden with tiny, pellucid cups, within which the blossom-like polypes shelter; here are shapeless leathery masses (*Tunicata*), than which nothing could well look less like an animal; while amongst all, and over all, a multitude of nimble crabs, presenting the most grotesque shapes, keep up a constant bustle. Here and there a graceful shell adorns the heap: the little cowry displays its orange mantle, and the vividly-coloured *Dexters*—the 'butterflies of the ocean'—eject themselves to and fro. We could easily fill a volume in describing the objects before us, but must select a few for special notice.

The dredge has been amongst the submarine forests. The bunches of weed which it has brought up are gay with the brilliant hues of the lovely feather-star (*Comatula*.) It is present in immense numbers, literally covering the masses of algae and the dredge itself. We much question if there be in nature a more exquisite object than this creature. The colouring defies description. There are many varieties—deep-rose; a rich orange; a light-straw colour, barred and variegated with rose; and white and rose. The depth and delicacy of colour are only to be paralleled by the tints of flowers.

The popular name of this star-fish (*feather-star*) is expressive. To form some idea of its aspect, imagine five plumose arms, forked very near the base, so as to appear like ten, set in radiate fashion around a small pentangular cup-shaped disk, which contains the body of the animal. These arms are most delicately pinnated, and are composed of an immense number of small plates or pieces, held together by an investing membrane. This structure secures the greatest possible flexibility—an important point in organs which are to subserve the purposes of prehension and locomotion. The mouth of the comatula is placed almost in the centre of the cup which contains the soft portions of the body; a convenient position with reference to the arms which are to supply it with food. The upper or convex side of the cup is furnished with a number of hooked filaments, by means of which the creature can lay firm hold of the stems of the coraline or sea-weed; and thus moored in a favourable situation, lie in wait for prey. Beautiful must these rose-coloured stars appear, studding the dark foliage of the sea, or clustered into brilliant galaxies!

But beauty is not the only distinction of the comatula. Its history, to use the words of Professor E. Forbes, 'is one of the little romances in which natural history abounds—one of those narrations which, while believing, we almost doubt, and yet, while doubting, must believe.' Let us follow it through the several stages of its existence. If we examine carefully these bunches of weed amongst which the comatula are clustering, we shall find every here and there groups of a minute being, which may perhaps strike us as bearing some resemblance to a Lilliputian star-fish mounted on a flexible stalk or pedicle. Those who have any acquaintance with geology will at once recognise in it an encrinite in miniature—an undoubted representative of the lily-star of primæval times, which once played so important a part in the economy of nature. Let us observe one of these creatures. It is about half an inch in height, and is rooted by the base of its stalk to the weed. This stalk is composed of a pile of small joints held together by a membranous covering. It is surmounted by a minute star-fish, which, if seen *without its stem*, you would unhesitatingly pronounce to be the young of the comatula. It has the characteristic structure of the disk and body, the hooked filaments, and the five arms, forked near the base; not, indeed, regularly plumous, nor tinted with the brilliant dyes of the full-grown feather-star, but shewing here and there a pinna and a patch of colour which prophesy of a beauty not yet unfolded. The little creature is activity itself—

swaying its delicate stem to and fro like the graceful vorticella, and twisting its tiny arms in all directions, as if in quest of food. As we have watched such a one, we have vividly realised the life of the encrinite, with whose beautiful remains, as they repose in their stony bed, it is so difficult to connect the idea of vitality. With this key before us, we have been able to restore the stone-lily to life—to replace it in its native seas, and admire the working of its exquisite mechanism. The being now before us, however, is but one stage in a process of development. It leads us on.

Amongst the group of *quasi* encrinites which we are examining, there is a *headless stalk*; and not far from it, anchored to a branchlet of the weed, the tiny star-fish which lately surmounted it, enacting now the life of the comatula! It has passed through its encrinitic stage, and is henceforth a free crinoid star-fish. By a little examination, you may find individuals of all sizes exhibiting all degrees of development, and connecting the just-dismounted head of the encrinite by an unbroken line with the full-grown feather-star. We have often kept these creatures until the extraordinary transformation was completed. In the evening we have placed some of the pigny encrinites in a saucer of sea-water, and in the morning we have found comatula in their stead—the deserted stalks remaining, as the monuments of a departed race.

The encrinites and pentacrinites of geological epochs which once crowded the ocean with shapes of beauty have almost passed away. One or two recent species only are known; but their form is preserved to us in the young and fugitive state of a more highly-organized being. This is left, as it were, to link the organisms of to-day to those of the past. The result of long geological eras has been the almost total extinction of the encrinite, and the predominance of higher forms. The star-fish has taken its place in creation. In the ephemeral life of the comatula, the development of whole cycles is represented in miniature; the results of the past are summed up.

The young of the feather-star typifies the encrinitic races. It enacts for us their life, and helps us to realise their living forms; and when it forsakes its column, and enters on its perfect state, it indicates their destiny.

The difficulty of preserving the comatula is great. When killed, it must be spread on paper in the water, like sea-weeds; but the colour is evanescent, and much of the beauty of the animal is lost in drying. Their tenacity of life is marvellous. On one occasion we removed the whole of the fleshy parts from the disk, expecting thus to destroy life at once; but to our confusion and dismay, the creature survived this tremendous operation, writhed its arms with increased vigour, and on being restored to the water, swam off as nimbly as if its whole digestive system had not been taken from it! There was something confounding in the sight of an animal so apparently unconcerned, after having been plundered of what might seem to be its essential organs.

Amongst the multifarious objects which the dredge has brought to light, is a singular being which claims a special notice. This is the sea-urchin (*Echinus*), a creature belonging to the same family as the feather-star, though only distantly related to it. There is, indeed, little family resemblance between them. The urchin is a rough, prickly fellow, and has none of the grace and the brilliant tinting of the star. But they are connected, nevertheless, by easily traceable natural affinities. Most persons must be acquainted with so common an object as the *shell* of the sea-urchin or sea-egg; but few perhaps know much of the exquisite mechanism and the wonderful vital processes associated with this humble dweller. We transport our captive to the tub of salt-water, that we may watch his movements and study his structure, and will endeavour to supply our readers with a pen-and-ink sketch of him. The echinus con-

sists of a rounded calcareous box, in which is enclosed the soft body of the animal. On the under side is a circular opening—the mouth. From the mouth project five (the mystic number of this family) plates or teeth, which are connected with a complicated grinding-machine within, in which the food is prepared for its passage into the stomach, and subsequent digestion. The external surface of the shell is covered with movable spines, commonly of most graceful form and elaborate workmanship. Amongst the spines may be seen, when the creature is living, numbers of delicate, flexible tubes, which can be protruded and retracted at pleasure. So much by way of general description. Let us now examine the various parts of this curious organism more closely; and first, the shell. As the animal grows and increases in size, how is the stony mansion to be enlarged to meet its wants? The crab, when its shell has become too small for it, abandons it incontinently, and grows another. The mollusc, when it has outgrown its dwelling-place, adds to it a new compartment by the deposition of fresh matter round the margin. But the structure of the echinus renders either of these methods unavailing. How, then, shall its covering be enlarged as occasion requires, preserving at the same time its spherical proportions? If the shell were a single, solid piece, growth were impossible. The Divine Architect has therefore built up the urchin's home of a multitude of pieces, all of them pentagons (still the mystic *five*), and all of them fitted together with marvellous accuracy. Investing the entire surface of the shell, and passing between the margins of the multititudinous pieces, is a living film or membrane. This membrane has the power of secreting and depositing calcareous matter, *in an equal ratio*, along the edges of every one of the pentagonal plates. In this way each plate is gradually and equally enlarged, and so the whole structure is gradually and equally enlarged—enlarged by the simultaneous increase of all its component pieces, and therefore without any material alteration in its shape. The shell thus slowly swells out, and as it expands, the creature within increases in like proportion. The urchin's home, then, is a composite and expansive sphere, whose tesselated surface is made up of hundreds of exact pentagons, fitted each to each, as no human skill could fit them, and enclosed in the mystic film which provides for their symmetric growth. How marvellous the mathematics employed in the construction of an abode for this humble being! The mechanism with which it is provided is no less curious and beautiful. Let us examine its locomotive apparatus. Thickly distributed over the shell we find small circular protuberances, each surmounted by a little ball. There are some thousands of these upon every urchin. To each one of the little knobs a spine, often richly fluted and sculptured, is articulated. At the base of the spine is a hollow which fits upon the ball, and we have thus a true ball-and-socket joint, by means of which, and the attached ligament and muscles, it can be moved freely in all directions. By aid of its thousands of spinous legs, the urchin is enabled to roll itself along a plane surface; and should danger threaten, it can employ them as spades, and soon bury itself in the sand. It is curious to remark the various uses that are made of the same provision in the economy of nature. Amongst the urchins we meet with the first introduction of the ball-and-socket joint. By means of it these creatures roll themselves along the sand in obedience to their inferior instincts. By means of the same contrivance the arm of man is endowed with its wondrous capabilities of motion, and enabled to execute the mandates of his will, and give expression to the conceptions of his intellect.

But we have not yet done with the marvels of this organism. The urchin has to climb rocks as well as to traverse sands. At first sight, we might deem it

wellnigh impossible for this spine-clad ball to perform such a feat. But let us see. Our prisoner in the tub has actually scaled the side of the vessel, and is hanging securely from the perpendicular surface. How has this been accomplished? If we examine the shell, we find passing from pole to pole rows or avenues of small orifices, which open into the interior cavity. These run in pairs, and there are five pairs to each individual. Through these orifices the creature can protrude a number of extensible tubes, terminating in powerful suckers. These it can push forth beyond its longest spine, and bend in all directions, and by means of them it anchors itself firmly to the rock, or climbs its most precipitous sides. They form the second locomotive apparatus with which this singular being is endowed. They are also admirably adapted for the capture of food. There may be about 2000 of these tubular arms, with their suitorial disks, on a single urchin!

One more provision must be noticed. Scattered over the skin which covers the shell, we meet with great numbers of a curious pincer-shaped organ. It consists of a small calcareous *forceps* mounted on a stem. When the animal is living, these *pedicellariae*, as they are called, are in a state of great activity, continually opening and shutting their blades with considerable force, and bending their heads in all directions. These strange bodies have long been a puzzle to the naturalist, and some have regarded them as mere parasites. There can be little doubt, however, that they belong to the urchins: and from observations we have made on analogous organs, which are found upon some of the zoophytes, we have no difficulty in assigning them a function. We regard them as an admirable *defensive* apparatus, designed to keep the delicate investing membrane free from substances and creatures which might otherwise irritate and injure it. These minute prehensile organs, plentifully distributed over the surface, constantly on the alert, constantly twisting about, and snapping their little beaks, are well fitted to arrest intruders, or to eject such as may have effected a lodgment. They constitute the police force with which nature has supplied the echinus.

We have now noted the chief points in the history of the shell and its organs. Were we to pass within, and study its internal arrangements, we should meet with equally striking evidences of the wisest design and the most loving forethought. Such is the sea-urchin—a being most singularly endowed—a being in whose construction the most consummate skill has been employed—a being in which exquisite beauty has been super-added to exquisite contrivance. For what can be more beautiful than the tesselated shell, its ornamented bosses, its radiate avenues, and its plated spines? Resolve this marvellous structure into the *thought* from which it rose. What shall we say of the Mind of which such thoughts are the daily effluvia?

The feather-star and the echinus are both members of the great class *Echinodermata*, and others of the same kindred have come up in our dredge. But we will make our next selection from a different tribe. Before doing so, however, a word as to the immense profusion of life in the ocean. The dredger is continually impressed by it. Not a deserted shell or a stone is brought up but is thronged with living beings. Every bunch of weed gives shelter to multitudes of creatures—some temporary lodgers, some permanent residents. Life is parasitic upon life. The *serpula* builds its stony case on the abode of the shell-fish, and the delicate lacework of the moss-coral overspreads the *serpula*. Over the stem of the sea-weed creeps the fibre from which the graceful plumes of the zoophyte spring. These, again, are thickly invested by the pretty cells of many smaller species; and they, in turn, minute as they are, often bear in profusion the curious forms of microscopic animacules. Let us take a stone from the heap that is

lying in our boat. It is a perfect museum in itself. It is richly coloured in parts by the *nullipore*—one of the lowest forms of vegetable life, which does for the scenery of the ocean what the moss and lichen do for the scenery of the upper world. Here is a circular cluster of cells, ‘looking like beautiful lace-work carved in ivory;’ here a little saucer of the purest whiteness, containing within it a number of stony tubes, the habitations of a whole company of tiny polypes. A sponge overgrows one portion of the stone, itself the home of many a living thing; a sea-anemone has possession of another. The little encrinite is present, and near it a small star-fish, representatives of the ancient and the modern era. There are worms too, in plenty, and more of life and beauty beside than we have space to describe. It is pleasant to think of the amount of happy existence which a single stone may support. The forms to which we have chiefly referred are visible to the unassisted eye; but, as Humboldt remarks, ‘the application of the microscope increases in the most striking manner our impression of the rich luxuriance of animal life in the ocean, and reveals to the astonished senses a consciousness of the universality of life.’ We may perhaps have something to say of these minute beings hereafter.

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAËL.

(This curious piece has recently appeared in the ‘Gazette de France,’ and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X. when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens by the Marquis de la Roche Jaqueline.)

BEFORE the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Mme de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, ‘The Knights of the Swan’ (the *first* edition), completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister-in-law.

On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis: but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* of some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favourable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

‘Nothing is easier,’ replied he; ‘Mme de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement.’

‘She speaks,’ pursued I, ‘of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon’s persecutions.’

‘Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from him; and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day.’

‘What shocking ferocity!’ replied I, laughing; ‘a case of infamous despotism indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me!’

‘Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once: I assure you she is most amusing.’

I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and accorded to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive, recommending a certain Casimir, the *phœnix* of the *époque*, and several

other persons besides; all, according to Mme de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to Mme de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. Mme de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favour of Mme de Staël, for she also, in 1789, had manifested so much *charité* towards the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris unmolested: but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined that we ought to be grateful to her for having quarrelled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture.

M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, ‘So Mme la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?’

‘Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavourable effects did your royal highness overlook her: for what she asserts, every one believes, and then—she has suffered so much!’

‘Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law the queen suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public’s belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the ambassadress of Sweden’s being able to dare insult that unfortunate princess in her very palace?’

Mme de Staël’s envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of Mme de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to Mme de Genlis.

My brother has said, ‘Punctuality is the politeness of kings’—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when Mme de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, anything but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even, bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one’s dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, Mme de Genlis was firing off a volley of curtseys; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

I bring,’ commenced the lady, ‘to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may shew to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c.; and in No. 4 Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one proper to be pursued by royalty, in reading which, your royal highness

will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquirements as of the purity of my loyalty.'

Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then condoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

'Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of *me!* and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly: but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the pope, but he did not so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question.'

This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with Mme de Staél.

'God forbid!' cried she, making a sigh of the cross: 'I have no acquaintance with *such people*; and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *nine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose Monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker*?'

'Mme la Baronne de Staél Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries.'

'Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave!'

This new proof of the want of memory in Mme de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favoured me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered.

The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of Mme de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when Mme de Staél appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirtily, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown, embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawn-broker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumcan sybil, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius can have such a false, vulgar taste. Mme de Staél began by apologising for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to Mme de Genlis. 'She is one of the illustrations of the day,' observed she with a sneering smile—'a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age! Ah, ah, Monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience*.'

'Come,' thought I, 'here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions.' While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases, every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them,

I asked her if there was anything she wished to demand.

'Ah, dear!—oh yes, *prince!*' replied the lady in an indifferent tone. 'A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent.; but these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government.'

'Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruit of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions!'

'Then *so* much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman.'

'Benjamin! Benjamin—who?' asked I in surprise.

'It would give me the deepest distress,' replied she, to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henri Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several constitutions he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it, and choose Benjamin Constant to carry the idea out.'

It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive; but Mme de Staél, carried away by her zeal and her enthusiasm, instead of speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. Mme de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, 'So your royal highness has made Mme de Staél completely quarrel with me now?'

'Me! I never so much as pronounced your name.' 'Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge.'

'Ha, ha!—and what can she do?'

'A very great deal of mischief, Monsieur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves.'

'That would be curious.'

'Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be Royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that.'

At this time I had not the remotest idea what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France; but now I understand it perfectly, and if Mme de Staél was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her.

HOMeward CARGOES TO SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTHAMPTON has latterly become the port of landing for homeward cargoes of specie and other valuable articles, brought by large steamers from remote parts of the world; the situation of the town at the head of a broad navigable water, easily accessible to vessels coming up Channel, and its connexion by railway with London, eminently adapting it for this species of traffic. Three times every month there come up Southampton

Water the most costly and coveted foreign products—gold from California; silver from Mexico and Chili; platina from Peru; pearls from the Bay of Panama and the Persian Gulf; diamonds from Golconda; dye-stuffs from Central America; shawls from Cashmere; turtle from the Bahamas; succades from the Caribbees; ivory from Egypt and Arabia, &c. The specialties of this remarkable commerce are detailed as follows in the *Hampshire Advertiser* :—

‘It is through Southampton that the precious metals are flowing into Europe in such quantities as to alarm statesmen and the whole mercantile world—creating by their abundance commercial and political problems, which the wisest cannot solve, and threatening an influence on nations, more important than that produced by change of dynasties or governments. Gold and silver, to the amount of L.5,000,000 sterling, are annually imported into Southampton. The gold principally comes from California; and although called gold-dust, it resembles in everything but the colour, which is a dull yellow, the small worn gravel that may be picked up on the inclined beach near the Southampton platform. It used to be imported in skins, but it is now generally brought in wooden boxes; the size of which varies from a few inches to a couple of feet in length, breadth, and depth.

‘A great portion of the silver is imported in what is called bars. They are of a plano-convex form, each about two feet long, six inches broad and thick, and weighing about three-quarters of a hundredweight. A short time since, the officers employed to superintend the landing of the specie, brought by a West India steamer, were surprised to find amongst it a number of battered and apparently old and worn-out tin saucers, such as are to be found on dust-heaps. These saucers turned out to be made of platina, a metal which is obtained from the Peruvian mines, and was unknown to the ancient world. It is harder than iron, resists the action of air, acids, and alkalies, and in beauty, scarcity, ductility, and indestructibility, is equal to gold and silver.

‘The specie brought to Southampton by the mail-steamer is always landed before any other portion of the cargo. While it is being landed, the dock-quay, between the steamer and the specie-store, is enclosed, and no stranger is allowed within the enclosure. Trustworthy persons are alone employed in conveying the gold and silver from the ship to the shore, and the conveyance is superintended by policemen and the officers of the steamer. The boxes of gold and the bars of silver are arranged orderly along the pavement of the store, which is sometimes literally covered with precious stones and metals. The value of the contents of each box of gold-dust varies from 1000 to 30,000 dollars. The Mexican dividends—a matter of so much anxiety and interest over Change—are amongst the boxes of specie, and are known by the letters *MD*, joined like a diphthong, being on the lids of the boxes that contain them.

‘When all the specie has been landed, the doors of the store are locked, while the officers of customs and of the mail-steamer, together with the clerks of the West India Company, are checking off the ship’s manifest; and when this is done, the gold and silver are placed in railway carriages, drawn up close to the store, and are transmitted, carefully guarded, to the Bank of England.

‘The cochineal is brought from Central America, and is contained in untanned hides. Each hide, with its contents, is called a seron, and weighs about 1½ cwt. When it is pierced with a steel instrument by the custom-house officer, to ascertain if it contains contraband goods or not, the cochineal is found in small purple-coloured shrivelled pieces, each of about half the size of a pea. It bears no resemblance to an animal substance, yet it is the body of an insect, with the

head and legs rubbed off. The cochineal insect, when alive, must be about the size of the small red insect called a lady-bird, found in English gardens and meadows. When a piece of cochineal is rubbed on a damp white surface, a dirty-red colouring is produced. By some artificial preparation it forms the basis of carmine, and of the brilliant crimson and scarlet dye-stuff used in our textile manufactures. Some idea of the myriads of cochineal insects which must exist in Central America may be formed by considering their minuteness, together with the weight of each seron of cochineal, and the thousands of serons that are imported into Southampton alone.

‘Succades are those delicious jellies and preserves known as Guava jelly, preserved ginger, limes, and tamarinds, manufactured in the West India Islands. Some of these delicious confections would not have been unworthy to rank with the fabled ambrosia of the pagan deities. The honey used in them must surpass in richness and flavour that which used to be extracted from the far-famed honeycombs of *Hymettus*; for it is distilled from sweets that cannot be found in the fields or gardens of Europe.

‘Live turtle are brought in the West India steamers, principally from the Bahamas, to be converted into soup for epicures. They are immense creatures, and are kept alive during the voyage by the sailors swabbing their eyes and mouths every time they clean the deck. Occasionally a boat is filled with water on deck, into which the turtles are allowed to refresh themselves, and amuse the passengers with their unwieldy gambols. One of the most singular sights to be seen on board a West India steamer, when she arrives in the Southampton dock, is forty or fifty gigantic live turtles lying in a row on their backs on the lower deck. Their heads are rather elevated, and their fins appear like short and useless wings by their sides. Their helpless state and ridiculous position appear at first sight irresistibly ludicrous; but the muscular motions of their throats, which are perpetually craving for moisture, and their piteous look, as if imploring to be saved from the tureen, would even excite aldermanic sympathy.

‘The silk brought to Southampton by the Alexandrian steamer is the raw material from China. It is brought in small bales, for the convenience of transport across the Egyptian desert, and each weighs about one cwt. The covering for the silk is a species of matting made of cane. Upwards of six hundred bales of silk have been brought in one cargo, the value of which has been nearly L.100,000.

‘The shawls brought by the steamers are from Cashmere, a place celebrated in Indian romance, and from other parts of India. These fabrics are the finest and most costly in the world. Hundreds are brought in one cargo, many of which, embroidered with gold and silver, are worth between L.200 and L.300 each. They are imported in boxes made of the wood of the camphor tree, lined with tin, and the interior of which is profusely strewed with pepper and other spicess, to scare away insects during the voyage. The crape shawls are from China, and are richly ornamented with needlework of such a kind as could only be executed in a country where labour is cheap, and by a people inexhaustibly patient and ingenious. These shawls are brought in small paper boxes, enclosed in cases made of a stronger material. Many of the cases containing the fabrics from the East are covered with cloth coated with bee’s-wax.

‘The ivory is imported here in extraordinary long barrels, which contain oftentimes some thousands of tusks, shed by wild elephants within the dominions of the pacha of Egypt, and in various parts of the East. Some of the ivory is dug up from deserts and wildernesses, where it has lain sometimes buried for ages.

‘Amongst the sundries brought by the Alexandrian packets, are precious stones, jewellery, gold-work, and

an infinite variety of ivory, tortoise-shell, and sandal-wood ornaments. The precious stones consist of diamonds, agates, torquoises, pearls, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c. and are from parts of India, Persia, and Asia Minor. Those from the latter part are collected by Jews and other merchants, and are the value of European goods sent into such distant regions perhaps as Astrachan and Tartary.

The jewellery and gold-work are chiefly from Trichinopoly, the great seat in the East of the manufacture of the precious metals and stones. There must be something in the capacity of the Hindoo for manipulation, which the European does not possess; for the golden chains and bracelets made in Trichinopoly far surpass those manufactured in the western world. In fact any damage to those of the former place cannot even be repaired in Europe.

The whole of these most costly treasures are examined for custom-house purposes, in strongly-guarded warehouses in the docks, where none but consignees, custom-house and dock officers, are allowed to be present; and such is the immense quantity that passes through their hands, that they are examined with as much indifference as a cargo of French eggs or Irish potatoes. At night policemen patrol round the warehouses, while other policemen are stationed at the dock gates to prevent egress or ingress after a certain hour.

When the East and West India steamers arrive together, which is often the case in the middle of the month, there may then be seen treasure in the docks worth a million sterling, which could almost be stowed away in a moderate-sized dwelling-house. We have been allowed the unusual privilege of seeing almost at a glance the choicest productions of the orient and occident. We have looked upon a large store literally covered with heaps of gold, platina, and pearls; and after walking a few steps, have beheld huge benches blazing with gems and precious stones, and covered with the most beautiful fabrics in the world, and with the incomparable workmanship of the cunning artificers of Asia.

Southampton has the remarkable distinction of being the only port in ancient or modern times that receives the marvellous productions of the two Indies. No place in the British dominions has ever been able to vie with it in this respect. Twelve steamers from the regions of the rising sun, and twenty-four from those of the setting luminary, arrive every year at this port laden with enormous wealth. In the far west—from the golden streams of the Appalachian mountains, from the bowels of the Cordilleras, across the Isthmus of Darien and the Caribbean sea. In the far east—from the Yellow Sea and the sacred Ganges, along the coast of "farthest Ind," the land of "barbaric pearl and gold," through the Red Sea, and down the ancient Nile, the riches of America, Asia, and Africa, are continually flowing to load those immense and magnificent argosies that almost every week float up Southampton Water.

FLEXIBLE IVORY.

M. Charriere, a manufacturer of surgical instruments in Paris, has for some time been in the habit of rendering flexible the ivory which he uses in making tubes, probes, and other instruments. He avails himself of a fact which has long been known: that when bones are subjected to the action of hydrochloric acid, the phosphate of lime, which forms one of their component parts, is extracted, and thus bones retain their original form, and acquire great flexibility. M. Charriere, after giving to the pieces of ivory the required form and polish, steepes them in acid alone, or in acid partially diluted with water, and they thus become supple, flexible, elastic, and of a slightly yellowish colour. In the course of drying the ivory becomes hard and inflexible again; but its flexibility can be at once restored by wetting it either by surrounding it with a piece of wet linen, or by placing sponge in the

cavities of the pieces. Some pieces of ivory have been kept in a flexible state in the acidulated water for a week, when they were neither changed, nor injured, nor too much softened, nor had they acquired any taste or disagreeable smell.—*Jameson's Journal*, No. 97.

THE RIVER SACO.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBOROUGH LYONS, LL.D.

The Saco has its springs in New Hampshire, near the celebrated 'Notch' of the White, or Agiocochook Mountains, and runs into the Atlantic after a winding course through the state of Maine. It receives the waters of many lakes and streams, passes over numerous falls, and is throughout remarkable for its clearness and beauty.

From Agiocochook's granite steeps
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
Down the gray mountain's rugged side:
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines
Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,
While close above the sun frowns or shines
The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength, it swiftly takes
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
Retreating from the glare of day;
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
Among green Fryburg's woods and farms.

Here, with low voice, it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake,
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake:
Now sweeping on, it runs its race
By mound and mill in playful glee;
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar;
There on old Ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream! it were a fate divine,
Till this world's toils and tasks were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none;
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unsullied by one stain of Earth.

GREAT ATMOSPHERIC WAVE.

The spring of 1849 was remarkable for a continuous movement westward of the atmosphere for the space of seventeen days; namely, from the 1st to the 18th of February. The mean reading of the barometer during that period was fully half an inch above its average value; and when the crest of the wave was over Greenwich, the reading of the barometer at the level of the sea was as high as 30.90 m. The base of the wave must have been in extent just about equal to the distance from England to America; for it appears from the 'American Traveller,' published at Boston on 5th April 1850, that on the same day that it completed its passage at Greenwich, it was felt for the first time at Boston as it was with us. It must have travelled, therefore, at the rate of about 170 miles a day.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. & R. OME, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 60 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 380. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

MUSICAL VAGRANTS.

ALL the world cannot be supremely respectable. Civilised life, far from being a Chinese puzzle, where all the fractions are equal in size, shape, and importance, is rather a dramatic Noah's Ark, abounding with every variety of animal form.

Everybody cannot play the part of the elephant, with his snake-like trunk, or of the lion, with his regal mane. All cannot rise to the perpendicular elevation of the giraffe, nor extend to the horizontal dimensions of the crocodile. Some must come on as monkeys, and maccaws, and mocking-birds, and kangaroos, with tails more useful than ornamental, and peacocks *vice versa*, and ostriches, that cannot fly though birds, and ornithorhynchi, which wear beaks though quadrupeds.

After all, it is a great question whether the laborious camel enjoys life half so much as the dancing-dog. No doubt there must be exquisite enjoyment in those long-deferred draughts, after crossing the hot desert, whose thirsty sands appear to attract and absorb the radical juices of the bodies that traverse them. But how rare are those moments of delicious contrast—of refreshing indulgence! On the other hand, how many causes conduce to render enviable the condition of the dog! In the first place, he is an artist. He is gaily attired in a spangled jacket; he is applauded by an admiring populace; his vanity is constantly gratified, for who can doubt that dogs are keenly sensitive to the approving looks and expressions of mankind? It is true he stands upon his hind-legs, contrary to the laws of nature. But then how great and joyous the relief of a return to all-fours! Does not all sensation exist by contrast? True, the camel's contrast is more powerful; but then how much more frequent the dog's! how much less painful his preliminary sufferings! True, his master thrashes him if he perform ill his tricks; but is he not, on the other hand, patted and rewarded when his efforts prove successful? In short, the camel's existence may be compared to a painting by Rembrandt, with a few brilliant points of light emerging from impenetrable shade; the dog's career to a landscape by Turner, where infinite gradations of light, shade, and colour, are mingled in harmonious confusion.

The camel is the indispensable labourer, the dancing-dog is the *quasi* supernumerary vagabond. And one remark we shall have the indiscretion to make. It is, that however unquestionable the intrinsic merits of respectability, your vagabonds are much more interesting subjects for the pen or the pencil; just as a lively comet is a far more exciting object to the astronomer than a regular business-like old planet, which

rises and sets in the most unexceptionable manner. A roving life, too, generates a roving fancy. Therefore we sketch vagabonds. We know them so well! How often in the old days, when, knapsack on back, we strolled through the wild forests of Germany with other students still more thoughtless than ourselves, have we paused on the road to hold curious converse with some strange pedestrian, whose long-enduring garments the very Wandering Jew might have envied! How often— But, in short, contrast is the spice of existence, the essence of humour, the very principle of all excitement of the feelings or the fancy; and if Hobbes's oft-quoted theory of laughter (or, as a German professor would say, *delight-in-being-better-off-than-other-people-ism*) be a true one, we, who hug ourselves especially in our well-lined mantles of respectability, shall rarely fail to regard the indestructible race of vagabonds with a certain pleasurable curiosity.

Above all, the *musical* vagabond! Whether fiddler or flutist, singer with or without guitar, one of a band or a lone child of mystery, there is about him, her, or them, as the case may be, a marvellous fascination to our fancy.

The wandering painter, however rude his art, must ever, to a certain degree, command our respect, from the intellect and judgment required to produce even the semblance of a portrait. The supple acrobat astonishes and confounds us by feats of strength and agility, which, if not performed before our eyes, would appear to us incredible. Well do we know in our own consciences that the least of those somersaults would baffle our utmost efforts of athletic vigour. As for the vagrant juggler, does he not delude us under our very eyes? Is it possible to help feeling a dim awe respecting an individual who can cheat us so easily? No; wherever there is incontestable superiority of any kind, a certain respect is inevitable. But it is far otherwise with the musical vagabond. We feel no respect for him—not an atom; and that is what gives him perhaps a peculiar advantage. He is so eminently disreputable! We neither ascribe to him the intelligence of the painter, nor the strength of the acrobat, nor the possible pugnacity of either. Everybody can sing, or at least everybody thinks so. Everybody could learn to play upon some instrument—at least so everybody believes: only everybody will not condescend to take the trouble. Many of us really are something of musicians, with better voices and ten times the science of the average vagrants who appeal to our charity. Consequently, we have a sincere want of respect for the tribe. We look down upon them with a good-humoured pity, and throw them our halfpence with twice the readiness with which we submit our profiles to the artist's pencil or scissors, or our hats to

the juggler's indomitable passion for making saucerpans of them for his plum-puddings.

We have often asked ourselves how anybody came to adopt the profession of wandering musician. And here, by the way, we take occasion peremptorily to exclude Italian organ-grinders from the fraternity of musicians proper. They are mere machinists. Hurdy-gurdy-players we also rigorously decline to treat of. Otherwise, our category embraces the widest possible acceptance—from the roaring Cockney ballad-singer to the graceful Spanish minstrel, whose serenades bring tears of silver from the hearts of enchanted damsel. Are they not amazed at seeing so genteel a person pursuing so precarious a vocation? Are they not justified in suspecting an adventurous prince incognito, or some charming poet in mufti seeking the ideal of his dreams with persevering eccentricity?

But to revert to the origin of the vagrant musician. Doubtless it is primarily that of all vagabondage—deficient pecuniary resources, and a natural distaste to so commonplace a substitute for fortune as labour. Writers who sacrifice delicacy to a fondness for being perspicuous would have simply said—*poverty* and *laziness*. Indeed your proud workman keeps the wolf from the door by facing him with resolute bravery. Your careless vagabond runs away from the wolf, who chases him through a whole lifetime. Otherwise, we must admit an irresistible passion for locomotion as one of the primitive faculties of the mind; or else suppose the hereditary descendants of Alaswerus to have multiplied stupendously during the long centuries of his fabled pilgrimage.

Secondarily, the cause of musical vagrancy is a happy aspiration for the nearest possible approach to an annuity for doing nothing short of absolute mendicancy. Every one, without exception (not dumb by nature), can adopt the *métier* of wandering musician. No talent of any kind is indispensable: impudence is the only *sine qua non*. If an individual possess an ear for music, or a voice, people will pay for listening to him. If the reverse, they will pay to get rid of the nuisance. In the one case, he will be admired for his ability; in the other, pitied for his incapacity. It is a great question which gets on the better of the two classes. The latter is as numerous as the former; sometimes with a naïve unconsciousness of the torture inflicted; often with a *malice prepense*, which calculates but too surely on the limited powers of auricular endurance on the part of its auditors.

We remember in London one obstinate old reprobate who was in the habit of pervading the more retired streets, just insufficiently drunk to escape arrest, and yet sufficiently sober to regulate his intonations with the most logical perfection of annoyance. His plan consisted in singing a particular air from a popular opera in the following style of ingenious cruelty. Having given utterance to the first note with a doleful and quavering exactness, he paused for at least a quarter of a minute before allowing note the second to pass his lips; and so on to the end of the air: producing upon our irritated nerves an effect which can be illustrated but feebly by the following description:—

'When'—What's that? we exclaim, starting up, and listening in an attitude of dubious consternation, as the dismal sound vibrates upon our ears. 'Oth'—continues the tormentor, awakening us to a sense of the punishment in store for us: 'ther'—We rush to the window, and recognise our ancient enemy with a muttered anathema, which many an angel would excuse under the circumstances: 'lips'—proceeds the relentless vagrant, pausing to pick up the coppers which distracted humanity begins to throw from windows, accompanied by mild entreaties that the singer will move on: 'and'—During the following interval we have had time to enter the next room, and

seize a jug of water from the wash-stand, armed with which, we hold ourselves in ambuscade behind the window-curtains: 'oth'—We gently raise the sash, and set one foot upon the balcony: 'ther'—We rush out incontinently, and discharge the contents of the jug upon the head of the enemy below, who is malignantly looking up in quest of the expected black-mail: 'nd 'hearts,' bursts out with unprecedented velocity, the executioner of Balfe, beginning to sputter and swear in the most discordant manner. We hasten to put on our greatcoat and hat for a walk, well knowing that, hostilities once commenced, no mercy is to be expected out of water-jug range. As we go out, we sternly inform the musician of our intention to shoot him next time, at all hazards, with an American revolver; and taking advantage of his temporary dismay, turn the corner of the street in time to escape the volley of abuse with which he pursues our retreating footsteps.

This subtle vagabond, we regret to say, still pursues his hideous industry, and many of our literary and artistic friends who live in quiet neighbourhoods, have bitterly bewailed to us their sufferings. We never fail to recommend the water-jug.

Little less annoying are the psalm-singing families, who—pyramidically arranged, the supposed father in the centre, and two children of six years in the wings—march slowly along, chanting their lugubrious staves, and rolling their eyes towards the house-windows with such a forlorn and woeful air, that it is not in human nature to refuse them always the obolus of charity.

The roaring ballad-singers, already alluded to, generally go in pairs, and are mostly ill-looking unshaven fellows, whose hands and faces defy soap, as Ajax defied the lightning. They appeal, however, to a more legitimate class of sentiments. Often themselves the composers of their doggerel rhymes, they catch the follies or vices of the hour as it flies, and rarely fail to attract a crowd of grinning spectators. Not unfrequently there is a rough poetical justice in their verse, which pleases the mob. They do not beg: their musical performance is gratuitous: they only sell their ballads, printed on paper almost as flimsy as bank-notes—which, indeed, it is to be hoped they in a manner become to the men who have given the raw material its enhanced value. In dull times these men are apt to take office, as what are technically known by the term 'sandwiches,' and to figure between two boards as the walking advertisements of commercial speculators.

On the blind fiddler and his dog it is not necessary to enlarge. He is often a real musician, and plays with considerable feeling and accuracy. No one can object to his harmless vocation, though we fear sadly that the phrase, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' applies peculiarly to his case; and that he is one of the most ill-paid, as well as most excysable of the wandering fraternity. It is so easy, as they say in Ireland, to pass by a blind man without his seeing you.

The juvenile Highland piper in the south rarely fails to excite considerable interest, particularly on a frosty day. 'Poor little fellow, how cold he must be without pantaloons!' say the kind-hearted women, and pity him immensely. We remember once putting the question point-blank to a young piper in Bloomsbury Square—'Vy, yer see,' he made answer, 'it ain't nuffin, ven your a bin and done it since you vos a l'infunt.' Whence we concluded that the piper in question must have left the Highlands at a very early period of his existence.

A very different personage is the well-dressed gentleman of the brass-band, whose performance, often really excellent, few can pass without notice. His income during the season is considerable; and we should not be surprised if he eventually were to become a banker in his native country on the strength of his economies.

We have known a brass-band refuse very liberal terms for an evening's exclusive engagement. But a stronger proof of the success of the speculation, and the superior chances of merit in any line, is to be found in the following fact, to the truth of which we pledge ourselves:—A number of artists of the pencil and graver, finding themselves, some time since, in a state of general impoverishment, resolved, as a dernier *ré*sot, to disguise themselves as wandering musicians, and sally forth in search of what the gods might send them. Several of them were excellent amateur performers on various wind-instruments. One was a capital violinist; and a supernumerary, whose instincts for harmony were not fully developed, volunteered for the less arduous but more repulsive duty of carrying round the hat for contributions. No sooner said than done. False whiskers, burnt cork eyebrows, hats over the eyes, and handkerchiefs over the chin, and the party of minstrels commenced their experimental sally. The painter of Libyan deserts and lurid sunsets, who was created grand-treasurer of the party, was, at his express entreaty, converted into a coal-black Ethiopian for the occasion, and displayed the most heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

All went on favourably. They reaped a harvest of applause and shillings, far beyond their most sanguine expectations, in several of the chief squares and streets; when they had the misfortune to perform so satisfactorily before the mansion of an ambassador in Portland Place, that he sent his butler to insist upon their entering and partaking of some refreshment, previously to further delighting his guests by their performance. The astonishment of the diplomatist may be conceived when, with one accord, they vehemently declined his offered hospitality, and walked off, full of alarm at the possibility of recognition by some patron or acquaintance sufficiently fortunate to receive an ambassador's invitation to dinner.

But it is not in England that the trade of musical vagabond arrives at perfection. In the central and southern countries of Europe, it finds a far more suitable field for its expansion. There is a *café* at Paris

attended by the thoroughgoing republicans, to be seen, evening after evening, a succession of the most heterogeneous description. A tall young man who sings to the guitar 'one voice like the blast of a great trumpet, like one of the *élyans* in the Boulevards, makes me quite blush to give him a sou when he comes round. There is a young German songstress who comes with her brother, a little dimpky hobbadehoy of a fiddler. She, too, touches the guitar, and sings sweetly enough, but seems afraid of opening her little mouth sufficiently wide to let the notes pass out. We, who are romantic *ex officie*, whisper two or three German phrases in the Berlin Cockney dialect, in order to make her smile. Thus we succeed in so effectually, that she not only displays a row of pearly teeth, but cannot even go on with her song, so that her fussy brother is compelled to fill up the interval by an indefinite flourish on the fiddle. There is another professor, of such an imposing aspect, that he might sit for a picture of Moses in the desert. His beard, of a raven blackness, descends to his waist, and he gesticulates forcibly as he sings. He is not a common vagrant, but an enthusiastic political propagandist. All his songs breathe the fiercest hatred and scorn of the reactionary party, represented by him as the clowns and harlequins of a masquerade, whose tawdry thiliane the light of a new day will speedily annihilate. In collecting money he is very rapid, never pausing for an instant, or looking hard at any person who does not put his hand into his pocket. Sometimes he comes accompanied by an ex-schoolmaster, whose performance on the violin is really remarkable for its spirit and fantastic rapidity of execution. He reminds

us of one of Hoffman's weird and mysterious musicians. He sings tenor to the bearded patriot's bass, and has a habit of distorting his old features in the most astonishing manner—often playing, singing, and gesticulating with such wild ecstasy, that he resembles a furious Pythoness on her tripod! Both these gentlemen pass about two-thirds of their lives in prison for singing seditious songs about the rights of labour to food, and the inviolability of the constitution ('as was.') This is but a small group of specimens of our continental friends in the musical line of vagabondage.

'What on earth do strolling singers do with themselves in the daytime?' we murmured reflectively.

'Lie in bed,' replied a matter-of-fact friend on our arm.

'Practise new songs,' responded a wag on the other.

'What becomes of them all in the end?' we pronounced, still musing over their vagrant destinies.

'Angels,' suggested the wag.

'Dust,' growled the materialist.

It was impossible to speculate gravely with such companions, so we abandoned the notion. When we reached home, we opened by chance a volume of Bayard Taylor's *El Dorado*, and by a curious coincidence lighted on a passage in which he spoke of the numerous bands of vagabond musicians who have already found their way to California, and of the great fortune they meet with. Certes playing a trombone in front of a coffeehouse is easier work than digging gold up to one's knees in water on the Sacramento! Which is more meritorious? We fell asleep as we thus began to moralise, and an orchestra of vagabond incubi commenced such a mad dream-concert in our brain as we shall not readily forget. It went on *crescendo*, till it resembled the roaring of a thousand tempests; and a crash, which seemed the crack of doom, wound up the symphony of which no mortal hand could trace the score, or even, were that possible, survive the unearthly rehearsal!

SCORESBY THE WHALER.

A VOLUME of 'Memorials of the Sea,' the full title of which is given below,* has just been made public by the Rev. Dr Scoresby, who, we may presume, raises this literary monument to his parent's memory not less for example's sake, than out of filial affection and grateful remembrance. The author's aim has been to present a faithful portraiture of his progenitor, to shew us what manner of man he was; and we shall endeavour to transfer a sketch of the picture to our columns, for the edification of such readers as are interested in the study of human effort and perseverance. There ought to be something worth reading in the history of a man whose memoir comprises two hundred and thirty-two pages.

The name of Scoresby, it appears, is limited to one or two families in the north of England, most of whom have been of the yeoman class, with the reputation of good citizens and worthy members of society. There are, however, two or three exceptions to the uniform level: a Walter de Scoresby was 'bayliffe of York' in 1312; another, Thomas, was lord mayor of the same city in 1463; and a second Thomas represented it in parliament in the reign of Edward III. So much for ancestral honours and dignities; and we pass to the individual who more immediately claims our attention. He was born in May 1760 at Nutholm, about twenty miles from Whitby; went to an endowed school in the adjoining village of Cropton during the fine season only, as the distance was considerable, and roads were uncom-

* *Memorials of the Sea. My Father: being Records of the Adventurous Life of the 1st William Scoresby, Esq. of Whitby. By his Son, the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. London: Longmans, 1851.*

fortable in winter. Even these scanty ways and means of knowledge were cut off when William Scoresby grew to his ninth year; he was then placed with a farmer, and underwent the 'rudiments' of agriculture and cattle-feeding. In this situation he plodded on for more than ten years, until 'unpleasant treatment' caused him to resent the indignity by walking to Whitby, and binding himself apprentice to a Quaker shipowner for three years. He then went to his father's house, and informed his parents of what had occurred, and returned forthwith to the farm to fulfil his duties until a successor should be appointed to his place. His next care was to set to work on such studies as might be useful in his new vocation, and so employ the interval prior to the sailing of the ship in the spring of 1780.

Mr Scoresby here draws a parallel between his father and Captain Cook: natives of the same county, both began life with farming work, though the great circumnavigator was afterwards apprenticed to a general shopkeeper; in which service, having been unjustly suspected of stealing 'a new and fresh-looking shilling' from his master's till, 'he determined, if he could get permission to do so, to leave his employment as a shopkeeper, and, indulging a strongly-imbibed prepossession, turn to the sea.' The result is well known.

According to agreement, Scoresby went a second time to Whitby in February to ratify his engagement; and finding that his services would not be required before April, he set out to return home on foot the same day, being desirous of losing no time from his studies. More than half the road lay across a wild uninhabited moorland district. Night had set in when a furious snow-storm surprised him; all traces of the imperfect track were speedily obliterated, and the traveller 'could neither see his way to advance nor to return.' In this uncertainty his geometrical knowledge came into play. 'He had observed how the wind first assailed him, with reference to the direction of the line of road, which, fortunately for him, like the roads of ancient construction generally, followed a steeple-chase directness, regardless of hill or dale, for the point aimed at; and, by adjusting his progress on the same angle, in respect to the course of the wind, he hoped to be guided in his now perilous undertaking.' The experiment was fully successful, and the journey finally accomplished in safety.

Scoresby's sea-service commenced by voyages to Russia: while discharging a cargo of Memel timber at Portsmouth, a professional grievance made him resolve to enter on board the *Royal George*. Afterwards, when that vessel went down, with all her crew, he regarded his having changed his intention as one of the many providences of which he had been the subject. A seaman's duties were not permitted to divert him from the pursuit of knowledge; what he learned in books he reduced to practice, keeping the ship's reckoning for his own private instruction. He suffered much from the taunts and jeers of the crew for refusing to share in their debasing practices, but made no attempt to retaliate so long as the annoyance was confined to words. He proved, however, on fitting occasion, that he could defend himself from personal violence; and so great was his strength, that his two aggressors were effectually humbled. He was fully impressed with the feeling 'that, under the blessing of Providence, to which he distinctly looked, he must be the fabricator of his own fortune'; and his custom was, 'unless he could find a somewhat like-minded aspirant after a better position, to walk alone on the main-deck or forecastle, holding companionship only with his own thoughts.'

In moral and physical qualities such as these, we see the elements of success. Scoresby's habit of keeping the reckoning, and the greater exactitude which he brought into the method, once saved the ship from being wrecked in foggy weather between Riga and Eishmore. His assertion that the vessel was off the

island of Bornholm caused a sharper look-out to be kept. Presently breakers were seen ahead; the anchor was dropped, but 'just in time to save the ship from destruction. When she swung to her anchor, it was in four and a half fathoms' water. The breakers were close by the stern, and the stern not above twenty fathoms from the shore.' This manifestation of ability on the part of an apprentice excited so much jealousy and ill-feeling towards him from the officers, that on the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, he left her, and engaged on board the *Speedwell* cutter, bound for Gibraltar with stores.

This proceeding led to a new course of adventure. While on the voyage in October 1781, the cutter was captured by the Spaniards, and the whole of her crew made prisoners of war, and kept in durance at St Lucar, in Andalusia. After a time, the rigour of imprisonment being somewhat relaxed, and the captives permitted to fetch water without a guard, Scoresby and one of his companions contrived to escape; and concealing themselves as much as possible during the day, and guiding their course by the stars at night, they made their way direct for the coast, where they eventually arrived in safety, after encountering much risk and difficulty. On all occasions when they had to ask for assistance, they found the women ready to help them and facilitate their escape, sometimes while their husbands had gone to denounce the strangers. By a fortunate coincidence the fugitives arrived on the coast just as an English vessel of war was about to sail with an exchange of prisoners. By the connivance of the crew, they concealed themselves on board until the ship was fairly at sea, when they made their appearance on deck, greatly to the astonishment and vexation of the captain, who made them sign a promise to pay a heavy sum for their passage, as a punishment for their intrusion. In the Bay of Biscay a formidable gale came on. The two intruders refused to work, on the plea of being passengers, unless the captain destroyed the document exacted from them. This was done; immediately the two sprang up the rigging, and before long, Scoresby, by his superior seamanship, had brought the reefing of sails, and striking of masts to a successful accomplishment, and by his example cheered the before dispirited crew, who, during the remainder of the voyage, were observed to manifest a 'higher character' than before.

After this, Scoresby married the daughter of a small landed proprietor at Cropton, and resided with his father for two or three years, assisting in the management of the farm. But a desire for more stirring employment made him again turn his attention to the sea. In 1785 he entered as seaman on board the *Henrietta*, a vessel engaged in the whale-fishery, at that time an important branch of the trade of Whitby. Here the general good conduct and ability for which he was remarkable gained him the post of second officer and *speckioneer* of the ship; a technical title used to distinguish the chief harpooner and principal of the fishing operations. In 1790 he became captain of the vessel, greatly to the mortification and jealousy of his brother officers, who, being inconsiderately engaged by the owner to go out on the first voyage under their new commander, conducted themselves so vexatiously that a mutiny broke out. 'One of the men, excited by his companions' clamours and his own dastardly rage, seized a handspike, and aimed a desperate blow, which might have been fatal on the head of his captain. The latter, now roused to the exertion of his heretofore unimagined strength and tact, while warding the blow with his hand, disarmed the assailant, and seizing him in his athletic arms, actually flung him headlong among his associates, like a quoit from the hand of a player, filling the whole party with amazement at his strength and power, and for the moment arresting, under the influence of the feeling, the unmanly pursuance of their mutinous purpose.' In addition to these adverse pro-

ceedings, the season was a bad one, and the *Henrietta* returned to Whitby without having captured a single whale.

The mortification to a man of Scoresby's ardent character was extreme: to guard against a recurrence of a similar misadventure, he insisted on engaging the whole of the next crew and officers himself, and carried his point, notwithstanding the opposition of the owner. The advantageous consequences of this measure appeared in the result of the voyage: 'no less than eighteen whales were captured, yielding 112 tons of oil.' The unusual importance of this achievement will be best understood from the fact, that six and a half whales per year had previously been regarded as a satisfactory average. Scoresby's fifth voyage gave a 'catch' of twenty-five whales, the proceeds being 152 tons of oil. Such, indeed, were his ability and enterprise, that his average success was 'four times as great as the usual average of the Whitby whalers; in like proportion above the average of the Hull whalers during the previous twenty years; and more than double the Hull average for the same actual period!' These successes, which excited no small amount of envy and hatred in some quarters, spread Scoresby's fame abroad in other ports, and produced many tempting offers and solicitations; but for a time, chiefly on his wife's account, he preferred retaining his connection with Whitby.

At length, in 1798, he accepted an engagement as captain of the *Dundee*, a vessel much larger and finer than the *Henrietta*, sailing from London. With this ship he brought back thirty-six whales from his first voyage; a number unprecedented in the annals of whale-fishery. This and subsequent voyages were performed, too, more rapidly than usual, whereby the greater freshness of the blubber, when brought to the coppers, produced a superior quality of oil. On one of the voyages in the *Dundee* he first took his son, then a lad ten years old (the author of the work before us), to sea with him. At that period armed vessels of the enemies of Britain cruised in the North Sea. A few days after leaving England a ship was suddenly observed bearing down so as to intercept the track of the whaler. Scoresby, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an occurrence; the *Dundee* carried twelve eighteen-pounders, besides small arms, and a well-selected crew of sixty men. Among the latter, one had been chosen for his expertness in beating the drum, and another for his proficiency 'in winding a boatswain's call; and with all these means and appliances a surprise was planned. We shall leave Mr Scoresby to tell it in his own words: 'The men on deck,' he writes, 'were laid down flat on their faces. My father, coolly walking the quarter-deck, and the helmsman, engaged in his office of steering, were the only living beings who could be discerned from the deck of the assailant.'

'Without shewing any colours, in answer to our English ensign waving at the mizen-peak, the stranger came down to within short musket-shot distance, when a loud and unintelligible roar of the captain through his speaking-trumpet indicated the usual demand of the nation or denomination of our ship. A significant wave of my father's hand served instead of a reply. The drum beats to quarters, and while the roll yet reverberates around, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe is heard above all. And whilst the hoarse voice of this office is yet giving forth the consequent orders, the apparently plain sides of the ship become suddenly pierced; six ports on a side are simultaneously raised, and as many untroumpled cannon, threatening a more serious bellowing than that of the now-astonished captain's trumpet-aided voice, are run out, pointing ominously toward the enemy's broadside!'

'The stratagem was complete, its impression quite perfect. The adversary seemed electrified. Men on the enemy's deck, some with lighted matches in hand, and plainly visible to us, by reason of her heeling posi-

tion while descending obliquely from the windward, were seen to fall flat, as if prostrated by our shot; the guns, pointed threateningly at us, remained silent; the helm flew to port, and the yards to the wind, on our opposite tack; and without waiting for the answer to his summons, or venturing to renew his attempt on such a formidable-looking opponent, he suddenly hauled off, under full sail, in a direction differing by some six points from that in which he had previously intercepted our track.'

According to long-continued custom, the flensing or cutting-up of a whale could only be performed with a prescribed number of incisions and apparatus, causing much loss of time when the fish was a small one. Scoresby had often remonstrated with his subordinates on this hindering process, but in vain. At last, to convince them, he offered, as a challenge, 'that, with the assistance of only one-third part of the available crew, he would go on a fish, and send it in single-handed, in half the time occupied by the four or six harpooners, with the help of all hands.' This he actually performed. The work, which had occupied the harpooners and the whole of the crew for two hours, was successfully accomplished 'in almost forty minutes; and by the exercise of forethought on the part of the chief operator, the assistants were not kept standing idle a single instant.'

Here we see a man prompt in emergencies, and ready with new inventions when the old failed to satisfy him. No one was more active than Scoresby in pushing his way into the ice when on the whaling-grounds. If a full cargo was not obtained, it was that certain natural obstacles were insurmountable by ordinary means, not that energy or perseverance were lacking for the attempt. Scoresby's spirit of enterprise once led him into a higher northern latitude than any other on record. This was in the year 1806, he being then in command of the *Resolution*. The ship had been worked through the ice on the western side of Spitzbergen as far as 77 degrees north latitude. All the other whaling vessels were left behind out of sight, when the adventurous captain determined to push for an open sea more to the northwards, the existence of which he considered certain, from several sagacious observations. In this task he is said to have been the first to introduce the operation of 'sallying the ship'; that is, swaying her from side to side, so as to facilitate her onward motion when beset by ice. At last, after extraordinary labour, the open sea was entered—an ocean lake, as it were, of vast extent, surrounded by ice. Here, in thirty-two days, a full cargo was captured, and the sea explored for a distance, in a direct line, of 300 miles—the highest latitude reached being 81 degrees 30 minutes north, not more than 510 miles from the pole, and the farthest northerly point ever attained by sailing. Parry went beyond it in 1827, but in boats drawn over the ice; and subsequent navigators have been baffled in their endeavours to penetrate so far in the same direction.

After several voyages in the *Resolution*, Scoresby became a member of the Greenock Whale-fishing Company, and made four voyages in the *John* without any diminution of success—the proceeds of only one out of the four having been £11,000. He then went out again for a Whitby firm; and in 1817 bought the *Fame* on his own account, and made with her five voyages to the north, and was preparing for a sixth, when the vessel was accidentally burnt while lying at the Orkneys. This event caused him to retire, though with an ample competence, from active life. He had been thirty-six years a mariner, and had sailed thirty times to the arctic seas, and captured 533 whales—a greater number than has fallen to the share of any other individual in Europe—with many thousands of seals, some hundreds of walruses, very many narwals, and probably not less than sixty bears. The quantity

of oil yielded by this produce was 4664 tons; of whale-bone, about 240 tons' weight; besides the skins of the seals, bears, and walruses taken: the money value of the whole being estimated, in round numbers, at £200,000.

Scoresby lived but a few years after his retirement. Subsequently to his decease, a manuscript was found among his private papers, which proves him to have been possessed of mechanical genius as well as nautical ability. In stature he was tall and athletic; and in the power of his eye he exercised a remarkable control over the lower animals, and individuals on whom he wished to make an impression. A life like his shews that there is no path in existence wherein superior intelligence, energy, and moral feeling may not distinguish themselves through the benefits which they will diffuse around them. Our brief sketch of him may be considered as complete, when we add that he held 'Temperance to be the best physician, Seriousness the greatest wisdom, and a Good Conscience the best estate.'

URSULA'S NURSERY GOVERNESS.

My first impressions in infancy were of large low rooms, with narrow windows, and huge carved fireplaces. The windows looked forth on to a garden, whose shaven turf and prinfly-cut rose-trees were enlivened by numerous antique white statues as large as life, and fountains whose sparkling waters fell into basins, where gold and silver fish disported themselves. Even in warm bright summer weather, the rambling apartments of the Grange looked cold and desolate—the furniture was so clean and bright, and the sunbeams streamed in through such crevices; but when the winter logs were piled high, things assumed a different aspect; for the ruddy blaze of a cheerful fire enlivens the most obstinate gloom.

I lived here with my grandmamma and five unmarried aunts: the former was a widow, and the Grange was her dowry-house—my uncle Everard, the son and heir, residing a few miles distant at the ancestral hall. Uncle Everard was married, but to the chagrin of the family his lady had presented him with no olive-branches; consequently I was the only little one among all these mature folks. My aunts were middle-aged ladies, tall, dark, and stately; and my poor old grandmamma seemed to me the whitest and most withered of living beings: she was huddled up in shawls and flannels, mumbled much to herself, and seldom noticed anything around her.

I comprehended early that I was an orphan—the only child of my grandmamma's second son; my aunts shewed me my papa's portrait, and said he had died young, and that Uncle Everard was their only brother now. This picture hung in my Aunt Theodosia's apartment: she was a confirmed invalid, and always lying on the sofa, placed by window, where she could look out on the pasture-fields and running streams, and on the gray church peeping from amid the trees. Sweet, gentle, kind Aunt Dosy—how well I loved her! And yet she was the only one who ever rebuked or checked my evil temper; for I must here let you into the secret, that I was a violent, unruly little mortal, giving way to tempests of passion, which had won for me the nickname of 'the Fury,' whispered among the servants indeed; but a terrible whisper too! I was very fond of looking at this picture of my dear departed papa: it represented a young man of singular personal attractions, but of a kind which struck me with awe—the eyes were so large, dark, and piercing, and the coun-

tenance expressed both fire and hauteur. But the mouth was very beautiful and classic: there was a half smile on the curved lip, and in time I learned to think how that young father must have looked when he smiled on his first-born! I felt sure his were smiles never to be forgotten—rare, rarer than his frowns! I once overheard my aunts saying to each other—'Our little Ursula grows more like her father every day,' and then Aunt Dosy sighed. 'They were sitting round her in the twilight. She had a low thrilling voice, and I never forgot her reply—'She does indeed, my sisters; both mentally and personally: ye have need to watch and pray; for the angels of darkness surely surround this dear child oftener than other and happier-dispositioned children.' Aunt Dosy of course spoke metaphorically, but I did not know that; and many a time, when I felt my passionate impulses urging me to wrong, I have looked round to see if a dark-winged spirit was nigh!

I know not what the lingering ailment was which made my Aunt Theodosia pass her life apart from kindred and friends; but the most tranquil and contented hours of my childhood were those which I enjoyed in her still chamber, when I sat beside the pale sufferer, reading or working in my infantile way. My father's picture hung opposite to her couch, and she often gazed on it with tearful eyes, and then turned those large expressive eyes on me with an anxiety portrayed in them which even then I keenly felt.

'Did you love my papa very dearly, Aunt Dosy?' said I to her one day when we were alone together. 'Do tell me all about him, and about my mamma; for I must have had a mamma—all children have—though I never hear any of you speak of her.'

There was a change in Aunt Dosy's expressive countenance—an expression as of intense pain, which alarmed me; but quickly recovering herself, she calmly replied: 'I never saw your mamma, my little Ursula—she lived a long way off; but your dear papa, my brother Julian, was so very beloved a brother of mine, that it grieves me to speak of him, now he is no more.' And she wept sore; and I clung to my gentle aunt, and tried to comfort her. Other essays I made to learn something concerning my mother, but all my four aunts invariably turned away, with significant looks at each other, and compressed lips, as if obstinately bent on silence, though there was a tale to unfold. They were great walkers, botanists, geologists, ornithologists, and what not!—very stately with their equals, very condescending to their inferiors, and regarding their brother Everard (as the representative of their ancient name) as an extremely great personage. Their sister-in-law, Lady Blanche, though an earl's daughter, was patronised by my four aunts, whose besetting weakness concerning their undoubtedly pure hereditary descent was carried to a most ridiculous and overweening extent. To be a Montalban, was to be everything; to be anybody else, was to be nothing! I was a Montalban, consequently in a great measure exempt from correction; as—'all the Montalbans,' observed my aunts, 'from time immemorial, had high spirits, which sometimes vented themselves in fits of passion, just as a fiery, mettled courser, of pure Arabian breed, sometimes breaks away from curb and rein.' My aunts had all been beauties—noted for dash and daring, both in word and deed; nevertheless, suitors had dropped away one by one; and now they

beheld their more humble or gentler compeers in the enviable positions which they once had thought to occupy. Dukes, lords, baronets, and a train of noble swains, had looked and listened, listened and looked, and flown away! There was a story afloat that my eldest aunt was all *but* the Duchess of ——; when that, in an unlucky moment, actuated, I suppose, by the 'pure hereditary spirit' of her race, she had applied the butt-end of a whip to the shoulders of a domestic who committed some mistake to exasperate her. The duke never again was seen in the precincts of the Hall; and the once beautiful toast of the county was now a withered spinster, stuffing birds, and collecting weeds. I was a plaything among them, and amusing and engaging enough I doubt not, as precocious children often are when not crossed or vexed in any of their whims or caprices: *then* indeed a storm arose; I screamed and kicked, and struck right and left; and finding that by this means I usually succeeded in obtaining my wish, such storms were not of unfrequent occurrence. 'Dear little thing,' I heard my eldest aunt say when I was thus exhibiting, 'she reminds me of what I was at her age! How her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flush! Poor Julian! she is his image!' However, I was told it was wrong—I must say that; punished even for my misdoings—for breaking valuable china in fits of frenzy—scattering and shattering whatever I could lay hands on; but when I struck my attendant, and the poor girl wept and complained, she was dismissed for speaking disrespectfully of a Montalban.

I was always silent and subdued in the presence of my sweet Aunt Dosy; she did not guess half how bad I was, but enough reached her to cause her to regard me with tender seriousness and anxiety, and to speak those solemn words which even on my childish ears fell not altogether in vain.

Not altogether in vain; for I pondered over these sayings, and began to look inwardly, and often to be heartily ashamed of my violent conduct. But Aunt Dosy was not always to be approached; for days together she was too ill to be seen; and when my young attendant was summarily dismissed, my aunts consulted together, and it was settled amongst them, with the approbation of my grandmamma (whose advice was asked as a matter of form), that a nursery governess was to be found for me, as I was now of an age to require instruction of a higher kind than that which I had hitherto obtained.

Through the medium of some friends of Lady Blanche, an individual was recommended as a competent instructress: she was a young person of humble origin, capable of undertaking her trust, though pretending to be nothing more than a nursery governess. She required a very small stipend, moreover, and that was a paramount consideration with those engaging her; so matters were soon concluded, and the young woman was informed by Lady Blanche's friends that her application had met with success; for she came from a great distance in the country, and there had been no personal interview. I was on a visit at the Hall with my Uncle Everard and Lady Blanche when my new attendant arrived at the Grange. Dear Aunt Dosy was reported worse than usual, and that was one reason for my stay being prolonged, in order to insure quietness for the invalid at home. Feted, caressed, spoiled on all hands, a stronger and wiser head than mine—poor silly little body!—might have been turned. I looked round for applause and admiration, venting my temper as a means of attracting regard. 'She is a true Montalban, the saucy minx!' Uncle Everard would say laughingly. 'She is a darling beauty!' said Lady Blanche, fondling and twining my silken ringlets round her own lily fingers. 'Would she were ours!' And so I came really to think that, being a beauty and a

Montalban, I had no need of any further recommendations: no need certainly to be hampered with a detestable governess—a 'nursery' governess too!—when here I sat at table, and behaved and was treated as a queen! I almost hated my poor governess before I saw her. She was a widow, they said, and her name was Mrs Rose; and I determined in my own wicked mind to lead Mrs Rose a nice life for coming to tease me! Aunt Theodosia's influence was weakened: I had not seen her for a long time, otherwise perhaps I might have been less unruly than I was; but certainly a harder task cannot well be imagined than that confided to Mrs Rose, of governing me and pleasing my four aunts at the same time.

I remember the evening of my return to the Grange, and how I ran straight to the nursery, bent on entering it with an imperious air, for the purpose of daunting or bullying the new governess. There was a bright fire, and beside it, on the hearth-rug, stood a slight form, with head bent down over some needlework she was trying to finish by the unsteady flare. On hearing a footstep she looked up, and beheld me. The work fell from her hands, an exclamation escaped her lips which I could not clearly distinguish, and Mrs Rose—for it was she—saved herself from falling only by catching hold of a heavy sofa at hand! I was greatly astonished at this agitation on the part of my governess; for though I had intended to impress her with a powerful sense of my importance and dignity, such an effect as this I had not looked for. However, when Mrs Rose burst into tears, and apologised on the plea of nervousness 'just at first'—gazing on my face, nevertheless, as if she never could gaze long or deeply enough—I felt inclined to patronise her, for my vanity was soothed by the evident trepidation my presence caused.

In my turn I gazed on the new-comer; and strange sensations were at my heart as I scanned her lineaments and figure; for I never before had seen or fancied any one like her. Aunt Dosy often talked to me of good angels guarding and compassing us round; and surely, thought I, they must be like Mrs Rose, for so fair, so angelic a face scarcely belonged to earth. She was very slight, very thin; her flaxen hair was braided beneath a widow's cap; and sombre folds fell round her tall and graceful form—meekness and patience being the leading characteristics of her expression and bearing.

'Mrs Rose!' I cried instinctively, with childlike frankness, 'I never saw blue eyes before!—nobody here has blue eyes! How beautiful they are! I wish I had blue eyes like yours, Mrs Rose! I will not vex you—I will be a good girl indeed,' for the two large round tears which gathered and fell down her white cheeks as I spoke completely touched and soothed my heart—for the time at least. Ere I slept that night (all the occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory with tenacious minuteness), Aunt Dosy sent for me to her chamber. We were left alone together, and I saw that she had suffered much since I last beheld her. She spoke earnestly and impressively, beseeching me to enter on a new career under the superintendence of Mrs Rose, whom she adjured me to respect and obey, as one placed in authority, and who had only my eternal and temporal interest at heart. Many things Aunt Dosy said of Mrs Rose, which I thought very little perhaps of at the time, except that my dear aunt extolled and seemed very fond of my governess—saying there was no other person would teach me as she would, and again and again tearfully entreating and praying me to be obedient and gentle. I promised that all should be as Aunt Dosy desired; and though I had been accustomed to pampering and much solicitude and attendance, none before had ever handled or addressed me with the softness and affectionate devotion which my nursery governess evinced. My

aunts were satisfied, for I learned and improved beneath her auspices wonderfully. She did not restrain, she did not coax me; but there was a winning, pleading persuasiveness, which as yet I had not withstood. 'As yet'—alas!—the volcano had only been slumbering for an unusual length of days: it was to burst forth by and by.

When Aunt Dosy asked me if I loved Mrs Rose, and I replied with warmth, 'Oh yes, dearly—she is so good and kind,' I saw that dear aunt cast a grateful look upward, as if communing in inward prayer, placing her hand on my head as I knelt beside her, and bidding me be grateful and loving towards my teacher. Some outbursts of temper on my part occurred now and then, but nothing so outrageous as formerly. Mrs Rose never addressed me when I gave way to passion, but her sorrowful eyes haunted me afterwards. There was an awe as well as deep grief expressed in their fixed contemplation of my distorted countenance.

Things had all gone smoothly of late; I liked learning French and music. She taught me the rudiments, and I became interested in the Bible stories, which none ever told like Mrs Rose. There was slight temptation to trespass when all went well; but evil days were coming, and the dark angels were pluming their wings with mischievous joy, and gathering round the wicked little Ursula! I had grown to be quite a tall girl, and already considered myself nearly a woman, when the smallpox, in its most virulent form, attacked me. I was deserted by every one save my nursery governess; she never wearied, never flagged, in her unceasing and devoted watch. No words may describe her anxious and tender nursing, though I became capricious, and hard to please, in proportion to my sufferings. My aunts feared the infection; and had it not been for their decrepit mother and Aunt Dosy, would doubtless have betaken themselves to flight, their terror being ludicrous in the extreme. I was shut up with Mrs Rose away from the rest of the household; and well was it for me that she had no selfish terrors, otherwise the petted orphan child might have perished.

My recovery was tedious and doubtful, for excessive debility and prostration of the whole system rendered it a terrible struggle. When I again began to crawl about, it was the latter end of spring, and accustomed as I had ever been to freedom, it was bitter and irritating to be confined in-doors whenever cold winds prevailed or dews 'fell slow.' The doctors had left me with warning words to Mrs Rose, of great care being requisite. Poor thing! she needed not the admonition, for her overcare and watchfulness almost worried me into betrayals of wrathful impetuosity, which would ill have required her tender love; but at this fatal juncture, when my spirit rebelled at being debarred from racing in and out as I liked—through the gardens, over the meadows, and down the lanes, when I was naturally irritable and easily roused, from the lurking remains of disease in my blood—at this juncture Uncle Everard sent me a present of the tiniest and most lovely pony that the king or queen of Pigmyland ever bestrode. It was brought to the garden for me to see it from the windows, for those prevailing easterly winds, which so often usher in our island summer, forbade my quitting the house. Felix—so the lovely creature was named—was paraded on the 'shaven turf,' up and down, up and down, for Miss Ursula's gratification. This was very trying—very trying indeed; and I pleaded hard with Mrs Rose to be allowed to take just one little ride for one little half hour—no more. But my aunts had placed me under her sole control, wisely opining that she who had braved such dangers for her pupil's sake deserved the confidence, and knew best how to manage her health now. They had cast all responsibility on my governess—they told her so; and no wonder she was even more than usually careful! In vain I pleaded for permission to ride on Felix that day—

no. 'When it was warm and genial I should go,' said Mrs Rose. 'I will go!' I screamed furiously, stamping with my feet, and tearing a book to pieces in impotent fury. Weak and exhausted, the fit was soon over; but her sorrowful gaze haunted me, and I was angry that it did haunt me—angry with her, with myself, with the whole world. Next morning, to make matters worse, ere Mrs Rose could interpose to prevent it, a fine new ridinghabit and plumed cap was exhibited to my admiring eyes by the domestic whose duty it was to attend on the nursery. They were sent to me by Lady Blanche; and oh! to mount Felix, the beauty, thus gloriously equipped, silver-mounted riding-whip and all! 'Now to-day I'm off,' quoth I determinedly to Mrs Rose—'go I will! This habit is warm, and you have no right to keep me in any longer: my aunts wouldn't—and I won't bear it. Sally,' to the domestic, who stood grinning, 'tell them to bring Felix round; old John will attend me, and I shall soon be ready.' I looked at Mrs Rose with an impudent toss of my head, as much as to say, 'What can you answer to that?'

She desired Sally to quit the apartment, and then with decision, but kindly and gently, laid her commands on me not to go out. 'If you will only have patience for a few days,' she urged, 'in all human probability the weather will change; for the cold is unusual at this season—trying even to the strong—dangerous to one recovering, as you are, from such an almost fatal illness.'

But the sun shone brilliantly; the birds caroled cheerily; Felix was being paraded on the grass; my new dress was temptingly spread out; and how could I think of blighting winds? We had blazing fires; and people were all coughing, and looking miserable when they came in from the air; but what child thinks about the weather? 'You want to tease me, Mrs Rose,' I exclaimed passionately. 'I will go!'

Again the look of sorrow and reproach. I flew out of the room to my own chamber, rang the bell, and desired the maid to bring my new habit and hat, which I had left in the schoolroom (*ci-devant nursery.*) The maid returned, saying that Mrs Rose had put them away in the wardrobe of the green-room, and had the key in her pocket. Mrs Rose sent a loving message to win me to her side.

To her side I bounded, but not in love, alas! 'How dare you lock up my property, Mrs Rose?' I cried, almost frenzied with rage. 'Who are you, that you dare to treat a Montalban thus?'

I heard a low sigh, as she shudderingly repeated my words—'Who am I?—who am I?' She then added with more composure—'Your aunts will approve of my conduct, I am sure, Miss Ursula. Let me entreat you to be patient; for I must be firm, or your life may pay the forfeit.'

'Give me the key!' I shouted, not heeding her mild expostulations. 'Give me the key!'

'I may not,' was the trembling answer.

How may I go on? I struck her with all my strength—nerved with fury and revenge—struck her with my clenched hand on the face! I heard a moan; I saw her kneel: she had buried her flushed face in those hands which had ministered to me night and day. I saw her kneeling, and I fled, looking round to see if the dark angels were following to bear me off—whether? Conscience never fails; and it whispered things of horrible import to me. But they feared for my health; and menials ministered to my wants, as in silence and agony the hours dragged on. No Mrs Rose to tend me now; and I dared not breathe her name, or ask a question. In the evening Aunt Dosy sent for me: I dared not look up to meet her eye: I would have given worlds to have sunk through the earth from her sight. The strange hush that had prevailed all day I attributed to a knowledge of my crime; for I well knew that I was a most guilty crea-

ture; but, unknown to me, death was in the house: my grandmamma, within an hour after my hand was lifted against the gentle being who had saved my life, breathed her last, almost without a sigh, as she sat in her old arm-chair, with her daughters around her as usual. This event they had been taught to expect: they were all prepared for it; and theirs was the tempered and natural grief for a venerable departed parent. Aunt Dosy told me 'death was in the house.'

'Ursula Montalban, come hither,' she said with grave composure. 'Your father's mother, my mother, lies dead not far from us, and the solemn message has arrived at a peculiar period of time, when His hand is especially visible. Unfortunate, sinful girl! ere you quit this room, may you be impressed with the awful truth! Hearken to me, Ursula, on your knees, lowly kneeling, in deep abasement and contrition of heart.'

I entered that apartment a thoughtless, spoilt child, but I left it with the knowledge and contrition which makes the girl a woman in feeling. I am now verging on fourscore years, but from that time to this never once has the curb been lessened which, by the help and blessing of God, I have been enabled to place on my temper, words, and acts. On my knees I listened to Aunt Theodosia's words: no marvel that her revelations produced a change even in my proud rebellious heart, or that I trembled lest the wrath of an offended God should leave me no time for repentance!

'Ursula,' said Aunt Theodosia, 'you have often questioned me concerning your mother; but my lips were sealed so long as *my* mother survived; for we had all pledged our words never to reveal her existence to you, her child, while that child was fostered and protected by Mrs Montalban, the venerable parent whose loss we deplore.'

'And is my own mother still alive?' I cried with impetuosity; 'and where is she, Aunt Theodosia?'

'Be patient and attentive, Ursula,' was the low reply, 'and you shall hear. But mine is a hard task; for it is painful to speak of errors in those we loved, and lost, and mourned for as numbered with the dead. Nevertheless the time has arrived when I sincerely believe it is right you should know all. Your father, Ursula, was the child of our mother's age—indulged and beloved by us all. He was absent for a protracted period on a visit to our maternal uncle, whose property lay in a far-away country. During that fatal absence he had wooed and secretly married your mother, then little more than a child in years. She was far beneath him in worldly rank—in fact, of very humble origin indeed.'

'On my brother's return home, he confided to me the secret of his marriage—for I was his favourite sister, Ursula—and the knowledge of what he had done almost broke my heart; for I knew, even better than he did, that our mother's displeasure would be lasting. He shewed me your young mother's picture with fond pride, exulting in her loveliness and virtues. We took counsel together as to what he had best do, for Julian was entirely dependent on our mother—there was not even the provision of a younger son for him while the Dowager Mrs Montalban lived, nor for any of us females. We thought it wise to defer revealing the matter—to put off the evil day; and your father made excuses to return to his uncle, where he wrote to me that you, Ursula, had entered this weary world. Poor fellow! inscrutable are the ways of Providence! He caught an infectious fever, which in a few days terminated his earthly career—with his dying breath entreating his relative to intercede for his widow and orphan. Intercession was vain for the wife; and *she* would not hear of parting with Julian's child; for your grandmamma offered to receive and wholly bring up as a Montalban, the fatherless infant, provided your mother and your mother's family gave up all claims or recognition.'

'Never more to see her child!—twas a bitter alternative, and your poor young mother refused. But, alas! dire trouble came upon her; unforeseen calamities, sickness, and misfortune, reduced her parents to absolute penury; and though she laboured perseveringly to win bread for them and herself, the struggle was ineffectual. Want and wretchedness effected that which nothing else could have done; and Julian's widow gave you up to us, my dear, dear niece, my Ursula!'

'Oh my poor, dear mamma!—where is she, Aunt Dosy?' I cried in an agony of weeping. 'And did not grandmamma save her from starving?'

'Yes, Ursula; your departed grandmamma did all that benevolence required when her wishes were acceded to respecting you. She extended aid when aid was needed, while your mother's parents lived; but they are now no more.'

'But where is my own mamma, Aunt Dosy?' I exclaimed. 'Oh keep me not in suspense! Let me go to her: is she alive? What is there to prevent me going to her if she is alive, now Grandmamma Montalban is dead? It was bad of Grandmamma Montalban to separate me from my own mamma. Why did she use her so?'

'Hush, Ursula!'

I trembled at something I read in Aunt Theodosia's mild eyes, and at the solemn tone of her voice.

'Hush, Ursula! is it for *you* to condemn and judge?—you? Poor girl, you may well tremble and turn pale! Who but a mother would have nursed and tended you, as your nursery governess did? Who—but a mother?'

There was a ringing in my ears, the room swam round, and I awoke to life and consciousness again, to find myself in the arms of Mrs Rose—Mrs Rose no more to me or mine, but Rose Montalban, my father's honoured widow!

I knelt at her feet in prayer and supplication: nature pleaded powerfully in my bosom, and at length floods of genial tears welled forth. Forgiveness—sweet word! what precious forgiveness she heaped on her penitent daughter!

It is not quite a score of years since she was removed to a better world. Aunt Theodosia took up her residence with us, and notwithstanding bodily infirmity, her latter end was peace. Never more were the dark angels feared by me. Never more was my beloved mother separated from my side, for our reunion was one of perfect felicity. She died in my arms, blessing me with her latest breath, as a dutiful and devoted daughter. And oh! what memory of earth equals the memory of a dying parent's benediction!

Lady Blanche's housekeeper at the Hall had a knowledge of my mother's position, and aided her in applying for and obtaining the vacant post of nursery governess, or attendant on Miss Ursula; for oh! the mother's heart yearned irrepressibly towards her offspring; and who was to find out her secret at the Grange, where she was a stranger? But Aunt Dosy remembered that picture which my father had shewn her with so much pride and love: once seen, it was never to be forgotten; and the beautiful lineaments were stamped indelibly on her memory. She knew my mother instantaneously, and deeply the discovery agitated and affected her. The conflict was severe between her sense of duty and the tender pity she felt. But it was not in her nature to turn a deaf ear to the mother's prayers and entreaties; and Aunt Dosy promised not to betray the secret to the Dowager Mrs Montalban, or her brother Everard, or her sisters, if Mrs Rose, on her part, promised never to betray the relationship in which she stood to me. It is worthy of remark, that on the very day when my violent and ungovernable temper led me into the commission of a heinous offence, the sudden passage of my aged grandmother into eternity unsealed Aunt Theodosia's lips, and permitted the revilement which, by God's blessing, changed my evil

disposition so materially, and in some measure obliterated my offence in a human point of view, by affording time for repentance and amendment.

Not to all of us are such momentous warnings vouchsafed. Pride and passion lead to crime; and sometimes, alas! penitence comes too late.

YOUTHFUL CULTURE.

— Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young! Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along;
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flowerlike;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh! the joys that came down showerlike,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

So sings Coleridge; and the same delight in the recollection of this morning-glory of our life, is the natural experience of all persons that have survived the fine illusions and enjoyments which distinguished it. Yet the fascination of youth consists mainly in its expectancies; in the hopes, unrealised ambitions, and aspirations, which have reference to a more advanced and perfected state of being. Of positive contentment, satisfaction, or even sensible relish of the moment, there is commonly very little. And perhaps the reason of this lies in the fact, that youth is properly, and by natural ordainment, a season of preparation—a sort of vestibule to the nobler temple of completed manhood. Taking this to be the case, it is manifestly desirable that the young should undergo a training or cultivation commensurate with the requirements of that maturer stage of life towards which they are advancing, and wherein they will be called upon to display their powers in active connection with the affairs and duties of society. True; and yet there is no received philosophy of culture, taking account of the native capabilities, and aiming to develop them in conformity with the laws which govern the formation, and promote the growth of mind and character.

Sensible of there being a great deficiency here, we are pleased to light upon any tolerable attempt to remedy it; and such, we think, is the character of a small volume which has lately been published. It bears the title of 'A Dialogue on Youth,'* and is designed to express the writer's views in regard to the fit and proper training of a modern English gentleman. It is an extremely pleasant and sensibly-written book, and can be conscientiously recommended to general attention. To many it will be valuable for its opinions and suggestions, and we can promise to all who may be disposed to read it an intellectual gratification.

The author represents himself as a physician, some time practising at Cambridge; and informs us, that on a certain delightful morning in some bygone month of May, he was prevailed upon to accompany an intelligent young student, whom he names Euphranor, in a boating excursion on the Cam, which was followed up by a stroll across the fields to Chesterton; where, in the bowling-green of the Three Tuns' Inn, the con-

versation here recorded was for the most part carried on. The plan of the piece is very simple, but at the same time very natural and attractive; reminding one of some fine old classical composition, and having the tone of a conversation of ancient times. The turn of their discourse appears to have been determined by the mention of chivalry, in connection with the 'Godefridus' of Kenelm Digby; a book which Euphranor had brought with him, and with which the doctor expressed himself to be in some degree familiar. It will not answer our purpose, nor would it be quite becoming, to follow all the twistings and digressions of the dialogue; so, by way of breaking ground, we shall introduce a passage quoted from Digby's work, in explanation of the term chivalry; as, upon a right understanding of this, nearly the whole of what will follow is dependent:—

"Chivalry," says Digby, "is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind which disposes men to generous and heroic actions, and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this spirit more generally prevails in youth than in the later periods of men's life. . . . In the history of nations, so youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the heroic or chivalrous age: there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. . . . Every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law; therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, young men to grow up to maturity, and until all youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever, so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble chivalry."

After this there follows (intermingled with pleasant desultory talk) a brilliant description of the qualities of youth, drawn from Aristotle; and then a brisk dispute on the signification of Bacon's saying, that 'for the moral part, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic'; from which again the colloquists diverge into a discussion on the nature and peculiarities of reason. Our main object, however, is practical education; and here begins the discussion.

"Come, doctor," said Euphranor suddenly, "you who find such fault with others' education, shall tell me how you would bring up a young knight, till you turned him out of your hands a man."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "like other fault-finders, I have nothing better to propose. People know well enough how to manage these matters, if they will but use their common-sense, and not be run away with by new fashions and mistaken interests. . . . Besides, you know, I am only a body doctor, which, as we said, is only half the battle. And then, is your knight to be brought up to shoot partridges, and be a gentleman, or to carry his prowess out, as we were talking of, into some calling?" "Nay," said he, "he must be fitted to lead in any calling of life. And as we have agreed that the spirit of chivalry is only the spirit of youth, all men and all trades inherit it equally, and cannot, I suppose, afford to do without it. . . . At all events, if we decide the knight is now to become captain of tailors, for instance, we should also lift up the tailor half way to meet him. It would require, however, a complete recasting of society to give all classes the advantages necessary for a complete development of our common nature. The tailor must have a turn at the bat and ball, while his young captain takes the shears for an hour or two. We must be content to pick up our

* 'Euphranor, a Dialogue on Youth.' Pickering. 1861.

hero in a rank of life where these advantages are at hand—an English country squire's, say." And here Euphranor urges the doctor to describe the course of training which some imaginary Sir Lancelot, descended from such a parentage, should undergo, and desires him to begin with him *ab ovo*.

"Well," said I, "if I have any hand in the matter, it must certainly be *ab ovo*; for it is part of my profession to herald Sir Lancelot into the world. But really, my dear Euphranor, after that process (which perhaps you would not care to hear about), I must repeat I have nothing new to tell you, except perhaps some medical recipes."

"Never mind," said he, "tell me the common sense of the matter: that will be new to me anyhow. Come, let us suppose Sir Lancelot fairly launched into the world by your art."

"Here he is then," said I; "a very queer-looking, squeaking lump of flesh as ever you saw, neither fitted for sword nor toga. I protest, Euphranor, he must be given up to me and to the nurses only. . . . For some time Sir Lancelot is little else but a *body*, so far as our treatment of him goes—to be suckled, washed, and *done for*."

"Very well," said Euphranor.

"By degrees he begins, as you hinted, to use his senses—to discriminate sounds with his ears, objects and distances with eyes and hands; and so forth, much like other animals."

"Well, go on."

"Well, then, will you say that, those objects impressing themselves on the brain, memory wakes? 'The burned child dreads the fire,' remembers faces, voices, and persons; likes some, dislikes others, *physically* at first, and then from *custom*, and from some glimmer of good affection perhaps; but still much as the beasts that perish."

"Oh, but *speech*," said Euphranor.

"Well," I answered, "even speech at first is but an organic imitation, like a parrot's. But I have no desire to keep Sir Lancelot down among the beasts: he soon lifts his head above them; his words become to himself the sign of things, of thoughts; he begins to *reflect*, to reflect on the past, and to guess at the future from it. A short future, indeed, as a short past, scarce extending beyond yesterday's and to-morrow's dinner. By and by, too, he begins to collect the scattered images of memory, and to recast them in new shapes, which you call fancy, I believe. And by and by, too, he is drawn up from the visible love and authority of parents and nurses, to the idea of a Father ~~un~~—the Father of his father, Father of all, Maker of all—who, though we do not see him, sees us, and all we do, and even all we think: who has bid us obey, love, and honour our parents, tell the truth, keep our hands from picking and stealing, and who will one day reward or punish us according as we have done all this."

"Hilloa, doctor," said Euphranor, smiling, "you have brought on your child at a fine rate, far faster than I should have dared; instilling religion when you were pretending to give him a dose."

"Not I," I answered. "Mamma and nurse have done it imperceptibly. It is through the mother's eyes, Fellenberg finely said, that heaven first beams upon a child. But, as you say, *ne sutor ultra*. I return to my soothing syrups."

But Euphranor declared that, having once begun, I must go on, carrying Sir Lancelot's mind along with his body; especially since I had given out that any mismanagement of the mind would injure the body I was employed to protect. So I agreed to look after our young knight so long as he was in the women's apartments, "which was, according to Xenophon (was it not?) for the first seven years of life."

Euphranor thought Xenophon reported that as the ancient Persian usage. "But," said I, "I cannot be

bound to your Aristotelian and Baconian terms of *affection*, *reason*, and so on, which I perhaps do not understand in the sense they do, after all."

"He told me to use what terms I liked. "Well, then," I went on, "I will give the women one general rule: that for those first seven years, Sir Lancelot shall only be put to do what he can do *easily*, without effort either of mind or body, whatever his faculties may be, or may be called. He shall only meddle with what Plato calls the *music of education*." And I went on to say that luckily, for the first years of life, the bodily and mental music went together. Nurse finding nonsense-songs the best accompaniment to dandling Sir Lancelot in her arms, or rocking him to sleep in the cradle; and that from the lyrical fragment of "Little Bo-Peep," the progress was easy to the more dramatic and intellectual "Death of Cock-Robin;" and after that, to stories in numerous verse and prose about certain good dogs and cats, and little boys and girls; and even little hymns by sweet Jane Taylor and Watts, about the Star, and the Daisy, and Him who made them; all which, besides exercising speech and memory, sometimes under cover of fable, sometimes in pure, plain-spoken affection, dispose the mind toward the Good, the Beautiful, and the Holy. "Then you know," said I, "there are pictures—'That is the Horse,' 'That is the Cat,' which easily lead to 'It was an Apple'—the alphabet itself—Newton's true Principia, after all, as Vincent Bourne said."

"Well, then, there he is instituted in letters," said Euphranor. "But what have you been doing for his bodily exercises all the while?"

"Ah, there I am more in my element," I returned; "and mamma and nurse want quite as much looking after in this as in the other matter. They are too apt, in the pride of their hearts, to make Sir Lancelot walk before he can stand; and when he *can* use his legs, will not give him verge enough to *ply them in*."

"What is to be done for him?"

"Oh, after the due dandling and rocking of first infancy, give him a clear stage to roll in: he will find his own legs when they are strong enough to bear him. Then let him romp as much as he likes; and roar too—a great part of children's fun, and of great service to the lungs. And that (beside the fresh air) is so great an advantage in sending children to play out-of-doors, they don't disturb the serious and nervous elders of the house, who ruin the health and spirits of thousands by 'Be quiet, child'—'Don't make such a noise, child, &c.'"

Our doctor thinks that young Sir Lancelot would be much better out-of-doors 'in the mud,' than shut up in a schoolroom or parlour; inasmuch as he would be making 'acquaintance with external nature—sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers, stones—so wholesome in themselves, and the rudiments of so many *ologies* for hereafter.' He recommends, moreover, an early intimacy with dogs and horses, 'whose virtues,' says he, 'he would do well to share.' But at the same time he is not insensible to the value of in-door training, or of the efficacies of personal restraint. A few of his sentences on this point may be worth pondering:—

"He must also learn to submit himself to order—to some daily in-door restraint, silence, and task-work—all when he would be out of doors romping; only let there be *but a little* of such compulsion day by day."

"And if he be refractory even against this gentle discipline?"

"Then, if the withdrawal of confidence and love, and appealing to his faculty of shame and remorse, are not enough, a taste of the rod, the compendious symbol of might and right. Only, I am quite sure, as a general rule, it is better to lean to the extreme of indulgence than of severity: you at least get at *truth*, if ugly truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and faults that determine outwardly are

far more likely to evaporate than when repressed to rankle within. Anyhow, the ugliest truth is better than the handsomest falsehood."

"To this Euphranor willingly assented; and after a time said, "Well, we have now got Sir Lancelot pretty fairly through his first septenniad."

"And what sort of chap do you find him?" said I.

"Nay, he is your child," answered Euphranor.

"The very reason," said I, "why I should be glad of a neighbour's candid opinion about him. However, I will not say what he is, but only that I shall be content if he be a jolly little fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a clear eye, with just a little mischief in it at times: passionate perhaps, and (even with his sisters) apt to try right by might; but generous, easily pacified, easily repentant, and ready to confess his faults: rather rebellious against women's domination, and against all the wrares and gruels they force upon him; but fond of mother, and of good old nurse; glad to begin and end each day with a prayer and a little hymn at their knees: decidedly fonder of play than of books; rather too fond, it is supposed, of the stable, and of Will and Tom there; but submitting, after a little contest, to learn a little day by day from books, which lead his mind towards hope, affection, generosity, and piety."

"So much for Sir Lancelot's first septenniad," said Euphranor. "And now for his second."

From the course prescribed for the second septenniad, we can find space only for a few suggestions, which we think admirably well deserving of attention from all the parents and teachers in the universe.

"There is magnetism in these things. Boys cannot learn of one who has nothing of the boy in him."

"Ah, I remember," said Euphranor, "how good Dr Arnold insists on that;" and he quoted Arnold's beautiful image of the difference between drinking from a living spring and a stagnant pond. "And no doubt," he continued, "Skythrop's division of play and work pleases you as little as he himself does?—his twelve hours' work to two of recreation."

"I answered, "It only wants reversing."

Euphranor looked incredulous, and I told him of a table I had lately seen made by a German physiologist, who, proposing to begin education at seven years old (and not a whit earlier), with but one hour's in-door study, keeps adding on an hour every year, so as, by fourteen years old, the boy studies eight hours out of the twenty-four.

"Distinctions of age," Euphranor remarked, "which, ever so good, could not be made in schools."

"They were made, however, in one school," I replied—"Fellenberg's—the best school, on the whole, that I have read of."

"Ah, he agreed with you, I think," said Euphranor; "how much may be taught out of doors, and by wholesome experiment, in fresh air and exercise. Certainly a child may learn to love and obey parents, pastors, and masters, as well in-doors as out; nay, better, while owing to them the freedom and happiness he enjoys."

"And God, too," said I, "while enjoying his fields, streams, and breezes, quite as much as when listening to Skythrops concerning the origin of evil in a stived-up room. For Skythrops hate fresh air and open windows, I am sure."

Euphranor laughed. "And then," said I, "does not your Plato tell us that drills, marches, and other rhythmical out-of-door exercises, beside the good they do the body, unconsciously instil a sense of order and harmonious observation into the soul?"

"And now, too," Euphranor went on, "we may suppose Sir Lancelot's acquaintance with nature, having begun to love, will go on to knowledge, in the way of some of those ologies you talked about."

"Not forgetting that most necessary geology, agriculture," said I, "clearest, healthiest, and most necessary

of sciences, so loved and practised by the Roman gentlemen in the most heroic days of Rome."

"And which Aristotle says rears up the best peasantry," said Euphranor; "Whom, by the way, I suppose you would certainly have your English gentleman well acquainted with, especially if he be a landowner."

"Ah, to be sure," said I; "we might have remembered before to bring him well acquainted with the poor—a lesson which children cannot learn too soon, which they will always learn gladly when taught, not by dry discourse, but by living experiment; especially in the sweet fields and clean country cottages."

Here, however, Euphranor broke in, declaring how often he had heard me declaim against Skythropical tutors, who would not leave their victims alone even during their scanty play-hours, but must pursue them with exhortations still, and soil even the fair page of nature with their running commentaries.

"To which I answered, there was discretion in this as in other things; that no doubt children ought to have much time given up to the most unreasonable sport—to the most total rest of mind; that the real fault of the Skythropical sect was not so much combining instruction with recreation, but *without* instruction, which negatived all recreation—dry theory, whether of science or morals. Anyhow, I would much rather carry the experiments of the fields into the school-room, than the theories of the school-room into the fields.

"We are agreed, however, to have *some* books and *some* in-door study," said Euphranor, smiling: "what shall they be?"

"Oh," said I, "the records of good and great men, following properly on those of great dogs and good horses we spoke of before; not theories of heroic virtue, but living examples of it—as found in our own histories, in translations from others, then in Cornelius Nepos, Livy, Caesar, and so on to old Homer himself. For where is the schoolboy who does not side with Hector or Achilles, Greek or Trojan? Then there is Virgil, with his seedy *Aeneas*, but lovely, vernal Georgics, welcome whether in school-room or field; and Ovid's stories of wonder."

"Which Plato says is the father of philosophy," said Euphranor; "to which, I suppose, you will lead up Sir Lancelot in good time, though scarcely perhaps in his second septenniad. But, doctor, we have unawares got him into Latin and Greek, a thing only to be done by very hard work in grammar, in itself about as difficult a theory as may be. I am sure I now wonder at the jargon I had to learn and repeat when I was a boy, and only now, in happy hour, light upon the *reason* of the rules I repeated mechanically."

"True," said I, "but you were only expected, I hope, to use them mechanically; ascertaining the different parts of speech, and then how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which relations you are guided by certain terminations of *us*, *a*, *um*, and *do*, *das*, *dat*; and so on, till you are able to put the scattered words together, and so forth through a sentence. And the repetition by heart of those rules fixed them in your mind, and was a proper exercise for your memory."

"We must not forget arithmetic also," said Euphranor, "where, by the by, the rules are also used mechanically at the time, to be understood perhaps afterwards, just as those of grammar. Well, so much for Sir Lancelot's studies in his second septenniad; and now for his bodily exercises; I suppose they advance proportionably in labour and energy?"

The bodily exercises recommended are principally those manly English sports and activities which are commonly cultivated in the ranks of life to which the imaginary Sir Lancelot is represented to belong. Our author holds that youth can only grow strong in body and soul by such exercises as carry *danger* along with them; and he is quite unsparing in his contempt for

all sorts of nervous caution and effeminacy. He hates a *milk-sop* as strongly as the British farmer hates a 'foreigner,' and has the true English admiration for pluck and manliness.

'All strong exercise,' says he, 'is more or less dangerous: in digging, rowing, running, we may sprain, strain, and rupture, if we do not break limbs. There is no end to finding out dangers if you look for them. . . . And as for courage, which is the strength of soul, I speak of, some men are born without a lucky star, and, the phrenologists say, under a good constellation of bumps. But even then it will require *exercise* to keep it in repair. But if men have it not naturally, how is it to be acquired except in the demand for it?—that is to say, in danger; and to be laid in in youth, while the mind is growing, and capable of nerving, so as to become a *habit* of the soul, and to act with the force and readiness of instinct? . . . For here comes the ancient difference between *resolving* and *doing*; which latter is what we want. Nay, you know, the habit of resolving without acting (as we do necessarily in facing dangers and trials, in books and in the closet), is worse for us than never resolving at all; inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connection between thought and deed. And then if this closet courage could certainly brace us up to any long-foreseen emergency, would it help us at any sudden pinch of accident, of which life is full, and for which our knight must assuredly be prepared? I mean, when there is no time to *make up our minds*, but the mind must act at once ready made.'

The habit which is called *presence of mind*, the author conceives, is best cultivated under circumstances of difficulty and danger; and he holds all the risks and consequences quite lightly. 'What, after all,' says he, 'is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, &c. that a boy goes through? Half-a-dozen boys are drowned, half-a-dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half-a-dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this little toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully, fitted for peace or war! If I have to do with Sir Lancelot, he shall take his chance, either to grow up a man fit to live, or to die honourably in striving towards it. And so I leave him at the end of his second septenniad.'

Here, too, we must leave him. We do not profess to have selected the best passages from the work, but only such as could be most easily detached; nor indeed do we think it possible to convey an adequate impression of its excellences by mere extracts at all. It ought to be read as a whole; for it is really (on a small scale) an artistic composition, and the beauty of its parts is naturally dependent upon the connection in which they stand respectively with each other—like the limbs and proportions of a statue, whose general attitude and expression are not recognisable from the mere workmanship of the disjointed members. The book, besides, will well repay perusal, and we believe that any one who may turn to it upon our recommendation will even thank us for bringing it under notice.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The relief and elevation which an infusion of literary society is calculated to give to a community mainly engaged in the pursuits of material industry, was strikingly shewn in Glasgow in the last century. The university then contained a remarkable cluster of eminent men, who seem to have mingled in an easy manner with the mercantile citizens. Most of them were what is called *characters*; that is, they had each something peculiar in dress, manner, or habits, which

attracted general attention. Mixing freely with their fellow-citizens at the social board, in the club-room, or at the whist-table, their eccentricities became matter of familiar observation and daily talk with the rest of the community; and many, accordingly, were the anecdotes I heard of them in my early days.

By nothing, I think, had these *savans* been more generally characterised than by absence of mind. There was a certain clergyman named M'Laurin, who seems to have carried off the palm in this respect from his contemporaries. He was a brother of the celebrated mathematician of this name, and really, in his time and place, a man of eminence. So noted was he for the peculiarity in question, that I suspect some of the stories told of him must have been the invention of contemporary wags well acquainted with his failing. Of this kind I am inclined to think was the *story*—very current, however—of his having gone up on the street one day to a parishioner in humble life, who knew his minister well, and whom he addressed with the startling question, 'Thomas, is your name John?'

One evening, at the house of his son-in-law and biographer, Dr Gillies, when in profound meditation, he happened to see the word TEA inscribed in large characters on a canister placed on the sideboard. After looking at this mystical word for some time, without having the slightest idea of what it meant, he began to spell it audibly TEA—T-E-A; he then made a dissyllable of it—TE-A; but all to no purpose. At last, totally baffled, he turned to Dr Gillies—'John,' he said, 'what Greek word is that?'

Dr Gillies, himself a worthy divine, and well known in the Church of Scotland by his writings, seems to have been a person of much humour; at least we may infer as much from his literary contest with a singularly-gifted man, John Taylor, the poet and writing-master, well known in Glasgow at this period. The subject of contention was a poem to be addressed to 'Nonsense' (styled a goddess for the nonce), in which the indispensible condition was, that no one line should contain an intelligible idea. The prize proposed for the successful candidate was a *loden crown*, which was to be adjudged by Dr Hamilton, then professor of anatomy at the university. The circumstances which led to this singular war of wits I have never heard, nor whether there were more candidates for the prize than the two I have mentioned. If there were, it is probable that they soon left the field. In adjudging the prize, Dr Hamilton said: 'That it would have been difficult for him to determine the case were it a mere question of ability; but on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something *like an idea* in one of Dr Gillies's lines; but that Mr Taylor's verses were totally free from any such imputation.' Mr Taylor was accordingly crowned with due solemnity.

As I believe the poem was never printed, although it made much noise at the time, the following ample extracts will, it is hoped, be interesting. In reading these verses it must be recollect that their chief merit consists in their being *downright nonsense*—a species of writing which, however he may fall into it unconsciously, any one who sets himself seriously to make the attempt will find it difficult to imitate. The 'Invocation' which is the only *sensible* part of the poem, is, I think, exceedingly happy:—

INVOCATION.

Nonsense! I at thine altar bend,
Imploring thou wouldst condescend
To be my faithful teacher;
Whilst I, in Pindar's lofty strain,
Attempt a precious crown to gain,
And foil a learned preacher.

If I'm victorious by thine aid,
With grateful heart, unbrazen maid!
The gift I'll long acknowledge:
No future favours I'll desire,
And ere the dawn, thou mayst retire
To thine own seat—THE COLLEGE.

Gillies! pear of apple pine,
Rock of gruel, all divine!
Hear thy praise by Pluto's ghost,
Beaming in the eye of Frost.
Lo! as starting from his bier,
Aaron's beard inclines to hear;
See! like hairs of forkly wine,
The frisky Nine,
All barking like the river Thames;
The flinty smoke to water brays,
And straight obeys
Whate'er the hand of Gillies dreams.

Great man grammatic! at his nod
The very frogs admire,
When stylic, with a water-rod,
He squeezes Clyde to fire.
Gillies, up! when he is down,
Trip it till ye fire the moon;
And with a bold range like the mire of Apollo,
Strip Absence from Candour, and spin us a solo.
Then down in clouds of solid gold
The rays of Silence come,
And gently with their strains enfold
The fat of Charters' drum.
And Gillies with lilies,
And lilies with fillies,
Again
and
Then.

Mount on the fervid wheels of rapid Lore,
And emulous surprise the flying Tree,
To melt the days, and tire the breathing store,
Of what ne'er was, and what shall ever be!

When lilies, walking in the vale,
Consolidate to melted hail,
Then Gillies, at the lightning's sound,
Sets mountains in a pile,
And bids the solid sea rebound
Like smoke of icy guile.
And all the while before,
They candidly implore
Old men and maidens new
To sin the black, and shame the blue.

Bulls of Bashan! with your horns
Pare the nails of Moses' corns;
Bats with wings of goose's quill,
Gild the stones of Cooper's Hill.
While preaching the wounding of old Simon Magus,
To sulphur he blows up the dry river Tagus,
And Clyde on the back of a carpet of Latin,
Is borne up the hill, that for Greek is awaiting.

Up starts Methuselah in prose—
Lo! through the hills behold his nose,
Which knows no size at all!
But on it sits the song of praise,
And all its sweetly-swelling rays,
In tears before it fall.

While Bacon stars on hills of care,
Immensity in ~~desire~~ bear.

Mr Taylor's good-humour was proverbial, was sometimes applied to by the youth of the city for amateur verses, to be sent to their sweethearts, which he gave with great readiness. A love-sick swain, the son of a grocer in the High Street, had received several effusions of this sort, and was desirous for more. Mr

Taylor, to get rid of him, sent in a regular *Dr. and Cr.* account to the father, made out in his own beautiful handwriting, charging the son for 'Acrostics on Miss —, so much; ' for Panegyrics on Miss —, so much,' &c. The account was delivered to the father, who, 'glancing at it through his spectacles, read, 'Crosticks and Fenugreeks. We dinna deal in dye-stuffs here, lad,' he said; 'try the neist shop!'

"Taylor was an eccentric genius through life, and it appeared that he was not even destined to be buried like ordinary mortals. As he was universally known and esteemed, his funeral was attended by the most respectable inhabitants; but on coming to the North-West Churchyard, where he was to be interred, it was found that his nephew had forgot to secure a burying-place. The late Mr Kirkman Finlay, a distant relative of Mr Taylor, was fortunately present, and, with that promptitude which always distinguished him, immediately ordered room to be made for the coffin in his own burying-ground in this churchyard. Next day the following verses were circulated, and were afterwards attributed to the pen of James Grahame, the amiable author of 'The Sabbath':—

"When the corpse of John Taylor approached the church-yard,
Mother Earth would not open her portal;
For why? She had heard so much said of the bard,
She verily thought him immortal!"

Amongst the literary *absentees* or day-dreamers in Glasgow at this time, was the illustrious Adam Smith, professor of moral philosophy in the college. Dr Smith, it is well known, had a habit of speaking aloud to himself. In the latter years of his abode in Glasgow he took a daily ride on horseback for the benefit of his health; and in one of his monologues, he was overheard to say, checking his horse at the same time, 'Stop, let us see what this will lead to.' He then remained immovable for some time, apparently pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and totally unconscious of all that was passing around him.

A late professor at the university told me, that when sitting in his place among the professors on Sunday, opposite the preacher in the fore-hall, Dr Smith was occasionally seen to smile during the discourse. This behaviour was never imputed to any irreverence on the doctor's part. His habits were well known, and his thoughts, it was supposed, were 'far, far at sea.'*

One of the most distinguished of the brilliant circle of literati in Glasgow at this time was Dr Robert Simson, the professor of mathematics in the university. This excellent person was also subject to occasional fits of absence in company, which, as his biographer, Dr Trail, informs us, 'contributed to the entertainment of his friends, without diminishing their affection and respect.'

'The doctor,' continues the same writer, 'in his disposition was both cheerful and social; and his conversation, when at ease among his friends, was animated and various, enriched with much anecdote, especially of the literary kind, but always unaffected. One evening in the week he devoted to a club, chiefly of his own selection, which met in a tavern near the college. The first part of the evening was employed in playing the game of whist, of which he was particularly fond; but though he took no small trouble in estimating chances, it was remarked that he was often unsuccessful. The rest of the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, and as he had some taste for

* In a copy of Bacon's Essays, which we once encountered in an auction-room, and which bore the name of Adam Smith as owner of the book, the following note, apparently in his handwriting, appeared at the close of the dedication:—'In the preface, what may by some be thought vanity, is only that laudable and innate confidence that every good man and good writer possesses.'

music, he did not scruple to amuse his party with a song; and it is said that he was rather fond of singing some Greek odes, to which modern music had been adapted. On Saturdays he usually dined in the village of Anderston, then about a mile distant from Glasgow, with some of the members of his regular club, and with a variety of other respectable visitors, who wished to cultivate the acquaintance and enjoy the society of so eminent a person. In the progress of time, from his age and character, it became the wish of his company that everything in these meetings should be directed by him; and though his authority, growing with his years, was somewhat absolute, yet the good-humour with which it was administered rendered it pleasing to everybody. He had his own chair and place at table; he gave instructions about the entertainment, regulated the time of breaking up, and adjusted the expense. These parties, in the years of his severe study, were a desirable and useful relaxation to his mind; and they continued to amuse him till within a few months of his death. Strict integrity and private worth, with corresponding purity of morals, gave the highest value to a character which, from other qualities and attainments, was much respected and esteemed.*

Any anecdotes which I have heard of Dr Simson authenticate the above interesting picture of this eminent person's hours of relaxation. A late professor of astronomy in the university told me that a friend of Dr Simson's, meeting him one Saturday when he was literally *pacing* his way to his accustomed inn in the village of Anderston, stopped to ask after his health. 'Stay,' said the mathematician; 'put your foot here, sir' (pointing to the spot where his progress had been arrested)—'1260! Now, sir, what have you to say?'

The portrait of Dr Simson in the Faculty Hall represents him as a goodly person, of a fair complexion, and very pleasing expression of features. From the dress and general appearance, it might readily be mistaken for the picture of a 'country gentleman of the period, instead of one of the most profound mathematicians in Europe.'

[We may here interpolate an anecdote of Dr Simson, which we have heard in academical society in Glasgow. The amiable mathematician had had a protracted session in the club one evening, but at length he and an associate proceeded on their way home through the college courts. 'Simson,' said his companion impressively, 'here is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Can you in any way account for it? I declare the moon is rising in the west instead of the east!' 'Poh, poh; never mind her,' said Simson, 'she has always been a queer jade' (the actual expression was somewhat stronger than this)—'let her take her own way.]

Turn we now to another member of this literary society—a man of true genius, and in his mathematical attainments second only to Dr Simson himself, but in his habits of life how widely different!

Dr James Moor, the professor of Greek in the university, was the son of a teacher in Glasgow. It is related of the father that, being deeply enamoured of Newton's 'Principia,' and not having wherewithal to purchase a copy, he transcribed the whole of the book with his own hand—like Fielding's Parson Adams with his *Æschylus*. Young Moor, under his father's tuition, became an excellent mathematician, and carried off the first honours of the university, where he seems at an early period to have attracted the favourable notice of Dr Simson. After he had finished the usual college curriculum, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Boyd, son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This

young nobleman, it will be recollect, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the earldom of Errol, and was the same who was so much admired as the 'handsome Earl of Errol' at the coronation of George III. Moor was afterwards tutor to Lord Selkirk, who, as Lord Rector of the university, became his warm patron in afterlife. With both these young noblemen he travelled a good deal on the continent. His titled pupils procured him access to the first society in Europe, which must have improved his knowledge of men and manners. Yet it is to be feared that in this situation he imbibed tastes which were incompatible with his future independence.

On his return home, Mr Moor was appointed librarian to the college; and in a few years afterwards, was enabled, by the liberality of Lord Selkirk, who advanced £600 for the purpose, to secure the successorship to the Greek chair on the resignation of the then incumbent. As Greek professor, Moor might have lived happy and independent; but his habits were irregular, his expenses exceeded his income, and he soon experienced the discomforts of debt. The following anecdote, which was told me by a literary friend well acquainted with the private history of Dr Moor, marks at once the character of the man, and shews the difficulties to which he was sometimes reduced. Two satellites of the law, who had been making a vain search for the doctor in his chambers in the college court, were leaving the place in despair of finding him, when Moor, emerging from his concealment in the garret, bawled out, 'Where should you look for a Greek professor but in the *Attic* storey?'

Dr Moor took a warm interest in the publication of the Greek and Latin classics at the Glasgow press by his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Foulis—the beauty and accuracy of which extended the fame of the printer throughout Europe. In particular, Dr Moor and his colleague, Professor Moorhead, superintended the printing of the famous Glasgow Homer, in four volumes folio; a work of which Gibbon speaks in terms of the highest admiration. Never was book edited with more care. In the preface to the 'Iliad,' which was probably written by Dr Moor, although subscribed by both editors, we are informed that every proof-sheet was read over six times: twice by the ordinary corrector of the press, once by Andrew Foulis, once by each of the editors separately, and finally by both conjointly. But this was not all. I was informed by Mr Reekie, the favourite pupil of Dr Moor, and who afterwards became possessed of some of his most valuable books and manuscripts, that the types of this edition, as they were cast by Mr Wilson, were regularly submitted to Dr Moor, and if he were anyway displeased with the matrices, they were immediately thrown into the fire. It is greatly to be lamented that the magnificent edition of Plato projected by Foulis, to which Dr Moor had consented to become editor, and for which he had collected many valuable materials, was not carried into execution, in consequence of the firm of Messrs Foulis having fallen into difficulties.

CHEAP COTTAGES.

In the 'Cottage Gardener,' a useful little periodical published in London, a statement occurs respecting a plan for building a cheap class of cottages in rural districts, provided there is a supply of tenacious clay. The following description is given of a cottage at Envile, near Ongar, in Essex, which was built by its proprietor, Mr Clay, assisted by a skilful farm-labourer, and cost only £10:—It is a building, three rooms in length, erected at the corner of a meadow, on a spare nook which could not well be turned to any other profitable purpose; and it is a leading feature in it, that, with the exception of the deal-boards for the doors and the glass for the windows, the whole of the materials have been produced

* Account of the Life and Writings of Robert Simson, M.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. William Trail, LL.D. &c. Pp. 75-77.

the farm. The walls are built of "clay lumps"—that is, clay worked in the same manner as for bricks, moulded into lumps twenty inches long, seven deep, and ten wide, and well dried in the sun in the heat of summer. These are laid with the same material, just as if building with bricks and mortar, and when plastered over on both sides, and thoroughly dried, form a wall exceedingly hard and firm, which no cold or damp can penetrate. The roof is shaped with poles cut from a wood on the farm, the place of thatch laths being supplied with straight sticks; over this an excellent coating of thatch is neatly laid, and the inside is plastered and whitewashed. The windows, which are of ample size for a cottage, are formed of large panes, a bar passing down the centre; and the transverse supports of the glass are of lead, so that the expense of a regular window-frame is saved; and, as a further proof of the extent to which economy is carried, the door is made folding, and the half being thus light, swings on gudgeons, by which the outlay for hinges is spared. The floor is composed of a sort of concrete, made of the brick earth and fine sand; and the chimney, which contains a cosy enclosed corner for the labourer at night, is built of clay lumps. An extra window in the shape of a cross, studded with fragments of coloured glass, has been introduced by the taste of the architect into the end of the bedroom, and answers the double purpose of furnishing light and ornament. The whole length of the building is 32 ft., width, 12 ft.; height of walls inside, about 8 ft.; and to the canopy of the roof, 11 ft. The size of the keeping-room is 10 ft. by 12 ft.; bedroom, 11 ft. by 10 ft.; kitchen, 9 ft. by 10 ft. We come now to the actual cost. The following were the figures furnished to us, and which we tested by the statements of the man by whom the work was done. Making 300 clay lumps, at 3s. 6d. per 100, L.1, 8s.; laying do., at 2s. 6d. per 100, L.1; thatching, L.1, 16s.; glass for windows, 6s. 6d.; glazing and putty, 5s.; wood for doors, and making doors and window-frames, L.1, 1s.; rough wood for rafters and thatching laths, 10s.; nails, and forming roof, 12s.; claying inside, and whitewashing, L.1; chimney-pots, &c. 12s.; making a total of L.8, 10s. 6d. Thus it will be seen that Mr Clay, unlike most architects, has completed his building for less than the estimate; and we think if the L.1, 9s. 6d. were laid out in providing some other material for the floor—for the idea of a clay bottom, does not strike us very pleasantly—it would remedy the only thing about the cottage we are disposed to find fault with. The house was furnished and occupied when we visited it, being let, we believe, to a person on the farm at fourpence a week, which yields good interest for the outlay; and Mr Clay assured us he could readily let it, if disposed, at 45s. per annum. Of course the idea may be amplified, and a cottage with the same materials built for a labourer having a family at a proportionate increase of cost.

"BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

The destruction caused by the Fire of London, A.D. 1666, during which some 13,200 houses, &c. were burned down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very sites occupied by buildings, previously to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed, and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city, until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for from legal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land-surveyors of that day—men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which mere delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors

appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr Hook and Mr Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying above quoted, usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty. The above anecdote was told the other evening by an old citizen upwards of eighty, by no means of an imaginative temperament.—*Notes and Queries.*

PARADISE MUSIC.

On the dreary winter nights, 'tis said that whisperings wild and sweet
Are borne aloft on the wailing winds, some watcher's ear
to greet:
When the opening gates of paradise receive a soul to
rest,
This strain of angel-song escapes from the mansions of
the blest;
And the dulcet music floateth down, transient as young
love's day,
And onward dim re-echoing, dies through boundless space
away.

There's a haunting music, too, which comes from me-
mory's golden land,
When loved and lost in shadowy train revisit the radiant
strand;
And fond affection's thrilling tones, with remembered
pathos seem
To shed o'er a void reality the peace of some happy
dream.
When ocean billows are surging round, the mariner's
thought doth cling
To a home where flowers of summer bloom, and birds for
ever sing.

Oh! welcome as dew to the tender herb when day is set
in night,
These beautiful, fleeting, mystic strains from regions of
bliss and light!
We, too, must rapidly pass away; and is not the longest
life,
Compared with dread eternity, a moment of pain and
strife?
So let us live, that in youth or age the paradise gates
may be,
On the wintry night or the sunny day, opened for thee
and me!

C. A. M. W.

MOULTING OF THE CANARY.

When a canary 'moult'—which is generally in July or August, according to the heat of the weather—all you need do is, to keep him quiet and free from draughts. Being a cheerful, lively bird, there is no need to have him covered up, but do not let him be unduly excited. Give him a very small quantity of raw beef, scraped, and moistened with cold water, once a week; occasionally, a little yolk of ~~ham~~-boiled egg; and now and then a piece of sponge-cake, and ripe chickweed in full flower. Nature will do the rest, and present your pet with a handsome new coat, that will keep him 'spruce,' and last him a full year. Mind and trim his claws when they are too long. Use sharp scissors always; a knife never. In handling him, let him lie as passive as possible; so that your hand may not press unduly on any part of his little body. After the first operation, he will understand all about it, and cheerfully submit to be so 'trimmed.' — *William Kidd in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

NO. 381. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

I do not know how it might have been with the men of old; but certainly now-a-days the celebrated *otium cum dignitate*, or state of dignified ease, is not in its full sense attainable; that is to say, there may be such a reward to human merits as dignity, but assuredly there is now no such thing as ease. I was once amongst those who look up to the rich as people living in luxurious exemption from all work and all sacrifice; but a nearer observation of their condition has shewn me under what a delusion I laboured. The history of a day in the life of a well-off gentleman will be perhaps the best means of expounding the case of those who are supposed to be enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. It only must be supposed, beforehand, that the individual in question is one endued with the average amount of the natural feelings—humanity, love of approbation, and sense of duty in particular—for of course it is possible to be a miser, or a scrub, or a snob, and live entirely for one's self; but then this would be no fair instance.

Our gentleman of wealth and influence lives for the most part of the year in a good house in a first-rate quarter in one of the principal cities of the empire. One of the first of his troubles is the management of a large establishment, amounting almost to a business in itself. As this, however, is a voluntarily incurred trouble, I lay it out of view. The gentleman has breakfasted, read his newspaper, and retired to his library with the letters of the morning. He finds in the first place that, besides epistles on his own affairs, easily despatched, he has received three or four from various strangers, making polite demands on his good-nature for information, or for help towards some public object, or requiring him to enter into association with some person or party, in order to help out some view or interest in which he is supposed to have a sentimental participation. Very likely, he is called upon to take a concern in a testimonial to some meritorious individual who has contrived to get so far successfully and harmlessly through life, or who has been efficient in some department of honorary public service. Or it may be that some such person, recently deceased, is thought worthy of a monument, for which, in like manner, interest and aid are demanded. All these matters require thought and decision, and even to write the answers to the letters requires a couple of hours. Whilst he is so engaged, his servant enters with a subscription-book, which has been handed in at the door. An hospital, a dispensary, a deaf and dumb institution, or a house of refuge for the destitute, expects his annual contribution. He might

give nothing, some one will say. True; but we ~~have~~ supposed him to be a person under a sense of his duty to society. He knows there is misery, and that he ought, under the compulsion of certain sacred principles, to aid in relieving it. Some sacrifice of self must therefore be made. The subscription-book has scarcely been gone a quarter of an hour, when a bustling gentleman is shewn in, who salutes himself with a most suspicious profusion of politeness, and quickly reveals to him that a portrait of some philanthropic person, with whom he has been in some way associated, is about to be published; and for this his name is most earnestly desired, not so much as a mere unit in the subscription, as in the light of a recommendation of the thing to others, or to the public at large. What can our unfortunate gentleman of wealth and influence do but give his three guineas for an India-paper proof of this said counterfeit presentment of genuine philanthropy? It is more than he can well afford: he has no wish to possess such a portrait; but then he is, as you already know, a man of obliging disposition, who does not like to give pain or offence; and so the subscription is inevitable.

Thus ground is broken for the day. It is by no means certain that the attacks of this forenoon are to be in behalf of charitable institutions or philanthropic portraits. The sympathies of a gentleman of wealth and influence are expected to soar far above and beyond the limits of locality, of party, of sect, and of personal concerns. The English residents at Boulogne are anxious to establish a school for English children: an emissary wanders over England to gather subscriptions. A mechanics' institution in Cornwall wishes to get up a library: the secretary writes to every person who is supposed to feel an interest in the illumination of the popular mind, requesting aid. A group of well-meaning gentlemen are devoting themselves to the conversion of the peasantry of the county of Mayo to Protestantism, and all that is wanted is—funds. Capital things all of them; but, alas for the gentleman of wealth and influence, that money from him should be so essential a prerequisite! It seems to him strange that that beautiful thing called learning should be so often treated as an article to be supplied by charity, while its recipients never hesitate to pay their own money for tea, sugar, clothes, the staff of life, the baculum of destruction, or any other tangible article of necessity or indulgence. It surprises him, perhaps, that persons living so far away should have contrived to find their way to him. No matter; there they are. He has here, as in other cases, good feelings operating upon him. He would fain make some concession to demands resting on such worthy grounds. The probability there-

fore is, that out of several such attacks, occurring in the course of a few days, he yields to one, if not more, inferring a certain by no means inconsiderable addition to that outlay for things in which he has no personal concern, which, as we are endeavouring to shew, so greatly distinguishes the life of a gentleman of rank and influence.

Our victim has also visitors who beg on their own account. A neat, clean-looking, but plainly-dressed person is shewn in. It is a case of personal distress—no mistake or deception whatever about it. Irresistible certificates are produced to substantiate great misfortunes and great needs. A subscription-paper shews the names of scores of respectable persons who have given their mites of relief. The gentleman of rank and influence—being also, it will be remembered, a gentleman of bowels—feels for this as for every case of human woe. He has been sorely taxed to-day already, and his means, after all, are definite. But, on the other hand, he bethinks him of his own comfortable appliances of all kinds in contrast with the desolation of the applicant. He feels that he cannot enjoy the good gifts of Providence if he does not make some sacrifice to such a claim; and he gives accordingly, though sensible that he can ill spare it. It will be well for him if this case be the only one of the kind which comes before him ere his morning hours are closed; and it will be well if all the cases which so appear are of equally assured good character. But the probability is, that he is assailed by one or more persons of doubtful, or worse than doubtful pretensions, who nevertheless by fair appearances, by volubility, and by observing the rules of good-manners, make it almost impossible for him to refuse some degree of aid, unless he could bring himself to that which is perhaps the most impossible of all things with him—downright rudeness. In such cases, it becomes a matter of simple calculation, whether to give a moderate sum, and so save his own equanimity; or come to a refusal, which cannot be executed without such a breach of civility as will leave him in a ruffled, distressed, and degraded state of mind for the day. To this system of convention the polite mendicants are in no small degree indebted, and well do they know it.

Now let it not be supposed that we are here aggregating in the view of one forenoon's sacrifices the transactions of a week or a month. Let it not be supposed that such applicants are single spies coming now and then. In the case of a gentleman at all conspicuous in society, and who is reputed to have anything beyond what is required for his own pressing needs, no day will pass without one or more such applications. The most incredulous may satisfy himself of the fact by a walk any forenoon through the best streets of any of our large cities. He will never fail to see such applicants as I have described walking or sauntering about, looking at door-plates, and making inquiries of porters. Greasy square books for charitable subscriptions, portfolios containing subscription prints, and the unmistakable ensigns of petitionary poverty, are sure to meet the eye every two hundred yards. The genteelly and legitimately Mendicant are an army, and every good quarter of every town may be regarded as a place standing a continual siege. It is no unfair estimate, that one-half of the soundings of knockers and bells at the better class of houses are from persons wishing to make some demand upon the charity or good-nature of the inmates.

Usually, after spending a few hours of the morning at home, the gentleman of wealth and influence has to go to his club, or to make a few calls, or take a little exercise for the benefit of health. Not unlikely, he has to pay his respects to some stranger who has brought him a letter of introduction, and to whom he is expected to pay attentions. Or, it may be, that he has to attend in an official capacity at a public

institution, or to call at another, in order to make favour for some poor dependant who has claims upon it. Or he may have been induced to undertake the chairmanship of a public meeting for a benevolent purpose, where a group of well-meaning people meet to express their opinion on some abuse or misery of the day, which, from the hour of their parting, they never more think of. Perhaps his countenance and word are required at the meeting of some printing club, or other literary or scientific association, with which one of his various tastes has connected him. If he has allowed himself to be at all accessible to such demands upon his time and patience, scarcely a day will pass without one of some kind, although his inclinations would lead him far away from all such demonstrations and all such labours. Even as he walks the streets, it will be ten to one against his passing over half a mile without meeting some person who was just wishing to see him, in order to ascertain what he could do for such a person, or such an object, or to learn his views regarding such a matter, previous to the intended meeting, where of course he would give his assistance. In a single hour of the open air, while innocently seeing after some little business of his own, or merely walking for the sake of recreation, he will find himself involved in affairs quite external and indifferent to himself, inferring the writing of half-a-dozen letters, and a burdening of his mind for several days to come. He cannot even look over an exhibition of pictures, or attend the exhibition of some prodigy that has come to town without encountering diversions of this kind. The worst of it is, that he feels how ineffective are all his exertions for the ends proposed to him. The notion entertained of both his wealth and his influence is an exaggeration. The one lags miles behind the requirements made upon it, and the other meets so many contrary tides from other Christians of his own kidney, as to be nearly neutralised. His very good-will towards the objects put before him is a source of vexation to him, in the continual sense which he has of the incompetency of his means and powers, and the disappointment which he is thus obliged to inflict on others.

The latter part of the day is no improvement upon the earlier, for it is not any more at his own disposal. We shall suppose that he has strangers to entertain at dinner. They may prove agreeable companions, but it is quite as likely they may not. Probably their sympathies and interests lie far apart from his; yet he has to enter into these, as if they were matters which feelingly concerned him. Almost all introduced people, excepting those who travel merely for pleasure, have some engrossing purpose or object to be advanced by all possible means, and which gives a turn of egotism to their conversation. Our gentleman of rank and influence has to bear the brunt of this for hours, with little intermission of miscellaneous discourse, and little opportunity of expressing his own feelings or opinions; so that at the departure of his visitor, he is apt to feel as if his ears and understanding had been enduring some strange battering process, from which nothing but time and repose can recover him.

Perhaps the afternoon of our victim is to be devoted to miscellaneous company, of that kind which is not selected by choice or through community of feeling, but which merely comes in one's way through the various indescribable relations of society. The host has little free volition in these matters. He has only to choose between being an eccentric recluse, and taking his part in scenes which do not much interest him. He has not even a choice in the style of entertainment, for that is marked out and determined for him by the conventionalities of the world, judging under a sense of what he can or ought to be able to afford. And how often do all his best-meant efforts to promote social pleasure amongst friends as well as strangers, fail through the mere accidents giving them an insuperable air of stiffness or

dulness! Seged, emperor of Ethiopia, who decreed a week of happiness to his court, with what results the student of old Sam Johnson will not need to be informed of, was but a type of the disappointments encountered in this way by the unfortunate person immediately under our attention.

It appears, in short, that for a gentleman of tolerably good feeling towards his fellow-creatures who has attained the envied *otium cum dignitate*, there is no such thing as ease. An independency has no independency. A competency for one's self is only the mark of a state of panting incompetency towards others. A man is no sooner satisfied, than he falls into a state of deeper dissatisfaction. Oh, human life, where are thy joys? Oh man, ever to be blest! There is an alternative—selfish exclusiveness; but is that an improvement of the ease? No; there does seem to be no refuge for the fortunate holders of prizes in this strange, turbulent lottery, from the fresh duties and burdens which that very prizeholding imposes. The wants of others become the measure of our work whenever our own wants are satisfied. Fortune's minions have to become Providence's missionaries. It is very curious thus to observe that those efforts which a man makes for the securing of something comfortable to himself, tend, if he be a person of ordinary natural feelings, to bring him only into a position where he will find that he lives scarcely at all for himself, but almost entirely for others. It is to be hoped that there are few who, however they may be sensible of the ludicrous aspect of the thing, submit to it with a grudge or a sense of hardship. Most, we believe, see in it an indispensable compensation to the large class who, whether from inferior natural endowment or the accidents of fortune, have not come so well off in the *malice* of the world. On the other hand, it would be well for the less fortunate to be aware of the penalty which rests on those whom they are accustomed to regard as luxuriating in calm repose and incessant enjoyment. Did they see matters a little more closely, they would wonder at the sacrifices of means, time, trouble, and feelings, which the more fortunate men of the earth have to be constantly making for their fellow-creatures, and the very small balance of truly independent, easy, happy existence which remains over for themselves. As correlative to this observation, they would resist many of the invidious and jealous feelings which are apt to beset them, and remain much more contented than they usually are with their own lot.

PREHISTORIC ANNUALS.

THE last forty years have seen a wonderful addition made by geology to the history of the earth. We have thus been told how, during a long succession of ages, the face of the globe came to be gradually peopled by tribes of the inferior animals, and that in a kind of order generally conforming to their place in the scale of being, while as yet man and his many devices had not any existence. The evidence lies in the fossil organic remains deposited liberally in the various sedimentarily-formed strata, and in the ascertained order of those strata in point of antiquity. While geology has been thus accomplishing its wonderful triumphs, society in general has been little aware that a set of men have been seeking, by investigations of a similar nature, and conducted in a similar spirit, to ascertain the particulars of that part of the history of the earth which lies between the origin of the human race and the commencement of written history. These men are the Scientific Antiquaries—a group of men very different from the collectors of *nick-nacks*, who used to possess the name in former times. The school took its rise in Denmark, and has only of late spread to England and other countries.

The scientific antiquary may be defined as a geolo-

gist whose subject of investigation is confined to the latest alluvial formations, and other parts near or upon the surface. He seeks for the crania and other bodily remains of the earliest inhabitants of the earth; he gathers and classifies the works of their hands, and other monuments which they have left behind them. From the whole he constructs a detail, perfectly clear as far as it goes, of the succession of races, and their advance in the arts of life, in the countries to which his investigations refer. In this manner a considerable part of Europe has been examined, and the result is certainly of deep interest. History, we may remind the reader, tells us of no age when men had not the use of iron. Even the Britons were thus far advanced when, about the commencement of our era, the Romans broke in upon them. But we now learn from the scientific antiquary that, in the British islands, as well as in most of the countries of the north and west of Europe, there were before that time two distinct and long-extending epochs, during which men were advancing from a ruder and simpler state of things. In the first, metals were not in use: men made weapons, tools, and ornaments, of stone, flint, horn, and bone, as the Polynesian islanders and other savage people of the earth are now doing. The crania found in tombs where such relics are disposed are of a mean type. This is called by antiquaries the *Stone Period*. Rude as are the materials used, much labour and ingenuity appears to have been expended. The chipping of a small flint arrow-head must have required the greatest nicety of manipulation, and no small amount of time. The polishing of stone axes and hatchets, and the drilling of holes in them for the insertion of handles, must have also been laborious undertakings. We might wonder at the trouble taken for such purposes, did we not remember that in primitive society time and labour are of little value. After this stage of society had endured a long time, and undergone some minor mutations, a higher one supervenes, apparently by the incoming of a new race of people. These people knew the use of metals; they had weapons and tools of cast bronze, and ornaments of gold. From the predominance of the former metal, antiquaries call this the *Bronze Period*. This also lasted a long time, and underwent many mutations. It is reasonably argued that the people who brought in and used bronze instruments were a small-bodied people, because their swords are little larger than good-sized daggers, and the handle is only fitted for the hand of a woman or child of our age. Now both of these periods had come and gone before the commencement of our written history. The general effect is to give us the idea of a much longer existence for nations than we previously had—a result, it may be remarked, conformable to that long extension of the pre-Adamite history of the earth which we owe to geology.

The first effort that we are aware of to give, from the appropriate materials, a generalised view of the history of our island during the ages antecedent to written annals, is now before us in a beautiful volume, of which the title is quoted below.* We are happy to say that it is a book of extraordinary merit in many respects; particularly in the lucidity of its scientific combinations and inductions, the charm of its style, and the perfect fidelity of its many pictorial illustrations. The subject specially referred to is Scotland; but the book may be said to apply nearly as well to both England and Ireland. To the bulk of the community, who are not aware of the proceedings of the Society of Northern Antiquaries, or of the magnificent museum of antiquities at Copenhagen, the whole matter

* The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland. By Daniel Wilson, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1851. (Royal 8vo, pp. 714, with 201 woodengravings.)

will be a revelation of the most impressive and interesting kind. The objects presented to view certainly are not so stupendous as the antiquities of Egypt and Nineveh; but many of them cannot be considered as less ancient, and they have the superior attraction of a reference to the early history of our own ancestors.

Where so large a subject has to be reviewed within such limited space, it is best perhaps to concentrate attention upon a few points of particular interest. The most ancient class of tombs in our country are those commonly called in Scotland and Ireland *cromlechs*, hitherto supposed to be Druidical altars. Two or more stones of huge size are brought together, and over these is laid one perhaps still larger, so as to leave a space below or within, and here the body was deposited. We lately visited a cromlech, called the *Auld Wives' Lilt*, which exists on the brow of a low moorish hill near Craigmadden in Stirlingshire. A block of basalt, measuring 18 feet by 11, and 7 in thickness, repose on two of inferior size, leaving only a narrow triangular space. One views with amazement a mechanical arrangement demanding so much power, and wonders how such a piece of work could be effected in a barbarous age! In many instances, these clusters of blocks are surrounded by others standing on end in a circle—those circles which are so often described as Druidical temples. We know that they are sepulchres of the Stone Period, from the articles usually found beside the body, in those rare instances where they have been left undisturbed. The antiquity is so vast, that all recollection of the original purpose of the cromlech had died out; and we may surmise from a curious reason, that this had taken place at a period which to us may well appear remote. The name is from the Gaelic *cromach*, a roof or vault, and *clach* or *lech*, a stone. Thus we see it bears no reference to sepulture, which the original term applied by the constructors must undoubtedly have done. It is simply the descriptive term, which a new people ignorant of the original purpose would apply. Yet that new people must have been the Celts, the earliest occupants of our country of whom we have any knowledge from written history.

Mr Wilson gives a curious and lively account of the remains of the dwellings of the early inhabitants of Scotland, without, however, shewing direct evidence for their being of the Stone Period, though he places them under that section of his work. The climate had forced the British barbarian to dig into the earth for comfort. Wiltshire yet shews remains of pit-dwellings; in Scotland they are of frequent occurrence. 'Within a few miles of Aberdeen are still seen the remains of what seem to be the remains of a large group or township of such dwellings. They consist of some hundreds of circular walls of two or three feet high, and from twelve to twenty feet in diameter. On digging within the area, masses of charred wood or ashes, mingled with fragments of decayed bones and vegetable matter, are generally found; and their site is frequently discernible on the brown heath, or the gray slope of the hill-side, from the richer growth and brighter green of the grass.' The body of the house seems, in these cases, to be in the earth, while only the covering was exposed to the outer air. Strange to say, in St Kilda, the remotest of the Hebrides, the peasantry still live in such semi-subterranean houses, as if to represent in this respect the very earliest stage of society in these islands.

Another and advanced class of ancient dwellings are distinguished in Scotland by the name of *weems*, signifying caves; and these are wholly subterranean. They abound in the upper parts of Aberdeenshire, near the spot chosen by modern royalty for its autumnal retreat. 'In general,' says Mr Wilson, 'no external indication affords the slightest clue to their discovery. To the common observer, the dry level heath or moor under

which they lie presents no appearance of having ever been disturbed by the hand of man; and he may traverse the waste until every natural feature has become familiar to his eye, without suspecting that underneath his very feet lie the dwellings and domestic utensils of remote antiquity.'

'The Aberdeenshire weems are constructed of huge masses of granite, frequently above six feet in length; and though by no means uniform either in internal shape or dimensions, a general style of construction prevails throughout the whole. Some of them have been found upwards of thirty feet long, and from eight to nine feet wide. The walls are made to converge towards the top, and the whole is roofed in by means of the primitive substitute for the arch which characterises the cyclopean structures of infant Greece, and the vast temples and palaces of Mexico and Yucatan. The huge stones overlap each other in succession, until the intervening space is sufficiently reduced to admit of the vault being completed by a single block extending from side to side. They have not infrequently smaller chambers attached to them, generally approached by passages not above three feet in height; and it affords a curious evidence of the want of efficient tools in the builders of these subterranean structures, that where these side apartments are only separated from the main chamber by the thickness of the wall, the stones, though placed flush with the walls of the latter, project irregularly into the small cells, giving them a singularly unshapely and ragged appearance.' 'The entrance to such of these subterranean dwellings as have been found sufficiently perfect to afford indications of their original character, appears to have generally been by a slanting doorway between two long upright stones, through which the occupant must have slid into his dark abode. Occasionally a small aperture has been found at the further end, apparently to give vent to the fire, the charcoal ashes of which lie extinguished on the long-deserted floor. In some a passage of considerable length has formed the vestibule; but so far as now appears, a solitary aperture served most frequently alike for doorway, chimney, ventilator, and even window, in so far as any gleam of daylight could penetrate into the darkened vault. One is forcibly reminded, while groping in these aboriginal retreats, of Elia's realisations of the strange social state to which they pertain, in his quaint rhapsody on Candle-light, "our peculiar and household planet! Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it! This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast, derived from the tradition of these unlanterned nights!"' The grave humorist goes on to picture a supper scene in these unlighted halls, rich with truthful imaginings, mingled with his curious but thoughtful jests:—

"Things that were born, when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes."

In truth, these dwellings, constructed with such laborious ingenuity in every district of Scotland, seem to throw a strange light upon that dim and remote era to which they belong, giving us some insight into the domestic habits and social comforts of a period heretofore dark as their own unillumined vaults.

'Adjoining many of the weems, small earthen enclosures are discernible; some of which are square, measuring about fifteen paces each way, with the area somewhat below the surrounding soil, and have probably been constructed for folding sheep or cattle. Others are circular, and so small as to leave little doubt that there must have stood the slight huts, constructed of

turf and branches of trees, in which the architect of the cyclopean structure dwelt during the brief warmth of summer, while he sought refuge from the frosts and snows of our northern winter in the neighbouring subterranean retreat. The number of weems frequently found together appears altogether inconsistent with the idea of their construction as mere places of concealment. They are manifestly the congregated dwellings of a social community, though strangely differing from any that have dwelt in the land within the era of authentic history. When we compare these dwellings with the clay huts still common in many a Highland district, or with such humble Lowland biggings as those which have won a new sacredness as the birthplaces of Hogg or Burns, it is impossible to overlook the remarkable differences presented by the two states of society, separated not more widely by time than by variance of habits and ideas. How striking is the contrast between the artlessness of the Ayrshire cottage, that sufficed, with its straw roof, to satisfy the wants of one among the great master-spirits of all times, and the labour and ingenuity expended in producing these retreats of the Scottish aborigines! In rudeness of result perhaps both are on a par. The ingenious and methodic skill, however, entirely belongs to the old builders. Their mode of constructing with huge unhewn stones, frequently brought from a considerable distance, seems to point them out as the architects of that same remote era in which the rude monumental standing-stones and circular groups of monoliths were reared, which still abound in so many districts of the Scottish mainland and surrounding isles.

There is something to us singularly impressive in the unrecorded existence of the Bronze Period, for, different from the Stone Age, it was a time of art and taste; and yet, letters being wanting, it failed to commemorate itself, and lay hid from the ken of posterity till its tangible relics began to be gathered and classed. Its antiquity, as we have hinted, is great. A Danish antiquary thinks it lasted about eleven centuries in his own country, one-half of which time was antecedent to the birth of Christ. In our own country, as already mentioned, it had passed away before the Romans appeared amongst us. The strange legend of Wayland Smith (introduced in a corrupted form, and as a modern affair, in 'Kenilworth') is thought by Mr Wilson to be the only history which we have of the introduction of metallurgy among the European communities. It clearly appears from the investigation, that bronze was used for weapons before iron, the latter being generally found in a condition less fitted to suggest its usefulness as metal, and that gold was a common material for ornaments before silver was in use. The quantity of gold ornaments, as torques or twisted bands for the neck and arms, found in Britain and Ireland in tombs of this era, is astonishing. The most prevalent weapon was the short leaf-shaped sword, without a guard, apparently designed not for fencing or cutting, but solely for stabbing. Another was the spear-head, the moulds for casting which have been found in this country. It is common to find the sword lying broken in the tomb of its owner. 'From such discoveries,' says Mr Wilson, 'we are led to infer that one of the last honours paid to the buried warrior was to break his well-proved weapon, and lay it at his side, ere the cist was closed, or the inurned ashes deposited in the grave, and his old companions in arms piled over it the tumulus or memorial cairn. No more touching or eloquent tribute of honour breaks upon us amid the curious records of ages long past. The elf-bolt and the stone-axe of the older barrow speak only of the barbarian anticipation of eternal warfare beyond the grave: of skull-breakers and draughts of bloody wine, such as the untutored savage looks forward to in his dreams of heaven. But the broken sword of the buried chief seems to tell of a warfare accomplished, and of expected rest. Doubtless the future which he

anticipated bore faint enough resemblance to the "life and immortality" since revealed to men; but the broken sword speaks in unmistakable language of elevation and progress, and of nobler ideas acquired by the old Briton, when he no longer deemed it indispensible to bear his arms with him to the elysium of his wild creed.'

With regard to the smallness of the sword-handles, Mr Wilson says: 'One of the most marked ethnological characteristics of the pure Celtic race, in contrast to the Teutonic, is the small hands and feet—a feature so very partially affected by the mingling of Teutonic with the old Celtic blood of Scotland, that many of the older basket-hilted Highland swords will scarcely admit the hand of a modern Scotchman of ordinary size. This has been observed in various primitive races, and is noted by Mr Stephens as characteristic of the ancient temple-builders of Yucatan. Describing the well-known symbol of the *red hand*, first observed at Uxmal, Mr Stephen remarks: "Over a cavity in the mortar were two conspicuous marks, which afterwards stared us in the face in all the ruined buildings of the country. They were the prints of a red hand, with the thumb and fingers extended, not drawn or painted, but stamped by the living hand, the pressure of the palm upon the stone. There was one striking feature about these hands—they were exceedingly small. Either of our own spread over and completely hid them." This is another of the physical characteristics of the earlier races well worthy of further note. While the delicate small hand and foot are ordinarily looked upon as marks of high-breding, and are justly regarded as pertaining to the perfect beauty of the female form, the opposite are found among the masculine distinctions of the pure Teutonic races—characteristic of their essentially practical and aggressive spirit, and are frequently seen most markedly developed in the skilful manipulator and ingenious mechanician.

'The spear-heads of this period are also marked by national distinctive features; the exceedingly common British form, for example, with loops to secure it to the shaft, being unknown in Denmark, and a variety of pierced heads common in Scotland and Ireland being rarely or never found in England. So it is with other varieties of weapons, implements, and personal ornaments: some which, common in Denmark, are unknown here, or assume different forms; others with which we are familiar are unknown to the Danish archaeologist; while both are in like manner distinguished from those of Germany, France, and the south of Europe. The distinctive peculiarities may indeed be most aptly compared to those which mark the various national developments of mediæval art, and give to each an individuality of character without impairing the essential characteristics of the style. The extent of international communication was only so much greater and more direct in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, than in those older centuries before the Christian era, as to produce a more rapid interchange of thought and experience.'

'This national individuality, accompanying such remarkable correspondence to a common type, may therefore be assumed as justifying the conclusion, that some considerable intercourse must have prevailed among the different races of Europe during that remote period to which we refer; and hence we are led to assume an additional evidence of early civilisation, while at the same time no sufficient proof appears to point to such a sudden transition as necessarily to lead to the conclusion that the bronze reliques belong entirely to a new people. On the contrary, the evidence of slow transition is abundantly manifest. The metallurgical arts, and the models by which their earliest application was guided, were in all probability introduced by a new race, who followed in the wake of the older war-

derers from the same Eastern cradle-land of the human race. But the rude stone moulds, the sand-cast celts and palstaves, and the relics of the primitive forges in which they were wrought, all point to aboriginal learners slowly acquiring the new art; while perhaps its originators were introducing those works of beautiful form and great finish and delicacy of workmanship, which the antiquity of the eighteenth century could ascribe to none but the Roman masters of the world.

Mr Worsaae remarks, after pointing out the correspondence, in many respects, between the bronze relics of Denmark and those of other countries of Europe, these "prove nothing more than that certain implements and weapons had the same form among different nations." And again, "from these evidences it follows that the antiquities belonging to the Bronze Period, which are found in the different countries of Europe, can neither be attributed exclusively to the Celts, nor to the Greeks, Romans, Phoenicians, Slavonians, nor to the Teutonic tribes. They do not belong to any one people, but have been used by the most different nations at the same stage of civilisation; and there is no historical evidence strong enough to prove that the Teutonic people were in that respect an exception. The forms and patterns of the various weapons, implements, and ornaments, are so much alike, because such forms and patterns are the most natural and the most simple. As we saw in the Stone Period how people at the lowest stage of civilisation, by a sort of instinct, made their stone implements in the same shape, so we see now, in the first traces of a higher civilisation, that they exhibit in the mode of working objects of bronze a similar general resemblance." But are the forms and patterns thus natural and simple? This argument, which abundantly satisfies us as to the universal correspondence of the majority of tools and weapons of the Stone Period, entirely fails when thus applied to the works of the Bronze Period. The former are in most cases of the simplest and most rudimentary character: the perforated oblong stone for a hammer, the pointed flint for an arrow-head, and the longer edged and pointed flint for a knife or spear. Human intelligence, in its most barbarous state, suggests such simple devices with a universality akin to the narrower instincts of the lower animals. They are, in truth, mathematically demonstrable as the simplest shapes. But the beauty and variety of form and decoration in the productions of the Bronze Period bring them under a totally different classification. They are works of art; and though undoubtedly exhibiting an indefiniteness peculiarly characteristic of its partial development, are scarcely less marked by novel and totally distinct forms than the products of the many different classic, mediæval, or modern schools of design. The form of the leaf-shaped sword, indeed, is unsurpassed in beauty by any later offensive weapon. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that the general correspondence traceable throughout the productions of the European Bronze Period, affords evidence of considerable international intercourse having prevailed; while the peculiarities discoverable on comparing the relics found in different countries of Europe, compel us to conclude that they are the products of native art, and not manufactures diffused from some common source. We have already traced them as pertaining to the infantile era of Greece, and may yet hope to find them among the indications of primitive Asiatic population, thereby supplying a new line of evidence in illustration of the north-western migration of the human race, and probably also a means of approximation towards the date of the successive steps by which the later nomades advanced towards the coasts of the German Ocean.

These remarks and extracts will serve to convey some idea of the general characteristics of the Stone and Bronze Ages—the former rude, and ill provided

with the conveniences of life; the latter considerably advanced in the arts, yet still antecedent to the classic times. We shall probably return to the subject. Meanwhile, we trust that enough has been said to prove our sense of the value of Mr Wilson's labours, and to recommend his elegant volume to the notice of our readers.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

It was a calm and glorious night in the month of July 1820, and the ruins of St Anne's Church lay sleeping in the moonlight, whilst the shadows of many tall trees fell thickly around it, and, mingling their gloom with the dark gravestones which lay crumbling on all sides, imparted an awful solemnity to the spot. The scene and hour were so well adapted to silence and meditation, that stranger might have marvelled wherefore so many human beings moved along in its immediate vicinity at this time of night.

A second glance at the spot would have unravelled to him this apparent mystery, for within a few yards of the ruined church might be seen a well, called after the patron saint of the spot, and celebrated throughout the country for its healing virtues.

This was an evening more especially devoted to St Anne; and many votaries were hastening towards the well, with the hope of gaining some desired good, or of averting some anticipated evil. Many a weary knee was bent, and many a sorrowful heart bowed down, before that rustic shrine; and however unfounded their hopes might be deemed by the enlightened looker-on, yet it would have required an obtuse heart not to sympathise with the varied forms of suffering which were there beheld at St Anne's Well.

One there was among the crowd whose aspect seemed but little in accordance with the spirit of the place. Her light, yet rounded form seemed so full of life and vigour; her firm step was so elastic in its tread; her face, although not decidedly handsome, was so attractive from its expression of cheerfulness and peace, that one marvelled to find its possessor amongst the suffering and the sorrowful. What could she desire to obtain at St Anne's Well?

Yet it was evident she was no uninterested observer of the ceremonies of the place. As she approached the well, she drew from beneath her scarlet cloak a candle, which, after having lighted, she affixed to the stem of an aged oak-tree, and hung upon a bush already laden with votive offerings her humble gift. After having knelt a while in prayer, she rose up, and was leaving the spot in silence, when she heard her name whispered by a voice whose tones were so familiar to her, that she needed no light to inform her who was the speaker.

"Is it yourself, Denny?" inquired she smiling. "I thought the ould woman was too bad for ye to lave her to-night!"

"She has, sure enough, been very bad this blessed night; but she has just got to sleep, and is lying mighty aisy just now; so I slipped out to say a word to ye, *mavourneen*; and it's yourself that wont be angry with me for that same."

"And so," continued the new-comer—"and so you've been at the well, Anne? Och! then, it's I that would be thankful for iver and iver to the saint, if she'd help us a little in our troublle; and sure it would be no such great matter for her to do, seeing ye're her own namesake."

"Hush! hush!" said Anne, in a low and reverent tone: "remember, Denny dear, she is a saint in heaven, and can't demane herself to think of all our consarns."

"Then why do ye come here at all?"

"Sure, isn't it my duty?" replied she, with a look of surprise at her lover.

Denny, like a wise man, attempted no reply to a question which appeared to him unanswerable; and

responding rather to his own thoughts than to the maiden's query, said: 'I'd be as happy as any duke in the land, if I could only scrape together two pounds for the *marriage money*; but I can't do it by any manner of manes, if I slave ever so hard; for the poor ould woman is so bad; that I can't for the life of me neglect her; and she wants me to save money first for a decent funeral for her; and sure it's she that's desirous of all I can do for her, for isn't she my own mother?'

'Ah, thin, ye're in the right, my own Denny! and it's yourself that's always been the best son in the parish, and God in heaven will reward ye for it!'

'And maybe ye will some day be after telling me that I'm the best *husband* in the parish,' said Denny in a jocose tone to his betrothed.

Whether Anne heard this last observation we cannot presume to determine; for the lovers having by this time reached her father's cabin, she hastily bade him good-night, saying that her mother would be wondering what had become of her, as she ought to have been home a quarter of an hour earlier.

Denny, on his return home to his mother's cabin, which was situated close to the ruined church of St Anne, found the old woman sitting up in her bed, with her hands clasped tightly together, whilst her body was swaying from side to side in an attitude of distress, and she gave utterance in a sort of measured tone to a low melancholy wail.

'What is ailing ye now, mother dear?' inquired Denny, seating himself on a three-legged stool close to her side. 'If anything on earth can be done to comfort ye, isn't it yer son Denny that would gladly do it for ye?'

'Thru for ye, my darlint: ye've always been a jewel of a child to your ould mother, and it's not long I'll be here now to throuble yez; but afore I go, Denny, there's one small matter lies heavy on my heart—— And here she paused a moment to take breath.

'Perhaps it's the priest, ye're wanting?' inquired Denny.

'Sorra a bit, for he's been here to-day, ye know, and I've made my soul, and that's all done; but, Denny, I should like to see my grave dug in your blessed churchyard afore I die, so that I might be sure of the spot where my bones shall rest in peace among the saints.'

This appeared to Denny a somewhat strange fancy; but he was too good a son to thwart the whims of a dying mother; so he promised her that the grave should be dug early on the ensuing morning, within sight of the very spot where she was now lying, so that she might look out through the door upon her future restingplace. Pacified by this assurance, the old woman consented to lie down quietly, and try to get some rest.

Denny rose early on the following morning, and, leaving her asleep, hastened to fulfil his promise. The grave was dug close to an ancient yew-tree, which, from its great age, was deemed almost sacred in the neighbourhood; and Denny returned home with the satisfactory conviction of having faithfully fulfilled his parent's latest wishes.

A gleam of joy lighted up the withered features of Honor O'Donoghoe, when Denny informed her that the grave had been dug, according to her desire, in St Anne's Churchyard; 'and in the holiest spot in the whole churchyard,' added he, with an air of exultation: 'jist alongside of the auncient yew-tree.'

'Ah, then! it's you that have ever been a kind and dutiful child to yer ould mother, and may ten thousand blessings be powered on yer head for the same when I am dead and gone! But Denny, jewel,' added she in a low and wheedling tone, 'there's wan thing more ye must do for me, and that's the very last throuble I shall give ye upon airth.'

'Sure, mother, ye know I wont deny ye anything in

life I can do to comfort ye. What is it, then, ye are after wanting now?'

'Och!—a thrifie—only a thrifie. I've a consate that my bones would lie more peacefully in that grave if I could only say my prayers in it afore I die.'

'Say yer prayers in it!' re-echoed Denny with a look of astonishment. 'Are ye in yer right sines, mother? I'm afeard ye're wandering.'

'Troth, I'm as right in my sines as I was this day thirty years whin I brought yerself into the world; and for the memory of that day, ye'll not refuse me now my petition.'

'And what is it ye want me to do?'

'Jist to carry my old body wrapt up in the blanket to the grave ye've dug yonder, and let me pray in the narrow bed ye have prepared for me. It will not then seem so strange-like when I am laid within it after my death; and it will be a blessed thought for ye that yer ould mother is lying there in satisfaction and peace.'

This desire of the old dame seemed to Denny a most unaccountable whim; but he resolved not to balk her fancy; and wrapping her up tenderly in a blanket, carried her across the road which lay between their cabin and the churchyard. Entering the sacred precincts, he approached the new-made grave, and gently deposited his burden within its narrow bounds.

'My blessings on yer head for bringing me here!' said the old woman, while an unnatural expression of joy and triumph once more gleamed across her countenance. 'And now, go home my darlint, and lave me alone for half an hour or so, that I may say my prayers in peace; and after that, sure, I can lie down upon my bed, and die without wan thing in the wide world to trouble me.'

Denny, in obedience to his mother's wishes, retired from the grave, and returned to the cabin, where he began his morning meal of potatoes, seasoned with salt and hunger. As he was peeling one carefully with his thumb and forefinger, so as not to break the polished surface, it suddenly occurred to him that his mother might possibly grow faint while lying thus alone in her grave; so he resolved to cross over the road, and take a glance at her without disturbing her devotions. Accordingly he climbed noiselessly up the hedge by which the churchyard was bounded, and looked anxiously towards the spot where he had left his mother. Great was his astonishment on perceiving that the old woman, instead of being engaged in prayer, was busy rooting up a corner of her destined grave. At first, it occurred to him that she must be in some kind of fit; and he was on the point of leaping over the hedge to offer her his aid, when he observed that she glanced anxiously around the churchyard, as if fearful of being detected in her occupation. Denny's reverence for his parent prevented his attempting to intrude upon her privacy; so he returned to his cabin, bewildered and perplexed by what he had seen.

At the time appointed by Mrs O'Donoghoe, her son retraced his steps to the grave, and found her lying wrapped up in her blanket, apparently tranquil and composed. As he raised her up in his arms, and was bearing her away from her restingplace, he observed her casting an anxious glance towards the empty grave, as though it possessed some strange sort of interest in her eyes. This uneasy glance often occurred to his remembrance during the few following hours, which he passed near his dying mother's bed. She could not bear to lose sight of him for a moment, and if ever he approached the open door, her voice would faintly summon him back to her side: 'Denny, hiny, ye wont lave me, will ye?' and quickly was the kind-hearted creature once more found bending over her lowly couch, and administering to her wants.

But the succeeding night proved her last upon earth; and as the early dawn broke forth, Denny found himself alone with his mother's lifeless body. He felt weary

and oppressed. Even amid his present sorrow, and his perplexity as to how he could manage to provide a 'dacent funeral' for his mother, the thought of her strange occupation, and of her yet stranger glance on the preceding day, reverted continually to his thoughts. He stood at the cabin door, gazing upon the spot where his parent's remains were shortly to be laid; and without any very definite intention, he slowly bent his steps towards the still vacant grave. He fixed his eyes upon that corner where the old woman had seemed to busy herself upon the preceding day. The soil had evidently been disturbed, and carefully pressed down again. He struck his shillelagh down upon the spot; ~~sout~~ resist-
anne offered itself to the stick. He knelt down to investigate the matter more closely; and after stirring the earth a little, what was his astonishment on discovering a black leather bag, carefully sewed up; and, on taking it out, it weighed so heavily, that the thought at once occurred to him that it must be filled with money. 'Some pence,' thought he to himself, 'that the poor old soul had saved, and was so foolish as to bury here. It couldn't be much, for she knew that I wanted money very badly to get married; and she never would have kept it from me—she loved me too well for that.'

While cogitating thus, he returned home, and taking up his mother's well-used scissors, cut open the bag. On putting in his hand, he drew out a bright new guinea. He stared at it, as if it had been a ghost, so unexpected and bewildering was the vision. Again he put in his hand, and took out several coins, each one of which proved as valuable as the first. He then poured out the contents of the bag upon the wretched worm-eaten table, where he and his mother had eaten many a poor and scanty meal. He reckoned the pieces, and numbered thirty of them. Thirty guineas!—one-tenth of which would have made him happy during her lifetime had she given it to him, instead of hoarding it with such a jealous and miserly passion! Painful thoughts rushed into Denny's mind. He had so long toiled and slaved to support her! and it was *thus* she had rewarded him, ~~having~~ out of his earnings as well as her own, with the senseless and wretched purpose of carrying her treasure to the grave! Angry words rose to Denny's lips as he bethought himself of this; and he was about to mutter them aloud, when his eye rested on the cold, pale corpse lying before him. Death is a sacred thing, shedding a sort of halo even upon those who in life bore a mean and unworthy aspect. Thus it was in the present instance. Denny, while gazing upon the departed, remembered only that she was his mother, who had nurtured him in infancy, and cherished him in youth—who had watched over him in sickness, and prided herself in the joyous vigour of his manhood. Casting aside all unkindly thoughts, he counted over his treasure once more, replaced it in the bag, and carefully locked it up in a large wooden chest, one of the very few articles of furniture to be found in the cabin. Having done this, Denny turned his thoughts to the work before him, and resolved that his mother should have a 'fine wake and a handsome funeral.' And so she had; for there was, as the neighbours said, 'great fun and plenty of drink' at Mrs O'Donoghoe's wake; and long was the procession, and loud the lamentations, at her funeral.

All these ceremonies having been duly performed, Denny felt the need of consolation and companionship in his lonely cabin; and to whom should he look for both but to the kind-hearted damsel whom we may remember as a humble votary at St Anne's Well? He did not conceal from her the discovery of his mother's hoard; and although the story of the old woman's avarice startled and surprised her, she was too good and gentle a being to harbour a bad thought concerning the deceased, whom they ever mentioned with respect; and when one little comfort after another was provided

for her in her new home, she would sometimes say to her husband: 'Sure, Denny, it is to yer mother we're beholden for all this decent furniture;' whereon they would both intuitively utter a prayer that her soul might rest in peace. Nor did they rest satisfied with thus reaping for themselves alone the fruits of her avarice; the remembrance of their mother's fault, instead of imparting bitterness to their thoughts, and closing up their hearts towards their fellow-creatures, served only to teach them the true value of money, and its rightful purpose in life; and although Denny and his wife were probably but indifferent theologians, they practically knew that it was 'more blessed to give than to receive.' Never was a sorrowful being sent away from their door without a word of kindness and sympathy—never was a needy sufferer dismissed without sharing their simple hospitality.

About five-and-twenty years have passed away since the period of which we have been speaking. Denny and Anne are no fictitious personages. They are now the parents of a large and thriving family, and despite the miseries of their unhappy ~~country~~, they still cling to their native soil; so that if any of our readers should ever chance to visit St Anne's Well, they may recognise in the buxom matron and kind-hearted master of a neighbouring cottage their old and familiar friends, Dennis and Anne O'Donoghoe.

PANAMA TO CHAGRES.

THAT till the present moment so little should have been done to form a regular communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the Isthmus of Panama, is a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact, that the mission of the Spanish race seems to be to retard everything that is useful. Balboa, with his conquering band, crossed the Isthmus to the Pacific in 1513; and after more than three hundred years the route across the narrow track of land lies in a condition of nature. In 1698 the Scotch, as is well known, attempted to colonise the Isthmus at Darien on the Atlantic side; but though taking valid possession, the jealousy of the English interfered so as to ruin the rising settlement—a circumstance now greatly to be lamented, for a more liberal policy would long since have made the route to Panama the highway of British commerce.

Relieved from the competition of the Scotch, the Spaniards carried on an intercourse from Panama to Portobello, partly by land, and partly by taking advantage of rivers on both sides; and by this line the treasures of Peru were shipped for Europe. But the discovery of the more easy route by Cape Horn soon caused Portobello and Panama to be comparatively deserted. In short, the difficulties of no more than forty-three miles of land and river travel were so great, that a sea-voyage of several thousand miles was found to be preferable.

A few years ago it was the fate of the writer of this to cross from Panama to the east coast; and as the route pursued was pretty much that which is now pointed out as preferable by Colonel Lloyd, a few words respecting the aspect of the country may not be unacceptable.

On glancing at a map of America, it will be seen that the neck of land here alluded to is narrowest where it joins the southern continent; and it is at this point that Panama on the one side, and Portobello on the other, are situated. A river, the Chagres, falls into the sea at port of Chagres, which is at no great distance from Portobello. On the opposite side, at Panama, a river falls into the Pacific. From the head-waters of

the two rivers, the distance is only six miles; and here the ground rises to a height of 260 feet above the level of the ocean. This patch of hilly ground is the main engineering difficulty. Cruces and Gorgona may be called two village-stations on the route.

Let us now cross the Isthmus, and see its forests, streams, and people; let us take a glance at the wild route by which thousands of emigrants are at present weekly hurrying to the land of gold. Arriving in the Bay of Panama, an offshoot of the Pacific, you may be supposed to have started from your crowded uncomfortable berth with the blessed news in your ears that you are now entering Panama Bay; and on reaching the deck the mists of morning are lifting off the waters, and an island rises before you, with hills rising in terraces of luxuriant vegetation to the height of a thousand feet. Palms, cocoa, and banana-trees stretch in unbroken masses from its summit to the sea. A village, with an unfailing spring of sweet water, from which all the vessels touching at Panama are supplied, appears in a sheltered nook beside a cocoagrove. It is the island of Taboga, which is to Panama what Capri is to Naples, only far more beautiful. So deep is the water around it, that you pass within a stone's throw of the gardens of orange and tamarind fringing the beach. All round you now spreads the bay, surrounded by green undulating hills, and its sparkling swells ridden by flocks of snow-white pelicans. To your right, in the distance, are seen the decaying walls of a fort, stretching for a full mile along the shore; in front are some volcanic islets, steep and matted with foliage, which, seen through a golden mist, present a dreamy and pleasing feature in the vista, while beyond the rays of the morning sun fall in burnished tints on the solid stone-walls of the town. Enormous canoes, paddled by half-clad negroes, approach the ship, and convey you over the shallows to the beach.

Passing through the once massive but now crumbling boundary-walls of Panama, you enter its narrow shady streets, and emerge in the Plaza, or great square. Here grass is growing over the pavement, and, lounging at the door of a guardhouse, you see some wretched-looking soldiers, without shoes or stockings. Men and things alike speak of degeneracy and decay. The cathedral is a wreck; not a third of the handsome stone churches are now in use; and even the private houses are not exempt from decay. Some of the decaying buildings are exceedingly picturesque, being partially covered with ivy and vines; whilst, rising far above the walls, are to be seen countless tropical plants and flowers. Most exquisite of these are the ruins of the Jesuit church of San Felipe, which reminds one of the Baths of Caracalla. The majestic arches spanning the nave are laden with a wilderness of shrubbery and wild vines, which fall like a fringe to the very floor. The building is roofless; but daylight can scarcely steal in through the enbowing leaves. Several bells, of a sweet silvery ring, are propped up by beams in a dark corner; but from the look of the place, ages seem to have passed since they called the crafty brotherhood to the *oracion*. A splendid college, left incomplete many years ago, fronts on one of the plazas. Its Corinthian pillars and pilasters of red sandstone are broken and crumbling; and from the crevices at their base spring luxuriant bananas, shooting their large leaves through the windows, and folding them around the columns of the gateway. So rapid, yet so beautiful is decay in the tropics! The private dwellings are lofty, with projecting eaves, sometimes with verandas in front, and always whitewashed. Many of them have *patios*, or inner courts, as in Old Spain; the rooms are of great

height and spaciousness, the walls very solid; and though the woodwork is almost all rotten or torn away, a comparatively small outlay of money would put the town in complete repair. Some Yankees have recently established a few hotels and eating-houses; and when a proper road shall have been made across the Isthmus, this neglected place will assume a charming appearance.

Few persons of pure Spanish descent are here to be seen—and the fewer the better, considering their nations and habits. The oppressed are now masters. Four-fifths of the population are of the negro race; smaller in their proportions, but infinitely less repulsive in appearance than those of the United States. They are the carriers of the place, and are by far the hardest and most muscular race on the Isthmus. With their legs and feet bare, and nothing but a cloth around their loins, they carry enormous burthens, stepping along the toilsome and uneven roads with wonderful strength and dexterity. They all bear on their hard and wrinkled faces the stamp of overtaxed strength; but they seem content with their lot, and will doubtless regret the formation of a better route, as tending to lessen the value of their services. You hire one of them to carry your luggage, and a skeleton mule for yourself, and set out on your overland journey.

For a short time after leaving Panama it is pleasant enough travelling, the narrow road being paved with large regularly-cut stone, the remains of the old Spanish highway across the Isthmus; then comes abundance of sand; then the road again, but this time a *Via Mala* indeed. Numbers of the stone-slabs have sunk from their places, every cavity is filled with mud and water; and it needs incessant and fatiguing exertion to prevent your mule floundering into these pitfalls and quagmires. So execrable is the road, that all female passengers have to don male attire, and stick to their mules as they best can; and the spectacle is by no means uncommon of lady-emigrants perambulating Panama for a day or two thus strangely attired, having outstripped their luggage. At the *peck* of the Isthmus, where you are crossing, the Cordillera is interrupted by some remarkable breaks or nearly level spaces. The road passes over the projecting spurs of the main chain, and through dense forests your spent mule reaches the highest ridge. Do not expect the view of a sea on either hand. Above you spreads a roof of transparent green, through which few rays of the sunlight fall—the only sounds, the chattering of monkeys as they crack the palm-nuts, and the scream of parrots flying from tree to tree. In the deepest ravines spent mules lie dying or dead; and perched on the boughs overhead, the bald vultures wait silently for you to pass. Clefts and gulleys, swamps and thickets, seem to render the way impassable; but your mule is steady and sure-footed. He slides down almost precipitous banks, bringing up all straight at the bottom—though more than once you go over his head. No fear of him running away: he stands like a brick till you remount, and then resumes his deliberate pace.

A twenty-miles' ride brings you, thoroughly tired, to the mud-plastered cane-houses of Cruces—a miserable place. The houses are so irregularly scattered, that but a small portion of the town bears any resemblance to a street; and the whole population is under 900. You are glad next morning when you prepare to leave it; for the place is dirty, the climate unhealthy, and prices quite on the Californian scale—two dollars for a plate of meat, and two more for cooking it! The worst of the journey is now over, for you here exchange your mule for a canoe, and the execrable road for the gliding bosom of the Rio Chagres. At first the current is rapid, and as your negro boatmen leisurely ply their broad paddles, they keep time to the Ethiopian melodies they have picked up from the emigrants. To keep up the excitement, the brandy bottle is handed

round; and so; after much pulling, laughing, and singing, we arrive at Gorgona, at which the river Chagres assumes a respectable breadth.

The arrival at Gorgona is about dusk; yet there is sufficient light to see a number of empty canoes moored to the bank, by which you understand that a body of upstream emigrants have already landed, and that the ship which brought them awaits you at the mouth of the river. The sound of wooden drums proclaims a *fandango*. You are not tired, and proceed to the rendezvous. The aristocracy of the little place have met in the *alcalde's* house; the *plazas* on a level green before one of the huts. The dances within doors and without are the same, but there is some attempt at style by the former class. The ladies are dressed in white and pink, with flowers in their hair, and waltz with a slow grace to the music of violins and guitars. The *alcalde's* daughters are rather pretty, and great favourites with the Americans—some of whom join in the *fandango*, and go through its voluptuous mazes at the first trial, to the great delight of the natives. There is less sentiment but more jollity at the dances on the grass, though the music there is certainly deficient. The only accompaniment to the wooden drums is the 'na, na, na,' of the women—a nasal monotone, which few ears have nerve to endure. Those who dance longest, and with the most voluptuous spirit, have the hats of all the others piled upon them in token of applause. These half-barbarous orgies are seen in the pure and splendid light poured down upon the landscape from a vertical moon; and for long the dazzling beams and the laughing shouts of the dancers scare away sleep from your comfortless roosting-place.

Next morning you again embark, and after about an hour's sail your canoe rounds the foot of Monte Carabali, a bold peak, clothed with forests and surmounted with a single splendid palm, and whose summit is the only one in the province from which both seas may be seen at once. The sun shines high and hotly, and lying back under the palm-leaf thatch that shades the canoe's stern, you catch the shifting scenery through which you are swiftly gliding. Here and there a solitary crocodile is seen basking in the sun, while on either bank the foliage seems alive with parrots, macaws, and monkeys. Nothing in the world is comparable to the forests of the Rio Chagres. The river, broad and with a swift current of the sweetest water you ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered. Blossoms of crimson, purple, and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the north, are mingled with the leaves; and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air, like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves; and often the gorgeous creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half way across the river. Every turn of the stream only discloses another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp clear outlines of our home scenery are here wanting. What change the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed for ever.

Caoutchouc grows in the forests, and your boatmen wear dresses of waterproof without fold or seam, but allowing free play to the limbs and muscles. It is a bountiful provision of nature to grow that substance in the region where it is most needed. As you sit gazing over the stern, a sudden cold wind comes over the forests, and the air is at once darkened. You hear the rush and roar of the rain as it comes towards you like the trampling of a myriad feet on the leaves. Shooting under a broad sycamore, your boatmen make fast to the boughs, and the next instant the rain breaks over you as if the sky had caved in. A dozen lines of white electric heat run down from the zenith, followed by crashes of thunder, which you feel throbbing in the very water beneath you. Wrapped in waterproof, you wait in your cool green shelter till the storm blows past.

After six or seven hours' sailing, you reach Chagres at the mouth of the river. The population here, about a thousand in all, consists almost wholly of negroes, the dirtiest and most indolent of their race. Of all filthy towns this is the filthiest. The houses, or rather huts, are built of cane; pigs and naked children run at large in the streets; and you cannot walk through any part of it without sinking up to the ankles in mud. Such is the impression the place gives one, that two persons who had sold off their whole property in the States, with the intention of settling in California, had no sooner set eyes on Chagres than they determined on returning home—one of them declaring that nothing on earth would induce him to cross the Isthmus. The climate, moreover, is very deleterious; the sun is blazing down on the swampy shores; and you joyfully embark on board the vessel that awaits you in the shallow bay, round the high bluff on which the old castle stands, and then, *Hurrah for home!* wherever that may be.

Pathless and featureless as this forest route may seem, the United States' engineers have already surveyed it, and marked a line for a 'plank' railway. But the great line of transit, the 'pathway of the oceans,' will be some two hundred and fifty miles further north, where the San Juan river falls into the Caribbean sea. The proposed route lies up that river into the Lake of Nicaragua, then up a small stream into Lake Leon, from whence to the Pacific is a distance of only ten miles, which will be passed by railway. Or else, diverge from this route at half way up Lake Nicaragua, and strike across the level country (only sixteen miles) to the deep Gulf of Papagayo, where ships of the largest tonnage can anchor close to the shore. This line is being carefully considered by American and British engineers, and when finally approved of by them, the company for working it will be open to English and States' shareholders indiscriminately. Another of the six or seven proposed routes, that across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is worthy of notice, as the British have there secured to themselves, from the Mexican government, the sole right of passage; but at present this line is not meeting with much support. In fact, to be quite successful, the route adopted must be one in which both England and America take an interest; for besides the detriment certain to result from any rivalry betwixt these powers, the mere capital required for so extensive an undertaking will probably be more than either nation separately can afford to advance. Both for the sake of the undertaking, and for the sake of the world, we hope that Britain and the States will here go hand in hand. There can be no reason, however, for confining the transit to only one route; and I would humbly submit a consideration of the advantages derivable from so short a passage as that I have referred to between Panama and Chagres. The engineering difficulties of this latter line are not of serious importance, and I apprehend the chief obstacle will be of a political nature. At all events, the world is tired of waiting, and it would be good news to hear

that ground was broken in any one of the lines of route that have been pointed out. One thing, at least, should spur on the enterprise. Between St Francisco and Panama several steam-vessels regularly ply, in connection with the imperfectly-formed route from Chagres.

THE BIRD OF EVIL, OME N.

THOUGH the goddess of wisdom chose the Owl for her own peculiar emblem—though the queen of heaven assumed the shape of the eagle-owl, because, as Aldrovandus tells us, she might not ‘take on herself the likeness of any small or vulgar bird, but rather be embodied in one whose reign by night was coequal with that of the eagle by day’—yet neither the one nor the other has been able to rescue the bird from the odium caused by its dreary and suspicious habits.

The eagle-owl (*Strix bubo*) was supposed by the ancients to bear the same death-announcing messages as others of the tribe. Pliny terms it ‘funereal owl,’ and ‘monster of the night,’ and Virgil, introducing it among the prodigies forerunning the suicide of Dido, makes it

‘complain
In lengthened shriek and dire funereal strain.’

But it is the screech-owl (*S. flammea*) which is the head and chief of all terrors: it was, according to Ovid, supposed to destroy young children if they were left unwatched; and indeed Hasselquist, writing in the middle of the thirteenth century, affirms the same thing, though he confines his accusation to the owls of Syria. Imperial Rome twice underwent lustration to save her from the direful consequences of the visits of this bird, which on one occasion penetrated even to the Capitol. With the same view one of them was caught and burnt, and its ashes strewn on the waters of the Tiber. And it was usual to nail their dead bodies on the doors of houses, in order to protect its inhabitants from the ominous terrors of the living bird.

If this owl was seen perched on a house-top, or flew screaming over it, it portended the death of some one of the family. Thus when Charles Frederick, Duke of Juliers and Treves, lay dying, the bird remained on his roof through all the light of day, and could not be driven away. The same idea prevails amongst the Siamese. In Barbary, it is added, that if the owl appear from the northward, the evil will not be confined to one person, but a plague ensue, which will not decrease until the bird of evil omen disappears. And in our own land, so great is the alarm excited by the scream of this poor bird, that it is much to be feared its influence on the weakened nerves of an invalid has sometimes caused the death it seemed to prognosticate. It is to the owl—which is naturally attracted by the light in a sick-room—that we may trace the Cyprath, or night-hag of the Welsh, which is said to come flapping her leathery wings against the window-frames, and slowly shrieking out the name of the dying person.

Many are the poetical allusions to this dire property. Thus Shakespeare says—

‘Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked—the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern’st good-night.’

‘Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of death?’

‘While the scritch-owl, scritch-owl loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in wo
In remembrance of a shroud.’

And it gives a peculiar beauty to the lines of poor Chatterton—

‘Hark! The ravenne flappes hys winge
In the briered delle belowe;
Hark! the deth-owlie loud dothe singe,
To the night-maires as theie goe!’

So also is the owl employed in the prophetic and historical portions of the Scriptures. The thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah alone contains four distinct allusions to it.

• The Ethiopians and Egyptians used the image of the owl as a messenger of death, in the same manner that the bull’s head was afterwards used by the Scotch and other nations. When this token was sent by the king, it was considered a point of loyalty and honour for the receiver to kill himself immediately; while any attempt to escape from the doom so announced was believed to cast an indelible stain both on the condemned and on his country. Diodorus Siculus tells of an Egyptian mother who actually strangled with her girdle the son who endeavoured to evade such an invitation to death.

And all these dismal things are said of the poor screech or barn-owl, because his habits are not exactly the habits of the world at large—because, like an antiquary, no building has attractions for him until it becomes a ruin—because he prefers groping in the night to moving in the fair light of day. And yet he is a most interesting bird, and may truly serve as an emblem of wisdom, on account of his being, as Mr Broderip remarks, ‘the only bird that looks straight forward.’ To the farmer and gardener his services are so invaluable, that every one of them should sing, with Master Goldthred—

‘My blessing on the jolly owl.’

When the sun sinks at night, the owl may be seen noiselessly sailing over the fields, and beating round the hedges ‘like a setting-dog,’ occasionally darting down with unerring aim upon a hapless mouse, young rat, or other small animal, and securing it with his foot. The number of these little destroyers which it slays may be appreciated by the fact observed by White, that one pair of owls brought a mouse to their young ones every five minutes during the hour he watched them; while the young birds remain so long in the nest, that there are frequently three broods, of different ages, to be fed at the same time.

Owls are the fondest and most loving of parents. The late Bishop of Norwich mentions that a young eagle-owl having been taken captive in Sweden, and placed in a hen-coop, was regularly fed by the two old owls, which each night deposited a partridge, a moorfowl, or even a young lamb, at the prison door of their child. And Couch tells of a pair of wood-owls which annually built in a certain hollow tree, but which had their young ones stolen from them every season: that for many years they persevered in that confidence in man, so often seen in their species; till at length owl-nature could bear it no longer; and when the plunderer ascended to the nest, the mother-owl, with loud cries, bore off her sole young one in her claws, and never more built in that inhospitable place.

The barn-owl may be almost regarded as a domestic bird: it is very easily tamed, becoming a most grotesque and amusing companion; so that no one who has seen it in its social moments can retain the idea that its wisdom lies in gravity. It may be added that this owl does not forget in its captivity its friends out-of-doors; as was proved by Jesse’s owl, *Keevie*, which used to drag a portion of its food along the passage, and out of the house, to feed a wild companion, who came every evening to receive the donation.

The wood or brown owl (*S. stridula*) above mentioned, is the species that makes the woods resound at night with its wild but not unmusical hootings—hootings that sound in answering chorus, such as that which opens ‘Christabel’—

‘Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
And hark again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew!’

This is distinctively the 'owl in the ivy bush,' for there, by day, it is most usually to be found; and it is even more decidedly a night-bird than the barn-owl.

It seems impossible to trace the origin of the saying, that this owl was once a baker's daughter, who was changed into her present form as a punishment for refusing bread to our Saviour when he was upon earth; but the fable is alluded to by several authors. Shakespeare, for instance, makes Ophelia exclaim: 'They say the owl was a baker's daughter;' and Fletcher, in the 'Nice Valour,' writes:

'Happy, I say, is he, whose window opens
To a brown-baker's chimney: he shall be sure there
To hear the bird sometimes after twilight.'

Broderip observes that the nurses of his youth altered the tradition, making the bird an earl's daughter, who was transformed for disobedience, and ever condemned to cry—

'Oh! hoo—hoo—my feet are cold.'

While in the north she is advanced to the dignity of Pharaoh's daughter—

'Oh! oo—oo—
I once was a king's daughter, and sat on my father's
knee,
But now I am a poor howlet, and hide in a hollow
tree.'

In the long cold nights it is most entertaining to listen to a conversation of owls: first comes a sad and inquiring hoot, as if to ascertain that all are within hearing; then succeeds a circumstantial cry, which seems to suggest the subject to be discussed; and this is followed by several distant and somewhat querulous notes. And so, in every variety of accent and intonation, does the debate continue; until perhaps some human listener boldly takes up the strain, and ventures to speak owl language in his own voice—

'Why should not one owl whoop to another?'

Even he is received with politeness, and his counterfeit hoot answered as calmly and dispassionately as if he were a veritable owl. This, however, is a pastime upon which he might not venture if he were wandering among the American Indians; for so great is their dread of the bird, that they dare not insult it by mimicking its cry; and they visit with their severest displeasure those who presume to do so. This more especially refers to the horned Virginian owl and the hawk-owl—the *Chepat-peethes* and *Chepomesces* (death-bird) of the Oree Indians. These names are given in consequence of the superstition which induces them to whistle when they hear it: if the bird becomes silent when thus challenged, the speedy death of the inquirer is foretold. This hawk-owl is such an audacious bird, that it will pounce upon game directly it has been shot; and its habits, as is shewn by the formation of its eye, are not so strictly nocturnal as those of the true typical owls. The famous German banditti thought it vulgar to whistle as a signal: their owlish 'Tu-who' resounded through the forests—more portentous cry than that of the bird it imitated.

The older naturalists assert that the owl never drinks; but this appears very doubtful, though they must certainly require very little liquid, since White kept a wood-owl alive for a year without any. This bird, though it commonly nests in the hollow of a decayed tree, will now and then take possession, like the long-horned owl (*S. otus*), of the deserted nest of a magpie, a crow, or a squirrel, adding a portion of straw or grass for lining. Here the gray and queer-looking young ones, which resemble nothing so much as a downy puff-ball with great staring eyes, stay contentedly for several months, scaring loudly when happy, or hissing like a nest of serpents if an intruding hand appear in their home and fortress.

The eggs of an owl are white and globular. The nest is likewise strewed with round pellets of rejected bones, feathers, and fur: a fact very necessary to be known by all who wish to keep an owl in captivity, for many have perished from not having these substances given to it with its food.

The conformation of the owl is well adapted to its habits. Its eyes are of an enormous size; and the pupil is so constructed, that it is capable of considerable expansion and contraction, which enables it to pierce through the obscurity of the night. Its ear is of extraordinary dimensions, and great capacity for hearing; while it is covered with an operculum movable at pleasure. Its feet are armed with one serrated claw, which enables it to secure not only its ordinary prey, but even fishes. And its whole plumage is of so soft, light, and yielding a nature, that its gliding movements are nearly inaudible—a quality which is further increased by the formation of the outer quill of its wing, which is notched, so as to cut the air as noiselessly as possible. In addition to all this, some species, such as the eagle-owl and the great snowy owl (*S. nyctea*), are endowed with a remarkable degree of power and strength; so that they can with ease carry off a hare, a lamb, or even a fawn.

The owl is a universally distributed bird. In the icy North, and in the burning East; in the forests of the new world, and in the citied plains of the old; in Rome, in Greece, and in the unexplored Australian wilds—let man turn where he will, still the old familiar face meets his, and the well-known yet startling cry sounds in his ears like a voice from home. Hitherto we have spoken of the owl in a living state; we must now turn to the manner in which its dead body has been employed; for it has been largely used in charms and incantations. Horace makes it an ingredient in the internal mixture of *Canidia*; Proportius stirs it into his love-charm; Ovid makes Medea complete her dreadful caldron of 'wonder-working juices' with

'A screech-owl's carcass, and ill-omened wings;'

Ben Jonson brings

'The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black;'

into his; and the 'owlet's wing' forms a seasoning to the broth of the witches in *Macbeth*.

Such being its properties and uses, it is not wonderful that some parts of it should be employed in the ancient pharmacopœia. Thus the feet, if burnt with the herb plumbago, possessed a power against serpents; the ashes of its penetrating eyes were fancifully deemed good for clearing the sight; while the egg of the owl, and the blood of its nestlings, were valuable for preserving the hair, and rendering it curly: though Pliny, considering the bird itself an unnatural prodigy, doubts whether any one ever saw its egg, and more especially whether any one would venture to employ it if found. The ashes of the head were also a remedy for that constant, though, according to old belief, universally-cured disease—disorder of the spleen.

Among the moderns, the Italians greatly value the little Civetta, or Chiu, as it is called in imitation of its cry, and perhaps a few other owls, as food; and they also keep it in their gardens for the purpose of destroying vermin. In America, both whites and Indians, notwithstanding their superstitions, consume great numbers of the snowy owl, the flesh of which is delicately white.

Mr Broderip, to whose researches we are greatly indebted in this paper, thinks that much of the ill name of the owl may be attributed to its known partiality for the shrew; for as the shrew is not in the best possible odour among the superstitious, 'what a concatenation of *diablerie* must our ancestors have believed an owl to be after a protracted shrew diet!'

Britain boasts ten species of the owl, either as residents or visitors; and these species range from the stately and magnificent eagle, and snowy owls, to the quaint and pretty litter owl (*S. Passerina*), which occasionally, though seldom, leaves its resting-place in the chimneys of Carniola, to spend a season with us. Howe mentions a curious custom which formerly prevailed in the west of England on St Valentine's Day; three single men would go out before sunrise with a clap-net, to catch an owl and two sparrows. If they succeeded in doing so, and could bring them uninjured to the door of an inn before the females of the house were up, they claimed three pots of purl in honour of St Valentine, and they might afterwards demand a similar reward at any other house in the neighbourhood.

The owl is a very long-lived bird—a fact which did not escape the notice of our fathers; for one of the oldest of the Welsh fables tells how an eagle-king, being desirous of ascertaining the age of a certain owl, and not having the convenience of a legal register, started on a tour of inquiry from such animals as were supposed to be the oldest inhabitants. These severally referred him to others who had lived still longer; and at length he ascertained that none had ever known the owl younger, or in anyway different in appearance or voice from what she then was. Then there is another in the same collection, which, accounting for the nocturnal habits of the owl and bat, and more especially for the scorn with which other birds treat them, teaches us how the dove and the bat, being on a journey together, and coming late in the evening to the dwelling of the chief of the owls, sought and received a shelter. Then, supper being ended, the bat broke forth into a loud and laudatory strain on the wisdom and virtues of their entertainer, attributing to him qualities which it was well known he never possessed. This over, the dove, with modest dignity, simply thanked the owl for his attentions and hospitality, on which both the Amphitryon and the parasite flew violently at her, accusing her of insulting ingratitude, and so drove her out into the dark and stormy night. When the morning dawned, the dove flew to the court of her king, who, in great wrath, passed an edict, enacting that from thenceforth the owl and the bat should never presume to fly abroad until the sun was down, under pain of being attacked and beaten by all other birds. For a corroboration of this tradition, we need only observe the conduct of the small birds when a hapless owl—which has so numerous a family, that the short summer nights will scarcely enable her to supply them with food—ventures to steal forth when the sun is a little clouded over at noon, to satisfy the cravings of her hunger. Jesse gives an interesting account of an owl which had resided for many years in a hole in the wall of a house in Glamorganshire, but which was at length ejected by the hole being built up. The owl, however, commenced so sad and so pertinacious a lamentation, that the owners of the house were glad to re-open the hole, as the only means of procuring peace.

BROTHER CHARLES.

ALTHOUGH Brother Charles enjoys a continental reputation, he is but little known in England, except to those who chance to have read a French work recently published by Mme de Gasparin, giving her impressions of Egypt, Nubia, and Syria. This lady, during her temporary abode in the convent on Mount Carmel, was treated with the most cordial kindness by Brother Charles—a personage who is even mentioned with respect and admiration by those who have been received within the hospitable walls of Mount Carmel. Brother Charles, although by profession a recluse, dwells habitually in the society of his fellow-creatures; for to him has been assigned the duty of entertaining strangers—an office which he fulfills with the graceful

simplicity of an anchorite, and the easy vivacity of a man of the world.

During Napoleon's brief expedition into Syria, a large body of wounded French soldiers were received within the walls of the convent, and carefully tended by the brethren—an act of charity which was severely visited by the Turks, who, coming up to Carmel, murdered the Frenchmen, and after pillaging the convent, laid it nearly in ruins. Grievous as was this catastrophe in its effect on the poor monks, they far less lamented their own misery than the departed glory of their beloved convent, and its restoration formed

‘Their hope by day, their dream by night.’

But how was this to be accomplished? A sum of £30,000 was required for the purpose. Brother Charles undertook to travel throughout Europe in order to raise the necessary fund. Everywhere he met with kindness and good-will; and the gentle courtesy of his manners, united with a spiritual *bonhomie* of character, and the most refined *naïveté* of expression, won for him golden opinions among all classes and conditions of men. The poor man gave out of his poverty, and the more wealthy contributed largely out of their abundance; so that the barefooted Carmelite rejoiced to find his pious store increasing during each step of his progress. Visions of golden treasure filled his mind as he at length drew nigh to Paris—that great centre of sociality, where any remarkable man, whether monk or philosopher, conjuror or hero, is alike welcomed with acclamation by a people who, like the Athenians of old, are ever longing ‘to tell or to hear some new thing.’

Brother Charles described with humour his adventures in this gay and brilliant capital, where he appeared under the special protection of M. Thiers, who professed an ardent zeal for the success of his charitable mission. Brother Charles wanted money—a large sum of money. ‘He addresses himself to all sorts of notabilities—artists, politicians, Legitimists, Constitutionalists, women of fashion, literary ladies—everywhere he is received with cordiality—everywhere he is beset with compliments—with invitations. Brother Charles is in fact a *lion*—the lion of the day; but he has as yet no suspicion on the subject. A lottery and a concert are organised for the benefit of Mount Carmel. Wonderful promises are made by the artists—of *original* paintings, *original* verses, *original* music—only they are not very careful in keeping their promises. ‘Without the ladies,’ said Brother Charles emphatically, ‘we never should have got on!’ A committee is formed to refresh the memory of his promise-making friends; the tickets are all sold—the prizes arrive. ‘Take my advice,’ said a celebrated author, who was on the committee; ‘sell all the pictures which are of any value, . . . and let them draw for the rest.’

Brother Charles drew back, bewildered and surprised.

‘But *figlio mio!* you forget that the people who have purchased tickets have done so with the hope of winning a picture of Horace Vernet's, or an autograph of Hugo's!’

‘Bah! bah! is it not easy enough to copy them? Such things are done every day.’ Brother Charles, however, was too honest a man to accede to the proposal. He remained firm, and for the first time perhaps in a Parisian lottery of this sort, the ticket-holders had a fair chance of gaining the highest prizes which had been held out to them as an incentive to charity.

After the lottery came the concert. Once more there was a lavish profusion of promises, and a hundred good reasons for drawing back from them. Brother Charles, who was inflexible in great matters, was most accommodating in the minor arrangements. He placed upon the committee, as he says himself, ‘every body, *good and bad*—Catholics and Protestants.’ At length, by dint of

letters, and visits, and committees, the great day arrives. The concert is to take place at the Odéon. Brother Charles is passing the evening quietly at the Luxembourg with the Duchess Decazes, when one of the managers enters the saloon.

'You must accompany me immediately, if you please.'

'Whither?'

'To the Odéon.'

'What! to the Odéon—to the theatre?—I, a Carmelite brother—a monk?'

'Precisely so!'

'But I shall most assuredly not go there. My part of the business is over, and I shall remain quietly where I am.'

'It is the committee who have sent me. They desire to speak with you.'

'The committee! Ah, that is another matter. There is no difficulty, I hope, in the business. Come, let us set out at once.'

They arrive at the Odéon, and are ushered up a small and gloomy staircase, as silent and private-looking as if it was in a convent.

'Here is the committee-room,' observes his companion, placing his hand on the lock of a narrow door. Brother Charles enters fearlessly, expecting to find himself in the midst of the friendly committee with whom he had been associated almost daily during the preceding five weeks. He enters, and on looking up, finds himself on the scenic boards! 'On the boards of a theatre, madam—in the midst of the orchestra, in front of the pit, and facing five rows of boxes, crowded with fashionable men and women!' A skilful stroke this on the part of his charity-managing friends! Brother Charles retained his honest simplicity of heart, but I suspect (says Mme de Gasparin) that from that day forward he began to understand somewhat more of the mysteries of Parisian charity.

But the best of all was to hear him describe his visit to M. Thiers, who, as has been already hinted, was lavish in his promises of friendly aid to Mount Carmel and its brotherhood. M. Thiers was at this time at the head of the Opposition; M. Guizot in the ministry for foreign affairs.

'Monsieur Thiers, I have need of your assistance.'

'What can I do for you, father? Is it money you require?'

'No, not money: not from you at least. There is something else I require at your hands.'

'What then?'

'You must kindly assist me in procuring a grant from the minister of foreign affairs.'

'Indeed!'

'Just consider, I am quite a stranger here—a poor monk, who would be left to grow musty in the antechamber if I presented myself there alone. Pray accompany me, therefore, to M. Guizot's.'

M. Thiers almost started off his chair.

'Are you aware of the nature of your request? Do you really know what you are asking me to do?'

'I am not aware of any difficulty in the matter. I know not whether you are the friend of M. Guizot or not. All I know is, that you, M. Thiers, are the protector of Carmel; I come to you as to the protector of Carmel, and I feel assured that you will accompany me in that character.'

M. Thiers reflects a moment, then rises from his seat, puts on his paletot, accompanies Brother Charles to the house of the minister, is received with the distinguished attention with which a political enemy is always received when he comes to ask a favour, and the convent of Mount Carmel gains 20,000 piastres by this rencontre of the two parliamentary antagonists!

Alien as were the charity-mongering devices of his Parisian friends to Brother Charles's simple, honest disposition, he nevertheless felt deeply grateful for the

kindness and liberality bestowed upon him in that capital; and now that he is dwelling peacefully within the walls of his beloved convent, he entertains his guests with anecdotes of his life in Paris, the minutest portions of which dwell with pleasure upon his memory. Does any one praise at dinner the haricots or the peas of Carmel!—Brother Charles tells his guests that he 'received the seed from the Princesse or the Marquise So-and-so.' Although a Neapolitan by birth, he seems to be a Frenchman in heart. All other affections, however, seem but cold in comparison to his zeal for the glory of Mount Carmel.

To us who are daily familiar with stirring thoughts and busy projects, and who dwell in the midst of a 'busy battling world,' rife with excitement of every sort and name, the worthy 'Brother's' life may seem a dull and soulless thing. And truly we should be loth to exchange the joys or even the cares of domestic life for his more still existence upon Mount Carmel; yet he may haply be of a far other mind, and may think, with one of our own poets, that

'Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss.
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the uncumbered mind,
By some weak aim at services assigned
To gentle natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.'

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

The chapter of accidents is a chequered page—sometimes comic passages—more often scenes of sadness, inviting the most serious considerations. A newspaper without an account of one or more accidents of the latter kind is scarcely ever taken up, and lamentable as is such an occurrence to the sufferer himself, it rarely happens to a working-man, whether he be employed in a profession or a trade, as a mechanic or a labourer, without causing privation and loss to several others besides himself, who are dependent on him for their livelihood and support.

If indeed he be so fortunate as to have other resources besides the profits of his ordinary occupation, a disabling accident will only partially affect him with distress. But it is a much more serious affair when a man's whole income is derived only from the labour of his head or hands. Let him be but temporarily disabled, and he is thrown into immediate embarrassment; and a fatal accident is at once a deathblow to himself and a sentence of destitution to his family. Has he a wife and children, what then is their condition? For a time they rely perhaps on the kindness of their friends, and the casual benevolence of strangers; failing such assistance, how often does their future lot become a continued struggle, by honest or dishonest means, to maintain a wretched, perhaps a shameful existence, independent of the workhouse?

We were led to these reflections by the very unpleasant circumstance of witnessing an accident in the streets of London. A man fell from a scaffolding at our feet, a powerful, fine young fellow of six or seven-and-twenty. The dull muffled crash, as the full, muscular body struck the pavement, was inexpressibly shocking; and an unnatural sideways bending of the leg, as we raised him from the ground (indicating a fracture), was not calculated to relieve our feelings. Shortly after, and a bitter day it was, we visited him at the hospital: his injuries were severe, and there was no probability that he would be fit for work for the next three months. The lucky fellow, however, was attended by a fine young woman, who proved to be his wife, and to whom he was indebted for four blooming pledges of an affection which had all the appearance of sincerity on both sides. 'They may thank her,' said

he, 'for the comforts they still enjoy while I am thus laid up.'

We thought he was referring to his wife's industry; but it was not that. She laboured hard indeed, but her gains were small, and her abode being distant, much time was lost in walking to and from the hospital.

'You see, sir,' he continued, 'her brother works in a printing establishment, which is employed by the "Accidental Insurance Company," and from him she learnt all about it; and at last, after much talk, thank God, she persuaded me to insure against the chance of accidents.'

'Railway accidents you mean?—but your case has nothing to do with travelling by rail.'

'No, no, sir; you mistake. My insurance applies to every kind of accident, and to this among the rest. It was only last month that I took out a policy; it cost me fifteen shillings, and I never laid out my money to better profit.'

Insurance against accidents of all kinds, as distinguished from that confined to railway accidents, is a subject which was adverted to in a previous number of this journal,* and we were glad to have an opportunity of observing it in operation.

Pursuing our inquiries, therefore, with much interest we learned that, for his 15s., there was insured to the man's family, in the event of his death by an accident within twelve months, the sum of £100; and also £1 a week payable to him as long as he was disabled by a similar cause from work; and no bad bargain had he made of it. The poor fellow was not free from pain in his wounded limb; but the kindly cheerfulness with which he turned to a fellow-sufferer, and said (after whispering to his wife)—'Your missus should not have come out this cold morning without her shawl; my Jane has got something for her'—contrasted strikingly with the haggard anxiety of the half-clad object of his sympathy, whose main resource in this hour of trouble too plainly was the pawnbroker. Had our friend's insurance been against accidental death alone, instead of against all accidents fatal or non-fatal, for the same amount of 15s., the sum insured to his family would have been £300, he being a mason, and therefore, according to the rules of the company, in their second class. To a first-class man the amount is £600.

This company is young, and is as yet but little known;† but there is no doubt that such an institution is calculated to be of the greatest general utility and importance. We have not now to learn that no caution nor other means will avail to save a man from the liability to accidents; that such events are as certain to fall on some (on many indeed), as death is to come to all; and that as any one at any moment may be appointed to receive the blow, and there is no possibility of foreseeing who shall be the victim, it concerns all men to be prepared for the event. Nor need we be told that no provisional expedient is so proper for the purpose as insurance. The event contemplated is indeed contingent only, but insurance against particular risks is no new thing: houses and ships are constantly insured against the danger of fire and the perils of the sea. In these cases the plan has, after long trial, proved eminently successful. More recently the person has been insured against the single case of accident by railway; and an argument is thus readily supplied that, if in such cases insurance be a wise and proper measure, much more is it reasonable to insure our lives and limbs against accidents of all kinds.

As an illustration, take the case of fire. Insurance of houses against destruction by that particular event is as common as it is deemed prudent and advisable.

* No. 358—article, 'Progress of the People.'

† In a case of this kind, where a commercial object has a recommendation in obvious public benefit, we do not see why we should not favour its propagation. The company in question has its head office in No. 7 Bank Buildings, London.

Now a man's power to work, and so to produce for himself wages, salary, or other income, cannot be considered less valuable, probably it will be held much more so, than his house; and be it also observed that instead of being exposed to the risk of one destructive element only, this power is liable to be lost or impaired by a hundred different kinds of accident. Well, then, every reason that exists for insurance against a single cause of accident applies to insurance against the whole catalogue of personal casualties, of course with manifold more force.

One word now as to the amount of premium required. This has been the subject of most careful calculation, prolonged for many months by an accurate and experienced actuary; and the result is, we are assured, that he is quite satisfied of the remunerative sufficiency of the amount charged, small as it may appear in comparison with the amount insured. The principle appears to be, that where a heavy loss impends, and is sure to fall on some one or more amongst many individuals, the cheapest and most effective means of meeting it is for each to submit to a small periodical sacrifice for the purpose of forming an insurance fund applicable to the event. The extent of such sacrifice of course depends on the nature of the risk.

We have shewn how small, how reasonably small, is the sum annually required for this purpose. And considering the common liability to accidents, their inevitable nature, their frequency,* and calamitous results, the probability is, that this mode of insurance will meet with favour from the public, and become a general, as we are sure it will be found a prudent, and most useful practice.

ALIMENTARY REGIMENT.

In a recent number of the Journal (344) we published a communication made to the French Academy on the subject of diet by M. Gasparin. The conclusions come to by this gentleman have been disputed by M. Charpentier of Valenciennes, in a letter which has also appeared in the proceedings of the Academy. He declares himself well acquainted with 'the habits and manner of living of Belgian workmen, particularly the miners,' and states, as the result of his inquiries and observations, that the miners earn wages which vary according to the importance of their labour; here, as elsewhere, they are liable to stand still for want of work, for longer or shorter periods, and, in common with other workmen, have different family charges to sustain. From this results very various pecuniary positions, which do not afford them all the same manner of living, or the same alimentary regimen. In general, our workmen expend each day from ten to fifteen centimes in gin, drink a litre of beer (a little more than a quart), and two or three times a week they eat pork dressed with a vegetable, and named salad. On the Sunday they commonly make three repasts of butcher-meat, and drink during that day a great quantity of beer, less at their own houses than at the taverns, where they pass nearly the whole of the Sabbath.

M. Gasparin's statement concerning the use of coffee-chicory is correct; it is the only aliment, with bread and butter, which they take when in the mine, because any other more substantial would be digested with difficulty, owing to the painful position of body which they are obliged to maintain during their labour in the workings.

Thus the miners of Charleroi are far from confining themselves to 500 grammes of meat and 2 litres of beer per week. All those acquainted with the labouring-

* Some idea of the number of accidents may be formed from the fact, that in the single month of December last, in London alone, and in one hospital only—the London Hospital—772 cases of accident were admitted. These of course are exclusive of the greater catastrophes by wrecks and explosions; such as the loss of the *Orion*, or the explosion at Wallsend, where 101 (or at South Shields, where 95) persons were destroyed at one blast! Even while we write, fifty or sixty people have miserably perished in the Victoria Pit, and again thirteen or fourteen just now at Stockport.

classes of Belgium are aware that they do not content themselves with so little—and they are right. As to the health of the Charleroi colliers, the report made to government on the condition of the working-classes of the kingdom states:—"The painful labours to which the workmen in mines apply themselves, occasion a very unequal development of the different parts of their body. The organs most exercised acquire an enormous development; the others remain weak and puny. The breast and shoulders are fortified at the expense of the legs; malformations take place in the vertebral column; and the stature is lower than what prevails out of the mines. Nevertheless, the last-mentioned inconvenience exhibits itself only in mines where very low galleries oblige the workmen to hold themselves constantly bent. Still, labour in mines alters and deteriorates the physical constitution of the workmen, of whom a great number become infirm. Commonly, at an age when they could yet work, had they exercised some other calling, their muscular force diminishes, and they are incapable of continuing their own. Underground work is for them a source of suffering and often of mortal disease, the germs of which they contract from their earliest youth. These are diseases that become aggravated slowly, assuming a formidable character between the ages of thirty and forty, and commonly inducing death soon after fifty."

M. Charpentier observes further, that the difference of health noticed in different localities depends less on the alimentary regimen of the miners than on their mode of ascent and descent. In mines where they have to go up and down by means of ladders, there is more disease and infirmity, chiefly affections of the heart, than where the passage is effected by means of the machine.

M. Gasparin's facts are stated to be contrary to the experiences of Magendie, Liebig, and Schumann on the nutritive principles of alimentary substances; and further, to the observation which demonstrates the immense superiority of strength of carnivorous animals over those which live only on vegetables. If propagated, an error might be spread fatal to the working-classes, especially in the north and west of France, where they are already too much subjected, principally in rural districts, to a milky-vegetable nutriment, which favours tubercularisation, and brings on that cruel pulmonary phthisis which in those parts kills one-third of the labouring population. Already, as M. Villenue judiciously observes, people in France are too ignorant of how much meat is necessary to workmen. If the English artisans work more than others, it must be attributed to the meat which they consume so largely.

A PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATION.

The *British American Medical Journal* for January contains an article by Dr Marsden of Quebec, giving an account of a severe operation recently performed painlessly at that town. The patient was a middle-aged farmer named Corrigan, who for several weeks had been suffering under a tumour affecting the lower jaw-bone. He was a very timid man, apprehensive that he could not live under the operation required for extracting the affected part. He had not previously heard of any such influence as that now attracting so much attention under the various names of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and electro-biology. Dr Marsden impressed him one day in this way, so as 'to control sight, muscular motion, and feeling; next day he repeated the experiment, with the additional result of 'controlling taste as well as the senses, and completely destroying sensation in any isolated part of the body.' Two hours after, Dr Douglas came to perform the operation. Dr Marsden then brought Corrigan under the influence, with the effect of abolishing sensation in the part affected, but not extinguishing consciousness of what was going on. A tooth was drawn, the incisions were made, the jaw sawn through in two places, and the flap of skin replaced and secured with fine pins and twisted sutures, *without any pain being experienced*, although Corrigan continued conscious all the time of the proceedings of the operator. When de-blo-

logged a few minutes afterwards, he said he felt a smarting. The operation caused much less loss of blood than usual; but when the influence was gone, it was found necessary to apply three fresh ligatures to stop the hemorrhage which then began to take place. Five days afterwards, Corrigan was considered sufficiently well to leave the hospital. As the circumstances here related belong to a class of phenomena as yet held under suspicion, it may be of importance for us to mention, that a medical man of high character in this country attests to us the respectability of the Quebec practitioners—one of whom, however, was a disbeliever in the alleged influence in question.

DEFIANCE TO TIME.

THOU shalt not rob me, thievish Time,

Of all my blessings, all my joy!

I have some jewels in my heart,

Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou mayst denude my arm of strength,

And leave my temples seamed and bare,

Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,

And scatter silver o'er my hair;

But never, while a book remains,

And breathes a woman or a child,

Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live,

Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never, while the earth is fair,

And reason keeps its dial bright,

Whate'er thy robberies, oh Time!

Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories o'er my frame,

Thou canst not cheat me of this truth—

That though the limbs may faint and fail,

The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time! I fear thee not;

Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine:

My jewels shall belong to me—

'Tis but the settings that are thine!

ANDREW PEARSON.*

* It may be interesting to the public to know, that the author of these meritorious verses is (after a long service in the army) a labourer in the county of Northumberland.

AMATEUR WORKSHOP.

Mr Stone, lecturer on chemistry in Manchester, announces an arrangement which strikes us as worthy of imitation in other places. He has added to his laboratory a workshop for the use of amateurs, who, for the payment of a moderate fee, have here access to, and the use of all requisite apparatus and tools for carpentry, smith-work, founding, experiments in metallurgy in general, modelling, electrotype work, carving, photography, microscopic observation and the work therewith connected, glass-blowing, and experiments in crystallography. Diagrams, drawings, models, and scientific works are placed in the rooms for the use of the amateurs; and materials of all kinds can be had from the porter, who likewise is ready to render occasional assistance, and to take charge of work in progress.

GLASS AS A NON-CONDUCTOR.

Mahanama, who wrote his history before A.D. 477, mentions that Sanghatissa, king of Ceylon (who was poisoned A.D. 246), placed a pinnacle of glass on the spire of Ruanwelli Dagoba, 'to serve as a protection against lightning.' This shews that the Cingalese were then aware that glass was a non-conductor of the electric fluid.—*Sir W. C. Trevelyan.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 382. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born in the year 1762, at the Manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Her father had just been translated from the parish of Shotts to that of Bothwell; and on the very first day of the family's removal into the new manse, while the furniture still lay tied up in bundles on the floors, Mrs Baillie was taken ill, probably from overfatigue, and was prematurely brought to bed of twin-daughters, one of whom died in the birth, and the other, named Joanna—after her maternal uncle, the celebrated John Hunter—lived for eighty-nine years, and became the most celebrated of her race, and one of the most celebrated women of her time.

Those who like to trace the descent of fine qualities, will be interested to know that Joanna's mother—herself a beautiful and agreeable woman—was the only sister of those remarkable men, William and John Hunter; and that her father, a clergyman of respectable abilities, was of the same descent with that Baillie of Jarviswood who nobly suffered for the religion and independence of his country.

Although Mrs Baillie was forty years of age when she married, she gave birth to five children. Of these, three grew up: the eldest, Agnes, who still survives; the celebrated Matthew, physician to George III.; and Joanna.

When Joanna was seven years old, her father removed to Hamilton. There he was colleague to the Rev. Mr Miller, father to the well-known professor of law at Glasgow of that name, whose daughters were throughout life among Joanna's most intimate and cherished friends. All that is known of her before she quitted Bothwell seems to be, that she was an active, sprightly child, fond of play, and very unfond of lessons—the difficulty of fixing her attention long enough to enable her to learn the alphabet having been in her case rather greater than it is with ordinary children. At twelve years of age, though still no scholar, she was a clever, lively, shrewd girl, and even then shewed something of the creative power for which she was afterwards so remarkable. Miss Miller well recollects being closeted with her and other young companions for the purpose of hearing her narrate little stories of her own invention, which she did in a graphic and amusing manner.

After being seven years at Hamilton, Mr Baillie was promoted to the chair of divinity in the university of Glasgow. There Joanna attended Miss McIntosh's boarding-school, and made some proficiency in the accomplishments of music and drawing; for both of which she had a fine taste, though it was never fully culi-

vated. A constant residence in the crowded and smoky town of Glasgow would have proved very irksome to those accustomed, like the Baillies, to the sweet, healthful seclusion of a country manse; but they were never condemned to it. William Hunter, then accoucheur to Queen Charlotte, and in good general practice as a physician, was in possession of the little family property of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire; and being himself confined to London by his professional duties, he invited his sister and her family to reside at his house there during the summer months. Nothing could have been more agreeable or beneficial to Joanna than this manner of life had it continued. Her father had now a sufficiently large income to enable him to give his children the full advantage of the best teaching, and he was most anxious that they should enjoy it. Unfortunately, he only survived his removal to Glasgow two years; and by his premature death, his widow and family were left not only entirely unprovided for, but in very involved circumstances. The living at Hamilton had been too small to admit of anything being saved from it; and the expense of removing, the purchase of furniture suitable to their new position, the repairing and furnishing of the house at Long Calderwood, besides the increased cost of living in a town, had in combination brought their family into an expenditure which two years of an enlarged income were by no means sufficient to meet. Dr William Hunter came immediately to their assistance. He was at that time fast acquiring the large fortune which enabled him to leave behind him so noble a monument as the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow. He generously settled an adequate income on his sister and her family, and offered to relieve her mind by entirely discharging her husband's liabilities. Here the widow and her high-spirited young people had the opportunity of manifesting the true delicacy and respectable pride which have ever distinguished the family. They carefully avoided disclosing to their generous relative anything more than was unavoidable of these obligations, preferring, with noble self-denial, and at the expense of being looked down upon as niggardly and poor-spirited by neighbours who knew nothing of their motives, to pay the remainder out of their moderate income. Such a trait as this is surely well worth being recorded.

Even after they were clear with the world, Mrs Baillie and her daughters continued to live in the strictest seclusion at Long Calderwood. Soon after his father's death, young Matthew obtained a Glasgow exhibition to Oxford; and having studied successfully there for some years, joined his uncle William in London, for the purpose of assisting him in his lectures. John Hunter, who had been originally intended for a humbler occu-

pation, had long before this time been called to London by the successful William—had been brought forward by him in the medical profession—and had, in a few months, acquired such a knowledge of anatomy, as to be capable of demonstrating to the pupils in the dissecting-room. His health having been impaired by intense study, he had gone abroad for a year or two as staff-surgeon, and served in Portugal. On his return to London, he had devoted his powerful energies to the study of comparative anatomy, and before Matthew Baillie came to London, had erected a menagerie at Brompton for carrying on that useful branch of science. By his extraordinary genius, he subsequently rose to be inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general, and became one of the most famous men of his age.

Agnes, the elder sister—Joanna's faithful and beloved companion through a long life; and to whom, on entering her seventieth year, she addressed the exquisite poem of the 'Birthday'—which no one will ever read unmoved—was very early an accomplished girl. Unlike Joanna, she had always been a diligent, attentive scholar; and unlike her also, was possessed of a remarkably retentive memory. In her companionship, and in the entire leisure of her six years' seclusion among the picturesque scenery of Long Calderwood, it may be supposed that Joanna's powerful intellect would have been awakened, and her wonderfully fertile imagination begun to assume some of those varied forms of truth and beauty which have since impressed themselves so vividly on the hearts and minds of her contemporaries. But like the graceful forms which the eye of the young sculptor has only yet seen in vision, those divine creations of her genius, before which the world was afterwards to bow, still slumbered in the marble. Her genius partook of the slow growth, as well as the hardy vigour, of the pine-tree of her native rocks; but it had inherent power to shoot its roots deep down in the human heart, and to spread its branches towards the heavens in green and enduring beauty. In these years (from her sixteenth to her twenty-second), the only tendency she shewed towards what afterwards became the master-current of her mind, was in being a fervent worshipper of Shakspeare. She carefully studied select passages; delighted in getting her two favourite young friends—Miss Miller, and the lively Miss Graham of Gairbraid—to take different parts with her, and would so spout through a whole play with infinite satisfaction. Still she was no general student; and we are doubtful if at any time of her life she can be considered to have been a *great* reader.

About a dozen years previous to his death, which took place in 1783, Dr William Hunter had completed his house in Great Windmill Street. He had attached to it an anatomical theatre, apartments for lectures and dissections, and a magnificent room as a museum. At his death, the use of this valuable museum, which was destined ultimately to enrich the city of Glasgow, was bequeathed for the term of twenty years to his nephew Matthew, who had for some time past assisted him ably in his anatomical lectures. Besides this valuable bequest, the small family property of Long Calderwood was also left to Matthew Baillie, instead of his uncle, John Hunter, who was the heir-at-law. William had taken offence at his brother's marriage—not finding fault with his bride, who was an estimable woman, the sister of Dr, afterwards Sir, Everard Home—but, as it was whimsically said—disapproving of a philosopher marrying at all! But, however this may have been, when Matthew, with characteristic generosity, disallowed to be enriched at the expense of those among the Hunter family who seemed to him to have a nearer claim, absolutely refused to take advantage of the bequest. The rejected little property thus, after all, fell legally to John; and only on the death of his son and daughter, a few years ago (without children),

descended to William, the only son of Dr Matthew Baillie, as their heir.

Soon after his uncle's death, Matthew, who had succeeded him as lecturer on anatomy, and was rising fast in the esteem of his professional brethren, prevailed on his mother and sisters to join him in London. Their uncle had left them all a small independence, and there they lived most happily with their brother in the house adjoining the museum, from about the year 1784 to 1791, when he married Miss Denman, daughter of Dr Denman, and sister of Lord Denman, the late admirable lord chief-justice. This marriage was productive of great happiness to Joanna, as well as to her brother and the rest of the family.

Throughout their lives the most tender affection subsisted among them all. Mrs Baillie and her daughters now retired to the country—at first a little way up the Thames, then to Hythe near Dover; but they did not settle anywhere permanently till they located themselves in a pretty cottage at Hampstead—that flowery, airy, charming retreat with which Joanna's name has now been so long and so intimately associated. How long she there courted the muses in secret is not known. Her reserved nature and Scottish prudence at all events secured her from making any display of their crude favours. Towards the end of the century she first appears to have been quietly feeling her way towards the light. In sending some books to Scotland, to her ever-dear friend Miss Graham, she slipped into the parcel a small volume of poems, but without a hint as to the authorship. The poems were chiefly of a light, unassuming, and merry cast. They were read by Miss Graham, and others of her early associates—freely discussed and criticised among them, and certainly not much admired. Though light mirth and humour seem to have been more the characteristics of her mind then than they were afterwards, and though Miss Graham remarked that there was a something in the little poems that brought Joanna to her remembrance, still so improbable did it seem, that no suspicion of their true origin suggested itself to any of their thoughts. The authorship of this little volume was never claimed by her; but some of the best poems and songs it contained, which were afterwards published in one of her works, at last disclosed the secret.

In 1799, her thirty-eighth year, she gave to the world her first volume of plays on the Passions. It contained her two great tragedies on love and on hatred—'Basil' and 'De Montfort,' and one comedy, also on love—the 'Tryal.' They were prefaced by a long plausible introductory discourse, in which she explained that these formed but a small portion of an extensive plan she had in view, hitherto unattempted in any language, and for the accomplishment of which a lifetime would be limited enough. Her project we must very shortly describe as a design to write a series of plays, the chief object of which should be the delineation of all the higher passions of the human breast—each play exhibiting in the principal character some one great passion in all the stages of its development, from its origin to its final catastrophe; and in which, in order to produce the strongest moral effect, the aim should be the expression and delineation of just sentiments and characteristic truth, rather than of marvellous incident, novel situation, or beautiful and sublime thought.

Although published anonymously, this volume excited an immediate sensation. In spite of theoretical limitations, it was found to be as full of original power, and delicate poetical beauty, as of truth and moral sentiment. Of course the authorship was keenly inquired into. As the publication had been negotiated by the accomplished Mrs John Hunter—herself a follower of the muses, and the author of several lyrical poems of great sweetness and beauty, which were set to music by Haydn—the credit was, at first naturally,

given to her. But Joanna's incognito could not be long preserved; and the impression already made was deepened by the discovery, that this skilful anatomist of the heart of man, who had bodied forth creations bearing the stamp of lofty intellect and most original power, was a woman still young, unlearned, and so inexperienced in the world that it must have been chiefly to her own imagination and feeling she owed the materials which, by the force of her genius, she had thus so wonderfully combined into striking and lifelike portraits.

The band of distinguished persons—poets, wits, and philosophers—with which the beginning of the century was enriched, now crowded eagerly to welcome to their ranks this new and highly-gifted sister, and were received by her with simple but dignified frankness. The gay and fashionable also would fain have wooed her to lionise in their fevering circles; but her well-balanced mind, and intuitive sense of what is really best and most favourable to human happiness and progress, seem from the first to have secured her youthful female heart from being inflated by the incense offered to her on all sides. Though touched, and deeply gratified by the warmly-expressed approbation of those among her great contemporaries whose applause was fame, she could not be won from the quiet healthful privacy of her life to join frequently even in the brilliant society which now so gladly claimed her as one of its brightest ornaments. Equally unspoiled and undistracted, she kept the even tenor of her way. The tragedies contained in her first volume—among the greatest efforts of her genius—were undoubtedly written by her in the fond hope of their being acted. 'To receive the approbation of an audience of her countrymen,' she confesses in the preface, 'would be more grateful to her than any other praise.' Believing that it is in the nature of man to delight in representations of passion and character, she regarded the stage, when properly managed, as an admirable organ for the instruction of the multitude; and that the poetical teacher of morality and virtue could not better employ his high powers than in supplying it with pieces the tendency of which would be, while pleasing and amusing, to refine and elevate the mind. Mrs Siddons was then in the very zenith of her power; and it was a glimpse of that splendid presence—

'So queenly, so commanding, and so noble!—

as it accidentally flashed upon her in turning the corner of a street, to which Miss Baillie has always fondly ascribed her first conception of the character of the pure, elevated, and noble Jane de Montfort. In 1800, the tragedy of 'De Montfort' was adapted to the stage by John Kemble, and brought out at Drury-Lane theatre; and the gratification may well be imagined with which the high-hearted poetess must have listened to

'Thoughts by the soul brought forth in silent joy—
Words often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear delicate of choice;'

as with their loftiest meanings heightened and spiritualised, she now heard them poured forth in the deep eloquent tones of that incomparable brother and sister!

Her second volume of plays on the Passions appeared in 1802, and with her name. It contained four plays: 'The Election,' a comedy upon hatred; and two tragedies and a comedy on ambition—'Ethwald,' in two parts, and the 'Second Marriage.' Hitherto the fair authoress had received almost unqualified praise. She was now to undergo the other ordeal of almost unqualified censure. Since the publication of her first volume, the 'Edinburgh Review' had been established, and its brilliant young editor had been suddenly, and almost by universal consent, promoted to the chair, as the first of critics. Jeffrey's real gentleness of heart,

and lively sensibility to every form of literary beauty and excellence, are now too generally admitted to require vindication here; but the lamblike heart and kindly-indulgent feelings which, in his middle and declining years seemed to warm and brighten the very atmosphere in which he lived, were at the beginning of his literary censorship carefully, and only too successfully, concealed under the formidable beak and claws, as well as the keen eye of the eagle.

Starting with the idea that, above all things, it was his duty to guard against false principles, the hymn of a seraph would probably have jarred upon his ear if composed upon what he supposed to be mistaken rules of art. He regarded Miss Baillie's project of confining the interest of every piece to the development of a single passion as a vicious system, by which her young and promising genius was likely to be cabin'd and confined; and that if such fallacy in one so well calculated to adorn the field of literature were met with indulgence, the result might be to narrow and degrade it. It seemed to him little better than a return to that barbarism which could unscrupulously extinguish the eyesight, that the hearing might be more acute. His faith was too catholic to brook the sectarian limitations which were involved in the theory she had so boldly propounded. He therefore waged war against the formidable heresy, cruelly, unspareingly; and if with something of the heat and petulance of a boy, yet with an unerring dexterity of aim, and a subtle poignancy of weapon, that could not fail to inflict both pain and injury. Gentler practice would probably have been followed by a better result. It is certain that Miss Baillie was hurt and offended by the uncourteous castigation inflicted on her by her countryman, rather than convinced by it that her notions were wrong. But the time happily came when—with that clairvoyance which, though it may be denied for a season, time and experience of life seldom fail to bestow in full measure upon true genius—these two fine spirits were able to read each other more clearly.

A single volume of miscellaneous plays, containing two tragedies and a comedy by Miss Baillie's pen, appeared in 1804. These dramas—'Rayner,' 'The Country Inn,' and 'Constantine Paleologus'—had been offered singly to the theatres for representation, and been rejected. Though full of eloquence, knowledge of human nature, and tragic power, they were found, like all her plays, deficient in the lifelike movement and activity indispensable to that perfectly successful theatrical effect which, without an experimental acquaintance with the whole nature and artifices of the stage, has never been attained to even by the most gifted of pens.

The first time Miss Baillie revisited her native country after her name had become known to fame was in 1808. After exploring with a full heart the often-recalled scenery of the Clyde, and the still dearer haunts of the sweet Calder Water, she passed a couple of months in Edinburgh, dividing her time between her old friends Miss Maxwell and Mrs John Thomson. She was somewhat changed since these friends had seen her last. Her manner had become more silent and reserved. Mere acquaintances, or strangers who had not the art of drawing forth the rich stream—ever ready to flow if the rock were rightly struck—found her cold and formidable. In external appearance, the change was for the better. Her early youth had neither bloomed with physical nor intellectual beauty; but now, in her fine, healthy middle life, to the exquisite neatness of form and limb, the powerful grey eye, and well-defined, noticeable features she had always possessed, were added a graceful propriety of movement, and a fine, elevated, spiritual expression, which are far beyond mere beauty.

She had now the happiness of being personally made known to Sir Walter Scott, who had always been an

enthusiastic admirer of her genius, as she of his. They had been, too long congenial spirits not to become immediately dear, personal friends. His noble poem of 'Marion,' which appeared during her stay, was read aloud by her for the first time to her two friends Miss Miller and Miss Maxwell. In the introduction to the third canto occurs that splendid tribute to her genius, which, wellknown as it is, we cannot resist quoting once more. The bard describes himself as advised by a friend, since he will lend his hours to thrifless rhyme, to

'Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again.'

Deeply gratified and touched as she must have been, the strong-minded poetess was able to read these exquisite lines unfalteringly to the end, and only lost her self-possession when one of her affectionate friends rising, and throwing her arms round her, burst into tears of delight.

As she did not refuse to go into company, she could not be long in Edinburgh without encountering Francis Jeffrey, the foremost man in the bright train of *beaux-esprits* which then adorned the society of the Scottish capital. He would gladly have been presented to her; and if she had permitted it, there is little doubt that in the eloquent flow of his delightful and genial conversation, enough of the admiration he really felt for her poetry must have been expressed, to have softened her into listening at least with patience to his suggestions for her improvement. But in vain did the friendly Mrs Betty Hamilton (author of 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie') beg for leave to present him to her when they met in her hospitable drawing-room; and equally in vain were the efforts made by the good-natured Duchess of Gordon to bring about an introduction which she knew was desired at least by one of the parties. It was civilly but coldly declined by the poetess; and though the dignified reason assigned was the propriety of leaving the critic more entirely at liberty in his future strictures than an *acquaintance* might perhaps feel himself, there seems little reason to doubt that soreness and natural resentment had something to do with the refusal.

In 1809 her Highland play, the 'Family Legend'—a tragedy founded on a story of one of the M'Leans of Appin—was successfully produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Sir Walter Scott, who took lively interest in its success, contributed the prologue, and Henry Mackenzie (the 'Man of Feeling') the epilogue. It was acted with great applause for fourteen successive nights, and gave occasion for the passage of many pleasant letters between Sir Walter and the authoress, afterwards published by Mr Lockhart. In 1812 followed the third and last volume of her plays illustrative of the higher passions of the mind. It contained four plays—one in verse and one in prose on 'Orra' and 'The Beacon'; the 'Siege,' a comedy on the same passion; and 'The Beacon,' a serious musical drama—perhaps the most faultless of Miss Baillie's productions, and generally allowed to be one of the most exquisite dramatic poems in the English language. This fresh attempt, at the end of nine years, to follow out, against all warning and advice, her narrow and objectionable system of dramatic art, was certainly

ill-judged. Of course it brought upon the pertinacious theorist another tremendous broadside from the provoked reviewer. But though we can sympathise in a considerable degree with him in denouncing her whole scheme—and more bitterly than ever—as perverse, fantastic, and utterly impracticable—it is not easy to forgive the accusation so liberally added as to the execution—of poverty of incident and diction, want of individual reality of character, and the total absence of wit, humour, or any species of brilliancy. That Miss Baillie's plays are better suited to the sober perusal of the closet than the bustle and animation of the theatre must, at once be admitted; but we think nobody can read even a single volume of these remarkable works, without finding in it, besides the good sense, good feeling, and intelligent morality to which her formidable critic is fretted into limiting her claims, abundant proof of that deep and intuitive knowledge of the mystery of man's nature, which can alone fit its possessor for the successful delineation of either wayward passion or noble sacrifice—of skilful and original creative power—of delicate description of character—and of a command of simple, forcible, and eloquent language, that has not often been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

But our limits forbid us to linger, and a mere enumeration of her remaining productions is all they will permit. This is the less to be regretted, that our object is rather to give a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of her long and honoured life, than to attempt a studied analysis of works to which the world has long ago done justice. In 1821 were published her 'Metrical Legends of Exalted Character,' the subjects of which were—'Wallace, the Scottish Chief,' 'Columbus,' and 'Lady Griseld Baillie.' They are written in irregular verse, avowedly after the manner of Scott, and are among the noblest of her productions. Some fine ballads complete the volume. In 1823 appeared a volume of 'Poetical Miscellanies,' which had been much talked of beforehand. It included, besides some slight pieces by Mrs Hemans and Miss Catherine Fanshaw, Scott's fine dramatic sketch of 'Macduff's Cross.' 'The Martyr,' a tragedy on religion, appeared in 1826. It was immediately translated into the Cingalese language; and, flattered by the appropriation, Miss Baillie in 1828 published another tragedy—'The Bride,' a story of Ceylon, and dedicated in particular to the Cingalese. Of the three volumes of dramas, written many years before, but not published till 1836—though they were eagerly welcomed by the public, and greatly admired as dramatic poems—only two, the tragedies of 'Henriquez' and 'The Separation,' have ever been acted. These, besides many charming songs, sung by our greatest minstrels, and always listened to with delight by the public, and a small volume of 'Fugitive Verses,' complete the long catalogue of her successful labours. They were collected by herself, and published, with many additions and corrections, in the popular form of one monster volume, only a few weeks before her death.

To return, for a brief space, to the course of her life. It was in the autumn of 1820 that Miss Baillie paid her last visit to Scotland, and passed those delightful days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, the second of which is so pleasantly given in Mr Lockhart's life of the bard. Her friends again perceived a change in her manners. They had become blander, and much more cordial. She had probably been now too long admired and reverently looked up to not to understand her own position, and the encouragement which, essentially unassuming as she was, would be necessary from her to reassure the timid and satisfy the proud. She had magnanimously forgiven and lived down the unjust severity of her Edinburgh critic, and now no longer refused to be made personally known to him. He was presented to her by their mutual friend, the amiable Dr Morehead. They had much earnest and interesting

talk together, and from that hour to the end of their lives entertained for each other a mutual and cordial esteem. After this Jeffrey seldom visited London without indulging himself in a friendly pilgrimage to the shrine of the secluded poetess; and it is pleasing to find him writing of her in the following cordial way in later years:—‘London, April 28, 1840.—I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever—and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs Brougham’s death, I do not know so nice an old woman.’ And again, in January 7, 1842—‘We went to Hampstead, and paid a very pleasant visit to Joanna Baillie, who is marvellous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid.’

About two years after her last visit to Scotland, Miss Baillie had the grief of losing her brother and beloved friend, Dr Matthew Baillie, who, after a life of remarkable activity and usefulness, died full of honours in 1823. He left, besides a widow, who long survived him, a son and daughter, who with their families have been the source of much delightful and affectionate interest to the declining years of the retired sisters. In the composition and careful revision of her numerous and varied works—in receiving at her modest home the friends she most loved and respected, a list of whom would include many of the best-known names of her time for talent and genius—in the active exercise of friendship, benevolence, and charity—ever contented with the lot assigned to her, and as grateful for the enjoyment of God’s blessings as she was submissive to his painful trials—her unusually complete life glided calmly on, and was peacefully closed on the 23d of February last.

It will be easily believed, that in spite of all the natural modesty and reserve of Miss Baillie’s character, the impression made by the appearance of one so highly gifted on those who had the happiness of being admitted to her intimacy, was neither slight nor evanescent. ‘Dear, venerable Joanna!’ writes one of those, ‘I wish I could, for my own or others’ benefit, recall, and in any way fix, the features of your countenance and mind! The ever-thoughtful brow—the eye that in old age still dilated with expression, or was suffused with a tear. I never felt afraid of her. How could I, having experienced nothing but the most constant kindness and indulgence? I had heard of the “awful stillness of the Hampstead drawing-room;” and when I first saw her in her own quiet home (she must have been then bordering on seventy, and I on twenty), I remember likening myself to the devil in Milton. I felt “how awful goodness is—and virtue in her shape, how lovely!” One could not help feeling a constant reverence for her worth, even more than an admiration of her intellectual gifts. There was something, indeed, in her appearance that quite contrasted with one’s ideas of authorship, which made one forget her works in her presence—nay, almost wonder if the neat, precise old maid before one could really be the same person who had painted the warm passion of a *Basil*, or soared to and sympathised with the ambition of a *Mohammed* or a *Theologus*.’

In a little tract, published about twenty years before her death, she indicates her religious creed. After studying the Scriptures carefully—examining the gospels and epistles, and comparing them with one another, which she thinks is all the unlearned can do—she faithfully sets down every passage relating to the divinity and mission of Christ; and, looking to the bearing of the whole, is able to rest her mind upon the Arian doctrine, which supposes Him to be ‘a most highly-gifted Being, who was with God before the creation of the world, and by whose agency it probably was created, by power derived from Almighty God.’ That she was no bigoted sectarian in religion, whatever she may once have been in poetry, is pleasingly

shewn by the following sentences. They occur in a letter to her ever-esteemed and admired friend Mrs Siddons, to whom she had sent a copy of this tract. They do honour to both the ladies:—‘You have treated my little book very handsomely, and done all that I wish people to do, in regard to it; for you have read the passages from Scripture, I am sure, with attention, and have considered them with candour. That after doing so, your opinions, on the main point, should be different from mine, is no presumption that either of us is in the wrong, or that our humble sincere faith, though different, will not be equally accepted by the great Father and Master of us all. Indeed, this tract was less intended for Christians, whose faith is already fixed, than for those who, supposing certain doctrines to be taught in Scripture (which do not, when taken in one general view, appear to be taught there), and which they cannot bring their minds to agree to, throw off their religion altogether. No part of your note, my dear madam, has pleased me more than that short parenthesis (“for I still hold fast my own faith without wavering”), and long may this be the case! The fruits of that faith, in the course of your much-tried and honourable life, are too good to allow any one to find fault with it.’

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

AMONG the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and ‘love in a cottage,’ the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursesmaids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the *cetera* appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual’s precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the ‘slave of the lamp,’ or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention a-going; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled

title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odour it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every-way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realise a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent.-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L—, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honourably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbours from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate, and so others succeeded in filling.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and fixed for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former com-

mander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—‘What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighbourhood, eh?’

‘Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service.’

‘And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us.’

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labours, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like the war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—‘You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands.’

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly-jewelled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests: then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollects his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

‘Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?’

‘I think not; but we will try.’

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

‘What I fear,’ said the general, ‘is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it.’

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

‘We will none of us leave this room until it is

found!' exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

'That decision,' said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, 'might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched.'

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

'Now for it, Johnson!' cried one to the valet.

'Johnson, we're watching you!' said another; 'produce the culprit.'

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: 'Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself.'

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

'What has happened?' cried she.

'Nothing,' replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. 'You have cost me very dear,' he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. 'Not now, Jane,' he said; 'to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all.'

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. 'This man, at all events,' he thought, 'knows nothing of what has passed.' Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

'General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it.'

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. 'My misery is at its height; that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!'

'My friend!' cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

'I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtes* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!'

'A life of unblemished honour,' replied his friend, 'has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!' And he shewed the missing watch. 'It is I,' continued he, 'who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waist-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing.'

'If I had only known!' murmured poor Dutton.

'Don't regret what has occurred,' said the general, pressing his hand kindly. 'It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you.'

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologise for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honourable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

A VISIT TO THE NORTH CAPE.

HAVING hired an open boat and a crew of three hands, I left Hammerfest at nine p.m., July 2, 1850, to visit the celebrated Nordkap. The boat was one of the peculiar Nordland build—very long, narrow, sharp, but strongly built, with both ends shaped alike, and excellently adapted either for rowing or sailing. We had a strong head-wind from north-east at starting, and rowed across the harbour to the spot where the house of the British consul, Mr Robertson, a Scotchman, is situated, near to the little battery (*festning*) which was erected to defend the approach to Hammerfest, subsequently to the atrocious seizure of the place by two English ships during the last war. Mr Robertson kindly lent me a number of reindeer skins to lie on at the bottom of the boat; and spreading them on the rough stones we carried for ballast, I was thus provided with an excellent bed. I have slept for a fortnight at a time on reindeer skins, and prefer them to any feather-bed. Mr Robertson warned me that I should find it bitterly cold at sea, and expressed surprise at my light clothing; but I smiled, and assured him that my hardy wandering life had habituated me to bear exposure of every kind with perfect impunity. By an ingenious contrivance of a very long tiller, the pilot steered with one hand and rowed with the other, and we speedily cleared the harbour, and crept round the coast of Qual Öe (Whale-Island), on which Hammerfest is situated. About midnight, when the sun was shining a considerable way above the horizon, the view of a solitary little rock, in the ocean ahead, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, was most impressive. We proceeded with tolerable wind until six in the morning, when heavy squalls of wind and torrents of rain began to beat upon us, forcing us to run, about two hours afterwards, into Havösound; a very narrow strait between the island of Havöe and the mainland of Finnmark. As it was impossible to proceed in such a tempest, we ran the boat to a landing-place in front of the summer residence

of Herr Ulich, a great magnate in Finmark. This is undoubtedly the most northern gentleman's house in the world. It is a large, handsome, wooden building, painted white, and quite equal in appearance to the better class of villas in the North. The family only reside there during the three summer months; and extensive warehouses for the trade in dried cod or stockfish, &c. are attached. My crew obtained shelter in an outbuilding, and I unhesitatingly sought the hospitality of the mansion. Herr Ulich himself was absent, being at his house at Hammerfest; but his amiable lady, and her son and two daughters, received me with a frank cordiality as great as though I were an old friend; and in a few minutes I was thoroughly at home. Here I found a highly-accomplished family, surrounded with the luxuries and refinements of civilisation, dwelling amid the wildest solitudes, and so near the North Cape that it can be distinctly seen from their house in clear weather. Madame Ulich and her daughters spoke nothing but Norwegian; but the son, a very intelligent young man of about nineteen, spoke English very well. He had recently returned from a two years' residence at Archangel, where the merchants of Finmark send their sons to learn the Russian language, as it is of vital importance for their trading interests—the greater portion of the trade of Finmark being with the White-Sea districts, which supply them with meal and other necessaries in exchange for stockfish, &c. Near as they were to the North Cape, it was a singular fact that Herr Ulich and his son had only once visited it; and the former had resided ten years at Havösund—not more than twenty-five miles distant—ere that visit took place! They said that very few travellers visited the Cape; and, strange to say, the majority are French and Italians.

I declined to avail myself of the pressing offer of a bed, and spent the morning in conversation with this very interesting family. They had a handsome drawing-room, containing a grand colossal bust in bronze of Louis-Philippe, King of the French. The ex-king, about fifty-five years ago, when a wandering exile (under the assumed name of Müller) visited the North Cape. He experienced hospitality from many residents in Finmark, and he had slept in this very room; but the house itself then stood on Maas Island, a few miles further north. Many years ago, the present proprietor removed the entire structure to Havösund; and his son assured me the room itself was preserved almost exactly as it was when Louis-Philippe used it, though considerable additions and improvements have been made to other parts of the house. About sixteen years ago, Paul Garnier, the president of the commission shortly afterwards sent by the French government to explore Greenland and Iceland, called on Herr Ulich, and said he was instructed by the king to ask what present he would prefer from his majesty as a memorial of his visit to the North. A year afterwards, the corvette of war, *La Recherche*, on its way to Iceland, &c. put into Havösund, and left the bust in question, as the express gift of the king. It is a grand work of art, executed in the finest style, and is intrinsically very valuable, although of course the circumstances under which it became Herr Ulich's property add inestimably to its worth in his eyes. The latter gentleman is himself a remarkable specimen of the highly-educated Norwegian. He has travelled over all Europe, and speaks, more or less, most civilised languages. On my return to Hammerfest I enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and his eager hospitality; and he favoured me with an introduction for the Norwegian states minister at Stockholm. I merely mention these things to shew the warm-hearted kindness which even an un-introduced, unknown traveller may experience in the far North. Herr Ulich has resided twenty-five years at Havösund; and he says he thinks that not more than six English travellers have visited the North Cape within twenty years—that is to say, by way of

Hammerfest; but parties of English gentlemen occasionally proceed direct in their yachts.

Fain would my new friends have delayed my departure; but, wind and tide serving, I resumed my voyage at noon, promising to call on my return. In sailing through the sound, I noticed a neat, little wooden church, the most northern in Finmark. A minister preaches in it to the Finns and Lapps at intervals, which depend much on the state of the weather; but I believe once a month in summer. The congregation come from a circle of immense extent. If I do not err, Mr Robert Chambers mentions in his tour having met with the clergyman of this wild parish.*

Passing Maas Öe, we sailed across an open arm of the sea, and reached the coast of Mager Öe, the island on which the North Cape is situated. Mager Öe is perhaps twenty miles long by a dozen broad, and is separated from the extreme northern mainland of Finnmark by Magerösund. Although a favourable wind blew, my crew persisted in running into a harbour here, where there is a very extensive fish curing establishment, called Gjesvöhr, belonging to Messrs Agaard of Hammerfest. There are several houses, sheds, &c. and immense tiers of the split stockfish drying across horizontal poles. At this time about two hundred people were employed, and one or two of the singular three-masted White-Sea ships were in the harbour, with many Finnmark fishing-boats. The water was literally black with droves of young cod, which might have been killed by dozens as they basked near the surface. My men loitered hour after hour; but as I was most anxious to visit the North Cape when the midnight sun illuminated it, I induced them to proceed.

On resuming our voyage, we coasted along the shore, which was one mass of savage, precipitous rock, until the black massive Cape loomed very distinctly in the horizon. I landed at a bluff headland called Tunes, and collected a few flowers growing in crevices in the rock. A little beyond that, in Sandbugt, a fragment of wreck was discernible, and I ordered the boat to be pulled towards it. It proved to be a portion of the keel of a large ship, about fifty feet long, and much worn. It had evidently been hauled on the reefs by some fishermen, and the fortunate salvors had placed their rude marks upon it. I mused over this fragment of wreck, which was mute eloquent with melancholy suggestiveness. How many prayers had gone forth with the unknown ship! how many fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, and unconscious widows and orphans, might at that moment be hoping against hope for her return! To what port did she belong? In what remote ocean had she met her doom? Perchance this keel had been borne by wind and tide from some region of thick-ribbed ice, and was the only relic to tell of the dark fate of a gallant bark and brave crew! Alas, what a thrilling history might that weed-tangled piece of wood be linked with, and what food did it supply for the wanderer's imagination!

Resuming the voyage, we came to a long promontory of solid rock, stretching far into the sea, where it tapers down to the level of the water. It is called Kniuskjorodden; and I particularly draw attention to it for the following reason:—At Hammerfest the consul favoured me with an inspection of the charts recently published by the Norwegian government, from express surveys by scientific officers of their navy. The instant I cast my eye over the one containing Mager Öe, I perceived that Kniuskjorodden was set down *further north than the North Cape itself!* The consul said that such was the actual fact, though he will not consent to its disputing the legitimacy of the ancient fame which the Cape worthily enjoys; since it is merely a

* See "Travels of the North of Europe," in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal" for December 1849.

low, narrow projection, of altogether insignificant character. I walked to its extremity, and narrowly escaped being washed by the roaring breakers into the deep transparent sea.

Rounding Knuskerodden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my delighted view. It was now a dead calm, and my Vikings pulled very slowly across the grand bay of Knusverig, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the object, which is one enormous mass of solid rock upwards of a thousand feet in elevation. I can compare it to nothing more fitly than the keep of a castle of tremendous size; for it very gently tapers upwards from the base, and presents a surface marvellously resembling timeworn masonry. The front approaches the perpendicular, and so does much of the western side also. The colour of this mighty rock is a dark, shining, speckled gray, relieved by dazzling masses of snow lying in the gigantic fissures, which seem to have been riven by some dread convulsion. The impression I felt as the boat glided beneath its shadow was one of thrilling awe; for its magnificently stern proportions—its colossal magnitude—its position as the lonely, unchanging sentinel of nature, which for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the madlening fury of the mystic Arctic Ocean—all combine to invest it with associations and attributes of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realised; and as I landed on its base, in the blaze of the Midnight Sun, I felt an emotion of proud joy, that my long-feasted hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was literally fulfilled.

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape; and it is usual for those who ascend it to go many miles round from this starting-place to gain the summit, because a direct upward ascent is considered impracticable. But having much confidence in my climbing capabilities, I resolved to adventure the latter feat; and although burthened with my sea-cloak and other things, I instantly commenced the task, leaving my crew to slumber in the boat until my return. I found the whole of the western side, opposite the landing-place, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation to the height of about a hundred yards. There were myriads of flowers, including exquisite white violets with hairy stems; purple, red, and white star-flowers; the beautiful large yellow cup-flower, growing on stems two feet high, and called by the Norwegians *knap-salle-øie-blomster* (literally, button-sun-eye-flower); and many other varieties of species unknown to me. There were also several kinds of dwarf shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. Butterflies and insects flitted gaily from flower to flower. After resting on a ledge of rock to take breath, and look down on the glassy waters and the boat at my feet—now dwindled to a speck—I resumed my clambering; but to my extreme mortification, when I had ascended two-thirds of the way, at no small risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all trickling with slimy moisture from the congealed snow above. Here I had a narrow escape from being killed by a fragment of loose rock giving way beneath me, and drawing down other pieces after it; but I clung tenaciously to a firm part, and the heavy stones bounded harmlessly over my head. I descended with difficulty; and after carefully surveying the face of the rocks, tried at a more favourable place, and even then I was above an hour in gaining the summit. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place; and I certainly was thankful when I could throw my weary frame down, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid patch by my side. Though I had been more than forty-

eight hours without rest, bodily fatigue was little felt. I could behold from my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island. The higher peaks and the sheltered hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the midnight sun, and several dark lakes nestled amid the frowning rocks.

Resuming my progress, I passed over the surface of the Cape. It is covered with slaty débris, and, what struck me as very remarkable, quantities of a substance resembling coarse white marble, totally different from the Cape itself. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss, which bears most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, blooming in clusters of hundreds and thousands together. These dumb witnesses of nature's benevolent handiwork filled my soul with pleasing, grateful thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being who makes flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate regions of the earth. In the bed of a ravine, crossed in my way towards the end of the Cape, I found a rapid stream of the purest water, which proved deliciously refreshing. I wandered along; and after skirting much of the western precipice, drew nigh the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern part swells out in a clear appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the latter I came upon a circle of stones, piled nearly breast high, enclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. This had evidently been erected by a party of visitors as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant, a block of black rock rises above the level, which is otherwise smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with minute fragments of rock. Within two or three yards of the extreme point is a small pole, sustained in the centre of a pile of stones. I found several initials and dates cut on this very perishable register, and added my own. I believe it was set up by the government expedition three or four years ago, as a signal-post for their trigonometrical survey.

I cannot adequately describe the tide of emotion which filled my soul as I walked up to the dizzy verge. I only know that, after standing a moment with folded arms, beating heart, and tear-dimmed eye, I knelt, and with lowly-bowed head, returned thanks to God for permitting me to thus realise one darling dream of my boyhood!

Despite the wind, which here blew violently, I sat down by the side of the pole, and wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the grand spectacle of nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living being was in sight: far beneath was the boundless expanse of ocean, with a sail or two on its bosom at an immense distance; above was the canopy of heaven, flecked with snowy cloudlets; the sun was gleaming through a broad belt of blood-red horizon; the only sounds were the whistling of the wind, and the occasional plaintive scream of hovering sea-fowl. My pervading feeling was a calm though deep sense of intellectual enjoyment and triumph—very natural to an enthusiastic young wanderer upon achieving one of the long-cherished enterprises of his life.

With reluctant and wildly-devious steps, I bade what is probably an eternal adieu to the wondrous Cape, and effected a comparatively easy descent to the place whence I had started. My men had dropped grapnel a considerable distance from the rock; and being unwilling to disturb their slumber, I spent some further time in exploring the western base. There is a very curious cavernous range of rock washed out by the terrific beating of wintry storms, so as to form a species of arcade. The sides are of immense thickness, but the sea has worn them open at the top. The water here, as along the whole coast of Norway and Finmark, is marvellously transparent. Weeds and fish may be seen at a prodigious depth clearly as in a mirror.

On the return voyage, we ran into a creek near Sandbugt, and the crew went ashore to a Lap *gamme* (hut) to sleep; but as I had no desire to furnish a dainty fresh meal to the vermin with which every *gamme* swarms, I slept soundly on my reindeer skins in the boat, although it was now rainy and intensely cold. After the lapse of a few hours I joined them at the *gamme*, and bought a fine *pask* or tunic of reindeer skin from an old Lap; and learning that his herd of reinns was in the vicinity, I had a long ramble in search of them, but without avail; for they had wandered far away, influenced by that remarkable instinct which impels reindeer to invariably run *against* the wind. I gathered some fine specimens of sponge in marshy hollows. In the course of our subsequent voyage, I made another pause of a few hours at Giesvohr, where I examined the works for curing the fish and extracting the oil, but declined taking any repose. Next morning, being favoured with a powerful wind, our little craft fairly leaped over the waves; and I noted her dexterous management with the eye of an amateur receiving a valuable lesson. The old pilot kept the sheet of the lug-sail constantly ready to slip, and another hand stood by the greased halyard to let all go by the run; for there are frequent eddies and squalls of wind along this very dangerous coast, which would upset a boat in an instant, were not great tact and unremitting vigilance exercised. The sea ran exceedingly high, and we shipped water from stem to stern every time we settled in its trough, in such a way that the baling never ceased. Safely, however, did we run into Havösund once more at about eight o'clock.

Young Ulrich welcomed my unexpectedly early return at the landing-place, and I was delighted to again become the eagerly-welcomed guest of his house. Happily, and only too quickly, did the time speed. I chatted in my sadly-broken Norwegian—the first to laugh at my own comical blunders; and the eldest young lady sweetly sang to me several of the most ancient and popular of her native ballads, accompanying them on her guitar—the fashionable instrument of music in the North, where many things which have fallen into desuetude with us universally flourish. As she could understand no other language, I in return did my best to chant the celebrated national Danish song, *Den tappi Landsoldat*, the fame of which has penetrated to the far North. So popular is this song in Denmark, that its author and composer have both recently received an order of knighthood for it. In the library were translations of Marryat, and other English novelists; and they shewed me a copy of—Cruikshank's *Bottle!* I thought that if that gifted artist could have thus beheld how his fame and a genuine copy of his greatest work has penetrated, and is highly appreciated in the vicinity of the North Cape, he would have experienced a glow of enviable, and not undeserved satisfaction. The only tectoraller, by the way, whom I ever met with in Scandinavia, was one of the crew of the boat with me. He invariably declined the *brandivin*, as I passed it round from time to time, and assured me he drank only water and milk.

The young ladies had about a score of pretty tame pigeons; and to my extreme regret a couple were killed, to give me an additional treat at a dinner served in a style which I should rather have expected to meet with in an English hotel than at a solitary house on an arctic island. They afterwards conducted me to their—garden! Yes, a noble garden, the fame of which has extended far and wide in Finmark; for there is nothing to compare to it for at least four hundred miles southward. It is of considerable size, enclosed by high wooden walls, painted black to attract the sun's rays, which are very fervid in the latter end of summer. Potatoes, peas, and other table vegetables, were in a thriving state, but only come to maturity in favourable seasons. I had some radishes at dinner, and excellent

they were. Glazed frames protected cucumber and other plants, and many very beautiful and delicate flowers bloomed in the open air. The young ladies gathered some of the finest specimens of these, including large blue forget-me-nots, and placed them within the leaves of my Bible. Highly do I treasure them, for they will ever vividly recall a host of pleasant and romantic associations.

Most pressing were they all to induce me to stay some days with them, and gladly indeed would I have complied had circumstances permitted; but I felt compelled to hasten back to Hammerfest. In the afternoon, therefore, I bade adieu to a family which had shewn me a degree of engaging kindness greater than any I had experienced since I left my warmly-attached Danish friends.

The remainder of our return voyage was wet and tempestuous. We sailed and rowed all night, and reached Hammerfest at eight A.M. on July 5, much to the astonishment of the good folks there, who had not anticipated seeing us again in less than a week or ten days. The consul and many others assured me that my voyage had been performed with unprecedented speed, the whole time occupied being not quite three and a half days.

W. H.

THE NEW THEORY OF BEAUTY.

It is commonly said, with reference to female beauty, that each nation has its own standard, and each individual his own taste; and yet no one expresses surprise when it is found that all nations and all individuals concur in declaring a particular figure, executed in marble, to be perfection itself. That there is an error here is obvious, for there cannot be a universal type and national types of the same thing at the same time; and in our opinion it arises simply from our confounding passion with taste, and giving the sacred name of beauty to that which is merely loveliness, or the quality which excites affection.* The mistake has been productive of much waste of thought and time; for it has led various inquirers of the most elegant and ingenious minds to confine their researches within such limits as sex, age, and association of ideas; and the practical result is, that we have no such thing as an intelligible definition of beauty, writers even of the highest rank being fain to content themselves with telling the world not *what* it is, but *where*, in their opinion, it resides.

If we emancipate ourselves from these restrictions, and look upon beauty as identical with a principle pervading all nature, as obvious in her minutest works—in a leaf, or flower, or in the crystals of an evaporated tear or of a flake of snow—as in the human face divine, we shall find our explorations much easier. In music we have national melodies in many cases as unintelligible to the hearts of other nations as the language of the people. These are to classical melody what loveliness is to beauty, depending for their charm upon local constitution and associations: and we do not in their case attempt to construct a science out of partial and peculiar facts, but admit that the ear of taste may linger delightedly over such untaught combinations, even after being elevated into a devout appreciation of the works of the acknowledged masters of song. Precisely in the same way a woman of our own country may be charming in our eyes, with all her national peculiarities of face and form; while at that very moment our educated taste may be thrilled with admiration of the ideal beauty of the old sculptors. To comprehend and acknowledge this distinction between taste and passion—between the partial and mutable and the unchanging and universal—we consider to be indis-

* Journal, No. 330; article 'Ideal Beauty.'

pensable in any philosophical inquiry into the nature of beauty.

But is it not extraordinary, even with reference to human beauty, that in spite of national peculiarities, and in spite of the whims and fantasies of passion, there should exist a type which all civilised men unite in acknowledging? Is it not extraordinary that this type, not belonging, in absolute integrity, to any one nation, or any living being, should have been discovered by a single people, the ethereal idea resolved by them into solid marble, and the idolum of beauty thus set up for the worship and despair of succeeding ages? The genius of the Greek sculptors might have taught them to personify sentiment and passion, but it could not have taught them to deify form. The sentiment and passion are modified, as might be expected, by numerous circumstances, and by none more than individual skill; but the form is identical throughout an entire people, and through hundreds of years. That form does not belong to life, but it belongs to nature; and it may be presumed to foreshew the attainment of her aim, the completion of her development, the fulfilment of a law of progress which, is at work in her whole domain.

But how did the Greeks of the age of Pericles attain to a knowledge of that which is not yet born, yet which we of the present age consent, as implicitly as they, to accept as the true beauty? This question has not, till recently, received so much attention as it deserves; the Greek sculptures, and the other productions of that people in the formative art, being merely used as examples of surpassing beauty, and their peculiar skill set down vaguely as the result of peculiar genius. This might be said with sufficient probability, as we observed on a former occasion, of the genius of an individual; but when we see the same result arrived at by several generations of a whole people divided into separate states, and united by little more than a common language, and when we find the skill inferred vanish completely and for ever during the convulsions of the country incidental to its being absorbed into the Roman dominion, we are forced to look for some other cause. The same system of proportion, as Winckelmann observes, is found even in ordinary figures by the ancient artists; and notwithstanding differences in execution, all the old works appear to have been executed by followers of one and the same school. It would seem, in fact, that during the palmy period referred to, certain *principles of art* must have been known, which, like many other secrets of antiquity, were subsequently lost.

It has always been suspected that the ancient sculptors were acquainted with some definite laws of proportion, which gave a vantage-ground to their genius far more important than can be acquired in our day by the most laborious study. The evidences of the fact may be found in Müller's 'Ancient Art and its Remains'; but for our part we are more inclined to trust to logical deductions than to the little we know or comprehend of the doctrines of Pythagoras or Plato. The former is admitted by Dr Burney to have been the inventor of the monochord, or harmonic canon, which reduced music to a geometrical science; but neither he nor his great follower is in anywise precise in bringing under a similar law the other departments of aesthetics—by which word it seems to be now agreed that we should describe all matters pertaining to the fine arts. It may very well be argued that there was nothing to hinder the theory of the formative art, any more than that of the art of music, from being laid down by the ancients with precision; but we do not see how it is possible to get over the simple facts already mentioned, that the type of ideal or preternatural beauty left by the Greeks is accepted at this day as the true beauty wherever civilisation exists; and that the art of sculpture, as practised for several centuries by an entire

people, and which was lost with their national independence, is still the despair of the modern world.

The popular objection to a theory which proposes to place the formative art upon a geometrical basis like music, if well founded, must be so by mere chance; for in itself it is curiously illogical. This objection is, that if such a theory were correct, it would make every geometrician a Phidias. In other words, any man who executed a symmetrical figure would necessarily acquire the power of Daedalus to make it move its marble limbs; or the influence of Pygmalion, to have it warmed by the goddess of beauty into life and love! This is something like supposing, as a writer we shall come to presently remarks, that a 'scientific knowledge of the grammatical construction of language would enable men to write true poetry.' Geometry, however, although certainly a very admirable thing, can work no such miracles. The most accurate imitator, whose unwearied industry has been to him a substitute for science, and whose copies can hardly be distinguished from the originals, derives no power from that proficiency to give artistic expression to a single thought of his own. If the theory referred to be correct, it will simply put it into our power to obtain, by scientific rules, a result we at present strive after by a laborious education of the eye. And this is the more important from the fact, that many a true artist is deficient in the mechanical basis of his art. Some men acquire in months what others toil after in vain for years; and examples might be given—and these not remote either in place or time—of high and undoubted genius failing of its reward from a mere defect in that minor faculty on which proportion depends.

The same analogy between the eye and the ear (using both these words to denote the faculty that appreciates fitness and beauty) which we have traced in other circumstances, is obvious in the present case. One man has a finer eye just as he has a finer ear than another; and both organs are susceptible of education: the difference being solely this, that in music science comes to the aid of the dull ear, and elevates its possessor to the perception and execution even of classical melody; while in art the dull eye has hitherto continued to plod on without assistance, and to cloud with its 'dim suffusion' the light of genius. It is curious that, with these analogies before him, the author of the article 'Beauty,' in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (who is likewise the author of the criticism in the Edinburgh Review on Alison's work on the same subject), should have forcibly disunited music and art, by asserting that the faculty of appreciating melody and harmony is 'quite unique, and unlike anything else in our constitution.'

Independently, however, of the notions caught from the dreamy hints of Plato, the analogous nature of the beauty of sight and that of sound appears to have struck inquirers of different ages; although special respect is of course due to the opinion of those who made the exact sciences their study. Newton declared his inclination to believe in some general law regulating the agreeable or unpleasing affections of *all* our senses; and, in particular, in the relation between objects of sight and the harmonic ratios in their capacity to inspire the feeling of beauty. A later essay, by F. Webb, printed in the 'Nugae Antiquae,' comes still nearer to the nature of a theory, and declares that where the principles of harmony can be applied to works of art, they excite the pleasing and satisfying ideas of proportion and beauty. The grand difficulty, however, was the mode of applying those principles of harmony in such a way as to test the question fully; and this discovery was reserved for our own day, and for a studious thinker not previously known in the world of science or of letters.

In a former article we introduced to our readers this

modest yet zealous inquirer, who presumes to fling over his trade of decoration the light of philosophy,* but he has now published a new, and, as he states, a last volume, on his favourite subject, which demands the careful examination of every student of aesthetics. Mr Hay, as our readers know, had the good sense, or the happy inspiration, to go back to the principle which must have governed the theory attributed to the ancient geometers. The monochord of Pythagoras was the foundation not merely of earthly music, but of that harmonic science in which his soaring imagination sought the law of the evolutions of the heavenly bodies; and from this simple instrument, as the measurer of beauty in sound, Mr Hay deduced his harmonic canon of the beauty of objects of sight.

The monochord is merely a string of a certain length, stretched between two bridges standing upon a graduated scale. Supposing its tension, when drawn, to be such that, if suddenly let go, its vibrations produce C, that note becomes the fundamental note or tonic; and as the vibrations go on, by their spontaneous division and subdivision the leading notes of the diatonic scale, called the harmonies, follow. Each of these notes is formed of a certain fixed number of vibrations, producing in the surrounding atmosphere a corresponding series of pulsations; and these acting upon the auditory nerve, affect the sensorium with acuteness or gravity. Suppose the fundamental note to be produced, the string spontaneously divides itself in the middle, and the vibrations of the two parts occur with a double frequency, producing a note double in pitch. It then divides itself into three parts, vibrating with triple frequency; and so on in the arithmetical progression of 2, 3, 4, &c.; the sound, while increasing proportionably in pitch, becoming fainter and fainter as the vibrations multiply.

This may be sufficient to give a general notion of the monochord, though to the book itself we must refer for a full and intelligible explanation; and having fixed this idea in his reader's mind, Mr Hay proceeds to shew that 'the eye is capable of appreciating the exact subdivision of spaces, just as the ear is capable of appreciating the exact subdivisions of intervals of time, so that the division of space into an exact number of equal parts will aesthetically affect the mind through the medium of the eye, in the same way that the division of the time of vibration in music into an exact number of equal parts, aesthetically affects the mind through the medium of the ear.'

Proceeding from this theorem, Mr Hay constructs a figure answering to the monochord of music, and intended to comprise the harmonic ratio of forms. The figure is composed of a long vertical line, with a horizontal one at the bottom, from the farther end of which is described the quadrant of a circle, meeting the vertical line at its base. Through this quadrant the other angles are drawn, 'simply by subjecting it to the same mode of division which nature has pointed out in the production of the harmonies of sound, through the spontaneous division of the string of the monochord.' These harmonic angles correspond exactly with the diatonic scale of musical notes, and are constructed thus: the quadrant of the circle, described, as we have mentioned, from the right-angle, contains 90 degrees, and these are divided, like the diatonic scale in music, into eight parts. The fundamental angle, answering to the note produced by the whole of the monochord, is therefore a right angle of 90 degrees; the next is one-half, or an angle of 45 degrees; the next one-third, or an angle of 30 degrees; and so on,

proceeding exactly according to the natural divisions of the monochord.

The following is at least substantially a portion of the explanation of the theory read to the last meeting of the British Association by the Rev. P. Kelland, professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh. It would be impossible to find better or simpler words to convey the meaning:—'The involuntary education received by the eye usually enables it to form a tolerable judgment as to positions and relative magnitudes. Its estimate of the symmetry of an object is equally accurate with that formed, by a person unused to music, of the correctness or incorrectness of a note in the scale. Greater accuracy is the result of cultivation. An artist can detect errors in the proportions of a figure which will escape an uneducated eye. From these considerations, it appears that whilst the ear is learning to judge of successive sounds with the same facility with which the eye judges of successive spaces, the eye again is acquiring the power of the estimation of spaces in combination, with that extreme accuracy with which the ear estimates a combination of sounds. And it is reasonable to conclude with our author, that simplicity of proportion, which is necessary as an element to the satisfaction of the sense, should be an essential element to the combination of the other. Another position I am bound to take, is that the eye is guided in its direction rather than by distance, just as guided by number of vibrations rather than by magnitude. The architect well knows that one division of a simple building is more agreeable than another. But on the application of numerical ratios to human measurement, he finds them all alike altogether. Artists from the time of Albert Durer downwards, have measured the relative proportions of the human figure; but neither architects nor artists have as yet arrived at anything beyond the most vague and unsatisfactory inferences. This has arisen from their having taken length, and not direction, as their standard of comparison—from their having endeavoured to apply simplicity of linear, not of angular proportion. A picture-frame, in which one side is half the other, is not of nearly so pleasing a shape as another in which one side is half the diagonal, or the angle which the diagonal makes with one side is half that which it makes with the other.'

'The basis, then, of Mr Hay's theory is this, that a figure is pleasing to the eye in the same degree as its fundamental angles bear to each other the same proportion, that the vibrations bear to one another in the common chord of music. Now in music, the simplest divisions are by 2, 4, &c. which produce tonics; the next are divisions by 3, 6, &c. which produce dominants; and so on; and the chord is pleasing in proportion to the simplicity of the numbers which represent the vibrations of its constituent notes; and the same thing is true of the fundamental angles of a figure.'

The manner in which the author applies his scale to the formation of a perfect human figure would be unintelligible without diagrams; but we may mention generally, that it is adapted to the osseous structure, and of course only when that structure is completely developed. With this exception, the system is susceptible of infinite variety. We would likewise remark—having already heard of some cavilling on the subject—that Mr Hay's diagrams of the human figure have no reference to the conditions of life: the figure may be supposed to be horizontal or oblique—or like a skeleton when measured, to be hung up by the head—as well as standing like a living man on its feet.

One curious fact is deduced from the application of this new harmonic scale—that the skeleton of the female is more harmoniously symmetrical than that of the male, inasmuch as the right angle is the fundamental angle (the tonic note, as it were) for the trunk and

* Mr Hay is a house-decorator in Edinburgh. The article alluded to is entitled the 'Science of Art,' in No. 332.

** The Geometric Beauty of the Human Figure Defined; to which is prefixed a System of Aesthetic Proportion applicable to Architecture and the other Formative Arts. By D. R. Hay, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1831.

the limbs, as well as for the head and countenance; while in the male it is the fundamental rule for the head only. But the most remarkable thing to be observed of the new theory, is its consonance with the science of proportion which produced the ideal beauty of the Greek sculptors. The inference we drew in our former article from the extraordinary facial angle of these artists was, that they must have taken their features not from life, but from geometrical rule; and here in this harmonic scale we have the rule itself. To this consonance we would in a special manner draw the reader's attention; since, if fully established, it must open out a new and most interesting field for philosophical inquiry. If the beauty of form depends upon geometrical principles, like the beauty of sound, we have not only an explanation of the universal homage paid to the masterpieces of ancient art constructed on these principles, but we may conclude that such masterpieces themselves form the point to which nature is tending in her development of the ideal beauty of the human race.

Another thing observed in connection with the law of proportion, is the sublime repose of the finest antique statues, and the general abhorrence manifested by certain art of those constrained attitudes which move the birds and destroy the soft contour of the ankles. The same thing has been remarked by Winckelmann and others, but without reference to a geometric rule which such conations would have outraged. They probably consider it as nothing more than a spiritised indolence of the art, by whom presented as a momentary interruption of

Two floats upon a lotus leaf
Since thousand ages; then awaking,
Old, and smiling at the bubble,
To bliss.'

It is only further necessary, in hasty remarks like these, to observe that Mr. Hay has not confined his measurements to the human figure, but has extended them to architecture. The portico of the Parthenon, for instance, he finds constructed on the same geometrical rule, and he believes this rule to be the discovery of a law of nature, since he detects its operation even in leaves and flowers. For our own part, we would merely caution those who may enter upon an examination of his theory, to avoid the error of supposing that its tendency is to set aside the other causes of pleasurable emotion which every man feels to be at work in his own bosom, and which it is customary to confound with the law of beauty. We have already mentioned the rule's song which fascinate the ear even of refined taste, and the irregular features that are nothing less than divine in the eyes of love. Here there are at work associations and sympathies which govern the passion, whether as regards music or loveliness, without in anywise interfering with the taste in beauty. If the Venus de Medici, a model of the beautiful, were a hundred feet high, and placed upon a stupendous rock for a pedestal, the figure would be sublime. Such would be the effect of mere magnitude. And if clouds and mists floated round the goddess, distorting her limbs, and giving a wild mobility to her features, the sublime would remain after proportion was lost. Such would be the effect of the emotion of poetical terror, which has nothing to do with the idea of beauty.

The tendency to materialism which notwithstanding the example of melody, will be ascribed by some to a theory which turns so ethereal a thing as beauty into a geometrical problem, has been practically refuted by the ancient sculptors. Rising from the vantage-ground of science, these masters of all time superadded to their material creations a spiritual life; while Plato, by the aid of the sister science of numbers, arrived at the

divine itself. In Mind, he finds that fountain and principle of beauty which in external charms sees only the shadow of its own affections; and this idea of a heathen philosopher throws a spiritual light upon the intimation of the inspired Hebrew, and makes us thrill and tremble with a proud fear while we read—that GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE. L. R.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

April 1851.

You must be prepared, when you come up to the gathering of the nations, to see some changes in the shop-fronts of the metropolis. Small panes and low-browed windows are fast disappearing from our leading thoroughfares, to make way for a brilliant and lofty expanse of plate-glass. Here and there premises are enlarged by taking in adjoining houses—a development of enterprise which most prevails among tavern, coffee, and eating-house-keepers, particularly in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, where the superadded rooms afford a busy scene of carpentry, painting, and papering. It is a rare time for decorators; and purveyors of refreshments intend that it shall not be less so for them. All this is a carrying out of the 'fixed idea,' that speculations in the commissariat department are sure to pay. Monsieur Soyer, at all events, inclines to that belief; for he has taken Gore House, the residence of the late Lady Blessington, where he will play the part of a *restaurateur en grand*. There is some talk of establishing 'penny news-rooms,' where foreigners and others may find newspapers and periodicals in their own vernacular, and read, write, or rest at pleasure. Such establishments are a very great convenience, not less to residents than to strangers; and I for one should rejoice to see several started in London on as liberal a scale as that in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh: so far as my experience goes, there is nothing in Cockneydom equal to it. The Society of Arts have it in contemplation to do the hospitable in this respect, and to supply edible as well as readable matter. Further, we are promised a troop of shoe-blacks—urchins from our Ragged Schools, trained and taught for the occasion—who are to be stationed in streets and squares during the six months of the Exhibition. Some people say that it would be desirable to go a step beyond this, and establish *salles de toilette*, as in Paris; indeed if projectors could have their way, London would become a sort of mongrel metropolis, in which the citizens of all the capitals in the world should fancy themselves at home, and wax rotund without. When all preparations shall be complete, and the wealth and taste of our shops and warehouses are lit up by the rays of a summer sun, there will doubtless be some among the myriads of visitors thronging our streets who will be tempted to exclaim with old Marshal Blucher—'What a city for to sack!'

I walked up to Hyde Park about a fortnight ago on a Sunday afternoon, to see the folk who had come to view the Hall of Glass. There was no disappointment in the result; for the mighty moving throng were well-dressed and well-conducted, while the coarse material out of which mobs are composed was extremely rare. In consequence, too, of the police regulations against Sunday trading within the limits of the Park, there was none of that confusion and outcry of hucksters so prevalent on other days. It was not difficult to see that the crowd was composed chiefly of mechanics, clerks, and retail tradesmen, with their wives and sweethearts, and domestic servants, male and female, all in their 'go-to-meeting clothes,' besides a sprinkling of soldiers.

It would interest you somewhat while walking in the Strand or Piccadilly, to see how heavily-laden wagons, from time to time, go rumbling westward with

goods for the Exhibition. Habituated as the street population of London are to the sight of huge vehicles, they cannot help gazing at the piles of cases as they are drawn slowly by, with their foreign marks, from Paris, Austria, Bavaria, or some other place in the Zoll Verein. The number of cases arrived is, up to the time of my writing, 12,596; being 6238 foreign, 767 colonial, 26 Channel Islands, and 5570 native. The *St. Lawrence* brought, it is said, nearly 1000 tons of goods, and 500 exhibitors. Some of the latter are not very well satisfied with the arrangements; but it is to be presumed that they will do as other foreigners have seen the propriety of doing—that is, conform to the regulations of the Exhibition. Commissioners, who would not be human if they could please everybody. While 3000 have been excluded out of the 9000 native Britons who came forward exhibitors, some of the foreigners may, without unfairness, be expected to give place to such of their compatriots as bring the most novel or suitable articles for show. The objects exhibited are to be divided into thirty classes; and there will be as many juries—one to each class—to determine on the objects for which prizes shall be awarded; and according to their decision exhibitors will receive first, second, or third class medals. The number of jurors will be 270, one-half of them being foreigners; and the chairman be a sort of upper council, to weigh the merits of the respective adjudications. They are to enter on their duties on the 12th May. These juries have a delicate and difficult task before them, from which it will be no more than charitable to wish them a happy deliverance.

The movement hitherto has already begun to some extent: in walking our streets, it is impossible not to observe the presence of many more foreigners than usual. Silliman has arrived from the United States, and brings news of other American savans who are to follow. And still more remarkable, two Chinese merchants, Ahung and Ry, have come overland through Tartary, Russia, and Germany, to see the Exhibition, preferring that long journey to the voyage by sea, which several of their acquaintances have undertaken in a junk. Should this junk really arrive, the Celestials will deserve no small credit for their enterprise. With so many visitors from abroad, may we not expect a more than usually interesting meeting of the British Association at Ipswich next July?

Now and then a little information creeps out as to the nature and quality of the articles sent in for exhibition. There is a bedstead from India profusely ornamented with silver flagree, the metal alone being worth £800; there is a saddle also valued at 1700 guineas, far more costly than handsome; and a tea-service, of which each cup and saucer is worth 100 guineas. They are made of agate set with emeralds and rubies, but will not, any more than the saddle, be admired for beauty, and for taste and elegance, will bear no comparison with our Wedgwood china. Singapore, in addition to a number of Malay manufactures and curiosities, sends a valuable collection of the natural products of the Eastern Archipelago, including edible birds-nests, and the sea-weed and sea-slings so much relished by the gourmands of China. Among the articles from Munich is a 'beer watch,' which, by the movement of its hands, indicates the quantity of the fluid swallowed by the wearer; and among those from Switzerland is a gold pen-holder, with a miniature watch fitted at one extremity, which, small as it is, tells the day of the month as well as the hour. Vienna, as I have before told you, has sent us a very choice cabinet furniture, and with it a number of moustachioed workmen, who, by the assiduity with which they fit up the articles within their ~~workshops~~, and the use they make of their peculiar machines and tools, have attracted considerable notice. The 'page' system is still rigorously enforced at the building, so much so, that a batch of the Executive

Committee, who arrived one morning at the door after a change had been made in the ticket, were kept waiting for an hour or two before they could gain admittance.

Many projects are afoot for public accommodation; and one, not the least acceptable, is an improved omnibus. It has long been a complaint that the omnibuses of Paris and Brussels should be superior to those of London, and the new vehicle is to obviate the objections to the old ones. Each passenger is to have a compartment to himself; and the seats on the roof are reached by a convenient stair, instead of the present awkward and imperfect method of mounting, which, by the way, is essentially *townish*; for it is notorious that Londoners submit to flagrant inconveniences in their crowded streets and public vehicles, at steam-boat landings and doors of theatres, with a power of endurance quite extraordinary. Nevertheless, it is but fair to record that the city authorities have deliberated on the improvement of the river landing-places, and on projects for underground crossings in streets where the vehicular ~~era~~ renders the traverse difficult and dangerous. It is hard to imagine what is to become of foreigners, who in their own towns are so much accustomed to walk in the roadway; if they pursue the same practice here, they will soon learn to attach a meaning to the 'Now, then!' of irate conductors and drivers.

Another peculiarity that will attract the attention of transmarine visitors will be the want of cleanliness and convenience in the carriages of some of our railway lines. In my travelling experiences abroad, and no farther off than the north of the Tweed, the comfort of travellers is much more considered than on certain of the lines which radiate from the metropolis. There are, it is true, honourable exceptions; and now that competition has become active, we may expect to find preference given to those lines which provide the best-appointed carriages.

There are certain miscellaneous matters which have been duly talked about by those therein interested. One is, that Adams—Neptune Adams, as he is now called—was elected president of the Astronomical Society at their last anniversary. Theologians have found where-with to interest themselves in the reports that have been received of the conference of the Bishop of Victoria at Hong-Kong with an intelligent native of China, respecting the term by which the name *God* is to be rendered into the Chinese language. This, as you are aware, has for some time been a vexed question, owing to the number of terms used to signify the various classes of gods among the natives of the 'central flowery land.' This conference may be looked on as a step towards its solution. I may mention, too, while on the subject of language, that several standard English works are to be translated into the vernacular dialects of India, in aid of the educational movement among the native population. Think of Gibbon, Hume, and Smollett, and Defoe, and several of your own 'Educational Course,' done into Hindoo characters! There is philosophical matter, also, of considerable importance from Africa. The first example of a native written language has recently been discovered among the inhabitants of the *Wei* or *Vahi* district, about five days' sail to the south-east of Sierra Leone, and twenty miles in the interior. They were visited by a missionary, who found, as had been reported, several manuscript books, the work of *Dosli* *Bukara*, the Ethiopian Cadmus, a devout and intelligent native. The alphabet which he produced, with the assistance of some of his friends, is entirely phonetic; and, as he related, was the result of a dream which he dreamt some sixteen years ago. He is now about forty; and it appears that, when a boy, he received some alphabetical instruction from an American missionary, which may perhaps account for the peculiar nature and consequences of his dream.* When once the

alphabet was invented, the king's permission to establish schools and teach the people was obtained; and notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned by war, progress has been made in the way of education. Three of the manuscripts have been brought to England. They describe the ordinary incidents and circumstances of negro life, in a style adapted to engage the attention of those for whom they are designed. A number of copies have been lithographed on coloured papers, to render them more attractive; and are to be sent out for circulation among the natives, in the hope, as is said, 'of leading them on in the pursuit of literature, and thus encouraging the peaceful arts, and checking the slave trade.' The Vei district comprehends some 200,000 square miles; an ample field on which to commence the spread of enlightenment.

The centre of Leicester Square no longer presents any appearance of that 'décadence' which afforded so voluminous a topic to a certain literary politician. Mr Wyld's circular building now rears its domed roof aloft in that spacious area; and judging from present indications, the 'Great ~~Exhibition~~ Exhibition' will not prove the least interesting of metropolitan sights for some time to come. There is to be a 'Gas Exhibition' too at the Polytechnic; the proprietors of that institution having afforded the necessary space, as fire and flame are to be excluded from the Crystal Palace. And, talking of gas, a firm at Carlisle have contrived an illuminated turret clock, which, being regulated every six months, will light itself up at sunset, and 'go out' at sunrise, during the half year, adapting itself all the time to the increase and decrease of daylight. Rather a clever clock this! Then there is an enterprising farmer—I believe not in Essex—who is going to roof his barn with glass, so that after his wheat shall be cut, it may be hardened and dried in full sunlight under shelter. And architects are talking about the model labourers' cottages, to be built of hollow glazed bricks, near Knightsbridge Barracks, at Prince Albert's expense; and of a design for somewhat similar edifices by one of the sons of the Lord Chief Baron.

One or two more, and then I shall have come to the end of what Lord Duberly would call 'promiscuous' items. A lively debate is going on among engineers as to the best form of steamers' paddle-floats, heightened perhaps by the rivalry in ocean steam navigation. If increased speed, without diminution of safety, is to come out of it, we shall wish success to the gentlemen's talk. Another subject is telegraph extension, with a view to establish a line between London and Liverpool, which shall be independent of the present monopoly. The Americans have lately begun to employ their telegraphs for a purpose of great importance to maritime communities, and indeed to all who are dependent on weather. They give notice of storms: 'For example, the telegraph at Chicago and Toledo notifies shipmasters at Cleveland and Buffalo, and also on Lake Ontario, of the approach of a north-west storm. The result is practically of great importance. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at the rate of a carrier-pigeon—namely, sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed, twenty hours in advance, that a south-west storm is advancing along the coast from the Gulf of Mexico.' We here in the southern counties might thus have been forewarned against the extraordinary rain-storm of March 15, when there fell in London nearly *two inches* of rain in fifteen hours—a quantity unexampled (that is, in the same space of time) in the annals of meteorology. It is worthy of notice that no rain fell on the same day at Nottingham or York, and scarcely any at Liverpool.

There, I think, you ought to be satisfied. It is not every editor who has a correspondent capable of producing any amount of what geologists call 'conglomerate.' So, farewell till the *Exhibition* opens.

THE SMUGGLER MALGRÉ LUI.

THERE is perhaps no more singular anomaly in the history of the human mind than the very different light in which a fraud is viewed according to the circumstances in which it is practised. The singular revelations made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a late deputation will probably be fresh in the remembrance of most of our readers. Even the learned gentleman himself could hardly maintain his professional gravity when informed of the ingenious contrivances adopted for defrauding the revenue. Advertisements floating through the air attached to balloons, French gloves making their way into the kingdom in separate detachments of right and left hands, mutilated clocks travelling without their wheels—such were some of the divers means by which the law was declared to be galed, and the custom-house officers baffled. We are by no means disposed either to think or speak with levity of this system of things. However much a man may succeed in reconciling any fraud to his own conscience, or however leniently it may be viewed by his fellow-men, it will yet assuredly help to degrade his moral nature, and its repetition will slowly, but surely, deaden the silent monitor within his breast. All we affirm is the well-known fact, that laws are in most cases ineffectual, except in so far as they harmonise with the innate moral convictions of mankind; and that many a man who would not for worlds cheat his next-door neighbour of a penny, will own without a blush, and perhaps even with a smile of triumph, that he has cheated the government of thousands! It is not often, however, that so daring and successful a stroke of this nature is effected as that which we find related of a celebrated Swiss jeweller, who actually succeeded in making the French director-general of the customs act the part of a smuggler!

Geneva, as must be well known to all our readers, supplies half Europe with her watches and her jewellery. Three thousand workmen are kept in continual employment by her master goldsmiths; while seventy-five thousand ounces of gold, and fifty thousand marks of silver, annually change their form, and multiply their value beneath their skilful hands! The most fashionable jeweller's shop in Geneva is unquestionably that of Beauté: his trinkets are those which beyond all others excite the longing of the Parisian ladies. A high duty is charged upon these in crossing the French frontier; but, in consideration of a brokerage of 5 per cent., M. Beauté undertakes to forward them safely to their destination through contraband chapnels; and the bargain between the buyer and seller is concluded with this condition as openly appended and avowed as if there were no such personages as custom-house officers in the world.

All this went on smoothly for some years with M. Beauté; but at length it so happened that M. le Comte de Saint-Criq, a gentleman of much ability and vigilance, was appointed director-general of the customs. He heard so much of the skill evinced by M. Beauté in eluding the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved personally to investigate the matter, and prove for himself the truth of the reports. He consequently repaired to Geneva, presented himself at M. Beauté's shop, and purchased 30,000 francs' worth of jewellery, on the express condition that they should be transmitted to him free of duty on his return to Paris. M. Beauté accepted the proposed condition with the air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to arrangements of this description. He, however, presented for signature to M. de Saint-Criq a private deed, by which the purchaser pledged himself to pay the customary 5 per cent. *smuggling duty*, in addition to the 30,000 francs' purchase-money.

M. de Saint-Criq smiled, and taking the pen from the jeweller's hand, affixed to the deed the following

signature—‘L. de Saint-Criq, Director-General of the Customs in France.’ He then handed the document back to M. Beuttet, who merely glanced at the signature, and replied, with a courteous bow—

‘*Monsieur le Directeur des Douanes*, I shall take care that the articles which you have done me the honour of purchasing shall be handed to you in Paris directly after your arrival.’ M. de Saint-Criq, piqued by the man’s cool daring and apparent defiance of his authority and professional skill, immediately ordered post-horses, and without the delay of a single hour set out with all speed on the road to Paris.

On reaching the frontier, the Director-General made himself known to the *employés* who came forward to examine his carriage—informing the chief officer of the incident which had just occurred, and begged of him to keep up the strictest surveillance along the whole of the frontier line, as he felt it to be a matter of the utmost importance to place some check upon the wholesale system of fraud which had for some years past been practised upon the revenue by the Geneva jewellers. He also promised a gratuity of fifty *louis-d’ors* to whichever of the *employés* should be so fortunate as to seize the prohibited jewels—a promise which had the effect of keeping every officer on the line wide awake, and in a state of full activity, during the three succeeding days.

In the meanwhile M. de Saint-Criq reached Paris, alighted at his own residence, and after having embraced his wife and children, and passed a few moments in their society, retired to his dressing-room, for the purpose of laying aside his travelling costume. The first thing which arrested his attention when he entered the apartment was a very elegant-looking casket, which stood upon the mantelpiece, and which he did not remember to have ever before seen. He approached to examine it; his name was on the lid; it was addressed in full to ‘M. le Comte de Saint-Criq, Director-General of Customs.’ He accordingly opened it without hesitation, and his surprise and dismay may be conceived when, on examining the contents, he recognised at once the beautiful trinkets he had so recently purchased in Geneva.

The count rung for his valet, and inquired from him whether he could throw any light upon this mysterious occurrence. The valet looked surprised, and replied, that on opening his master’s portmanteau, the casket in question was one of the first articles which presented itself to his sight, and its elegant form and elaborate workmanship having led him to suppose it contained articles of value, he had carefully laid it aside upon the mantelpiece. The count, who had full confidence in his valet, and felt assured that he was in noway concerned in the matter, derived but little satisfaction from this account, which only served to throw a fresh veil of mystery over the transaction; and it was only some time afterwards, and after long investigation, that he succeeded in discovering the real facts of the case.

Beuttet the jeweller had a secret understanding with one of the servants of the hotel at which the Comte de Saint-Criq lodged in Geneva. This man, taking advantage of the hurried preparations for the count’s departure, contrived to slip the casket unperceived into one of his portmanteaus, and the ingenious jeweller had thus succeeded in making the Director-General of Customs one of the most successful *smugglers* in the kingdom!

STORMS IN INDIA.

Colonel Sykes has described to the British Association several stories of hail which have occurred in India, the details collected from various sources by Dr Buist. The weight of these masses of ice was over 14 lbs. Many of them, under a rough external coat, contained clear ice within, and with that peculiar radiated structure which

he had elsewhere described. Immense aggregated masses of these great hail-stones were in some places brought down from the mountain ravines by the succeeding torrents, and in one of these conglomerations a snake was found frozen up, and apparently dead; but it soon thawed, and revived.

ON A WEDDING.

February 25, 1851.

You are to be married, Mary:
This hour, as I silent lie
In the dreamy light of the morning,
Your wedding-hour draws nigh.
Miles off, you are rising, dressing,
To stand amid bridal throng,
In the same old rooms we played in,
You and I—when we were young.
Your bridesmaids—they were our playmates;
Those old rooms, every wall,
Could speak of our childish frolics,
Loves, jealousies, great and small.
Do you mind how pansies changed we,
And smiled at the word ‘forget?’
‘Twas a girl’s romance—yet somewhere
I have kept my pansy yet.
Do you mind our verses written
Together? our dreams of fame?—
Of love—how we’d share all secrets
When that sweet mystery came?
It is no mystery now, Mary;
It was unveiled year by year:
Till—this is your marriage-morning,
And I—I am lying here.
I cannot picture your face, Mary,
The face of the bride to-day:
You have outgrown my knowledge
In years that have slipped away:
I see but the girlish likeness,
Brown eyes, and brown falling hair:
God knows, I did love you dearly,
And was proult that you were fair!
Many speak my name, Mary,
While yours in home’s silence lies:
The future I read in toil’s guerdon,
You will read in your children’s eyes.
The past—the same past with either—
Is to you a soft, pleasant scene:
But I cannot see it clearly,
For the graves that rise between.
I am glad you are happy, Mary!
These tears, did you see them fall,
Would show, though you have forgotten,
I have remembered all.
And though my cup is left empty,
And yours with its joy runs o’er,
God keep you its sweetness, Mary,
Brimming for evermore!

Just Published, in Fancy-Coloured Boards, Price 1s. 6d.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOLUME VIII.

CONTENTS:—No. 57. Ocean Routes.—58. Cromwell and his Contemporaries.—59. Life at Grafenberg.—60. Life at Grefenberg—Concluded.—61. The Black Gondola: a Venetian Tale.—62. Ancient Philosophic Sects.—63. The Wonders of Human Folly.—64. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

THE EMIGRANT'S MANUAL.—AUSTRALIA. Price 1s. sewed.—NEW ZEALAND. Price 1s. sewed.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Arden Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 383. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

PRICE 1*d.*

MORBID IMPULSES.

'Please, sir, it's seven o'clock, and here's your hot wa'er.' I half awoke, reflected moodily on the unhappy destiny of early ~~to-morrow~~ and finally, after many turns and grunts, having decided upon defying all engagements and duties, I fell asleep once more. In an instant I was seated in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, gazing upon the curtain, and, in common with a large and brilliant audience, anxiously awaiting its arising, and the appearance of Duprez. The curtain does rise; the orchestra are active; Duprez has bowed her thanks to an applauding concourse; and the opera is half concluded: when, just as the theatre is hushed into deathless silence for the great aria which is to test Duprez's capacity and power, a mad impulse seizes hold of me. I have an intense desire to yell. I feel as if my life and my eternal happiness depend upon my emulating a wild Indian, or a London 'coster' boy. I look round on the audience; I see their solemn faces; I note the swelling bosom of the cantatrice, the rapt anxiety of the leader, and the dread silence of the whole assembly, and I speculate on the surprise and confusion a loud war-whoop yell would create; and though I foresee an ignominious expulsion, perhaps broken limbs and disgraceful exposure in the public prints, I cannot resist the strange impulse; and throwing myself back in my stall, I raise a wild cry, such as a circus clown gives when he vaults into the arena, and ties himself up into a knot by way of introduction. I had not under-calculated the confusion, but I had under-calculated the indignation. In an instant all eyes are upon me—from the little piccolo player in the corner of the orchestra to the diamonded duchess in the private box; cries of 'Shame! turn him out!' salute me on all sides; my neighbours seize me by the collar, and call for the police; and in five minutes, ashamed, bruised, and wretched, I am ejected into the Haymarket, and on my way to Bow Street.

'Please, sir, it's nine o'clock now; and Mr Biggs has been, sir; and he couldn't wait, sir; and he'll come again at two.'

I sit up in bed, rub my eyes, and awake to consciousness of two facts—namely, that I have not kept a very particular engagement, and that I have had a strange dream. I soon forget the former, but the latter remains with me for a long time very vividly. It was a dream, I know; but still it was so true to what might have occurred, that I half fancy I shall recognise myself among the police intelligence in my daily paper; and when I have read the 'Times' throughout, and find it was indeed a dream, the subject still haunts me, and I sit for a long time musing upon those singular morbid

desires and impulses which all men more or less experience.

What are they? Do they belong strictly to the domain of physics or of metaphysics? How nearly are they allied to insanity? May there not be a species of spiritual intoxication created by immaterial alcohol, producing, through the medium of the mind, the same bodily absurdities as your fluid alcohol produces through the direc^ter agency of the body itself? How far can they be urged as extenuating or even defending misdemeanours and crimes? To guide me in my speculations, I run over a few cases that I can call to mind at once.

There is the general fact, that no sooner have you mounted to a great eminence, than a mysterious impulse urges you to cast yourself over into space, and perish. Nearly all people feel this; nearly all conquer it in this particular; but some do not; and there may be a great doubt as to whether all who have perished from the tops of the monuments have been truly suicides. Then, again, with water: when you see the clear river sleeping beneath—when you see the green waves dancing round the prow—when you hear and see the roaring fury of a cataract—do you not as surely feel a desire to leap into it, and be absorbed in oblivion? What is that impulse but a perpetual calenture?—or may not the theory of calentures be all false, and the results they are reported to cause be in reality the results of morbid impulses? I have sat on the deck of a steamer, and looked upon the waters as they chafed under the perpetual scouring of the paddles; and I have been compelled to bind myself to the vessel by a rope, to prevent a victory to the morbid impulses that has come upon me. Are not Ulysses and the Syrens merely a poetic statement of this common feeling?

But one of the most singular instances of morbid impulses in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who not very long ago visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a huge hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt a power within, above sense and reason—a

morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand. This incident suggests many things, besides proving the peculiar nature and power of morbid impulses: such things, for instance, as a law of sympathy on a scale hitherto undreamt of, as well as a musical tune pervading all things.

But the action of morbid impulses and desires is far from being confined to things material. Witness the occurrence of my dream, which, though a dream, was true in spirit. More speeches, writings, and actions of humanity have their result in morbid impulse than we have an idea of. Their territory stretches from the broadest farce to the deepest tragedy. I remember spending an evening at Mrs Cantaloupe's, and being seized with an impulse to say a very insolent thing. Mrs Cantaloupe is the daughter of a small pork butcher, who, having married the scapegrace younger son of a rich man, by a sudden sweeping away of elder brethren, found herself at the head of a mansion in Belgravia, and of an ancient family. This lady's pride of place, and contempt for all beneath her, exceeds any thing I have ever yet seen or heard of; and, one evening when she was canvassing the claims of a few *parvenu* families in her usual *tranchant* and *haughty* manner, an impulse urged me to cry, at the top of my voice: 'Madam, your father was a little pork-butcher—you know he was!'

In vain I tried to forget the fact; in vain I held my hands over my mouth to prevent my shouting out these words. The more I struggled against it, the more powerful was the impulse; and I only escaped it by rushing headlong from the room and from the house. When I gained my own chambers, I was so thankful that I had avoided this gross impertinence that I could not sleep.

This strange thralldom to a morbid prompting not unfrequently has its outlet in crimes of the deepest dye. When Lord Byron was sailing from Greece to Constantinople, he was observed to stand over the sleeping body of an Albanian, with a poniard in his hand; and, after a little time, to turn away muttering, 'I should like to know how a man feels who has committed a murder!' There can be no doubt that Lord Byron, urged by a morbid impulse, was on the very eve of knowing what he desired; and not a few crimes have their origin in a similar manner. The facts exist; the evidence is here in superabundance; but what to do with it? Can a *theory* be made out? I sit and reflect.

There are two contending parties in our constitution—mind and matter, spirit and body—which in their conflicts produce nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The body is the chief assailant, and generally gains the victory. Look how our writers are influenced by bile, by spleen, by indigestion; how families are ruined by a bodily ailment sapping the mental energy of their heads. But the spirit takes its revenge in a guerilla war, which is incessantly kept up by these morbid impulses—an ambuscade of them is ever lurking to betray the too-confident body. Let the body be unguarded for an instant, and the spirit shoots forth its morbid impulse; and if the body be not very alert, over it goes into the sea, into the house-tops, or into the streets and jails. In most wars the country where the fighting takes place suffers most: in this case man is the battle-ground; and he must and will suffer so long as mind and matter, spirit and body, do not co-operate amicably—so long as they fight together, and are foes. Fortunately, the remedy can be seen. If the body do not aggress, the spirit will not seek revenge. If you keep the body from irritating, and perturbing, and stultifying the mind through its bile, its spleen, its indigestion, its brain, the mind will most certainly never injure, stultify, or kill the body by its mischievous guerilla tactics, by its little, active, implike agents—morbid impulses. We thus find that there is a deep truth in utilitarianism after all—the *rose-colour* romancings of

chameleon writers. To make a man a clear-judging member of society, doing wise and beautiful things for all time, a great indispensable is—to see that the house that his spirit has received to dwell in be worthy the wants and capabilities of its noble occupant. Hence—
Rat-tat-tat!

'Please, sir, Mr Biggs!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

MARY KINGSFORD.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly despatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set off on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were travelling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We travelled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had travelled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of 'swells,' they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a 'parliamentary'; but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waist-coats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of

which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning, and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fireplace at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow, and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

'Mr Waters!' she impulsively ejaculated. 'Oh I am so glad!'

'Yes,' I answered, 'that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!' I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face towards her, still tendering the brandy and water. 'Stand back!' He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, back by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

'Are Mrs Waters and Emily quite well?' said the young woman colouring, and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

'Quite—entirely so,' I almost stammered. 'You know us then?'

'Surely I do,' she replied, reassured by my manner. 'But you, it seems,' she presently added with a winning smile, 'have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford.'

'Mary Kingsford!' I exclaimed almost with a shout. 'Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!'

'Do you think so? Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now then, I suppose?' she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

'You know what I mean, you vain puss you!' I rejoined quite gleefully; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a spotted favourite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighbourhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much-respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my

imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognised the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in colour, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of colour vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress. 'Yes,' she murmured in a sad quivering voice—'yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well,' she continued more cheerfully after a pause, 'in health, but poorly off; and I—and I,' she added with a faint effort at a smile, 'am going to London to seek my fortune! To seek your fortune!'

'Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you.'

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly-respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris. *

'I am to be Sophy's fellow shop-assistant,' continued Mary Kingsford; 'not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!'

'Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged?—Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one.'

'Richard's father,' she replied with some spirit, 'has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now,' she added; 'and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so.'

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no farther opportunity for private converse.

'Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?' I inquired.

'About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them.'

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognised, called out: 'Quick, coaches, or you'll lose sight of them!' As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver 'to mind and make no mistake.' The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that, was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended.

hended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr and Mrs Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. 'Her cousin,' she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, 'was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world.' The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behaviour, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the goodwill of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the care and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

'Hartley and Simpson you say?' he remarked after we had walked away to some distance: 'those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them.'

'They appear to be in high feather just now,' I remarked.

'Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jernyn Street. I'd lay a trifle,' added my friend, as I turned to leave him, 'that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-by.'

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleet, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way

over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half-crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognising me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly calling to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavoured, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulphing tide, and shrieked pitifully for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucking in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavour to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was

drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigour to my chilled and partially-numbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police-officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

'What is the meaning of this?' I exclaimed, addressing one of the police-officers.

'Merely,' said he, 'that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery'—

'No—no—no!' broke in the terrified girl.

'Oh! of course you'll say so,' continued the officer. 'All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once.'

'Save me!—save me!' sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

'Be comforted,' I whispered; 'you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford,' I added in a louder tone: 'I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have.'

'Bless you!—bless you!' she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

'There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure,' I continued; 'but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least.'

'Bail her! That is hardly regular.'

'No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow.'

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at headquarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavour to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr and Mrs Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr Augustus

Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr and Mrs Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of playgoing, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr and Mrs Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly-tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly 'if she did not mean that he should go *shares* in the prize she had lately found?'. Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: 'Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you.' So violent did he become, that Mr Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approaching quite close, said, 'You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?' Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr and Mrs Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

'Oh no, no! you mistake,' she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

'Nay, but you were though,' rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, 'And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening.'

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in

his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black-silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police-officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

'It is a wretched business,' I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. 'Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow Street the day after to-morrow.'

'Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?'

'His uncle,' he says, 'gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question.'

'I did not mean that. Can you shew it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels.'

'Yes, you can see it.' I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—'I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically.'

'Do you say so?' I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave colour and consistency to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. 'Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with— But give me my hat: I will ascertain this point at once.'

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct: apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the 'Times' an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

'This brooch is yours?' said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

'It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?'

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

'The rascals!' he broke in almost before I had finished: 'I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave,

robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged.'

'Not entirely, Mr Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would.'

'True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a forthright charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I must out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge.'

'This will, sir,' I replied, 'prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?'

'Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it.'

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

'I did not expect to see you to-day,' he said at last.

'No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did not sail for India, and—'

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

'Come, sir!' I cried, 'let us have no snivelling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us.'

'Oh yes; to be sure I will!' eagerly rejoined the rascal. 'I will go for them at once,' he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

'Nonsense! Send for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival.'

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, whilst Mr Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. 'Do not try that on, Mr Augustus Saville,' I quietly remarked: 'we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below.'

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

'And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely,' said Hartley, 'you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?'

'No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me.'

'Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right: we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-

handed game. I prigged it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and you claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, aint it, eh? Ha! ha! ha! —Ha!

'Quite so, Mr Hartley,' said I, suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; 'as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive,' I added, as the officers crowded into the room, 'are more gentlemen to join in it.'

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bridesmaid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least one person from being present at the World's Great Fair.

JOHNSTON'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON, well known for his acquirements as a lecturer on agricultural chemistry and geology, has just given to the world the result of his observations during a recent excursion in North America, which he visited under authoritative auspices.* The work so composed, bearing reference chiefly to the agricultural qualities of the districts visited, will not be expected to resemble ordinary works of travel, nor to consist of what is called amusing reading; nevertheless, the writer, by the originality of his views, has produced a work of no small interest, certainly one which presents much useful information not only to the general reader, but to the intending agricultural emigrant.

Among the Americans themselves, whether settlers in the British possessions or in the United States, Mr. Johnston's account of their country ought to awaken deep and anxious attention. Travelling from place to place in the constant investigation of the geological structure of the country—the nature of soils depending more or less on that structure—and also bringing his experience to bear on circumstances of a political and social nature, he is enabled to present a true picture of American husbandry as it presently exists, and to augur from appearances its prospective condition. The explorations of the author were confined principally to New Brunswick, the western part of the state of New York, and certain districts of Canada, where settlers are still busied in the excavation of farms from the primeval forest. In making his examinations, Mr. Johnston appears to have borne in mind the controversy still raging in England respecting the free import of foreign corn; and it was a special object with him to learn, from personal observation, how far the British farmer had reason to be alarmed with the

progress of a rival agriculture beyond the Atlantic. On this subject, therefore, the book before us may possibly do some useful service. Referring our readers to the work itself as a mine of valuable truths on this prevailing topic, we can hope only to glance at a few of the author's more pointed remarks. According to him, there is no likelihood of the price of British produce being permanently depressed by the free importation of American wheat and flour. For a time there will be a certain though not great import, but by and by it will fall down to a point scarcely worth speaking of. Vast as are the wheat-producing regions of America, they are not inexhaustible; nor are they greater than the native demands will continue to warrant. What the broad American continent will be, when its surface is subjected to skill, capital, and labour, like the highly-tiled lands of Norfolk, is not matter of immediate concern. At present, but one principle of farming, with trifling exceptions, prevails. This consists in exhausting the natural soil with a scourging succession of grain crops; then deserting the land, and going on to fresh territories, which are exhausted and deserted in turn. Nothing like proper restorative culture is known, and never will be till the enterprise of the settler is stopped in its western progress by the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific. In short, it is cheaper to buy new land than to manure the old; and only when there is no more fresh land to purchase, will the art of farming in America be properly known and practised.

Speaking of a fertile part of New Brunswick which he visited, Mr. Johnston observes, that 'in clearing land in this district, it is calculated that the first three crops, which are merely harrowed in, will pay all the expense of cutting the timber, burning, and cultivating. If the settler then abandons it, he is no loser: everything he cuts off it afterwards is gain, or any sum for which he can sell his cleared land. This is a great inducement to the exhausting system, which clears annually new land for grain, cuts for hay all the old cropped land will yield, till it is again overrun with a young growth of wood, and neither saves, collects, nor values manure.' Of this system he goes on to say, 'it is barbarous, reprehensible, and wasteful to the country—and yet it is probably the method which yields a ready sustenance to the settler's family at the smallest expense of mental and bodily labour. Our condemnation of the pioneers of civilisation in a new country ought not, therefore, to be severe or indiscriminate. With all our skill, we English farmers and teachers of agricultural science should, in the same circumstances, probably do just the same, so long as land was plenty, labour scarce and dear, markets few and distant, and prices of produce low. As population increases, a higher class will come in; will purchase the exhausted farms; and by their skill and manure will obtain from the soil new returns as large, and perhaps as profitable, as those which rewarded the men who first penetrated the bush.'

In New Brunswick it is not an unusual practice for settlers to rent instead of buying lands. They pay of annual rent from 6s. to 9s. per acre for farms, without being under any obligation as to routine of cropping. The plan is ruinous to the land, but works admirably for the farmer. 'He takes the cream off the land, and leaves it; and as tenants are in request, he can easily shift to another farm, or can take any good opportunity which may present itself of buying land for himself.'

Earnest industry will, in New Brunswick as elsewhere, meet with its reward; farming is profitable to a man with a grown-up family to assist him; but in the midst of prosperity there are serious discomforts

* Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical, and Social. By James F. W. Johnston, 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

and drawbacks; at least we should think them so. Insects are a terrible affliction. One day Mr. Johnston saw a farmer toiling in the fields with what seemed a smoking quiver at his back. On a nearer inspection, the supposed quiver was seen to be a roll of cedar bark suspended from the shoulders, and lighted at one end, so that the smoke might float about the head of the wearer, and keep off the flies. In another place, he observed 'fires kindled in the open air for the benefit of the cattle, which are happy to come in the evening and hold their heads in the smoke, with a view of escaping to some extent their tormentors. As the country becomes cleared, the flies may be expected to diminish.'

Latterly, with the view of opening up lines of thoroughfare through the forests, the legislature of New Brunswick has made an order, which will suit the convenience of those who have not money to buy, or even to rent land. A certain section for settlement is divided into lots of eighty acres each. Any person may get a grant of one of these lots on payment of no more than 1s. per acre, to defray the expense of the grant and survey; at the same time engaging to give labour on the roads, at a fixed price per rood, to the amount of L.12—thus making the entire price of his land L.16. This sum, however, is in currency: in money sterling, the amount is about one-fourth less. In speaking of this advantageous opening for settlers with limited means, Mr. Johnston mentions—'That a body of emigrants arriving in June would be able to open the road, cut down four acres on each of these lots for crops on the following spring, and build a log-house before the winter sets in. Of course they must have means to maintain themselves and families during the winter, and until the crops on their new lands are ripe. Bodies of emigrants from the same county or neighbourhood, going out as a single party, would work pleasantly together, and be good company and agreeable neighbours to each other.' Before starting, it must be recollected that the winter of New Brunswick is very severe; and that, during this season, little or no outdoor labour can be performed. Old settlers, however, seem to relish these hard winters, which are by no means unpleasant or unhealthy—they are only economically troublesome.

Nowhere do men with large capital engage in agricultural operations, because 7 per cent. can be obtained for money on mortgage; and it is more profitable, besides being more pleasant, to lend capital than to employ it in husbandry. This circumstance alone must long operate detrimentally on American farming. We are told that 'tillage farms are cultivated by persons who do not usually possess more than L.1 per acre of capital.' American farming, indeed, seems to be little better than the labour of a peasant, undirected by science, and almost unaided by machinery. 'The land itself, and the labour of their families, is nearly all the capital which most of the farmers possess. And if any of them save a hundred dollars, they generally prefer to lend it on mortgage at high interest, or to embark it in some other pursuit which they think will pay better than farming, than to lay it out in bettering their farms, or in establishing a more generous husbandry.'

Proceeding from Nova Scotia through New Brunswick to New York, and thence to the Genesee country near Lake Ontario, one of the finest wheat-producing districts in the States, the author there has similar observations to make. This fertile western region is pretty well cultivated, and yields large crops; yet such is the growth of population in New York, that there is no surplus of wheat for exportation. Production, in fact, does not keep pace here with the native demand for food, and there is a regular import from Canada, although under a restrictive duty of 20 per cent. No doubt the demand will urge forward improved methods of culture;

but 'even when such better agricultural times arrive in this region, the English farmer will still, in my opinion, have little to fear from this quarter of the American continent.'

Through this western part of the State of New York pours a ceaseless stream of emigration. Every day railway cars and canal boats are seen travelling along westward, with vast numbers of men, women, and children, of all ages, and of various European countries—Irish, English, Scotch, and Germans; the Irish usually outnumbering all the others. Comparatively few stop in Canada, where the colonial office has contrived to make the terms of purchasing land almost unintelligible. On they go, like a stream of people bound for a fair; and they know no rest till they find a home in Michigan, or some other State in the Far West. The breaking up of these western lands beyond the lakes has, within a recent period, turned the tide of import and export of bread-stuffs. In 1838, flour was shipped from Buffalo on Lake Erie for the west; and the wheat-region of New York, with that of Upper Canada, were the main sources of its supply. Now, after only twelve years, an enormous supply of wheat and flour is brought from the West, along Lake Erie.' In 1849, the wheat and flour thus arriving at Buffalo amounted to 250,000 tons, valued at ten millions of dollars—a large sum to be produced by the scraping industry of emigrant settlers, with little or no money capital.

After examining the western districts geologically, Mr. Johnston comes to the conclusion, that much of the soil is not of first-rate quality naturally; and that its productiveness is to be ascribed principally to its freshness. The reckless draughting of corn crops will inevitably bring out its true character. Meanwhile, nearly the whole population being employed in agricultural pursuits, the produce is considerable. But, observes our author, 'a question of great importance to the British and New England wheat-growers here suggests itself—Will the large export of wheat from these new states continue to increase, or are there any reasons why it should by and by begin to decrease? So far as I have been able to collect information bearing upon this question, I am decidedly of opinion that, though the quantity of wheat and flour exported from these north-western states may continue to increase for a certain limited number of years, it will by and by begin to diminish, and will finally, in a great measure, cease.'

Considerable tracts of land appear to be best adapted, in point of soil and climate, for Indian corn—an article, however, for which there is comparatively little foreign demand. On this account it is employed in feeding hogs; and the *hog crop*, therefore, is an important element in the calculations of the settler. Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, are the principal hog-producing states. There the swine are allowed to run in the woods, and feed on the acorns, till five or six weeks before killing-time; and are then turned into the Indian corn-fields to fatten them, and harden their flesh.' In 1846 there were killed in the above states, with some other places, as many as 1,087,862 hogs. A great trade has correspondingly sprung up at Cincinnati in the salting and packing of pork, the manufacture of lard, lard-oil, stearine, and other articles. In other port towns on the great rivers, the same kind of trade is attaining importance. The number of hogs in the whole United States is estimated at upwards of forty millions. Lard-oil, rivalling that from the olive, is beginning to be exported in large quantities to England, where it answers the purpose of the best lamp oils, at a considerably lower price. Few things are more surprising than the large export of grain, pork, and other articles, from places which, twenty years ago or less, had no name on the map. For example, there is in the state of Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan, a place called Milwaukee, which,

though starting into existence only fifteen years ago, now numbers 16,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a thriving neighbourhood. It is calculated that the arrival of emigrants adds every year to the state in which they settle, capital to the extent of £1,000,000, which is reckoning the produce of the labour of each at only £5. Referring to this fact, Mr Johnston justly remarks, that 'it is Europe, not America, that is the cause of the rapid growth of the United States—European capital, European hands, and European energy. If all the native-born Americans—not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans—were to sit down and fold their hands and go to sleep, the progress of the country would scarcely be a whit less rapid so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained.' It might be added, that the loss in population and wealth to Great Britain by the stream of emigration going past the colonies is only a natural consequence of a settlement on lands being rendered more available in the States. It is remarked, as a circumstance not a little curious, that whether the emigrant settlers in the new western states be English, Irish, Scotch, or German, the aggregate character shortly assumes the American type. This strange result is, it seems, owing to the busy interference of New Englanders, who, intruding themselves on the new settlements, do the *thinking*, while the foreign immigrants confine themselves to the more humble *working* departments of the social economy. 'The emigrants,' observes Mr Johnston, 'who go out from Europe—the raw bricks for the new state buildings—are generally poor, and for the most part indifferently educated. Being strangers to the institutions of the country, and to their mode of working, and, above all, being occupied in establishing themselves, the rural settlers have little leisure or inclination to meddle with the direct regulation of public affairs for some years after they have first begun to hew their farms out of the solitary wilderness. The New Englanders come in to do this. The west is an outlet for their superfluous lawyers, their doctors, their ministers of various persuasions, their newspaper editors, their bankers, their merchants, and their pedlars. All the professions and influential positions are filled up by them. They are the movers in all the public measures that are taken in the organisation of state governments, and the establishment of county institutions; and they occupy most of the legislative, executive, and other official situations, by means of which the state affairs are at first carried on. Thus the west presents an inviting field to the ambitious spirits of the east; and through their means the genius and institutions of the New England states are transplanted and diffused, and determine in a great measure those of the more westerly portions of the Union.' No kind of handy occupation at which a penny can be turned comes amiss to these New Englanders. An acquaintance of the author, who had business which took him frequently into Georgia, related the following anecdote in illustration of this versatility of talent:— 'When on his way to Boston, on one occasion, with a friend, who had also been with him in Georgia, they dined at a hotel, where they saw opposite to them at table two New Englanders, whom they had last seen peddling in Georgia. "Well," says his friend to one of them, "when did you quit your peddling in Georgia?" The questioned made no reply, but swallowing his dinner expeditiously, as a New Englander can, he went out of the room, and waiting for my friend and his companion, accosted them with, "For any sake say nothing about the peddling. We have been up to Maine, and as our wares were out, we took to the lecturing. It's not a bad trade; we have made sixteen dollars a day since we began. I take astronomy, and he does the phrenology. We have been lecturing in Bangor, and we have promised to go back. We had an invitation to go down to Bucksport, but we heard of some people there who knew quite as much as our-

selves, so we declined. Now, you won't say anything about the peddling!"'

To proceed with the observations of the writer on the subject of his inquiries: he looks more hopefully on the progress of Canada in material prosperity than other tourists have been inclined to do. Arriving at Kingston, he attended a show of stock and agricultural implements, got up under the auspices of a local society: it was not so extensive or so crowded as one which he previously attended at Syracuse, state of New York; but this was 'more numerously attended by well-dressed and well-behaved people, and rendered attractive by a greater quantity of excellent stock and implements than he had at all anticipated.' A repetition of the remark here occurs respecting the method of cropping lands, which is rapidly deteriorating the soil. In one place mentioned, 'wheat has been taken from the land for fifty years in succession.' Diminishing and precarious crops are the consequence. Latterly, the crop of wheat on these exhausted and ill-used lands has suffered from diseases incidental to plants of weakly growth. Occasionally the crop entirely fails, and the farmer finds to his cost that nature is not to be outraged with impunity. Still, few think of restoratives. A usual plan is to change the crop; and potatoes, peas, and oats are therefore coming more into use. Already Lower Canada, and some other old settled parts, are under the necessity of importing wheat; and, says Mr Johnston very emphatically, 'the same consummation is preparing for the more newly-settled parts, unless a change of system take place. The new wheat-exporting—so called—granary districts and states will by and by gradually lessen in number and extent, and probably lose altogether the ability to export, unless when unusual harvests occur. And if the population of North America continue to advance at its present rapid rate—especially in the older states of the Union—if large mining and manufacturing populations spring up, the ability to export wheat to Europe will lessen still more rapidly. This diminution may be delayed for a time by the rapid settling of new western states, which, from their virgin soils will draw easy returns of grain; but every step westward adds to the cost of transporting produce to the Atlantic border, while it brings it nearer to that far western California, which, as some predict, will in a few years afford an ample market for all the corn and cattle which the western states can send it.' He adds, 'in their relation to English markets, therefore, and the prospects and profits of the British farmer, my persuasion is, that, year by year, our transatlantic cousins will become less and less able—except in extraordinary seasons—to send large supplies of wheat to our island ports; and that, when the virgin freshness shall have been rubbed off their new lands, they will be unable, with their present knowledge and methods, to send wheat to the British market so cheap as the more skilful farmers of Great Britain and Ireland can do. If any one less familiar with practical agriculture doubts that such must be the final effect of the exhausting system now followed on all the lands of North America, I need only inform him that the celebrated Lothian farmers, in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh, who carry all their crops off the land—as the North American farmers now do—return, on an average, ten tons of well-rotted manure every year to every acre, while the American farmer returns nothing. If the Edinburgh farmer finds this quantity necessary to keep his land in condition, that of the American farmer must go out of condition, and produce inferior crops in a time which will bear a relation to the original richness of the soil, and to the weight of crop it has been in the habit of producing. And when this exhaustion has come, a more costly system of generous husbandry must be introduced, if the crops are to be kept up; and in this more generous system my belief is that the British

farmers will have the victory.' Surely the agricultural interest will thank this acute and intelligent author for the comforting reflections which in these few words are gratefully inspired.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

[BEFORE allowing our veteran contributor to proceed with his reminiscences, we may include a little anecdote of the celebrated Francis Hutcheson, who, it will be recollect, laid the foundations of what has been called the Scotch school of metaphysics, while professor of moral philosophy in the Glasgow University. Hutcheson, who, by the way, came from Ireland, was a man of commanding figure and energetic movements, and altogether of a different cast from the usual quiet and somewhat hum-drud materials of a Scotch professor of those days. It also appears that some of his doctrines were not less discrepant with those which had been accustomed to nestle in such sheltered nooks of thought. There was an examination of the divinity class one day, conducted by the little, tame, old-fashioned professor of that faculty; Hutcheson swept backwards and forwards in his long gown through the hall; and some other professors were in attendance. A youth, having stated something that did not sound quite accordant with old use and wont in the ears of his theological instructor, was stopped and interrogated. 'Sic docet Franciscus Hutchesonus' ('So does Professor Hutcheson teach'), said the student. The Irish metaphysician immediately stopped, and exclaimed in a powerful voice—'Sic doceo, et id defendeo' ('Yes, that I teach, and that I will defend.') The poor little professor shrank under his eagle glance, saying, 'Weel, weel,' and went on in the examination without further comment.]

Dr Macleod, professor of church history—an original in his way—had given up teaching his class when I went to college, his increasing infirmities having made it necessary for him to get an assistant. He was a little, old, crabbed-looking man, wearing a round wig and small cocked-hat—the very picture of ill-nature and peevishness, probably the result of bad health. His assistant meeting him one day in the college court, said—'I am glad to see you looking so well, sir.' 'No, sir; you are *not* glad to see me looking well!' was the cynical reply. The doctor, an old Highlander, had the peculiar intonation of the far north in reading or speaking. He was a great admirer of Sterne, and particularly of Yorick's celebrated sermon on the text—'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting,' beginning with, 'That I deny,' &c. Dr Macleod, in imitation of his model, preaching once from the text—'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God!' commenced—'And a very great fool he was!' but from the peculiar tone of voice and appearance of the speaker, the effect on the audience was anything but sublime.

Dr Macleod, before he received his appointment as professor in Glasgow College, had been an usher at Eton, where King George III. got acquainted with him in his walks, and was much affected with his singularities. When any one from Glasgow was presented to the king, it is said that he always asked after 'old Macleod.'

Dr Findlay, long professor of divinity in the university, who died at the age of ninety-seven or ninety-eight, and taught his class till within two years of his death, was still on the field when I was at college, and had all the appearance of a vigorous old age. He wore a bushy wig and cocked-hat, like Dr Macleod; and, like him, was a little man, in point of stature, but would have made two of him in bulk. Well do I recollect the cheery words which played on his features as he came stamping through the court, and returned the salu-

tations which were readily given him by the younger students. Like many men who have attained to great longevity, he was a very early riser in the morning; and at a very advanced period of life has been heard to complain that old age was getting the better of him, as, instead of getting up at six o'clock in the winter mornings, he had fallen into the bad habit of lying till seven. Dr Findlay was considered a very learned man; but his printed works were calculated for the few, not the million. Hence they sometimes experienced the fate of being sent *'in vicum vendentem thus et odore.'* A worthy tobacconist in the High Street was complaining one day of a certain work of the doctor's being a very bad book. 'How?' said his friend; 'I always thought Dr Findlay had been a worthy, good man.' 'It's the warst book I ken,' said the shopkeeper: 'it's a' cu're big for a pennyworth o' snuff—and it's no big eneugh for three bawbees' worth!'

Dr Reid was a little before my time, but, as might have been expected of so celebrated a character, several anecdotes respecting him still lingered in Alma. The readers of Professor Dugald Stewart's very interesting memoir of Reid will recollect that the latter had married a cousin of his own—'Aberdeenawa' as well as himself. This good lady had got up on a chair or table one day in order to dust an engraving; but as the attitude did not appear to the moralist to be very becoming, he was expressing his opinion to his spouse in terms more plain than pleasant. The lady heard him for an instant; but as the doctor seemed to be encroaching on a province which did not belong to him, she interrupted him with, 'Fu's the meen the day, doctor? fu's the meen?' ('How is the moon?') Stewart says that Dr Reid, at the age of fifty-five, attended the lectures of Black with a juvenile curiosity and enthusiasm. The following anecdote will shew that the principle of curiosity was not quenched in this good man at much later period of life. When the famous Dr Graham was in Glasgow, his lectures—which, as is well known, were far from decorous—were once or twice honoured by the attendance of Dr Reid. A friend expressing his surprise on meeting the professor of moral philosophy at such a place, the doctor, now a very old man, good-humouredly replied: 'Why it is only *such* as I that should be seen in *such* a place!'

When Dr Parr visited Glasgow many years since, one of the first places that he requested he might be taken to was Dr Reid's grave in the cathedral burying-ground. A young student of divinity, who accompanied Dr Parr, stated, that when the grave was shewn to him, he seemed to be lost in thought for a few minutes. At last he said, 'A great man, sir!—a very great man!' High praise from an English divine. Scotch metaphysics were never very popular at the English universities.

When I commenced my academical curriculum, the most eminent man of the circle which I have been describing was John Millar, the professor of law. His lectures were attended by students from all quarters, and I never heard any of them speak of him but in terms of unqualified admiration.

Mr Millar, like the other professors, was accustomed to have a certain number of boarders in his house, several of them men of high rank, who were afterwards to make a figure in life. Among other pupils at this time were the late Lord Melbourne, and his brother the Honourable Mr Lamb. With these young men Mr Millar's deportment was exceedingly engaging. He was accustomed, in conversation with them, to start a variety of topics, literary or otherwise, for the purpose of eliciting their sentiments; and he then, in a simple and familiar manner, stated his own opinions, which, proceeding from a mind like his, richly stored with the treasures of antiquity, as well as thoroughly versant with contemporary history, must have been deeply interesting. Mr Millar, it is well known, was a steady

Whig; and at a time when party spirit ran very high in Glasgow, this was sufficient to exclude him from the general society of the city, the bias of which was decidedly Tory. When he did mix in convivial parties, his affable, pleasant manners, and flow of anecdote, made him a favourite for the moment with many who were ready to do battle with him for his politics.

Mr Millar had a strong, athletic frame of body; and it was said that he did not disdain to take lessons in sparring from Mendoza; then the great master of the 'noble science of self-defence.' Mendoza was a *protégé* of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton; and it must be recollect that the science was then infinitely more cultivated by the higher ranks of society than in these degenerate days. Mr Millar had a natural flow of wit, and sometimes condescended to make use of a pun. A late professor told me, that at the Literary Society one evening a learned Hebrew scholar delivered some observations on the book of Job, which, contrary to the approved method, he pronounced as if the letter *o* were short. When the reader commenced, Millar, turning to his neighbour, said, loud enough to be heard, 'I knew he would make a *job* of it.'

Mr Richardson, professor of humanity, was as different from Mr Millar in his exterior appearance as he was in his politics. He was originally intended for the church, but the situation of tutor to Lord Cathcart's two sons having been offered to him, he accepted this employment; and when his lordship was appointed ambassador to Russia, Mr Richardson accompanied him to St Petersburg, where he remained four years. At this period he acted as Lord Cathcart's secretary, and here, most likely, he acquired that finished polish of manner for which he was remarkable.

As a teacher of youth, Mr Richardson has been seldom excelled. Although of course many of his pupils were further advanced, the greater proportion of his first year's students were boys from the grammar school, of twelve or thirteen years of age; and Mr Richardson endeavoured to instil a love of literature at this critical period of life, by making the lessons as easy and attractive as possible. He generally commenced with a book of Caesar's Commentaries; and he contrived to pre-engage the affections of his young hearers for the simple but beautiful narration of the renowned writer, by a brief but lucid account of the contents of the different books into which the work is divided. He then by degrees introduced his class to an acquaintance with the more difficult classics; constantly testing the progress it was making by frequent examinations. He delighted to bring forward modest talent by suitable encouragement; and as his praise was given judiciously, it was duly appreciated by his scholars. The 'old side,' or boys of the second year, had tasks of greater magnitude prescribed to them; and it was for their use chiefly that the professor held his private class, in which he lectured on Roman antiquities, and on the laws of fine writing, exemplified from classical authors.

Mr Richardson, at this period, was very methodical in the arrangement of his dress, as well as in his other habits. In the morning hours all was in dishabille—even the white neckcloth being exchanged for the cosy handkerchief. At eleven o'clock, a change appeared for the better; and it was evident that the learned professor had been under the hands of the tonsor, who had improved his outward man considerably. The wig, however, if exchanged, was still uppowdered. But at two o'clock—the *private hour*—the professor appeared in full *gala*, with powdered wig, lace ruffles, often silk stockings; in short, all the appearance of a fine gentleman of about the middle of the eighteenth century, probably the dress that he had been accustomed to in his youth. I must not omit that at this hour a diamond ring was always carefully displayed, dazzling the eyes of the admiring students. You must recollect that all

this was fifty years since. Mr Richardson's company was always exceedingly acceptable to the merchants of Glasgow; and, being a bachelor, he was a frequent diner-out. He was a little of a *bon vivant*, and suffered the usual penalty of good-living by a periodical access of gout. Dining one day at a party, when the turtle-soup was *superbe*, the professor got his plate replenished more than once, always exclaiming: 'There is gout in every spoonful, but I can't resist it—I can't resist it!' In the performance of his collegiate duties, Mr Richardson was most assiduous; and when many of his colleagues gave up their classes on the 1st of May, he was always at his post till the 10th of June. This devotedness on his part was the more meritorious, as he had a pleasant country seat, near the Water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire, to which he was much attached, and where he always spent the summer recess. Gout, his old enemy, proved too powerful at last for this highly-amiable and gentleman-like person; and I lament to say that he died in great agony from an attack of that complaint in the stomach. Foxglove had been recommended to him, and this powerful medicine was, after his decease, found in his desk; which added to the regret of his friends that it had not been administered.

Mr Young, the professor of Greek, succeeded Dr Moor, and by his abilities maintained the high position which this class had acquired. By his contemporaries, Mr Young was considered to be a man of original genius, an excellent classical scholar, an acute critic, a connoisseur in music, and perhaps in the fine arts generally. The ingenuity and eloquence with which he expounded a favourite author captivated the attention of those of his hearers who were designed for the learned professions; and even by many of his scholars who never opened the page of a Greek classic in after-life, the admirably quaint humour with which the professor translated an ode of Anacreon, or a dialogue of Lucian, or a scene of Aristophanes, was long remembered. With such qualifications, his friends sometimes regretted that he did not give to the world some fruits of his favourite studies. The high renown of Porson, Parr, and Burney, at that period probably prevented him from entering the lists against them in the fields of Greek literature; and as his annual income arising from the number of students attached to his class, as well as from private boarders, was constantly increasing, he may judiciously have preferred 'solid pudding' to 'empty praise.' In 1783, Mr Young published anonymously his 'Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' meant as a burlesque of Dr Johnson's harsh, and, as they were generally considered, unjust strictures, on that excellent poet. This little work is too lengthy for a mere *jeu d'esprit*; and although the reader is reminded of the occasionally inflated peculiarities of Dr Johnson's style, the mind soon becomes fatigued with the endeavour, real or pretended, of the writer, to discover flaws in one of the finest poems in the English language.

Mr Young was a great admirer of histrionic talent. When Edmund Kean first made his appearance on the Glasgow boards, no one seemed more delighted than our professor with what it was then the fashion to call the 'new readings of Shakespeare,' by that clever but eccentric actor. On these occasions Mr Young's little *punchy* figure, perched in the stage-box, would have formed a subject worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. I think I see him applying an opera-glass to his eye with one hand, while with the other he kept vehemently thumping the wooden partition of the box, as any brilliant trait in the performance elicited his admiration—joining lustily at the same time the chorus of bravos which resounded from all parts of the house. Mr Young entertained a high opinion of the Rev. Dr Chalmers. A person who was present told me, that in the faculty room, some of his colleagues objecting to the peculiar

style of Dr Chalmers, Mr Young said: 'That may be all very true, gentlemen; but I know that I am a miserable sinner, and it is a style which speaks to *my* conscience.'

Mr Jardine, professor of logic, was one of the most useful teachers of youth in my time. Before his incumbency, it had been the established practice of the professor of logic to read Latin lectures on the Aristotelian logic, with little advantage to those of the students who were to be afterwards engaged in the active pursuits of life. The sagacity of Mr Jardine saw this defect, and how it could be remedied. As has been correctly stated in a biographical work—'After a simple analysis of the powers of the understanding, he devoted by far the greater part of the course to the original progress of language; the principles of general grammar; the elements of taste and criticism; and to the rules of composition, with a view to the promotion of a correct style, illustrated by examples.' The plan which he adopted of making the students give a written account of the lectures, and of occasionally handing these essays to be corrected by each other, under his own superintendence, had an admirable effect. It awakened genius, and stimulated mediocrity. A few critics and future reviewers were probably formed by this process; but, what was of infinitely more consequence, the youth who were afterwards to be engaged in trade or commerce were taught to think for themselves, and to express their thoughts, both in speaking and writing, in clear, intelligible language.

In politics, Mr Jardine was a Tory; but this did not prevent his being on the best terms with his colleagues, Mr Millar and Mr Young, who were equally attached to the opposite side. Mr Jardine's appearance was more like that of a bluff, healthy country gentleman, than the professor of a college; and his frank, open manners corresponded with his exterior. His time was too much occupied in the winter months to allow his going much into company; but when there, he was social and pleasant, and fond of a well-timed joke. He used to tell with great glee, that, when in France, he had been commissioned to procure a French cook for a Scotch nobleman. On his return, he had happened to meet his old acquaintance, Jaques, and asked him how he liked his new situation. 'Ah—ah,' said Jaques, with the peculiar shrug and grimace of his country—'toujours de *barley-brot*!'

GOLDEN ISLAND.

Most of the islands which travellers meet with cleaving the strong current of the Nile, and dividing it into two majestic branches, are formed one year, to be eaten away and disappear the next. The rapidity with which they rise and become covered with a low vegetation, is only less marvellous than the rapidity with which they dissolve. They generally have a sand-bank for basis, and this is the true reason of their uncertain tenure of existence. Sometimes the Nile changes its course, almost abandons one of the branches into which it has divided, and allows the island time to establish itself slowly for years. It then capriciously returns, gnaws underneath the already lofty banks, wastes violently over the surface, and in a few seasons the newly-created fields are carried away, and turbid eddies alone remain.

In some few instances, however, from circumstances which it would be difficult to explain, these alluvial islands acquire sufficient strength and solidity to profit by the annual inundation, instead of being destroyed. They then increase rapidly in size and elevation; and, without the assistance of husbandry, yield a support to the colony which does not fail to

migrate to them. Geziret-ed-Dahab, or Golden Island, situated opposite Atch, on the Rosetta branch, is one of the most remarkable examples.

We quitted Shibrakit, some miles higher up, on a bright December morning. There had been a warm discussion as to whether or not we should return by the canal to Alexandria. The crew, who could not understand what pleasure we took in wandering about apparently without an object—tacking from one bank to another, coming to an anchor in places where there were neither curiosities nor coffeehouses, taking strolls over the stubble-covered fields, sitting for hours under a thin canopy of acacia-trees, gun in hand, looking at half-a-dozen crows making mysterious evolutions around a neighbouring grove, and never thinking of taking a shot. This kind of life perplexed the crew exceedingly, and they voted unanimously in favour of returning to the dusty purlieus of Miniet-el-Bassal, or the Port of Onions.

We objected—for the idle life of the Nile boat had charmed us—and when we got into the glittering Louah Recif, ordered the steersman to take the right branch, and put Golden Island between us and the steamer funnels, the cluster of masts and yards, and the mud storehouses of Atch. In a few minutes, driven down by the current, and aided by a light wind that came along in puffs, and now filled our huge sail, and let it flap lazily over head, we were once more out of sight of all habitations, with nothing but blue waters, blue air, and almost blue vegetation around. Despite the time of year, it was a tremendously hot day, and all objects seemed to tremble dizzily in the sunshine. Now and then, as it were, a shower of pigeons was shaken down from their cool look-outs in the palm-trees upon the torrid surface of the stream. They fell like shining flakes of silver, as if about to melt in the waters; but suddenly their wings flapped vigorously, there was a moment of hurry-scurry, and then the whole flight swooped away in an ascending semi-curve, and went fluttering into a date-grove on the opposite bank. Some warm-backed, bright aquatic birds, with their sharp beaks, from time to time scratched the burnished mirror along which we were sliding, or dashed up a vapour of glass-dust with their pinions. White ibises settled down in majestic flights towards the fields which we could not see; and that aerial pirate, the hawk, cruised about far up in the sparkling air, or lay-to overhead in sight of a prize. Upon a distant dike, I remember, we could distinguish two or three camels moving slowly along, amidst a cloud of hot-looking dust; and as we left the Delta bank, two or three huge breathless buffaloes came and dropped themselves with a lazy splash into the stream.

We ran up alongside Golden Island, and made fast a rope to a tree; for we had determined to lunch ashore. In a few minutes the industrious Ahmed, by us duly assisted, had spread the cloth beneath the twinkling leaves of some acacias, that afforded a kind of mitigated shade; and we were deep in the mysteries of cold beef, ham, and bottled porter. When we had lounged a befitting time, in order to give our powers of digestion fair play, we proceeded to explore the island.

Its size is considerable; but I know not how many acres or how many groves it contains. Towards the northern extremity, the trees became more thickly planted, and the cultivation more regular. We followed a kind of footpath along the bank—no doubt made by the tracking crews of boats—and at length came in sight of a white sheikh's tomb, with a small dome, and an enclosure. As we approached, an old man, who had been sleeping under a blanket, started up so lightly and actively, that his Bedouin origin would have been at once apparent, even if the motion of his hand towards the place where the dagger usually

hangs had not revealed the fact. He smiled to notice that we observed this circumstance; and sat down again quietly, after saluting us. We returned his salute cheerfully, and took up our position close at hand, with a palm-trunk for a sofa-back. This was a fair beginning of an acquaintance; and our offer of a pipe concluded the business.

'I drink tobacco,' said the old gentleman, handing back the tube after two or three whiffs; 'but smelling tobacco is better.'

This was equivalent to saying, 'Have you any snuff?' We regretted not being able to gratify him. He said it was no matter, for that smoking and snuffing were no longer habits with him. When he was young, he used to empty a box a day (a second Napoleon), but those times were past. (It was difficult to say which he regretted most—his youth or his snuff.) Everything was very much changed now: he heard talk of only new things and new men. He could not understand what it meant; feared very much that all was wrong; but, after all, Allah was great, and Effendia (our lord—the pasha, namely) was —. Here came an indescribable gesture, by which the Arabs express might and power. The excellent Conservative Bedouin seemed disposed to accept established facts.

We asked him how he came there, where he came from, and what he did. The impertinence of these questions was not at all apparent to him. He replied with random good faith (quietly retaining one of our pipes, the first time we offered it, when he found that the move for snuff had been disconcerted), and we at length acquired a tolerable idea of his history. As his tongue got untied, indeed, the garrulity of it became excessive; and how this happened is worth mentioning. My friend L—, who professed to be subject to cramp in the stomach, always went about with what he called a monkey (the poet calls it a *craize*, I believe) full of rather strong brandy-and-water, and our interlocutor's eyes were directed towards it very often. At length he asked casually if it was medicine. L— replied that it was a draught calculated to raise the dead; to which the Bedouin responded that he was very ill.

'You do look deuced pale,' quoth L—, without offering his bottle.

'Yeh!' exclaimed the old fellow, quite surprised at this confirmation of his assertion.

'And I would recommend you to be bled. My friend here is a *hakim*.'

'Let me try the medicine first,' said the patient, whose hand had been clutching towards the unlabelled phial for some time, and who now edged nimbly along the ground, patted L— coaxingly on the back, and, after having glanced around to ascertain that none but infidel eyes beheld the deed, took a draught that no prescription would have authorised. 'Bi—ono; t.yib; ver good; az-im!' exclaimed he, shewing the skill in foreign languages which he had acquired during his visits to Aftsch. The effect was magical; and some of the old gentleman's confidential communications became even too intimate.

Saleh Ibn Gaoud, or Saleh Son of the Camel, was formerly a sheikh of the tribe of Waled Ali. According to his own representation, he enjoyed considerable influence at one time among his people, having been indeed of sufficient importance to have been selected by the pasha as one of the hostages taken from the turbulent tribe to which he belonged, when, in 1820, its headquarters were removed from Mudar to the neighbourhood of Damanhour. We do not repeat the hyperbolical accounts he gave of his exploits in the Bedouin wars: how, for example, his skill as a shot was so great, that at 500 paces, when on a horse going at full speed, he could 'break the head,' as he expressed it, of another cavalier moving in an opposite direction. But a curious tradition with respect to Golden Island interested us much. He said that he was one day sitting

at the door of his tent, near the confines of the cultivated land of Egypt, reflecting on the fall of his fortunes, and on the half-servitude in which he lived, when a stranger came up and asked him for hospitality. The request was of course complied with; but was accompanied, as is often the case in these degenerate times, with bitter reflections about diminished means, desires limited by power, and so forth, which are merely hints that some kind of payment would not be disagreeable. The stranger explained that he was a poor pilgrim; and as both professed poverty, the conversation naturally turned upon riches. A variety of stories, in which gold and jewels played a great part, were related. Among other things, the pilgrim said that, according to tradition, in the time of the early caliphs, Berimbal was a great city, having a governor invested with mighty privilages, and enjoying the especial favour of his master. This governor, named Ali the Splendid, distinguished himself by his exactions, although not by his cruelties, unless he was violently opposed. Among other means of amassing wealth, he levied a fixed contribution on every boat that passed down on its way to Rosetta with produce of the country, or returned with foreign merchandise. The abuse was tolerated, because Ali the Splendid always accompanied the taxes he sent to the public treasury with presents, to the great men of Cairo, and even to the caliph himself. In this way he became immensely rich, and was supposed to enjoy perfect felicity. But in heart he was unhappy, because, although he had wives and slaves, Heaven had not blessed him with any offspring. He used often to look forth between the gorgeous curtains of his palace windows, and behold the women going down to the riverside with their laughing children on their shoulders, and his eyes would fill with tears, and he would groan, and turn away in sorrow and despair. Of what use to him was his wealth in silver and in gold, in jewels and in precious stones, if he had not a son to cling to his knees, or play with his slippers? At length an adviser told him to consult a magician; and the magician, after having made his calculations, told him that he must divorce one of his wives, and substitute in her place, by force or cunning, the wife of a cobbler named Mustafa. Ali the Splendid believed; and he called Mustafa before him, and coaxed him to divorce his wife Fatimah. But the cobbler replied that he loved his wife, and would not part with her. So Ali caused him secretly to be slain, and took the woman into his harem. The magician had prophesied correctly. A son was born; and Ali, forgetting the crime that he had committed, was happy for many years. But it is decreed that those who do evil deeds shall in the end suffer; for when Murad grew up to be a youth, he caused his father more trouble and sorrow by his disobedience and his vicious character than he had caused him joy in the early time of his childhood. The old man became peevish and irritable; and in order to occupy his time and attention, increased his exactions upon the people, and became generally hated as a tyrant.

Murad delighted in crossing him, and bringing him into trouble. It happened one day that a large Dabieh, magnificently decorated, was seen coming down the Nile, and passed, without paying any attention to the officers that hailed it to come along ashore and pay the tribute. So several boats, filled with soldiers commanded by Murad, went forth and surrounded it with cries and menaces. The crew ordered them off, saying that the youngest daughter of the caliph was on board, and that dire vengeance would be inflicted on those who interrupted her progress. But Murad laughed, and said that he had heard that Nefessa, the youngest daughter of the pasha, was dead, and that he was not to be deceived. So he went on board, beat the crew and the eunuchs, and forced his way into the cabin, where the girl was reclining with her slaves. He became enamoured of her at once, and determined to

possess her; so he ordered the crew to be slain to a man, sank the boat, and carried away Nefessa and her women to a country-house which his father had given him for his pleasures. The soldiers, whose affection he had gained by largesses and indulgence, and who knew the dreadful punishment that would be inflicted on them if they spoke of what had happened, kept the secret; and it was some weeks before it began to be asked in the cities and bazars of Egypt. 'What has become of the daughter of the caliph?' Orders were sent to all the governors of the provinces to make inquiries; and torture and death were promised to the guilty, whilst hopes of magnificent rewards were held out to those who should give information; but for a long time nothing was learned of the truth.

Mirad passed the whole of his time shut up in his country-house, and never appeared before his father in the divan. Ali the Splendid became at length uneasy, and sent to request him to come; but he was disobeyed. He then despatched a positive order; but was again disobeyed. Upon this he called before him the magician, and in the anguish of his heart asked him to read the truth in his numbers, and to tell why his son neglected him. The magician smiled with a wicked expression, went through the prescribed form, and then said, 'Mirad is now with the Princess Nefessa in his pavilion.' Upon this Ali the Splendid fell down upon his face, and exclaimed, 'Wo is me, I am an unfortunate and a ruined man!' He then rose, called his guards, and hastened forth to the pavilion. But when he arrived, he found his son lying upon a couch, with the princess by his side—both dead—and the women weeping around; and he was told that the two had loved each other in spite of the cruelty and violence of Mirad, and that a messenger had arrived, saying, 'Ali the Splendid has heard the truth, and is coming in anger'; and that they had taken poison, and had died. Never did poor man feel the despair that this rich man felt when he heard this news. He tore his beard, rent his garments, rolled in the dust; and then, clinging to his position and his vile gold—now that all his better hopes were prostrated—hastened back to his palace, collected all his wealth, filled numerous large chests, and set out for Cairo, in order to avert the vengeance of the caliph by bribes and presents. But there was a line written in the book of fate. Before he reached Fouah, a gust of wind upset his boat in the middle of the Nile, and he was drowned with all his people and all his riches. A bank of mud soon formed over the spot, and then an island, which was called, in memory of this story, Geziret-ed-Dahab, or Golden Island.

'And how comes it that you are settled here?' inquired we of the Bedouin, after offering him another strengthening draught—not the second, nor the third.

His eyes twinkled, and his voice trembled as he replied—'The pilgrim told me that there was a story current amongst the learned about times past, that after the lapse of three hundred years, these trunks of gold would be uncovered by the plough of a husbandman. So when I found that misery pressed still more upon me, I took all that I had, and became a fellah of the land of Egypt, and reached this place, and was named inspector of the island for the sira'kir; and the day of good fortune may at length arrive.'

A few minutes afterwards the old gentleman dropped off asleep, and we left him to continue our voyage to Rosetta. On returning, we espied him driving a donkey along the tracking-path, and endeavoured to renew the acquaintance; but when we talked of the money of the governor of Berrinbal, he looked uneasy and perplexed, and professed not to understand.

'It is my opinion,' quoth L——, 'that the old villain stuck in the whole of that story from my monkey. He must have supposed you to be a shair (story-teller), and thought himself bound to pay for his medicine.'

'Possibly,' replied I; 'but it may be that he regrets his communicativeness, and seeing us here again, imagines that we too are on the look-out for the riches of Golden Island.'

SMOKINESS OF MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the legislation of late years against the smoke of factories, we observe from time to time that prosecutions are still necessary at Manchester, Glasgow, and other cities of industry, in order to enforce the proper regulations. Magistrates in such towns 'must' in general feel a disposition to press as lightly on the convenience of manufacturers as the letter of the law will admit of, and many doubtless are under an impression that manufacturers have not the matter entirely in their power. We suspect that the leniency is to a great extent misdirected; for experience and close observation have convinced us that, in ordinary circumstances, the smoke of a factory furnace may be reduced to an amount scarcely appreciable.

The cause of voluminous smoke from a large furnace is the abruptness of the deposition of fresh fuel. A furnace-man knows well that, by a judicious mode of shovelling in his coal, he can lessen the amount of smoke considerably. Much more can it be lessened when the furnace is fed slowly by an appropriate mechanism. It cannot be too strongly impressed on magistrates that there is a mechanism by which the requisite fuel can be applied at precisely the rate in which it is required; and so as to cause the smoke to be consumed in the furnace, leaving at the utmost some impalpable fumes to pass off by the chimney. There is the less need to be scrupulous in acting upon this fact, that, by such a mode of feeding furnaces, a very considerable saving of coal is effected.

At the hazard of offending by repetition, we shall relate what is done at our own furnace for the consumption of smoke. The engine, be it understood, is one of ten-horse power, employed to drive ten printing machines. The smoke-consuming apparatus under Jukes's patent was applied to the furnace in 1848, at an expense of £105. It consists essentially of a set of chain bars revolving on blocks, and carrying in the coal with a slow, regulated motion, under the check of a hopper placed at the furnace-mouth. Power for the movement is obtained from the engine. The effect is, that a frontier of fresh coal is always passing onward into the glow of the fire, producing only the smallest quantity of smoke possible in the circumstances, and this smoke is completely burnt before it can pass along the length of the furnace. At putting on the fires, and in reviving them after meal hours, smoke is produced in greater quantity, and forms a volume in the chimney for a few minutes; but this passes away, and the chimney in general emits nothing but a quantity of waste steam. Of the numerous domestic chimneys by which ours is surrounded, there is not one which does not act more as a nuisance to its neighbourhood than our ten-horse power engine flue.

During the twelve months previous to the application of the apparatus, the quantity of coal consumed was 284 tons. During the ensuing year and a half it has been 395 tons, although there was one more machine in operation during that time, and a much greater amount of work at over-hours. The quantity of work in the year ending Sep. 2, 1849, may be expressed by the sum of paper used, which was 7,200,000 sheets; that of the year and a half ending March 2, 1851, was 12,720,000 sheets, a ratio of about 13 to 11. Had the same quantity of coal for each thousand sheets been used during the second period, the total quantity required would have been at the rate of about 840 tons per annum. It appears that there would thus have been a relative saving of 78 tons of coal per annum. We are sensible, however, that the quantity of work may

have exercised no influence in the case, and therefore would ask attention to no more than the positive or absolute saving, which may be reckoned at not less than 80 tons per annum—an amount much more than commensurate to the outlay for the mechanism. There is also a saving of labour to the extent of about half a man—the engine-man being so much relieved from attendance at the furnace, that he is enabled to attend to a number of other duties. On the other hand, the brickwork of the furnace requires somewhat more frequent repair—a proof, however, merely of the superior efficiency of the fire under the new system. The outlay on this account cannot materially affect the money part of the question.

As far as a furnace under such circumstances is a criterion, we certainly can now entertain no doubt that factory smoke is a remediable evil. There may be instances where sudden accesses of strength are occasionally required—as where a steamer is to be put to unusual speed; but butting such, we can see no difficulty in applying Jukes's, or some other equivalent plan (if there be such), and thus at once effecting a saving to the user, and relieving the public from a nuisance. We may add that the party to whom application should be made for a licence to use Jukes's patent, is Messrs Surmon & Co., Canal Bridge, New North Road, London. This company also supplies the apparatus, and superintends its erection.

THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT BEFORE AND AFTER WATERLOO.

DECIDELY the most vivid, and, even after this lapse of time, thrilling of my schoolboy-day reminiscences, is one connected with the return of the 42d Regiment to Edinburgh, after the hard-fought field of Waterloo. I had joined the crowd that, a short time previous, had escorted that gallant corps to Leith from Edinburgh Castle, *en route* for the continent, to join the allied army under its illustrious leader. It was then upwards of eight hundred strong, and a finer body of men could not have been seen. They were arrayed and marshalled in all the pomp and circumstance of military bearing; every appliance was in its place, and in perfect order; and the graceful waving of the beautiful dark plumes with which the bonnets of our Highland regiments are crowned, together with the glittering of the rays of a bright summer sun on their polished firearms and accoutrements, produced altogether one of those imposing results of which the profession of arms can alone furnish the elements. The numbers on which that occasion accompanied this distinguished and always popular regiment were immense—a great proportion being females, many of whom stood to the men in the ordinary relationships of wives or sweethearts, mothers or sisters; and these clung as closely to the dear objects of their affection as the movements and discipline of a body of troops would permit, that not a moment which could be spent in their society might be lost.

The band was playing, as is customary on such occasions, the favourite air of 'Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave ye,' with the intention, no doubt, of keeping up the spirits of all, but actually producing the opposite effect, as too many on that occasion felt that they were gazing in all probability for the last time on each other. At length the port of Leith was reached; and as the vessel which took the troops aboard, to convey them to the transport in the roadstead, cast off her moorings, the deafening humsas from the assembled multitudes produced one of the most sublimely saddening effects I ever witnessed. Such scenes and feelings the present generation luckily can hardly sympathise with or appreciate, as no native of this country (who has remained at home) under

forty years of age has ever been influenced by similar ones.

Our gallant friends arrived in time to take an active and brilliant, but to them most fatal, part in the growing engagements which resulted in hurling Napoleon from his throne and political existence.

It was in the month of March 1816 that the intelligence reached Edinburgh that the remainder of that once noble regiment, the 42d, were to pass the night at Musselburgh (six miles distant), and were next day to enter the city. The news spread rapidly, and next morning every schoolboy was aware of the fact. I was then attending a classical academy in the New Town; and as we assembled in the neighbourhood of the school on that eventful morning, we congregated into groups, and earnestly discussed our hopes and fears of the chance of being permitted to join the crowds that were even then pouring in the direction of Musselburgh to welcome our gallant countrymen. These discussions were, however, suddenly, and to most of us somewhat harshly brought to a close by the sound of the well-known shrill whistle (equal almost to that of a railway) with which our worthy preceptor, with his head and shoulders projecting over one of the windows of the schoolroom, was wont to assemble his *élèves*. Many took *French* leave on the impulse of the moment; while the rest, among whom I was included, ascended the stairs with most unwilling and snail-like steps, and took their accustomed places on the benches. Our feelings were, however, not allowed to remain long in a state of suspense; for our master almost immediately, amidst our breathless silence, informed us that he also had heard of the approach of our brave countrymen, and of the intention of going to meet and welcome them on their approach to the city, and that he highly approved of such intention. Then, with one of his usual cautions to take care of ourselves, he at once dismissed us. Ere the clouds of dust which were raised by our tumultuous jubilation had cleared away, we had burst from the school, and joined the living stream which was then pouring from every avenue of the city in the direction of Musselburgh. The morning was unusually mild for the season, and was one of those lovely spring days which even in our northern clime occasionally chequer our vernal experiences, and make us feel that the mere living, or animalism of our existence, is a great boon and privilege.

The party to which I had attached myself met the objects of our solicitude about the Maitland Bridge; and never shall I forget the impression which the first glance at all that remained of the so lately gallant array made upon my mind—the time seemed so short since I had seen them in all their gorgeous panoply and glory of numbers, that the contrast was most startling which the handful (not much above two hundred) of worn-out, travel-stained looking men presented. Their once bright scarlet uniforms exhibited all the shades of depression which that colour is capable of assuming; while very few retained any remnant even of the plume which distinguishes the Highland soldier's head-dress. Most had plain bonnets, and a great many had not even their grand national characteristic article of dress—the kilt—trousers and trews having been substituted. No one who has not actually witnessed a similar exhibition of the sad and desolating effects of war can fully conceive what our feelings were on the first appearance of our poor countrymen. Still these were the men who had stood undaunted against the Polish lances and cuirassiers' sabres at Quatre Bras, and remained unshaken and victorious amidst the annihilating thunders of Waterloo; and every other sensation was for the moment buried in the burst of enthusiasm with which we added our welcome to the general chorus. As the procession

reached the suburbs, the crowd became so dense that the order of march could hardly be observed; and those serried ranks which had withstood unbroken all the attempts of Napoleon's cavalry and artillery, gave way on all sides before the irruption of their fair countrywomen.

On entering the Canongate, some truly touching episodes took place: here and there a female might be seen rushing wildly amongst the ranks of the soldiery, and anxiously inquiring whether such a one was alive, and with them. When, as in too many instances, an answer in the sad negative had to be given, the agonised look and suppressed scream with which it was received was truly heartrending, and brought tears to the eyes of all who were witnesses of it. Occasionally, in strong and pleasing contrast to such scenes, a lover, brother, or husband was found. When it was the latter, and he was also a father, his firelock was seized by one of his eldest boys; while, leaning on the arm of his partner in life, and having his youngest child perched on his shoulder, he proudly ascended the High Street. As the procession approached the Canongate Jail, a Lochaber axe (belonging to the Town-Guard soldier on duty there, and borrowed from him for the occasion) was seen projecting from one of its windows, to which was attached, as a flag, a pocket-handkerchief, on which was pinned a sheet of paper, having written on it in ink, in large characters, the words—‘Welcome, gallant heroes!’ shewing in a most touching manner that the enthusiasm which was so ecstatic on the outside had even penetrated the gloomy recesses of a prison, and made its inmates for the time forget their woes in the all-absorbing feelings of the moment.

As they advanced up the High Street, where it becomes wider and the houses loftier, the masses became so dense that it was almost impossible to proceed; and from the windows of many of the houses of that most picturesque street were seen hundreds of smiling female faces, and many fair arms waving handkerchiefs, while the loud and continued huzzas which burst forth on all sides, and re-echoed by the imposing edifices around, were perfectly deafening. And thus escorted, and thus welcomed, all that remained of the gallant 42d re-entered the Castle of Edinburgh.

It has been my lot in life to witness many splendid processions of various kinds; but all were tame and commonplace in comparison with that which I have attempted to describe. I have already said, that luckily with such scenes the present generation, at least the younger portion of it, are unacquainted. I have often thought that in such ignorance there is a danger. Let me impress on my juniors, that it requires but a very little experience of the desolating effects of war to wean a humane and conscientious mind from the idea of its vaunted glories. Let them read in even such imperfect recitals as the present the misery which comes from these unholy contentions, and resolve never to admit for a moment that peace may be broken, except for the most grave and onerous causes.

REPRODUCTION OF LIMBS IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT.

Dr Simpson, in a paper read to the British Association, has shewn that the power of reproducing and repairing lost parts is greatest in the lowest class of animals, and decreases as we ascend higher and higher in the scale of animal life. He then points out that the embryo approaches in this, as in other respects, the physiological life and powers of the lower animals; and, consequently, when the arm or leg is amputated during embryonic existence, as not unfrequently happens from bands of coagulable lymph, and the results of disease, the stump structures reproduce a small rudimentary hand or foot, as the crab or lizard does. He shewed various casts and drawings of casts of hands thus reproduced, and two living examples were exhibited.

TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

My new-christened baby Alice!

Can there ever rhyme be found

To express my wishes for thee

In a silvery flowing, worthy

Of that silvery sound?

Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice!

Sure that sweetest name must be

A true omen to thee, Alice,

Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

Mayst thou prove a golden chalice

Filled with holiness, like wine;

With rich blessings running o'er,

Yet replenished evermore

From a fount divine!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

When this future comes to thee,

In thy young life's brimming chalice

Keep some drops of balm for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

Mayst thou grow up a fair palace,

Fitly framed from roof to floor,

Pure unto the very centre,

While high thoughts like angels enter

At the open door.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

When this goodly sight I see,

In thy woman-heart's rich palace

Keep one nook of love for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

Sure the verse fails out of malice

To the thoughts it feebly bears;

And thy name's sweet echoes, ranging

From quaint rhyme to rhyme, are changing

Unto voiceless prayers.

God be with thee, little Alice!

Of His bounteousness, may He

Fill the chalice, build the palace,

Here—unto eternity!

November 25, 1850.

CAPTURE OF A SEA-COW.

Messrs Clark and Burnham lately succeeded in capturing a sea-cow, near Jupiter Inlet, Florida. The animal was caught in a net, was a male, and nine feet three inches in length. They succeeded in taking it alive, and shipped it to Charleston for exhibiting it. It was very wild when first captured, but soon became quite tame, and ate freely of grass, &c. Its tail is in the shape of a fan, and is two feet five inches broad. It has no hind-feet; its fore-feet are similar to those of a turtle, and it has nails like those of the human hand, but no claws. Its mouth and nose resemble those of a cow; it has teeth on the lower jaw, but none on the upper. A female was also taken; but it was so large, and becoming entangled in the net, made such desperate exertions to escape, that the captors were compelled to shoot it. They preserved the skin, however, which is fifteen feet long. This is the second instance (says the ‘Havana News’) within our knowledge that the sea-cow has been captured. Some years ago, during the Florida war, Colonel Harney shot two of them in the Everglades. He preserved the hides, and they were exhibited in St Augustine as a great curiosity. We saw a rib of one of the animals yesterday in possession of a gentleman of this city, to whom it was presented by Colonel Harney. He informed us that he had partaken of the flesh, and pronounced it remarkably tender and palatable, and far superior to beef.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 384. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

SUCCESS.

THE aims of the age are remarked to have a prevailing reference to material achievements and acquisitions. To succeed in amassing wealth, to advance in social status and respectability, to realise the dreams and projects of ambition, to attain, in one or another way, to a position of personal brilliancy or importance, is the leading and accredited tendency of the intelligence and enterprise of the nineteenth century. The railway is constructed, not immediately with a view to the service of man in travelling, but for the purpose of obtaining a profitable investment for industry and capital; the houses of legislation are assembled, not to deliberate solemnly on the needs and requirements of society, but to defend and assert the interests of separate and contending classes of the community; education is not a noble and exalted training of the gifts and faculties of youth, to the end that they may become persons of worth and intellectual vigour, but is restricted to such disciplines and courses of cultivation as are thought to be calculated to promote a secular prosperity: the whole structure and economy of our life is infected with a taint of gross and acknowledged selfishness, and has no higher contemplation than that of a realised acquisitiveness, pointing only to such substantial or splendid acquisitions as confer upon the successful a material and personal dignity. To be the rich man or the brilliant man, the powerful and ascendant party, is the end and recognised design of the diversified activity which is displayed by all the aspiring men and parties of the age. This is the *success* which almost every man contemplates, and pursues according to his energies and opportunity.

It seems to us that devotion to materialities is a necessary stage in the progress of humanity. Before a man can properly attain to such a position of ease and freedom as is needed for the free and perfect manifestation of his character, it is essential that his bodily requirements should be secured to him, either in the shape of some actual possession, or by some recognisable means which he may employ for the purpose. The basis of his wellbeing is some available domestic and social satisfaction, an actual and sufficing measure of worldly means and comforts, or, at the lowest, the possibility of living by his honourable exertions. Unless this can be obtained, the generality of mankind will necessarily be the victims of their circumstances; whatsoever is manly and noble in their natures will more and more degenerate, or remain utterly undeveloped and unknown to the possessor — will be, in fact, a tragical waste of faculty, and like the gift of eyesight to one who is imprisoned in perpetual darkness. Hopelessness hangs for ever, like a thick impenetrable curtain, over the entire aims and prospects

of him that cannot work out his way to some durable independency. He must be a man in his own right, and have at least such a command over his own energies, as to be able to realise, by means of them, such a condition of being as he can inwardly respect, and be in some sort contented with — a condition which shall not oppress him by any sense of degradation, or wrench the working of his faculties from the natural sphere of their operation. It is a sense of the value of this individual independency — whether for purposes of culture or for some lower satisfaction is of no present importance to the consideration — it is, we say, a sense of the need of being established in honourable and fixed relations with the world, which so forcibly constrains mankind to surround themselves with the manifold appliances of material advantage. The same feelings prevail with societies of men, or nations; and in their case, likewise, such action is natural and justifiable to a certain extent. It is most important, however, for both to know and observe the limits within which the pursuit of materialities is allowable. It is very evident that in our society, as yet, men in general rest satisfied with the attainment of wealth as an *end*, and in no other light is it regarded by the great mass of those who are struggling more or less hopefully for its attainment.

Rightly viewed, that worldly success or stability which we speak of is but the platform from which a man may announce his manhood — the practical foundation whereon he is to build up and give visible reality to his being. The place he occupies in the social arrangements, the position he takes as an individual of the human race, is one which can never rightly supersede the original relations that connect him with a higher destiny, and a grander and profounder duty than any that belongs to his merely secular occasions. For it is to be remembered that man is distinguishable in the world as a being endowed with immortal and spiritual capacities, and that in the culture and perfection of these consists his highest notability. This is a truth which, in different dialects, and under different forms of representation, has been proclaimed by all the thoughtful and inspired teachers that have ever appeared among mankind; and it is even now verbally accepted in all cultivated communities as a commonplace and obvious proposition. Tacitly, and by public confession, it stands enblazoned in history and in contemporary opinion as a truth of the loftiest and most significant concernment. It obtains at least a formal recognition wheresoever man has become in any degree enlightened. Temples and goodly institutions for its promulgation and enforcement stand prominently in every land; poets, and thinkers, and persuasive orators, have been, born in all ages to reveal and elucidate its applications;

and by the universal acknowledgment of human reason and belief it ranks as the sublimest fact in the mystical constitution of humanity. We stand under the dome of immensity, amid the populous dissensions and commotions that throng the visible aisles of time; but sounding beyond them and above them, if we will but listen, we may hear the lofty harmonies and solemn anthems that are pealing from the temple of eternity! The old voices of the past, the slumbering dust of the dead and buried generations of mankind, the memories of the wise and faithful that have cast the shadows of their greatness across the paths of men, the aspirations that arise in every heart to prophesy of wonder and hopeful expectation—these all speak to us with eloquent and touching admonitions, and remind us of the vast and lasting consequences which proceed from the purposes and motives that determine our daily deeds and resolutions.

If, then, a man would properly fulfil his destiny, he must regard the advancement of his reasonable and moral interests as constituting by far the most significant, and, in fact, his only veritable success. In our dealings with external nature, it is undoubtedly an authentic aim to subject its varied elements and combinations to our natural uses and occasions; but inasmuch as all these perish in the using, it is manifest that they are designed to be subordinate and subservient to some higher end than any which is apprehended by the senses. The wealth and bounty of the world are not to be despised, nor are any of the advantages which have been secured to us by the intelligent and laborious device of our fellow-beings to be indolently neglected, or spurned aside with a supercilious indifference or disdain; for they are true and substantial parts of the beneficent provision which a bountiful Creator has ordained for our necessities, and are plainly intended to sustain us in those conditions which are requisite to the development of our rational capacities. This noble earth whereon we dwell—this splendid environment of air and ocean—this gorgeous firmament of space wherein the sun goeth forth in power, and stars shed down their radiance—these wide-spread realms of plain and valley, the caves and storehouses of the globe which yield their rich contents to human ingenuity and exertion—the whole visible economy and adaptations of the world have a practical relation to the wants and conveniences of man, and were evidently designed for his service and delight. But yet the worth of the world as a commodity for human uses cannot be rightfully regarded as otherwise than secondary, and instrumental to the spiritual progression of the intelligent beings whom it supports.

Yes, the attainment of a spiritual wellbeing is the true *success* of life. The most stupendous realisations of earthly benefit and splendour cannot avail to render a man intrinsically great or noble: they are but as a gaudy and tinsel vesture for his worthlessness, if the soul within him be not shining with intelligence and goodness. This is the most lamentable poverty in the world—that a man be base and mean in spirit; that he understand not the things which make the lustre of humanity. To dwell proudly or meekly among sumptuous externalities, and to count the acquisition of these as the utmost aim and purpose of existence, is an abdication of a man's lordliest prerogatives—a virtual surrendering of whatsover is best and highest in his nature, an unintelligent relinquishment of his noblest estate. For what—after filling himself to repletion with all manner of enjoyments, after gathering up the *shells* of delight which opportunity and opulence will yield—what true and indestructible advantage can be realised? It is well to think of this, and to understand and lay to heart that only *spiritual* and no permanent or sufficing good can be derived from them. It was known long ago, but is never sufficiently remembered, that a man's

blessedness consists not in the multitude of his possessions, nor in any of the gratifications of sense or appetite, but in a well-ordered mind and disposition, in a reverent recognition of his spiritual and immortal interests, in a wise obedience to the laws of his moral nature. That which constitutes his pre-eminent distinction, is the intellectual and moral power which is centred in his being. No wealth of external means can supply the want or loss of insight or of purity in the soul. A man's first vocation is his call to be a man—a truthful, reasonable being, working in unison with the Supreme Intelligence for ends answerable to the aims of the creation. He should know the end for which he is alive: that the thing which most intimately concerns him is the maintenance of a discerning and upright spirit. Not in pleasure, not in ease, not in any outward appliances of affluence or conventional repute, not in the ranks of public glory or advantage—not in any of these things will he find his welfare; but only in a free and perfect development of his natural and especial character. Thus alone can he fulfil his proper destiny, and adequately justify his appearance in the world.

The highest consideration, then, for every man, is the cultivation of his faculties for the ends of personal virtue. It is that the soul may grow in strength and moral beauty—that the man may ascend with his days to loftier and nobler stages of spiritual perfection—that he may outlive his weaknesses and errors, and grow more and more into likeness and relation with the bright design prefigured to his hopes as the attainable destination of his humanity. It is for this that his life was given him; for this was he exalted in form and in capacity above all other shapes of sentient being in the world—that he might live and act in the world as an incarnate testimony of the presence of the great Divinity which rules for ever at the heart of things. 'The foundations of man,' it has been said, 'are not in matter, but in spirit; and the element of spirit is eternity.' When his powers are trained and disciplined for large and universal objects, instead of for the production of a private and selfish benefit—when he discerns the high celestial ancestry of the attributes embodied in his personality, and aims to give effect to all the clear commands of conscience—then shall he witness the full triumph of his energies. Hereto shall he attain to a true and permanent success, the elements whereof shall never perish, but be borne forwards, in the march of progress, to remotest generations, and combine and harmonise with the eternal workings of the universe.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

HAVING been detained by the illness of a relative at the small town of Beziers, when travelling a few years since in the south of France, and finding time hang somewhat heavily on my hands during the slow progress of my companion's convalescence, I took to wandering about the neighbourhood within a circle of four or five miles, inspecting the proceedings of the agriculturists, and making acquaintance with the country people. On one of these excursions, seeing a high wall and an iron gate, I turned out of my road to take a peep at the interior through the rails; but I found them so overgrown with creepers of one sort or another, that it was not easy to distinguish anything but a house which stood about a hundred yards from the entrance. Finding, however, that the gate was not quite closed, I gave it a push; and although it moved very stiffly on its hinges, and grated along the ground as it went, I contrived to force an aperture wide enough to put in my head. What a scene of desolation was there! The house, which was built of

dark-coloured bricks, looked as if it had not been inhabited for a century. The roof was much decayed, the paint black with age, the stone-steps green with moss, and the windows all concealed by discoloured and dilapidated Venetian blinds. The garden was a wilderness of weeds and overgrown rose-bushes; and except one broad one, in a right line with the main-door of the house, the paths were no longer distinguishable. After surveying this dismal scene for some time, I came away with a strange feeling of curiosity. 'Why should this place be so entirely deserted and neglected?' thought I. It was not like a fortress, a castle, or an abbey, allowed to fall into ruins from extreme age, because no longer appropriate to the habits of the period. On the contrary, the building I had seen was comparatively modern, and had fallen to decay merely for want of those timely repairs and defences from the weather that ordinary prudence prescribes. 'Perhaps there is some sad history attached to the spot,' I thought; 'or perhaps the race to whom it belonged have died out; or maybe the cause of its destruction is nothing more tragical than a lawsuit!'

As I returned, I inquired of a woman in the nearest village if she could tell me to whom that desolate spot belonged.

'To a Spaniard,' she answered; 'but he is dead!'

'But to whom does it belong now?' I asked. 'Why is it suffered to fall into ruin?'

'I don't know,' she said, shaking her head, and re-entering the hovel, at the door of which she had been standing.

During dinner that day I asked the host of the inn if he knew the place, and could satisfy my curiosity. He knew it well, he answered. The last inhabitant had been a Count Ruy Gonzalez, a Spaniard, whose wife had died there under some painful circumstances, of which nobody knew the particulars. He had been passionately fond of her, and immediately after her decease had gone to reside in Paris, where he had also died. As the place formed part of the lady's fortune, it had fallen into the hands of some distant relation of hers, who had let it; but the tenant, after a residence of a few months, left it, at some sacrifice of rent; and other parties who subsequently took it having all speedily vacated under one pretext or another, an evil reputation gathered round and clung to it so tenaciously, that all idea of occupation had been relinquished.

It may be conceived that this information did not diminish my interest in the deserted house; and on the following day I was quite eager to see my invalid settled for her mid-day slumber, in order that I might repeat my visit, and carry my investigations further. I found the gate ajar as before, and by exerting all my strength, I managed to force my way in. I had not gone three steps before a snake crossed my path, and the ground seemed actually alive with lizards; but being determined to obtain a nearer view of this mysterious house, I walked straight on towards it. A close inspection of the front, however, shewing me nothing but what I had descried from a distance, I turned to the left, and passed round to the back of the building, where I found the remains of what had been a small flower-garden, with a grass-plot; and beyond it, divided by a wall, a court surrounded by mouldy-looking stabling: but, what was much more interesting, I discovered an open door leading into the

house. Somebody, therefore, must surely be within; so I knocked with my parasol against the panel, but nobody came; and having repeated my knock with no better success, I ventured in, and found myself in a stone passage, terminating in a door, which, by a feeble light emitted through it, I saw was partly of glass.

'Anybody here?' I said aloud, as I opened it and put in my head; but all was silent: so I went forward, not without some apprehension, I confess; but it was that sort of pleasing terror one feels when witnessing a good melodrama. I was now in a tolerably-sized hall, supported by four stone pillars, and on each side of it were two doors. I spoke again, and knocked against them, but nobody answered; then I turned the handles. The first two I tried were locked, but the third was not. When I saw it yield to my hand, I confess I felt so startled that I drew back for a moment; but curiosity conquered—I looked in. The dim light admitted by the Venetian blinds shewed me a small apartment, scantly furnished, which might have been a *salon* or an anteroom. Two small tables standing against the wall, a few chairs covered with yellow damask, and a pier-glass, were all it contained; but at the opposite end there was another open door: so, half-pleased and half-frightened, I walked forward, and found myself in what had formerly been a prettily-furnished boudoir. Marble slabs, settees covered with blue velvet, chairs and curtains of the same, and three or four round or oval mirrors in elaborately-carved gilt frames, designated this as the lady's apartment. A third door, which was also open, shewed me a bed in an alcove, with a blue velvet dais and a fringed counterpane of the same material. Here I found a toilet-table, also covered with what had once been white muslin, and on it stood several china boxes and bottles. In one of the former there were some remains of a red powder, which appeared to have been rouge; and on lifting the lid of another I became sensible of the odour of musk. The looking-glass that stood on the table had a drapery of muslin and blue bows round the frame; and the old-fashioned mahogany chest of drawers was richly gilt and ornamented. None of these rooms was papered; all appeared to be plastered or stuccoed, and were elaborately adorned with designs and gilt mouldings, except in one place, which seemed to have formerly been a door—the door of a closet probably; but it was now built up—the plaster, however, being quite coarse and unadorned, and not at all in keeping with anything else in the room. It was also broken, indented, and blackened in several places, as if it had been battered with some heavy weapon. Somehow or other, there was nothing that fixed my attention so much as this door! I examined it—I laid my hand upon it. Why should it have been so hastily built up to the disfigurement of the wall?—for the coarseness of the plaster and the rudeness of the work denoted haste. I was standing opposite to it, and asking myself this question, when I heard a heavy foot approaching; and before I had time to move, I saw the astonished face of an elderly man in clerical attire standing in the doorway. I believe he thought at first I was the ghost of the former inhabitant of this chamber, for he actually changed colour and stepped back.

'Pardon, mon père!' said I, smiling at his amazement: 'I found the door open, and I hope you will excuse the curiosity that has led me to intrude!'

'Une Anglaise!' said he bowing; 'a traveller, doubtless. You are the first person besides myself that has entered these apartments, madame, for many a long year, I assure you!'

After giving him an explanation of how I came to be there—an explanation which he listened to with much kindness and placidity—I added that the appearance of the place, together with the little information I had gathered from the host of the inn, had interested me exceedingly. He looked grave as I spoke. I was about to

question him regarding the closed door, when he said—‘I do not recommend you to remain long here: the house is very damp, and as the windows are never opened, the air is unwholesome.’ I did not know whether this was an excuse to get rid of me; but the atmosphere was certainly far from refreshing, and at all events I thought it right to accept the intimation; so I accompanied him out, he locking the doors behind him. As we walked along, he told me that he visited the house every day, or nearly so; and that he had never thought of shutting the gate, since nobody in the neighbourhood would enter it on any account. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the history of the place, which, if it were not impertinent, I should be very glad to learn. He said he could not tell it me then, having a sick parishioner to visit; but that if I would come on the following day, at the same hour, he would satisfy my curiosity. I need not say that I kept the appointment; and as I approached the garden gate, I saw him coming out.

‘A walk along the road would be more agreeable than that melancholy garden,’ he said; ‘and, if I pleased, he would escort me part of the way back.’ So we returned, and after a few desultory observations, I claimed his promise.

‘The house,’ he said, ‘has never been inhabited since I came to live in this neighbourhood, though that is now upwards of forty years since. It belonged to a family of the name of Beaugency, and the last members of it who resided here were a father and daughter. Henriette de Beaugency she was called: a beautiful creature, I have been informed, and the idol of her father, whose affection she amply returned. They led a very retired life, and seldom quitted the place, except to pay an annual visit to the other side of the Pyrenees, where she had an elder brother married to a Spanish lady of considerable fortune; but Mlle Henriette had two companions who seemed to make her amends for the absence of other society. One was a young girl called Rosina, who had been her foster-sister, and who now lived with her in the capacity of waiting-maid; the other was her cousin, Eugène de Beaugency, an orphan, and dependent on her father; his own having lost everything he possessed, in consequence of some political offence previous to the Revolution. It was even reported that the Beaugency family had been nigh suffering the same fate, and that some heavy fines which had been extracted from them had straitened their means, and obliged them to live in retirement. However this might be, Henriette appeared perfectly contented with her lot. Eugène studied with her, and played with her; and they grew up together with all the affection and familiarity of a brother and sister; whilst old M. de Beaugency never seems to have suspected that any other sentiment could possibly subsist between them: not that they took the slightest pains to disguise their feelings; and it was their very openness that had probably lulled the father’s suspicions. Indeed, their lives flowed so smoothly, and their intercourse was so unrestrained, that nothing ever occurred to awaken even themselves to the nature of their sentiments; whilst the affection that united them had grown so gradually under the parent’s eyes, that their innocent terms of endearment, and playful caresses, appeared to him but the natural manifestations of the relation in which they stood to each other. The first sorrow Henriette had was when Eugène was sent to Paris to study for the bar; but it was a consolation to her own regret scarcely exceeded that of her father, and when she used to be counting the weeks and days as the period of his return drew nigh, she was almost as pleased as she was to see him diminish.

Well this harmony and happiness continued uninterrupted for several years; but at length an element of distrust, at first slight, seemed to arise from the appear-

ance on the scene of a certain Count Ruy Goazalez, who came here with the father and daughter after one of their annual excursions into Catalonia. He was an extremely handsome, noble-looking Spaniard, of about thirty years of age, and said to be rich; but there was an air of haughty, inflexible sternness about him, that repelled most people, more than his good looks and polished manners attracted them. These unamiable characteristics, however, appeared to be much modified, if not to vanish altogether, in the presence of Mlle de Beaugency, to whom it soon became evident he was passionately attached; whilst it was equally clear that her father encouraged his addresses. Even the young lady, in spite of her love for her cousin, seems to have been not quite insensible to the glory of subduing this magnificent Catalonian, who walked the earth like an archangel in whom it was a condescension to set his foot on it. She did not, therefore, it is to be feared, repress his attentions in the clear and decided manner that would have relieved her of them—though, indeed, if she had done so, considering the character she had to deal with, the *dénouement* might not have been much less tragical than it was. In the meanwhile, pleased and flattered, and joyfully anticipating her cousin’s return, she was happy enough; for the pride of the Spaniard rendering him cautious to avoid the possibility of refusal or even hesitation in accepting him, he forebore to make his proposal till the moment arrived when he should see it eagerly desired by her. All this was very well till Eugène came home; but then the affair assumed another colour. Love conquered vanity; and the Spaniard, finding himself neglected for the young advocate, began to exhibit the dark side of his character; whereupon the girl grew frightened, and fearing mischief, she tried to avert it by temporising—leading the count to believe that the affection betwixt herself and her cousin was merely one of early habit and relationship; whilst she secretly assured Eugène of her unalterable attachment. So great was her alarm, that she tacitly deceived her father as well as the Spaniard; and as the latter seemed resolved not to yield his rival the advantage his own absence would have given him, she was actually rejoiced when the period of her cousin’s visit expired.

The young man gone, Ruy Gonzalez resumed his former suavity of manner; and as he possessed many qualities to recommend him in a lady’s eyes, he might possibly have won her heart had it been free; but as the matter stood, she ardently desired to get rid of him, and waited anxiously for the moment when he would give her an opportunity of declining his hand, trusting that would be the signal for his final departure. But whether from caution, or because he had penetrated her feelings, the expected offer was not made, although he assiduously continued his attentions, and spent more of his time at her house than at his own in Catalonia. At length Mlle de Beaugency began to apprehend that he intended to wait the result of his observations at her cousin’s next visit; and feeling quite assured that if the rivals met again, a quarrel would ensue, she persuaded her father to select that season for their own visit to her brother; whilst she wrote to Eugène, excusing their absence, and begging him not to come to see her at present. It is true, all this was but putting off the evil day; but she had a presentiment of mischief, and did not know what to do to avert it; the rather that she was aware both her father and brother wished to see her married to the count, and that neither of them would consent to her union with Eugène, who had no means of supporting her, nor was likely to have for some years to come. It was not to be expected that this arrangement should be agreeable to the young lover: it was now his turn to be jealous; and instead of staying away as he was desired, he set out post-haste with the fixed determination of following them from their residence to Catalonia, and

coming to an immediate explanation with the count. But his jealous pangs were appeased, and all thoughts of revenge postponed, by finding his uncle at the last extremity, his mistress in great distress, and Ruy Gonzalez not with them. Their journey had been prevented by the sudden seizure of M. de Beaugency, who, after a few days' suffering, expired in his daughter's arms, quite ignorant of her attachment to her cousin, and with his dying breath beseeching her to marry the count. When his affairs began to be looked into, the motive for this urgency became apparent. He had been living on the principal of what money he had; and nearly all that remained of his dilapidated fortunes was this house and the small piece of ground attached to it. This was a great disappointment to the young couple, who, previous to their discovery, had agreed to be married in six months—the lady believing her fortune would be sufficient to maintain them both. But now marriage was out of the question till Eugène had some means of maintaining her. At present, he had nothing; he was an advocate without a brief, and had been hitherto living on the small stipend allowed by his uncle; starving himself three quarters of the year, in order that he might have the means of spending the other quarter at the Beaugency mansion. And what a long time might elapse before he could make anything by his profession! It was, as they both agreed, *désespérant*.

These events occurred in the early years of the French Republic, when France was at war with all the world, and soldiering the best trade going. "I'll enter the army," said Eugène; "it is the profession I always preferred, and that for which I have most talent, and the only one in these times by which a man can hope to rise rapidly. At the bar I may wait for years without getting anything to do. Besides, I am intimate with a son of General Duhamel's; and I know he will speak a good word for me, and get his father to push me on." Of course there were objections to this plan on the part of Henriette, but her lover's arguments overcame them; and after repeated vows of fidelity, they parted, he to fulfil his intentions, and she to remain at home with Rosina and an elderly female relative who came to live with her—a plan she preferred to accepting her brother's invitation to reside with him in Catalonia, where she would have been exposed to the constant visits of the count: whereas, now that her father was dead, he could not with propriety visit her at her own house. It appeared afterwards that he had only been deferring his proposals till what he considered a decorous moment for making them; being meanwhile assured of the brother's support, and having little doubt of being accepted since the state of M. de Beaugency's affairs was disclosed. But before that moment came, a circumstance occurred to facilitate his views, in a manner he little expected; for, eager to distinguish himself under the eye of his commanding officer, Eugène de Beaugency, with the ardour and inexperience of youth, had rushed into needless danger, and fallen in the very first battle his regiment was engaged in.

By the time my companion had reached this point in his narration, we found ourselves at the entrance of the village, where the church stood, and beside it the small house occupied by the curé. It had a little garden in front, and under the porch sat a very ancient woman, basking in the sun. Her head shook with palsy, her form was bent, and she had a pair of long knitting needles in her hands, from her manner of using which I perceived she was blind. The priest invited me to walk in, informing me that that was Rosina; and adding, that if I liked to rest myself for half an hour, he would ask her to tell me the rest of the story. Feeling assured that some strange catastrophe remained to be disclosed, I eagerly accepted the good man's offer; and having been introduced to Henriette's former companion, whose

memory, in spite of her great age, I found perfectly clear, I said I feared it might give her pain to recall circumstances that were doubtless of a distressing nature.

"Ah, madame," said she, "it is but putting into words the thoughts that are always in my head! I have never related the sad tale but twice; for I would not, for my dear mistress's sake, speak of such things to the people about her; but each time I slept better afterwards. I seemed to have lightened the heaviness of my burthen by imparting the secret to another."

"You were very much attached to Mlle de Beaugency?" said I.

"My mother was her nurse, madame, but we grew up like sisters," answered Rosina. "She never concealed a thought from me; and the Virgin knows, her thoughts will never keep me an hour out of Paradise, for there was no more sin in them than a butterfly's wing might bear."

"I suppose she suffered a great deal when she heard of her cousin's death?" said I. "How long was it before she married the count? For she did marry him, I conclude, from what I have heard?"

"Ay, madame, she did, about a year after the—the news came, worse luck! Not that she was unhappy with him exactly. He did not treat her ill; far from it; for he was passionately fond of her. But he was jealous—heaven knows of whom, for he had nobody to be jealous of. But he loved like a hot-blooded Spaniard, as he was; and I suppose he felt that she did not return his love in the same way. How should she, when she had given her whole heart to her cousin? Still she liked the count, and I could not say they were unhappy together; but she did not like Spain, and the people she lived amongst there. The count's place was dreadfully gloomy certainly. For my part, I used to be afraid to go at night along the vaulted passages, and up those wide dark staircases, to my bed. But the count doted on it because it had belonged to the family time out of mind; and it was only to please her that he ever came to her family home at all."

"But surely this place is very dismal too?" said I.

"Dismal!" said she. "Ay, now, I daresay, because there's a curse on it; but not then. Oh, it was a pleasant place in old M. de Beaugency's time! besides, my poor mistress loved it for the sake of the happy days she had seen there; and when the period approached that she was to be confined of her first child, she entreated her husband to bring her here. She wanted to have my mother with her, who had been like a mother to her; and as she told him she was sure she should die if he kept her in Catalonia, he yielded to her wishes, and we came. The doctor was spoken to, and everything arranged; and she was so pleased, poor thing, at the thoughts of having a baby, that as we used to sit together making the clothes for the little creature that was expected, she chatted away so gaily about what she would do with it, and how we should bring it up, that I saw she was now really beginning to forget that she was not married to the husband her young heart had chosen."

"Well, madame," continued Rosina, after wiping her sightless eyes with the corner of her white apron—"we were all, as you will understand, happy enough, and looking forward shortly to the birth of the child, when, one afternoon, whilst my master and mistress were out driving, and I was looking through the rails of the garden gate for the carriage—for they had already been gone longer than usual—I saw a figure coming hastily along the road towards where I stood, a figure which, as it drew near, brought my heart into my mouth, for I thought it was an apparition! I just took a second look, and then, overcome with terror, I turned and ran towards the house; but before I reached it, he had opened the gate, and was in the garden."

"Who was?" said I.

'M. Eugène, madame—Eugène de Beauducy, my lady's cousin,' answered Rosina. "Rosina!" cried he, "Rosina! don't be frightened. I'm no ghost, I assure you. I suppose you heard I was killed? But I was not, you see; I was only taken prisoner, and here I am, alive and well, thank God! How's my cousin? Where is she?"

"I leave you to judge, madame, how I felt on hearing this," continued the old woman. "A black curtain seemed to fall before my eyes, on which I could read Wo! wo! wo! I could not tell what form it would take; I never could have guessed the form it did take; but I saw that behind the dark screen which veiled the future from my eyes there was nothing but wo on the face of the earth for those three creatures. The Lord have mercy upon them! thought I; and for the world to come, I hope my prayer may have been heard—but it was of no avail for this!"

"Well, madame, my first fear was, that the count would return and find him there, for well I knew there would be bloodshed if they met; so without answering his questions, I entreated him to go away instantly to my mother's, promising that I would follow him presently, and tell him everything; but this very request, together with the agitation and terror he saw me in, made him suspect the truth at once; and seizing my arm with such violence that I bore the marks of his poor fingers for many a day afterwards, he asked me if she was married. "She is," said I: "she thought you were dead; she had no money left; and you know it was her father's dying injunction that"—"Married to the Spaniard—to Ruy Gonzalez?" said he, with such a face, the Lord deliver me! (and the old woman paused for a moment, as if to recover from the pain of the recollection.) "Yes," said I, "to Ruy Gonzalez; and if he sees you here, he'll kill you!" "Let him!" said he. "But it will be her death," said I; "and she's—she's"

I hadn't the heart to go on. "What?" said he. "In the family way—near her confinement," I answered. He clenched his two fists and clapped them on his forehead. "I must see her," said he. "Impossible!" I answered; "he never leaves her for a moment." "Where are they now?" he asked. "Out driving," said I. "In a dark-blue carriage?" "Yes; and I expect them every minute. Go, go, for the Lord's sake, go to my mother's!" "I saw the carriage," said he with a bitter smile. "It passed me just this side of Noirmoutier. Little I thought" and his lip quivered for a moment, and his features were convulsed with agony. "I will, I must see her," continued he; "and you had better help me to do it, or it will be the worse for us all. Hide me in her room; he does not sleep there, I suppose?" "No," I replied; "but he goes there often to talk to her when she is dressing." "Put me in the closet," said he; "there's room enough for me to crouch down under the bookshelves. You can then tell her; and when he has left her for the night, you can let me out." "My God!" I cried, my knees beginning to shake under me, "I hear the carriage; they'll be here in an instant!" "Do as you like!" said he, seeing the advantage this gave him: "if you won't help me to see her, I'll see her without you. I shall stay where I am!" and he struck his cane into the ground with a violence that shewed his resolution to do what he threatened. "Come away, for the Lord's sake!" cried I, for the carriage was close at hand, and there was not a moment to spare; and seizing him by the arm, I dragged him into the house; for even now he was half inclined to wait for them, and I saw he was burning to quarrel with the count. Well, I did but just time to lock him into the closet, and put the key in my pocket, before they had alighted, and were walking up the garden.

"You may conceive, madame, the state I was in when I saw the count and my lady, and my confusion was not diminished by finding that he observed it. "What

is the matter, Rosina?" said he; "has anything unusual happened?" and as he spoke he fixed his dark, piercing eyes upon me in such a way that I felt as if he was reading my very thoughts. I affected to be busy about my mistress, keeping my face away from him; but I knew he was watching me for all that. Generally, when they came home, he used to retire to his own apartment, and leave his wife with me; but now he came into the *salon*, took off his hat, and sat himself down; nor did he leave her for two minutes during the whole evening. This conduct was so unusual, that it was plain to me he suspected something; besides, I saw it in his countenance, though I did not know whether his suspicions had been roused by my paleness and agitation, or whether anything else had awakened them; but I felt certain afterwards that he had seen the poor young man when the carriage passed him; or, at least, been sufficiently struck with the resemblance to put the true interpretation on my confusion. Well, madame, you may imagine what an evening I spent. I saw clearly that he was determined not to leave me alone with his wife; but this was not of so much consequence, since I had resolved not to give her a hint of what had happened till the count had taken leave of her for the night, because I knew that her agitation would have betrayed the secret. In the meanwhile she suspected no mischief; for although she observed something was wrong with me, she supposed I was suffering in my mind about a young man I was engaged to marry, called Philippe, who had been lately ill of a fever, and was now said to be threatened with consumption.

"Whilst I pretended to be busying myself in my lady's room, they went out to take a stroll in the garden; and when I saw them safe at the other end, I put my lips to the keyhole, and conjured Eugène, for the sake of all that was good, to be still; for that I was certain it would not only be his death, but my mistress's too, if he were discovered; and he promised me he would. I had scarcely got upon my feet again, and turned to open a drawer, when I heard the count's foot in the *salon*. "The countess is oppressed with the heat," said he, "and wants the large green fan: she says you'll find it on one of the shelves in the closet."

"Only think, madame! only think!" said Rosina, turning her wrinkled face towards me, and actually shaking all over with the recollection of her terror. "I thought I should have sunk into the earth! I stood for a moment aghast, and then I began to fumble in my pocket. "Where can the key be?" said I, pretending to search for it; but my countenance betrayed me, and my voice shook so, that he read me like a book. I am sure he knew the truth from that moment. He looked hard at me, whilst his face became quite livid; and then he said in a calm deep voice: "For the fan, no matter; I'll take another; but I see you are ill: you have caught Philippe's fever; you must go to bed directly. Come with me, and I'll lead you to your room." "I am not ill, Monsieur le Conte," I stammered out; but taking no notice of what I said, he grasped my arm with his powerful hand, and dragged me away up stairs; I say dragged, for I had scarcely strength to move my feet, and it was rather dragging than leading. As soon as he had thrust me into the room, he said in a significant tone: "Remember you are in danger! Unless you are very prudent, this fever will be fatal. Go to bed, and keep quite still till I come to see you again, or you may not survive till morning!" With that he closed the door, and locked it; and I heard him take out the key, and descend the stairs. Then I suppose I swooned; for when I came to myself it was nearly dark; I was lying on the floor, and could not at first remember what had happened. When my recollection returned, I crawled to the bed, and burying my face in the pillows, I gave vent to my anguish in sobs and tears; for I loved my mistress, madame, and I

loved M. Eugène, and I knew there would be deadly mischief amongst them. I expected that the count would break open the closet, and that one or both would be killed; and considering the state she was in, I did not doubt that the grief and fright would kill the countess also. You may judge, madame, what a night I passed! sometimes weeping, sometimes listening; but I could hear nothing unusual; and at length I began to fancy that the conflict had occurred whilst I was lying in the swoon. But how had it terminated? I would have given worlds to know; but there I was, a prisoner, and I feared that if I tried to give any alarm, I might only make bad worse.

'Well, madame, I thought the morning would never break; but at length the sun rose, and I heard people stirring. It seemed, indeed, that there was an unusual bustle and running about; and by and by I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet in the court, and I knew they were bringing out the carriage. Where could they be going? I could not imagine; but, on the whole, I was relieved, for I fancied that the meeting and explanation were over, and that now the count wished to leave the house, which, under the circumstances, I could not wonder at. He has spared Eugène for her sake, thought I. And this belief was strengthened by my master's entering my room presently afterwards, and saying, "Your mistress is gone away; I am afraid of her taking this fever. When I think it proper, you shall be removed: till then, remember that your life depends on your remaining quiet!" He placed a loaf of bread and a carafe of water on the table, and went away, locking the door as before. I confess now that much as I felt for M. Eugène, I could not help pitying the count also. What ravages the sufferings of that night had made on him! His cheeks looked hollow, his eyes sunken, his features all drawn and distorted, and his complexion like that of a corpse. It was a dreadful blow to him certainly, for I knew that he loved my mistress to madness.

'Well, madame, I passed the day more peacefully than I could have hoped; but my mind being somewhat relieved about my lady, I began to think a little of myself, and to wonder what the count meant to do with me. I felt certain he would never let me see her again if he could help it, and that alone was a heart-breaking grief to me; and then it came into my head that perhaps he would confine me somewhere for life—shut me up in a convent perhaps, or a madhouse! As soon as this idea possessed me, it grew and grew till I felt as if I really was going mad with the horror of it; and I resolved, though it was at the risk of breaking my neck, to try and make my escape by the window during the night. It looked to the side of the house, and was not very high up; besides, there were soft flower-beds underneath to break my fall; so I thought by tying the sheets together, and fastening them to an iron bar that divided the lattice, I might reach the ground in safety. I was a little creature, and though the space was not large, it sufficed for me to get through; and when all was quiet, and I thought everybody was in bed, I made the attempt, and succeeded. I had to jump the last few feet, and I was over my ankles in the soft mould; but that did not signify—I was free; and taking to my heels, I ran off to my mother's, who lived then in a cottage hard by, where we are now sitting; and after telling her what had happened, it was agreed that I should go to bed, and that if anybody came to inquire for me she should say I was ill of the fever, and could not be seen. I knew when morning came I should be missed, for doubtless the count would go to my room; and besides that, I had left the sheets hanging out of the window.

'For two days, however, to my great surprise, we heard nothing; but on the third, Philippe (the young man I was engaged to) hearing I was not at the Beauagency house, came to our cottage to inquire about me.

We had not met for some time, the countess having forbidden all communication between us, as she had a horrible dread of the fever, so that he could only hear of me through my mother. "Rosina is here, and unwell," said my mother, "we think she's got the fever;" for though we might have trusted Philippe with our lives, we thought it would be safer for him to be ignorant of what had happened. Upon this he begged leave to see me; and she brought him into my chamber. After asking about himself, and telling him I was very poorly, and so forth, he said: "This is a sad thing for the countess!" "What is?" I asked. "You're being ill at this time," said he, "when she must want you so much." "What do you mean?" said I; "the countess is not at the house?" "Don't you know she's come back," said he, "and that she's ill? The doctor has been sent for, and they say she's very bad." "Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed; "is it possible? My poor dear mistress ill, and I not with her!" "Robert, the footman, says," continued Philippe—"but he bade me not mention it to anybody—that when they stopped at the inn at Montlouis, Rateau the landlord came to the carriage-door, and asked if she had seen M. Eugène de Beauagency; and that when the countess turned quite pale and said, 'Are you not aware my cousin was killed in battle, M. Rateau?' he assured her it was no such thing; for that M. Eugène had called there shortly before on his way to her house. Rateau must have taken somebody else for him of course; but I suppose she believed it, for she returned directly." "Rateau told her that he had seen M. Eugène?" said I. "So Robert says; but Didier the mason says she was ill before she went, and that it was the rats in the closet that frightened her." "Rats!" said I, sitting up in my bed and staring at him wildly. "What rats?—what closet?" "Some closet in her bedroom," said he. "The count sent for Didier to wall it up directly." "To wall it up?—wall up the closet?" I gasped out. "Yes, build and plaster it up. But what's the matter, Rosina? Oh, I shouldn't have told you the countess was ill!" he cried out, terrified at the agitation I was in. "Leave me in the name of God!" I screamed, "and send my mother to me!"

'I remember nothing after this, madame, for a long time. When my mother came, she found me in my night-clothes, tying the sheets together in order to get out of the window, though the door was wide open; but I was quite delirious. Weeks passed before I was in a state to remember or comprehend anything. Before I recovered my senses, my poor mistress and her baby were in the grave, my master gone away, nobody knew whither, the servants all discharged, and the accursed house shut up. Not long afterwards the news came that the count had died in Paris.'

'But, Rosina,' said I, 'are you sure that M. de Beauagency was in that closet? How do you know the count had not first released him?'

'Ah, madame,' she replied, ominously shaking her palsied head, 'you would not ask that question if you had known Ruy Gonzalez as I did. The moment the words were out of Philippe's mouth I saw it all. It was just like him—just the revenge for that stern and inflexible spirit to take. Besides, madame, when all was over, and he durst speak, Didier the mason told me that nothing should ever convince him that there was not some living thing in that closet at the time he walled it up, though who or what it could be he never could imagine.'

'And do you think, Rosina,' said I, 'do you think the countess ever suspected the secret of that dreadful closet?'

'Ay did she, madame,' answered she; 'and it was that which killed her; for when my mistress came back so unexpectedly, the count was closeted up stairs with his agent, making arrangements for quitting the place

for ever, and had given orders not to be disturbed. He had locked up her apartments, and had the key in his pocket; but he had forgotten that there was a spare key for every room in the house, which the housekeeper had the charge of; so my lady sent for her to open the doors. Now, though from putting this and that together—the count's agitation, my sudden disappearance, her own removal, as the innkeeper's story—she felt sure there was some mischief in the wind, she had no suspicion of what had really occurred; as indeed how should she, till her eyes fell upon the door of the closet. Then she comprehended it all. You may imagine the rest, madame! Words couldn't paint it! When they came into the room, she was battering madly at the wall with the poker. But a few hours terminated her sufferings. She was already dead when Philippe was telling me of her return.'

'It's a fearful tragedy to have lived through!' said I. 'And Philippe: what became of him?'

'He died like the rest, madame, about six months after these sad events had occurred. When I recovered my health, I went into service, and for the last forty years I have been housekeeper to M. le Curé here.'

'And he is the only person that ever enters that melancholy house?'

'Yes, madame. I went there once—just once—to look at that fatal chamber, and the bed where my poor mistress died. When the place was let, those apartments were locked up; but—and she shook her head mournfully—"the tenants were glad to leave it."

'And for what purpose does M. le curé go there so often?' I asked.

'To pray for the souls of the unfortunates!' said the old woman, devoutly crossing herself.

Deeply affected with her story, I took leave of this sole surviving witness of these long-buried sorrows; and I, too, accompanied by the curé, once more visited the awful chamber. 'Ah, madame!' said he, 'poor human nature! with its passions, and its follies, and its mad revenges! Is it not sad to think that so much love should prove the foundation of so much wo?'

THE LINEN MANUFACTURE.

A SHORT time ago we spoke of the surprisingly rapid growth of the cotton manufacture, that has within a few years risen to be the great staple of British industry, and any temporary depression of which shakes the very fabric of society. The manufacture which has attained these gigantic dimensions is usually supposed to have prospered only by the undue depression of the more ancient trade in linen. Judging from various circumstances, it is perhaps not unreasonable to think so, and yet, when the subject comes to be examined, nothing is found to be further from the truth.

Cotton is a woolly substance produced in the pod of a tropical plant. Flax, on the other hand, is the flax portion of the fibres of lint; a vegetable which grows in almost any part of the world, and more particularly in high northern or southern latitudes. Russia, Prussia, and the Netherlands are the chief lint-producing countries in continental Europe, and the quantity raised in Ireland is very considerable, amounting this year to nearly 2500 tons. New Zealand appears to possess a soil and climate suitable for flax; and thence large supplies may ultimately be procured. Lately, the growing scarcity and enhanced price of cotton, and the diminished price of grain have induced an attempt to cultivate lint on an extended scale in England; but it may be doubted if the effort will prove so successful as is generally anticipated. Great labour and attention are required in the preparation of the crop, and consequently unless where labour is cheap, and time of comparatively small value, there will be a serious obstacle to its profitable culture.

No account being taken of the flax produced throughout the British islands, it is impossible to present an accurate view of the total quantity used in the linen manufacture. Whatever be the amount of home growth, it is inadequate to meet the demand of manufacturers. It appears that the quantity of foreign flax imported in 1849 was 90,340 tons, and in 1850 it was 91,097 tons—a quantity believed to be more than treble what is produced in Great Britain and Ireland. The consumption of so vast an amount of flax is owing not more to the demand for linen fabrics than the advanced state of mechanical appliances. So long as there were no other means of hacking—that is, separating the flax from the tow or coarse fibres of the lint—than by hand labour, no other method of spinning than by the small domestic wheel, and no other species of weaving than by the common loom, the linen manufacture remained on an insignificant scale. It may be added, that so long as bounties were given by government on the export of the manufactured article, little good was done, even with improved means. The policy of recent times, which throws every man on his own enterprise, along with the introduction of machinery in all departments, have revolutionised the linen trade; and now it assumes an exceedingly important place in the national economy.

Nothing is more curious in the history of industry than the manner in which a manufacture takes root in a particular locality. The seat of the cotton manufacture is on the west side of Great Britain, in the vicinity of ports on the Atlantic, by which the material is chiefly introduced; that of the linen trade is on the east, a ready access from the Baltic having probably determined the point. From the beginning of a small trade, carried on with the domestic loom, the manufacture of linen of various qualities has grown to huge proportions in Fife and Forfarshires, in the east of Scotland. The quantity of flax imported at Hull for the Yorkshire factories last year was 14,288 tons. At Dundee, the quantity was as much as 40,450 tons, including flax tow; and at Kirkaldy, Arbroath, and Montrose, it was 17,895 tons. Dundee, therefore, has come to be the largest importer of the material; and what it receives it works up on the spot, about half for home consumpt, and half for exportation. A few words respecting this branch of manufacture in Dundee may prove interesting.

So late as 1814, the whole of the flax imported into Dundee amounted to only 3000 tons; it has just been shewn to be now above 40,000 tons. The coarser qualities of goods—as sail-cloth, bagging, &c. also linen yarns—are chiefly produced here; and for the greater part in connection with extensive establishments provided with steam-power. These establishments are as imposing in appearance as the cotton factories of Manchester or the woollen mills of Leeds. At present, there are in Dundee 43 spinning-mills, with steam-engines of an aggregate of 2075 horse-power; and 8 power-loom factories, possessing 235 horse-power—altogether 51 establishments with machinery moved by steam. The spinning-mills employ much the greater number of hands; but including the whole 51 establishments, there are employed in various occupations 8240 males, and 8142 females, making a total of 11,382 persons. Of these, only 202 are under 13 years of age. We have ascertained that the money wages distributed among this large body of individuals amounts to about £3900 per week; the payment to the male operatives being on an average 9s. 6d., and to females 6s. weekly. Besides the power-loom factories, the town possesses 62 establishments of one kind or other using hand-labour, and in these there are 4200 looms. Add to these 10 establishments for finishing, calendering, and packing the cloth which is produced, and we may have an idea of the vigour with which the linen trade of Dundee is conducted. We are informed that

600 additional power-looms will be started in a few months.

Some of the spinning-mills are of vast dimensions, and are conducted at an enormous expense. The drain of money for wages, and also for tear and wear of mechanism, are perhaps of less account than the perpetual outlay for new machinery. In the conducting of such works, each proprietor must keep up with the improvements of the day, otherwise he works his mill at a ruinous disadvantage. The introduction, therefore, of every novelty, having for its object the expediting of the manufacture, becomes a necessity in the condition of these capitalists, who are ever dragged on from one stage of improvement to another at a cost of thousands of pounds. Yet what is it but this readiness to embrace new adaptations that has placed British factory-owners in their deservedly high and commanding position?

It seems to be a tendency in manufacturing industry first to divide, and then reunite, branches of labour. We have experienced this in our own limited concern. At first, we had no wish to do more than print, but were at length impelled to adopt all the other branches connected with the preparation of literature. There can be little doubt that textile manufactures will follow this course; spinners will not leave off till they become weavers; and being weavers, they will probably find it expedient to be their own calenderers and packers. It was certainly a great step in the linen manufacture when heckling by machinery was absorbed into the general preparatory process; for, in conjunction with the spinning-frame and the power-loom, the whole routine of production, from a bag of flax to a web of cloth, could be effected in one establishment. Some years ago, when in Dundee, we observed that in the large works of Messrs Baxter, Brothers, & Co. a union of departments had been attained. In series of buildings connected with each other, heckling, spinning, weaving, calendering, and packing, by steam, were successfully combined; the whole of the branches in this single establishment giving employment to 1500 individuals.

In the article already referred to, we stated that as much cotton was now spun by machinery in the United Kingdom, as would require the labour, by hand, of many millions of persons. In the heckling, spinning, and weaving of linen, great results are also achieved by inanimate mechanism. In the spinning-mills of Dundee there are upwards of 170 heckling-machines, each doing as much work as eight men would accomplish by hand-labour—the work done by the whole being therefore equivalent to 1400 men. The 43 spinning-mills contain 98,156 spindles, and fully more yarn is spun by these than can, at a moderate calculation, be effected by 115,000 individuals using the old-fashioned spinning-wheel. With regard to weaving, there are 1420 power-looms in operation, each doing the work of three hand-looms—the whole manufacturing as much cloth as would require 4260 hand-loom weavers. To this number must be added about 2840, for the operations of warping, winding, &c.—making 7100 in all. We should, then, have the following as the probable amount of hand-labour required to perform the work of the Dundee factories:—For heckling, 1400; spinning, 115,000; weaving, 7100—total, 123,500 persons, instead of 11,382, as at present employed. It appears, by a return made to parliament in August last, that there were in England and Wales 135 linen-factories; in Scotland, 169; and in Ireland, 69—total, 393; containing 965,081 spindles and 3670 power-looms; and giving employment in spinning, weaving, and other branches, to 68,434 persons. Taking the calculation for Dundee as our data, it would appear that the work done by these establishments is equal to the hand-labour of 1,56,800 persons. It is believed that nearly two-thirds of all the linen manufactured in the United Kingdom is kept for

home consumption; and as the quantity of all kinds, both yarn and cloth, exported, amounted in 1850 to £4,845,680, it would appear that the total value of the linen manufacture is fully twelve millions of pounds per annum.

In connection with the manufacture of articles of pure flax and hemp, a large trade has sprung up of late years in the preparation of jute. This remarkable material, the fibre of a species of reed, is peculiar, we believe, to the East Indies, where it grows in great profusion, especially on the vast plains around Calcutta, whence it is shipped in large quantities to this country. During 1850, the export of jute from Calcutta amounted to 22,033 tons. Of this quantity, it is calculated that about 15,000 tons per annum, or two-thirds of the whole, reach Dundee. The labour connected with the cultivation of jute is not great, but the charge for freight being high, its cost is considerable, although not exceeding half the price of average flax. On reaching the manufacturer, jute is either cut in lengths, and spun in the same way as lint, or it is reduced by a powerful machine to the form of tow, and spun by itself, or in combination with flax-tow. Its fibres are fine and silky, but by no means strong, and where strength is not particularly an object it is well adapted—cloth composed of jute yarn, wholly or in part, having a smooth, glossy finish, and being produced at a cheaper rate than pure linen.

We shall conclude the present paper with a few remarks on a subject which has engaged considerable attention of late—the proposed substitution of flax for cotton. Considering the greatly increased cost of cotton, the precarious nature of the supply from America, and the difficulty of establishing stations elsewhere, several extensive spinners began to inquire whether it would be practicable to remedy the deficient quantity and increased price of the article, by partially substituting flax—a material more immediately within their reach. Accordingly, experiments were instituted with a view of ascertaining whether means could be adopted whereby flax might be spun by cotton machinery. The result was hailed with acclamation by many, and a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a Scotchman, have been disputing for the merit of priority in what is termed the invention. By being subjected to a process—mechanical or chemical, or partly both—it was found that flax could be spun on cotton machinery, and that yarn of nearly average quality was thereby produced. This is all very well so far as it goes; but one or two considerations convince us that the proposed innovation cannot be productive of either present or ultimate benefit. In the first place, the flax must be greatly weakened. In its natural state it consists of fibres fifteen to twenty-five inches long; and were those shortened to one or two inches, as they would require to be, it is manifest that the strength of yarn spun therefrom would be materially diminished. Secondly, there would be no advantage on the score of economy, because flax can scarcely be called cheaper than cotton: by weight it is; but when we bear in mind its greater specific gravity and heavier waste, as well as the cost attending the proposed method of preparation, we should find that ultimately it is not cheaper, but the reverse. Lastly, were the system to become general, as has been aptly observed, ‘the demand for flax thence resulting would necessarily advance the already high price of that article, and in the same proportion cotton, being less in demand, would fall; so that at the very outset the substitution would checkmate itself, and consequently cease.’ It is our belief, then, that no permanent good can result from these experiments, and we think the evil complained of can only be effectually remedied by taking decisive steps for extending the culture of cotton on a large scale to other lands, and more especially to the British possessions in the East.

Enough has now been said to point out the growing importance of the linen manufacture to this country, and the skill and enterprise which it engages. Comparing the large product of sail-cloth in Dundee alone—an article which finds a market in every maritime region of the globe—with the feeble bounty-supported hand-loom manufacture of last century, we have the most instructive example of what may be done by simply allowing trade to develop its own capacities and find its own reward.

THREE PICTURES.

AFTER OUR OLD INDIAN.

HERE comes our Old Indian again, with a whole basketful (not the waste basket) of offerings, breathing unmistakably of the perfumed East. With poetry in her heart, and music in her ear, this old Indian—we wonder whether she is *very old!*—does not appear to have regarded the land of the sun as a place of temporary exile, but as a home of humanity like our own, where the beautiful things of nature, both moral and material, attain a warmer and richer, if more fantastic, colouring. On the present occasion we have put together, in our own way, 'like orient pearls at random strung,' some of her sketches of superstitions, which will be entirely new to most of our readers.

VOTIVE LAMPS OF THE GANGES.

It was in the beautiful month of February, one of the lovely spring months in the lower provinces of Hindooostan, that I was pacing up and down a veranda of considerable length, in the hospitable mansion of one of my friends. My object was not merely to inhale the fresh air wafted over the bosom of Gunga, but more specially to enjoy a *private walk*—walking in public being reckoned derogatory to a person in the station of a gentlewoman. I walked and stopped; then walked and stopped again. I could not withdraw myself from that calm and lovely scene; but continued to look and listen, feeling as if some cool sweet breath were stealing over my spirit as well as my senses, and acknowledging in my inner being that, to the thoughtful heart, 'the tongue of nature has a power divine.' It struck six; twilight was past; and we all know how fleeting is the twilight of the East. It soon grew dark; and everything became shadowy and indistinct; and at length faded away in obscurity, all save the fragrant camomile tree in the garden below, with its tufts of white blossoms, and the toilet-flower, with its roots strewn with a profusion of the loveliest flowers,—white petals on an orange tube. These lay like driven snow, and shone forth amid the closing darkness like the good deeds of departed souls.

The stars now began to peer out one by one, and gazing over the balustrade, I saw another bright firmament in the undisturbed waters below. Each luminary glowed there, with a lengthened reflection, giving it the appearance of a comet, while the gentle ripple of the river imparted to it likewise the scintillating flicker of a fixed star. Such nights as these are seen only in the East—where, also, as a set off, the rays of the sun are like scorpions' stings. But presently my meditations were disturbed; some voices seemed to approach from the water side; and in a little while I could see a shadowy object moving along, which turned out to be a passage boat that came to an anchor on the stream. I looked on at the operation, and listened to the muffled sounds that seemed to float up from the vessel.

Three men made their appearance: one descended on the rudder, and seated himself on a bar of wood which appeared to be nailed to it for the purpose; while another remained on theта rail, and the third disappeared behind the gunwale. A short pause ensued, and then a light flashed up from the boat, and I

saw a dark arm handing a bright blazing earthen pot, about the size of a dessert plate but greatly deeper, to the man on the rudder, and he in turn committed the lighted pot to the river. While I looked in surprise at this phenomenon gliding down the stream, another, followed, and another, and another, till I had counted breathlessly one hundred and twenty! As the current seized them, each in turn twirled gently round, and as if in obedience to some law of attraction, glided close after its predecessor, till they formed in the whole a snake-like line of flame—their rising and sinking with the undulating waters adding to the illusion. As this luminous serpent glided noiselessly away, my elevated position enabled me to follow it with my gaze a considerable distance down the Ganges, till at last it disappeared like the trooping stars above when swallowed up by a cloud.

It may be supposed that my curiosity was strongly roused by this curious spectacle, and being a European, I could take the liberty of demanding its meaning without ceremony. I called to one of the chuprassies to hail the boat, and the reply to my questions was as follows:—'Maharaj, this is done because the brother of Baboo Sirrenauth is gone to Benares to bathe in the river for the recovery of his health—a pilgrimage to that holy place, it is well known, washing away five of the deadly sins. In case the brother should be dead, this offering is for his manes. The baboo himself is at Callie Ghaut sacrificing a goat, and several of us, his servants, are stationed to-night at various places watching, as we set afloat the votive lights, for a sign from Gunga.'

I knew before that solitary lamps were occasionally offered to Gunga, and had frequently watched with great interest the graceful Hindoo female, with veiled countenance and noiseless step, stealing with one to the river side. Before committing it to the waters, she poured out a simple offering of rice and pulse from a brass plate, and murmuring an inaudible prayer, flung upon the liquid bosom of the goddess a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers. Then the little lamp was launched, with its small flickering flame, and in a few minutes the answer of Gunga was vouchsafed to this humble message of love and devotion. If the lamp sunk into the deep—if it was extinguished by the wind—if it voyaged safely down the undulating stream—these were omens by which the devotee ascertained the fate of the beloved, or the fidelity or falsehood of the wandering object of her affections. When this simple votress is poor her lamp is fed with a little mustard-oil; but in the case of the magnificent offering I witnessed from the veranda, the pots were filled with cakes of dried cow-dung—the most sacred of substances—and resin and oil, which together give a bright and lasting light.

THE VOICE IN THE STORM.

No rain had fallen since Christmas. The weather had been cold, and a clear ultramarine sky had renovated the European constitution, and delighted the white man's eye, for several months. Now, however, the 10th of March, the weather was too dry, and every heart longed for the coming rain. The wind began to blow with a mighty breath, and the clouds careered before it like wild horses galloping across the sky. Dry leaves, grass, dust, and stubble swirled round and round, and here and there rose up in columns from the earth, as if to bring down the lagging water. Pedestrians passed on, rubbing their half-shut eyes, and everybody seemed to shrink from crossing the path of the 'devil,' the name given to these pillars of dust.

Soon the clouds were completely packed and piled up into a dense black mass, and now there came a flash of lightning, and a low rumbling sound of distant thunder, then all again was still. The water of the

Ganges, though shrunken and reduced, began to ruffle and blacken, and the boatman, recognising the sign, plied lustily his oars, or worked along the shore with his bamboo poles to reach the ghaut. The ferry-boat, too, with its living load—oh how it strained with might and main to make the opposite shore before the storm broke loose! Pull, brave hearts!—pull for dear life, for the tokens thicken, and man feels what is coming with more sense than philosophy has named! Smaller clouds are now seen sinking lower and lower, like masses of black wool, detached here and there from the mother darkness. The atmosphere is so thick we can scarcely breathe; midges hover in myriads over our faces; the crows and minas chattering, screaming, and scolding, take to the covert of the old bocul tree which overshadows our hummām or bath; and only the white buglah, or ou-ack,* scuds along the black cloud, as if to form a contrast by its snowy plumage.

Now come a few large drops of rain, tap, tap, tapping on the terrace as they fall, with a sound like the ticking of some huge clock, but almost instantly evaporating in the sultry air. Now again the chill wind is rising, and, borne on its wings, the welcome shower at last comes scudding along, and bringing with it the fresh fragrance of vegetation. There!—there again is another flash! The north-wester is at hand; and now it comes, 'like a cloud-king,' as the natives say, 'sitting on a cloud-elephant, drunken mad, with the lightning for his flag, and the thunder for his kettle-drum.'

It was no time now for out-of-doors observations; and escaping from the first burst of the rush and the roar, I took refuge in our snug parlour, through the ample glass doors and windows of which I could have a full view of the pelting storm. The waterspouts were by this time all running like cascades, and making a deafening noise, for in India they allow the torrent to come down from a height of ten or twelve feet, to rise again from the ground in spray, and foam, and bubbles. The thunder in the meantime kept bursting in louder and louder peals as the storm advanced, till one terrific clap hurried me off to the nursery to see what was going on there. I found the ayah squatted on the duree, a cotton striped rug, with her paun-box at her side, and enveloped in white muslin and silk petticoat; while my four youngsters sat cross-legged, like little tailors, around her. There was some dispute going on, and the ayah was speaking angrily, but in a subdued voice, to the children, who seemed half-frightened and half-amused.

'How can I hear it, mamma?' cried one, 'when the rain and thunder are making such a noise?'

'Hear what, my dear?'

'The voice in the storm.'

'What voice is it, ayah? Perhaps my ears are better than Mary's.'

'Ma'am,' replied the ayah, 'it is the voice of Lokman Hakeem.'

'Oh, the wise physician, who lived to be so very old?'

'Yes, ma'am; and since you know of him, you are doubtless aware that he is always heard lamenting in a tempest like this.'

My knowledge of Lokman did not extend so far, but the ayah was not loath to enlighten me, which she did to the following effect:—

Lokman, by his knowledge of drugs, had prolonged his life far beyond the allotted span; but he had likewise discovered a powder, by means of which his youth could be restored. As this could only be applied after death, an assistant was necessary, and for this purpose he brought up a youth in every respect as his own son (for Lokman was childless), indoctrinating him in all his knowledge, and confiding to him every

secret of his science—save one. This one—the composition of the powder of immortality, or of perpetual renovation—was to be the final price of his service, to be paid after the apprentice-sage, by applying the drug according to the directions of his master, had restored him to life and youth.

The operation was to be performed in the midst of a tempest from the north-west, and all things were prepared accordingly. A vast caldron was kept perpetually boiling in the laboratory; and a casket containing the precious powder was ready for use. The storm at length came; and when the elemental din was at its highest, Lokman placed this casket in one hand of his apprentice, and an hour-glass in the other.

'Remember what I have told thee,' he said. 'Hurry not, delay not; yet w^o unto thee if thou fling not the powder into the caldron to the last grain, before these sands be run!' While yet speaking, he seated himself on the edge of the caldron; and with his eyes fixed, with a deep-searching gaze, on the young man's face, he allowed himself to fall backwards. There was a splash—a suffocated voice—a jet of steam—and the bubbling waters closed over the wisest man of his age.

The apprentice, startled and terror-stricken, stood gazing for some moments at the caldron, almost fancying that he saw the eyes of his master gleaming through the steam. But there was no hurry—the sands of the hour-glass were slow. He was to fling into these waters the powder of immortality; and then—would Lokman keep his word? Why should the philosopher, after he was secure in unfading youth, give away what was more valuable than all the treasures of the universe? That priceless powder was now his; Lokman was no more—why should he ~~disturb~~ an arrangement which seemed to have been brought about by destiny? Mingling with these thoughts, and warring against them, there came grateful recollections, and generous shame, and human pity; but who could tell which should have the mastery? He opened the casket; he held it above the caldron; and he then turned his eyes hesitatingly upon the sand glass. That delay of an instant was decisive: the last grains ran; and at the same moment the subtle powder in the casket, exposed to the heat and steam, evaporated and fled. A wild lament rose from the caldron, and outshrieked the tempest, piercing the traitor's ear, and maddening his brain; till, with a frantic cry, half of remorse, half of rage, he sprang into the hissing waters.

But the sacrifice did not console the spirit of Lokman, for his lament has been heard ever since in the Indian storm; and that night, as the north-wester swept in unappeased passion over the house, I felt that it would take no great stretch of fancy to syllable amid its roar an articulate cry.

SINGULAR MOCK MARRIAGE.

It was a short time after daybreak, and the whole neighbourhood were either performing their usual ablutions at the ghaut, or returning from doing so. The women, who are the water-carriers for the household, took the opportunity of filling their ghurras; and many a trim figure might be seen mounting with bare feet the steps from the river, balancing one of the vessels on her head, and carrying another on her hip, while a neatly-shaped arm clasped the latter round the neck. One of the females was on this occasion in a greater hurry than usual, and her gossip, who wanted to speak to her, could not keep up with her.

'Oh, Connol,' cried Seeta, 'what in the world is the hurry? I see you are like myself, just after your purification and poohjab: let us go quietly home and have a talk together, for I have something to say to you.' Connol slackened her steps a little, and the two

* A small heron.

women, at length turning into a gallee or close, entered a hut. This was Connol's habitation; and placing her water-pots on the little platform in the corner, she covered them with a cocoa-nut shell. She then took off her wet surrie, replacing it with a dry one, and spreading the former on the thatch of the house.

'Now, Seeta,' said she, 'I am ready for you; what is it you want?'

'I want a dog,' replied Seeta; 'and as you know Sewah Sing Havildar's wife very well, will you ask her for her Elatchie (cardamum, a favourite name for pet-dogs)? He is a pretty black and tan terrier, with four eyes.'

'The havildar's wife's Elatchie! Have you not mouths enough to eat your dahl and rice, that you want a dog? and will no dog please you but the havildarnie's (the feminine for havildar)?'

'How silly you are, sister!' said Seeta. 'What I want is the *loan* of the black dog for a little while. I have had eight children, though only three are alive now, and I cannot keep a dog, that is sure enough. My last, Couranie, has, you know, been always a puny child, a seven months' babe; so at her birth her father would have the Brahmin to cast her nativity, and although her horoscope cost us five rupees, it contained nothing favourable. I was told to call my babe Couranie (Cinderella), a name of humiliation, as I had lost several before her; but her *real* name is Rottoon, and it was chosen by the Brahmin, by placing two lighted lamps upon two different names, and as the lamp blazed up at once upon Rottoon, it became her real name, and Couranie only her by-name. Well, the holy man told us also to beware both of the eighth month and eighth year. Now, sister, I was just feeling her gums this morning, and there I found a tooth!'

'A tooth at the eighth month!—nothing is more unlucky! Now I see why you want the black dog with four eyes: we are to have a make-believe marriage, to propitiate the evil stars. Well, then, come along; the havildarnie will lend Elatchie very willingly, especially when she hears he is to come in for a share of the jellabies and luddoes. But oh, Connol! is not your child's fate written on her forehead? Was not the Bedattah-Pooroos (a form of Brahma) with her?'

'I remember nothing about that visit.'

'And I shall never forget it. But, come; I can tell you my adventure on our way to the havildarnie's:—I was scarcely thirteen, when my Kirstno-mohun was born, and I had heard so much of spirits and daynah's in my village, that I was afraid of my own shadow. So, on the sixth day after my confinement, the day on which the Spirit Bedattah-Pooroos visits the young infant, my master went out, but my poor mother lingered till it was dark. Then she pressed me to her breast, and told me that Bedattah-Pooroos would come before the end of that day to write my child's fate on its forehead. She gave me a thousand directions about keeping the house quiet; and so the lamp was shaded, and pen and ink placed on a stool before my bed, and I was left all alone with my first-born. I clasped him firmly to my bosom, and fell into a disturbed feverish sleep, when the dreaded spirit was, you may well conceive, the subject of my dreams. At last I thought the bed shook, and I awoke in terror. "Oh! spare my boy, good lord," cried I. "Oh! be merciful!" and I grasped—the cat, which had leapt up, as it was morning! But, see, we are now at the havildarnie's.'

Their mission was successful; and Elatchie, an overfed little blackamoor (for this colour is essential), with two yellow spots over his eyes, was yielded to their request to perform his part in the ceremony. Seeta then, while returning homeward, bought, for a few pice, several pretty sweet-scented wreaths of champas, tulipan, and jasmines, and some bouquets; and two pounds of various sweetmeats, which cost her no more than three annas. She now invited to the marriage a

few of the neighbouring gossips, and all betook themselves to her hut.

Couranie was asleep, and awoke feverish and out of humour; but she was speedily washed, and dressed in a nice little suit, and the brief and simple rites of a Hindoo marriage went on. The wreaths were divided between the dog and the babe. Some kheer, rice and milk, which had been cooked for the purpose, was taken out of the pot, and Elatchie and Couranie were fed by the same hand, and with the same shell spoon; and they partook of the sweetmeats in the same manner. Their wreaths were now exchanged—the closing and significant part of the ceremony; and thus was completed a marriage, which was to last for seven years. At the end of this period, if Couranie lived, the union would be dissolved with a similar ceremony, and a marriage contracted with a human bridegroom of her own caste.

This singular marriage is by no means performed as a joke; but, on the contrary, is connected with strong religious feelings. So likewise is the naming of children, who are frequently called after a god or goddess. The dog, if chosen for the bridegroom on nuptial occasions, is not a sacred animal with the Hindoos, although they seem favourably disposed towards the species. Dogs abound in their villages, where, without being the property of any individual, they receive a small portion of every one's food, left for them upon a plantain leaf outside the door or at the corner of the house. The Pariah is, notwithstanding, generally speaking, a ghost-like, famished being, but hunger and misery teach him intelligence.

The Mohammedan population, on the contrary, especially those who are devout, hate dogs with a religious hatred, which is founded on the following legend:—Adam, they say was made of clay, and the image laid out in the sunshine to dry, previous to having the spirit breathed into it by the Most High. In that state, the angel Gabriel usually kept watch over the inanimate dust; but he discovered that, when despatched on another holy mission, the evil one, Eblis, had taken advantage of his absence, and to signify his hatred, spat upon the future lord of creation. From this unholly saliva Gabriel formed a dog, to stop the dark fiend in his mischief; and thus is the dog to this day an unclean creature, and wherever his hair is shed no guardian angel keeps watch.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

MANY, very many years had elapsed since I had been free to ramble unshackled over hill and dale—years during which my time had been occupied, and my health shaken, by attendance on the sick-beds of those dearest to me; and when an interval of entire freedom from such duties occurred, I gladly hailed the opportunity it offered me of carrying a long-cherished scheme into execution—no less than that of thoroughly exploring the neighbourhood in which I had for some time resided, with a view to discover its botanical and floral treasures, and to collect specimens for my herbal. I hoped that my health might be benefited by the pleasant sort of *fur niente* life I proposed, so I resolved not to regard the clamour of 'the world's large tongue,' but to roam freely at will over cliff and heath, salt marsh and bog, and to bring home as many basketfuls and handfuls of flowers and roots, and mosses and fungi, as I chose—hoping that the enjoyment thus derived, and the benefit to mind and body which was likely to arise from such excursions, would amply compensate to me for any mortification I might experience from seeing the eyes of the gay sea-side visitors engaged in scanning my shabby dress, or the soiled shoes with which I frequently returned home, and wondering what I could be going to do with such huge bunches of flowers as I usually bore away from the scenes of my triumph.

Botanical research was certainly one of my main objects, but by no means the only one I had in view; for a love of form and colour—a delight in flowers for their own sakes, for their perfume, their beauty, and their poetical associations—matters wholly irrespective of science, led to a craving desire to possess them, to collect not merely specimens to dry, but clusters of fresh blossoms which I might group in my vases, and with which I might decorate my rooms. I have always delighted in viewing nature in all her different aspects, and this year especially I longed to ramble where

‘Along the crispèd shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;’

and great indeed was the enjoyment with which I carried out my design; and often since, when precluded by illness from similar pleasures during weeks and months of solitude and suffering, great has been the joy with which my mind has recurred to the remembrance of those varied and cheerful scenes, and unfeeling have been the refreshment and delight so received.

And now, if any readers will allow themselves to be put *en rapport* with me, we will travel together through some of the sweet sylvan tracts through which I rambled. It was a day of unrivalled beauty, that sweet, sunny, April day on which I started from my home. The scene of my exploits was the neighbourhood of the pretty little village of Budleigh-Salterton, situated on the south coast of Devon, at about three miles to the east of Exmouth—a locality which I would strongly recommend to the botanist as most prolific, comprising as it does a greater variety of soil, and presenting more varied habitats for plants than any other part of the coast with which I am acquainted. Within a mile and a half of the village may be found bogs, salt and fresh-water marshes, cliffs, rocks, woods, fields, and lanes, together with high and low pasture-lands and heaths, intersected by a multitude of clear brooks and streamlets, whose banks are always fertile places for the collector. There are, besides, little thickets lying on the face of the lofty cliffs, and sloping to the sea, which produce a great variety of plants; so that it may altogether be considered as an excellent botanising district. The broad and open sea danced gaily under the influence of a light breeze, and its waves glittered in the sunbeams, which, as the day advanced, warmed the atmosphere almost to summer heat, when, taking some luncheon with me, I proceeded up the village street, along by the rustling little brook which runs through it, and after turning aside for a minute to seek for and find the pretty little upright peacock (Moneses erecta), which grows in a by-lane just off the road, I pursued my course up the hill to the open heath, gathering as I passed specimens of the gray-cup moss and white curled Lapland moss, which there cover the ground, and inhaling the rich fragrance of the golden-blossomed gorse (*Ulex Europaeus*), that gorgeous flower, before which the great naturalist Linnaeus knelt in wonder and in worship—not of the flower, but of Him who had provided such a splendid ornament to deck the commons and the hills for man’s delight!

It is always pleasant to have a definite object before one—a reason for turning one way instead of another—a something to attain; it is good and pleasant in the greater concerns of life, and so it is in flower-gathering. My object, then, on this occasion was to find the fertile spike of the wood horse-tail (*Equisetum sylvaticum*) in its perfection. I knew where to seek it, for in the preceding summer I had been the happy discoverer of a whole forest of the graceful sterile spikes, so like little fir-trees of some ten or twelve inches in height; and I now set forward with great glee to seek it in fruit. So descending the hill, I pass on between steep banks crowned with shining holly and ivy, from amongst the roots of which spring many fair spring-flowers, mixed with ferns, whose young fronds, at this season of the

year, present a most singular appearance, being curled up so as almost to deceive one into the idea that the hedge is covered with brown hairy caterpillars. The appearance of some of the large shield-ferns in the spring is indeed most curious, and, on examination, most beautiful; the closely-compact cincinate form into which the young leaflets are compressed, and the strong, vigorous upright of the rachis, or stalk, which supports them all, densely covered with shining light-brown chaff, is very striking; and when, after a few days, the apex, or point, droops, and they assume the exact form of a shepherd’s crook, it becomes even more remarkable, until by degrees the leaflets expand, and the common observer recognises the fern-leaf fully developed, and in its usual state.

But what is that which slips from under my hand as I stoop to gather one of them? There it glides up the hedge, its glittering, many-coloured skin and zig-zag motion leaving no doubt that it is a common snake, roused from basking in the sunshine, and much more afraid of me than I of it. It is a common notion that these snakes bite; but it is not so: they have no power to injure, and may be handled with impunity—the viper, frequently called the adder, being the only kind of English snake which has venomous properties. The sight of this reptile reminds me of an occasion when, stooping to gather a flower on the edge of a cliff, my fingers rested on one of that less harmless kind, whose dark skin, and the yellow crescent-like mark on its head, marked that it was indeed a viper. It darted rapidly down the precipice, leaving me, by the preserving mercy of God, unharmed. I had, however, once the honour of holding one in my hand, the pet of a medical friend; but although he had succeeded in extracting its fangs, he had not in eradicating a most detestable fetid odour, which exhaled from its skin, and rendered it so offensive, that I was glad speedily to resign the honour of being its nurse.—But to return to my walk.

The hedge and bank on either side, and the trees above, are all ‘instinct with life,’ and full of bright living creatures—bees, and many-coloured flies, and butterflies without end; and there is one of the large giant dragon-flies darting arrow-like through the air, probably in pursuit of some poor little insect destined to become its prey; and from time to time I see a little newt (*Anguis fragilis*), commonly called the blind-worm (though not in reality blind), pursuing its sport among the tufted roots below; whilst the jabbering of the young chaffinches and hedge-sparrows above, and the more tuneful notes of the thrush and the lark, and of the multitude of other choristers which salute the day, remind me that it is not man alone who has the sense of enjoyment, or for man alone that the great Creator cares, but that He ‘all his works with mercy does embrace.’ But on—on for the *equisetum* over that broken stile, with the old hollow tree to the right, and down the sloping meadow, I hasten; yet though now near the object of my search, I must linger a little to examine that bit of bog, so rich in botanical treasures, and so bright with flowers; and here I find clusters of the pretty bog violet (*Viola palustris*) lining the hedge, and nestling on every bit of sunny hillock and rising bank, selecting just such situations in the bog as the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*) would appropriate to itself in drier pastures: and the growth and general character of the two plants are similar; but the petals of the bog species are shorter and rounder, the leaves more kidney-shaped, and the whole plant of a more succulent and transparent appearance than any other species of *viola*. It is pretty and delicate; the lilac variety is of a paler hue than the purple of the sweet violet, and slightly striated with a deeper tint; and the white variety is of a most lustrous purity: but the sweet perfume which is found in their congener, the *viola odorata*, is wholly deficient in both, and with it

the pleasant and poetical associations which throng around the latter. I find here also the pretty pale butterwort (*Pinguicula Lusitanica*), its tiny spurred blossom, of a pale lilac hue, raised on a slight flower-stalk, high above the miry earth whence it springs; and its cluster of root-leaves looking much as if they had been anointed with some unguent, so greasy do they appear. Sheets of cotton-grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*)—‘the wool-bearer,’ as its name signifies—extend over the whole surface of the ground, their dense tufts of fibrous white cotton-like material dancing in the light breeze which wafts over them, and presenting a singular and beautiful appearance; whilst below the spikes of the yellow asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*) are beginning to spring in every direction from the beds of white bog-moss (*Sphagnum curvirosum*) which mat the ground. These beds of moss are varied in tint from white to a most delicate green, and everywhere inlaid with the brilliant scarlet of the leaves of the round-leaved sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), and the deeper red of the long-leaved variety (*Drosera longifolia*), which, though not yet in bloom, exhibit, as they at all times do, that distinctive beauty from which they get their name. On every hair of the multitudes which stud the surface of the whole plant, hangs a drop of dew, which glitters like a diamond in the beams of the sun—and this carpet of moss and sundew will be in a little time more brilliantly beautiful than it is even now; for then the clear rose-pink of the bog pimpernel, now scarcely visible, with its delicate pinnate leaves of the tenderest green, will be spreading in every direction between and under the moss, and intersecting it everywhere. In June, the marsh arrow-grass (*Triglochin palustre*) may be found here, as may the sea arrow-grass (*T. maritimum*) in the salt marsh on the other side of the village.

The neighbourhood of this spot is in itself attractive, independent of its botanical stores, and possesses a charm in the exquisite untrdden freshness of all around, and the air of extreme seclusion which prevails: here

‘The birds their quire apply—airs, vernal airs
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves:’

and a spirit of rustic tranquillity prevails, which, together with the mosaic under-foot, where flowers

‘Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem,’

would ravish and delight the surprised inhabitant of a city who should suddenly be transported to it, revealing to his astonished gaze a scene far different from those which meet his eye in the Exchange or crowded mart where the business of life usually finds him. It is a sweet spot. To the right lies a rising ground, richly wooded, through which rushes a noisy little brook, widening at its foot into a limpid stream, sweeping the meadow below. To the left lies the hamlet of Upper Knowle, with its pleasant farms and homesteads; and before you, beyond the strip of bog, is a sweet fair meadow, absolutely enamelled with flowers,

‘Which, not nice cut
In beds and curious shoots; but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse,’

and the clear-flowing brook before named coursing along the lower part, beneath oaks and beeches of lofty growth and exceeding beauty. It is a lovely scene, and my very heart gladdens as I think of its beauty; but alas! it is precarious ground, for the meadow being composed of bog and marsh, presents most unstable footing; and often, as I pass from one gay group of flowers to another, I feel the cold, cold water gush over the foot which has too confidingly rested on some safe-looking mound, teaching me another line of that lesson, that

the most lovely is not always the most trustworthy. Such milk-wort (*Polygala vulgaris*) as grows here I never before saw—sapphire, pearl, amethyst, pink, topaz, all might find their match in colour; here and there are intermixed with potentilla and tormentilla, primroses, orchises, and hyacinths, of such varied hues, and in such wealth and glory of blossoming, as I never before saw assembled on any one spot. On through the sweet scene I wend my way, selecting from its stores till my hands and my tin-case fill so fast, that I am glad to fix on a spot which lies high and dry under the shade of a spreading tree, and there to deposit my load to await my return, and then to proceed over the rugged stile to the right in search of the equisetum: but alas! alas! here, too, is delusive footing; for the moment I touch the ground, away go both feet sliding on the slippery mud; and, after two or three staggering efforts to save myself, in I go, both feet into such a bed of mire, as reaches well nigh to my ankles! But what do I mind that? There, close before me, stand armies of my expected treasures; and I have only to stagger out as I staggered in, and possess myself of the brilliant green spikes which spring up on all sides amidst the marshy ground.

The order equisetaceæ is allied to the filices or ferns; but it is in many respects quite dissimilar: it is very peculiar in its structure; and from the circumstance of the fertile stalk appearing at a different season from the sterile, and the former being in most species of a less striking appearance than the latter, it is so little generally known or noticed, that a slight sketch of its history and characteristics may not be out of place. There are many English species of this genus; the largest of them, the great water horsetail (*Equisetum fluviatile*), may probably, in its sterile spike, have attracted the notice of many who have been much in the country. It abounds in moist places, growing to the height of from two to four feet, and throwing out from an upright rigid stem from ten to twelve whorls of bristle-like leaves, which spring from the articulations of the joints of the stem. These joints, which occur at regular intervals, are clothed with a sharply-toothed sheath, which is edged with intense black, the rest of the stem and sheath being of a tender green, and the leaves (or branches, as they are called) of a deeper hue. The whole plant is something like a bottle-brush, and very singular and noble-looking. This species forms a fair type of the whole tribe. The fertile stems in all the species appear, and in general perish, before the sterile rise above the ground; and the difference between them is very marked. The fertile stem is succulent and brittle; it springs very rapidly, and perfectly upright, from the earth; is leafless, and in general of a pale salmon or brownish hue, some of the species being more or less tinged with a soft green. It is striated and pointed like the barren stem, and the articulations clothed in the same manner with a sheath, the colouring and dentification of which varies with the species. The summit of the stem is crowned with a dense spike or catkin, composed of many angular, stalked scales, which bear at the back from four to seven oblong cells, each containing many minute seeds, the height of the fertile spike being from four to ten inches, and that of the sterile from eight inches to four feet, according to the species. The cuticle of all the equisetaceæ contains a siliceous earth for polishing wood and metals, of which a large quantity is imported from Holland.

The order takes its name from *equus*, a horse, and *seta*, a bristle. Humboldt speaks of a species of tree common in Australia and Tasmania (*the casuarina*), the branches of which resemble the equisetum; but in England it is a genus standing alone, and without congeners, the ferns being the nearest of its allies. Should any of my readers, who have noticed the large brushlike spike which I have described, go in April to the spot where

in the preceding summer he has found it, he will be greatly surprised at the odd, naked, flesh-coloured things which he will see starting from the bare earth, without a leaf, and about the thickness of his finger at the top, and from four to six inches in height, which is all that he will find where he used to gather the noble stem, of which he will see nothing more than mere rudimentary beginnings. If the soil is not very wet, he will possibly find a smaller species (*Equisetum arvense*), the field horse-tail, domesticated with it. In July, the bog horse-tail (*E. palustre*) may be seen in most boggy ground, differing, however, from most other species in having both barren and fertile stems branched; so that the former are in all respects like the latter, except that the apex of the fertile is formed by a small dark-brown catkin, of which the sterile is devoid. The fertile spike of my elegant little favourite, *E. sylvaticum*, is also slightly branched; for as the catkin matures, a fringe arching over like a canopy, of a most vivid green, is thrown out from the joint next below it; and the rest of the plant being of a delicate semi-transparent flesh colour, tinged with a clear apple green, whilst the effect of the whole is increased by the contrast afforded by the dark-brown which edges the sheath, the plant forms altogether at this season a most lovely object, and one highly calculated to adorn a drawing-room table, and worthy of being placed in a lady's most elegant vase.

How many of God's wonderful works are unknown to and unappreciated by man because they are not 'sought out' by him! How rich are the regions of earth, and air, and sea, in varied wonders, all reflecting glory and honour on 'the great Workmaster,' and calculated to give delight to His creatures, but how comparatively few are there who really 'take pleasure therein!' I have often felt sorry to see how little effort is made to lead the minds of the young to an interest in such pursuits as tend to a knowledge and love of nature and natural objects. Much time is spent in learning music; whilst the rich harmony which God has obtained for man—the harmony of water, and birds, and insects, the deep music to be heard floating through the branches of the lofty trees, and breathing like the tones of harps amid the herbs and lowly bushes—is unheard, or fall unheeded on the untutored ear! The languages of foreign lands are painfully acquired, whilst the pure living language, full of poetry and instruction, which is uttered by the fields and groves, the flowers, and the dew which moisten them, is to many a dead and unknown tongue! Again, how many will travel half over the world, and spend life and fortune in studying amid the galleries of art, whilst nature (of which art can be at best but the shadow), with its depth of colouring and its perfect unity and *keeping*, is uncared for and unnoticed! There is nothing which opens the eyes to the beauties of nature so much as a love of the God of nature. The Christian feels with the Italian poet Filicaja—

' Thus if we see a hill, or vale, or mount,
Or shining river, or translucent fount,
On God the eye is fixed, although it seem
To rest but on that vale, or fount, or stream!
And the full sun utters in praise of Him
The ardent, eloquent language of its rays;
And the deep torrent, foaming to the brim,
And the wind's sighings, all are to His praise.
Each tree loves Him, and that harmonious bird,
Whose deep poetic warblings oft are heard,
Passing from branch to branch in praise alway,
"I love thee; God—I love thee!" seems to say.'

I was now at leisure, having secured my prize, to examine the little enclosure in which I stood, and mark game for a future day, and also to gather a handful of the creamy primroses and sweet blue hyacinths which grew profusely around me; to watch the little fairy dragon-flies with their tiny bodies, some

azure-blue, some scarlet, which seemed to hang suspended on the air as if by some magic power, their wings being so exquisitely airy and fragile in their fabric as to be, when in motion, quite invisible; and the little thread-like bodies, sustained by their rapid vibrations, appear as if they were without wings. I now found in embryo that which a few weeks after I sought and found in fruit, the beautiful flowering-fern (*Osmunda regalis*); but as this paper has already stretched beyond the limits I had intended, I shall leave the description of that till a future time, when I hope to conduct my friends to another point, and shew them what the bogs are like in July.

A FACTORY FARM-STEADING.

An interesting account was lately given in the 'Times' newspaper of certain improvements which have been effected in a farm establishment at a place called Patrington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and we notice the subject in order to make more widely known what may be done to render the practice of agriculture conformable to an exact and economic, and, it may be added, profitable, manufacture:—'At Patrington the influence of capital and the energy of the manufacturers have converted the quiet of a retired, rural town into a scene of bustling industry. Some three years ago, about 1000 acres of land here were purchased by Mr W. Marshall of Leeds. He instantly began the work of improvement, and nearly the whole estate has already been tile-drained under the superintendence of Mr Parkes. About eighteen months ago the foundation of a new and extensive suite of farm-buildings was laid. The whole is now completed, and occupied by stock, while the barn is flanked by a goodly row of large wheat-stacks, the produce of the farm. Straight lines of well-made roads lead to the different fields, and give easy access for getting home the crops and taking out the manure. A steam-engine of eight horse-power occupies the centre of the barn, within whose capacious roof are fitted (by Crosskill of Beverley), in different compartments, every imaginable machine for converting the corn and vegetable produce of the farm into food for the sustenance of man and beast. The thrashing-machine thrashes and dresses the corn, and then delivers it in the granary, where it is either stored or passed to the grinding-loft, whence it descends to the lower storey, after being ground and dressed, and is there received in sacks, and packed aside as flour ready for the baker. From the end of the thrashing-machine the straw is carried by an endless web to another loft, where it is passed through the chaff-cutter, and reappears below as chaff. Other machines, conveniently arranged, break beans and oats for the horses, oilcake for the cattle, and linseed for mixing with the cut chaff. The root-house is situated at one end of the under storey, opening by large doors to the farm road, through which the roots are stored. Elevators, moved by the steam-engine, lift these rapidly up to a turnip-cutter, placed at such a height that the cut turnips fall into a truck, whence they are conveyed on a railway throughout the whole of the feeding-houses. A different compartment contains the cooking apparatus, where, by steam from the boiler, cooked food of various kinds is prepared for the pigs and other farm stock. Underground is a great arched tank, into which all the rain water that falls on the buildings is conveyed by spouts and pipes. From this the engine feeds itself with water, and likewise pumps up water to a tank on the highest part of the barn, whence it supplies by pipes all the different divisions of the farm-buildings; and, in case of fire, could be readily turned to good account. To another tank, in rather too close contiguity to this, the engine pumps the liquid manure of the farm, which can then, by applying a gutta-percha hose, be dispersed over the manure heap. The cattle-houses are situated in parallel lines, at right angles to the barn. Each animal has its comfortable box, 12 feet by 10, with a supply of fresh water in one corner, and a manger for its food in the other. Between

every double row of cattle a railway is placed, on which the trucks with their food are easily pushed along. A covered manure-pit receives the dung, when it is carried from the cattle, and protects it from the influence of rain and weather. The mode of cultivation to be hereafter adopted on the farm we did not learn, as, in the absence of the manager, there was no one to communicate such information; but as the same spirit and energy will no doubt be manifested in the field, it will soon be necessary to pack the animals more closely together in the cattle-houses, as the green crops of a farm of this extent, if principally consumed at home, will suffice for three times the number of animals for which accommodation is now provided. By converting the boxes into stalls, the room at present occupied by one will suffice for three; and, as all other arrangements may remain unchanged, the charge for interest will then fall lighter on each. At the entrance to the farm, Mr Arthur Marshall of Leeds has erected extensive works for the rotting and scutching of flax. In these he at present manufactures the crop of 300 acres, but the works are sufficient for 500. The farmers of Holderness, however, do not seem to go very readily into flax culture, and Mr Marshall is therefore obliged to hire the land, sow the seed, provide people to weed and pull the crop, and the farmer then carts it to the works, where it is stacked till required. For the use of the land Mr Marshall pays £8 an acre, the farmer undergoing no risk of failure of crop, and no outlay for seed or labour. The average yield of dressed flax per acre is five hundredweight, at present worth 70s. a hundredweight, besides two quarters of seed, worth 50s. a quarter. The employment given in these works, and in the extensive improvements at the farm, has raised the rate of wages for men, women, and children, in the parish of Patrington, from twelve to fifteen per cent. above that of the surrounding district.'

THE OLD COUPLE'S NEW YEAR.

'A GLAD NEW YEAR to thee, my love, I am alive to say,
Though, husband, forty years ago this was our wedding-day;
And hope and purpose gave our lives, that day whereon
we look

As the illuminated title-page of a most pleasant book.

'Oh, who could know the girlish bride or stately bride-groom now,
With the travel-soil of forty years upon each withered brow;
But to our eyes are beautiful grey hairs or wrinkles either—
Time's notches wherewithal to mark how long we've been together.

'So long! my finger shrinketh from the ring that sealed the vow—
Maybe the heart hath sent it word it needs no symbol now;
But the long swelling sum of years is pleasant in our sight,
For they are but the witnesses to Love's exceeding might.

'Love taught our hearts the music first to which our days went by,
And though to graver measure set, keeps up the melody.
From our fireside we backward look, and feel our hearts the while
Still quiver to a merry thought—we're not too old to smile.

'With Memory's moonlight streaming through the vista of the past,
We see what pastures green were ours, what gardens on the waste;
That time of struggling, too, when with his clouds of rose and gold,
Love softened down, and warmly tinged what was itself so cold.

'God gave our lifetime, like the year (still equal in His ways),
Spring for its winter, dawn for night, and Sabbaths for work-days:

Nay, ev'ry day its blessing had; and as we've older grown,
Love hath wellnigh filled up the years with epochs of its own.

'For glad birthdays, and bridal-morns, the brightening seasons strow,
And joyful days—Love's calendar hath its eclipses too.
Two baby-girls went back to God; and one fair son beside,
Who the tall heights of manhood reached, looked out on life, and died.

'Their lot that seemed so gloomy once, seen through a mist of tears,
As we come nearer in a clear and lovely light appears;
And to revive old joys again, our children's children rise:
How dear that sound of tiny feet, that flash of joyful eyes!

'And even on the grave's low edge shall Love's sweet flowers abide,
And with their richly-perfumed breath, its earthy savour hide.
God turns another leaf of life; His hand theron is placed,
And but a single line at once He suffers to be traced.

'Oh which is marked as first to fall? But when the call is given,
Love's silver cord will stretch to earth, and draw the last to heaven.
Our length of labour was the same, and so should be our rest:
He will not keep us long apart who knows our natures best.

'We turn on the receding years a calm and cheerful eye,
And looking forward—God be praised!—our hope is full and high;
But this day comes as some old friend whose face we're glad to see;
And so, dear love, with 'all my heart, "A Happy New Year" to thee!'

E. A. G.

CUNNING OYSTERS.

By a treaty made between England and France in 1838, it was agreed that the ocean within the coasts of both countries should be considered as belonging to both, with the exception of the coasts between Jersey and France, where a line had been drawn, beyond which, on either side, the fishermen of the respective nations were not to encroach. A multitude of cunning oysters, taking advantage of the neutral ground, have made their bed exactly upon the line; and as they are of excellent quality, the temptation is too strong for the fishermen on both sides. They are continually encroaching on each other's ground. The consequence has been that several French fishermen have been taken and fined by the English, and several English by the French.

TRANSFORMATION OF A NAME.

In Mr Crowe's work on Central America, a curious instance is given of the transformation of a name. 'Belize derives its name from a Scotch buccaneer who first used the harbour as a hiding-place nearly a century ago; and, strange as it may appear, the word Belize is a corruption of Wallace, the name of this freebooter, which by English writers was written Wallis, and by the Spanish Valis, and then Balis, which was finally modified by the English to Belize, pronounced Beleaze.'

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Aman Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 385. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

WHERE IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?

The national song was never more gaily and hopefully sung than by a party of young lads, who, in the year 1819, sallied forth from the small Hanoverian town of Wunstorf, and took the road to Hamburg. They were all furnished with the knapsack and staff of the wandering handcraftsmen of Germany, and were respectably attired in frock-coat and cap, with a well-filled tobacco-pouch dangling from their necks, and a pipe of formidable dimensions in their hands. Some friends accompanied them a little way out of the town, but these dropped off one by one, and at length the travellers found themselves alone, with the world before them. It was then the song burst forth from their young hearts; although at first the voices of some may have been unsteady, and the eyes dim with tears which looked along the vista of the future. 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? Is it Prussia, or Saxony, or the Rhineland, or the Belt, or Bavaria, or Styria, or Austria, or the Tyrol?' and at each question came the reply, with a wild swell—

'Nein, nein, nein, nein,
Soyu Vaterland muss weiter seyn!'

No, no, no, wider—wider is the Fatherland: till at length the conclusion was delivered in a solemn and impassioned sweep—'Wherever the German tongue is spoken, wherever it sings hymns to God in heaven, that, noble German, is thy Fatherland!' The young men, therefore, in leaving Hanover, were not leaving their home; for everywhere their native tongue made music in their ears, and brought with it assurance of a country.

One of the travellers was a lad of sixteen, called John Henry Louis Haneman; and his fortunes being of a very peculiar, though not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, romantic character, to him we will confine our attention. Of the rest, some, after an absence of three years, prescribed by the custom of their trade, returned to Hanover to commence business on their own account at home: others yielded to the attractions they met with beyond the frontiers, and found there an abiding place and a continuing city: but the decision of Haneman was not left to his own inclination.

His business in the world was to make bread—not figuratively but literally: he was by trade a baker; and in the great city of Hamburg he expected to find ample scope for his industry. A residence of ten years was requisite to enable him to obtain the right of settlement; but this was of little moment to a lad of sixteen, and he cheerfully served one master, and then another, as apprentice, till he completed thirteen years, and had attained the ripe age of twenty-nine. During

this space, however, he did not neglect his duties, or forfeit his rights, as a Hanoverian subject. He returned to his own country at the proper times, to fulfil the term of military service imperative upon all Germans; and found himself, as we have said, in his twenty-ninth year, and in a fair position to begin the world on his own account.

Haneman had his dreams and his ambitions: he would be not only a baker, but a commission-merchant. Haneman, moreover, was in love: he would have a wife to sit in his parlour, or serve in his shop; and then he would go on baking his bread, selling his goods, and seeing his children rise about his knees, and he would wax in fortune, and flourish even like a young bay-tree.

It was in the year 1832 when all this was to begin; and his first step was to obtain permission from the town where he had passed his youth in learning how to bake, to employ his acquirements in its service. Neither in the free city of Hamburg, nor in any other free city, may a man presume to buy or sell for his own and the public good without going through certain preliminaries which cost money. Haneman contemplated paying the usual fine or fee; but it was also necessary that he should obtain a legitimation-certificate from his native state. This required additional outlay, and, what he grudged more, time; and he therefore, most unluckily, listened to the suggestion of a friend, who thought that there would be no great harm in his using the corresponding papers of a deceased brother. For the sake of expedition, rather than from any other cause, he presented these as his own papers, and thus entered upon the rights of citizenship in Hamburg.

The cheat was soon discovered, and Haneman called to an account. He was guilty, there could be no doubt; but the trespass was considered venial in a young man who had resided in the city since his boyhood, and whose character was well known. The police authorities, therefore, let him gently down, and an admonition was probably all the chastisement his imprudence received on this occasion. But the police is a practical body which looks at persons and things as they are, while the senate deals more in abstractions. The senate was scandalised at the escape of Haneman; and in order to vindicate the sanctity of its justice, it had the offender arrested, deprived of his rights of citizen, and hunted out of Hamburg. This was a terrible reverse of fortune to the ambitious baker. It occurred in autumn, and as he went forth, a banished man, the fields were alive with the peasantry bringing in, with songs and joyous cries, the harvest in which he had hoped his own oven was to share.

He proceeded, however, to Flamburgh, where he

obtained his military discharge, the certificate of his birth, and authority to travel as a journeyman. He was now in possession of his own papers, and the senate of Hamburg would doubtless be satisfied. It was a terrible lesson he had been taught: but it was over. His plans were not damaged by what had occurred, for he was well known in the city, and his fraud, as the law termed it, was not more heinous than if he had carried furtively a bottle of brandy in his pocket through the barrier. He reached Hamburg, therefore, in good spirits: but he had reckoned without his host. He was no sooner recognised on the street than he was arrested, and sent back as a prisoner to Hanover.

Haneman was confounded: but his fatherland was not Hamburg, for the German tongue followed him in his exile. Exile? A man can hardly be said to be exiled to his own native state; and turning round he shook his clenched hand at the Free City, and said with Coriolanus—"I banish you!" His industry, his talents, his acquired knowledge, he would transfer to Hanover, and perhaps might himself flourish but little the less for the change. He forgot, however, that he now made his reappearance among his countrymen in the character of an outcast rejected by another state: Hanover refused him a settlement; she would grant no right of citizenship to one who had applied for the same right elsewhere? Haneman, hardly knowing whither to betake himself, repaired to Altona.

Here, with a sinking heart, he produced his own papers; and he could hardly credit his good fortune when he found himself accepted. He began a commission business; but unluckily it had some connection with his neighbours of Hamburg, which obliged him to visit that city. In November 1833 he was recognised on the street, arrested, and fined. On the 26th of March following, he was again arrested, fined, and sent back to Altona; the publicity of the transportation bringing to the knowledge of the authorities his fatal delinquency, upon which he received a severe reproof from the president of the town-council, not for the fraud, but for the concealment.

After this Hamburg so far relaxed as to permit his business-visits during the daytime, although he was not allowed to remain within her precincts at night; and now Haneman, enjoying a breathing space till 1839, embarked in a respectable business in the wine-commission trade, visited his constituents at Oporto, and began to hold up his head in the world.

And then came back his dreams of domestic dignity, and he determined to choose a wife. He did so prudently. His lady-love was not a penniless damsel, but the rosy-cheeked hostess of a Hamburg tavern; and on his return from Oporto the betrothal took place, which we may explain is a religious and legal ceremony, making a very near approach to downright matrimony. Sanctioned by the customary feelings of his country, Haneman went to live in the house of his bride, to whom for two months he proved a useful assistant. Unfortunately, a merry-making carried beyond the bounds of temperance led to a quarrel between the pair. The lady deserted her house, leaving it to Haneman, who had no other idea than to conduct the business till his beloved should return. Here, however, he was destined to put himself again in suspicious circumstances. Change being required for a valuable coin presented by a customer, Haneman could only obtain what was wanted by breaking open the box containing the money of the concern. This, we presume, betrothal did not exactly entitle him to do. Of the complaint of the guardians of his betrothed, he was taken up and examined by the police, who handed him over to the authorities of Altona, with a friendly suggestion to the president that it would be well to deprive the impudent wine-agent of his rights of citizenship. The president responded courteously to this hint, and not only adopted it to the letter, but had the liberality to

pronounce upon him, in addition, a sentence of banishment from Altona.

Whither was he now to go? Where was he to seek his fatherland? He knew but of one place, and that was the nearest. It is true, for a period of eight years (from 1832 to 1840) every visit he had paid to Hamburg was followed by some disaster; but there only was he known, there only had he friends, comrades, acquaintances. Perhaps his fair hostess had repented of her anger—perhaps her guardians alone had been severe. Haneman clung to the social sympathies. He was like a bird turned loose from a balloon into the desert air, and which prefers returning to its prison to encountering the unknown terrors of that shoreless gulph. He went straight to Hamburg, though with faltering steps and a trembling heart—whose prophecies were fulfilled the moment he entered the city. He was arrested on the 8th April, and sentenced to eight days' imprisonment, with hard labour.

This was bad enough; but when the punishment was over, and he was turned out of prison, the authorities were so good as to sign no further notice of him. He remained, therefore, in Hamburg till July in the following year, when he was again arrested and condemned, for his audacious contumacy, to six weeks' imprisonment, relieved, week about, with the varieties of idleness and the treadmill. After this he was handed back, in September, to Altona; but the president there, though willing, as we have seen, to shew any reasonable courtesy to the neighbouring state, did not understand such liberties, and returned him at once like a shuttlecock. The senate of Hamburg was at a loss what to do. They shut him up in prison as a matter of course, and then opened a correspondence with Hova, his birthplace, and with Wunstorf in Hanover, the place of his apprenticeship and confirmation, to find out if possible what claims he had upon them. He had no claims. All had been forfeited by his citizenship elsewhere; and in the beginning of 1842 he was once more escorted across the frontier, and set down in the district of Altona. But Altona was determined. She sent him back again immediately; and Hamburg put him into her house of correction for eight days, with the treadmill every second day, and then chased him out of her bounds into the world at large.

By this time Haneman was getting wearied and dogged. He did not go far. Why should he? What was one place to him more than another? Fatherland! Where was his fatherland? If it was not Hamburg, or Hanover, or Altona, how could it be territories he had never seen, and where he did not know a human being? 'Wherever the German language was heard,' the song answered, 'and wherever it sung hymns to God in heaven!' That was a lie; for he heard it every day, and everywhere he went, both in hymns and curses. Was this his fatherland where he now wandered? It could not be, for surely his fatherland would not give him a stone when he cried for bread; and here, after a little while, he was without money, or food, or shelter. He returned to Hamburg.

In Hamburg he lay in jail till the 10th of March, and was then conveyed across the Hanoverian frontier. At Stade the outcast was laid hold of and lodged in prison till the authorities should be able to make inquiry respecting him, by opening a correspondence with Hamburg; and the result was that, by the end of the month, there arrived an order from the Hanoverian minister directing that Haneman should be sent to Altona. So said, so done: but being found there on the 26th of April by his old friend, the president, he was punished with twenty-five blows of the stick for having been transported by Hanover. From Altona he was sent escorted into the Hamburg bounds, where he was instantly arrested. This time the senate determined to transport him beyond seas for his repeated contumacy in returning from banishment!

When Haneman was lying in jail, musing on his extraordinary fortunes, and endeavouring, perhaps, to recall to his conscience what horrible crime it was which had made him an outcast among men, a light broke suddenly through the bars of his prison, which made even his overwearied heart leap in his bosom. It was accompanied by cries, shouts, screams, the hoarse roar of multitudinous voices, and the noise of many thousand feet rushing along the streets. Then the prison was opened, and the inmates turned forth to fare as they might. Fire was before and around them—nothing but fire. Hamburg was blazing like a funeral-pile, and its inhabitants flying in all directions. Here was excitement for Haneman. Why should he fly? What had he to lose in the flames? There was work forward. Work! He had not worked for—he knew not how long. He was ravenous for work; and so he carried water, and toiled at the engines, till he lay down and slept from exhaustion. The fire awoke him earlier than the sun had ever done in his life, and he began anew to work—work—work, day after day, night after night, snatching food when and how he was able, and sinking into a deathlike sleep when nature could stand no more. It was only work he cared for. It was so glorious a feeling to be and to do something. The energies that had so long been pent up within him blazed forth, roaring and craving like the conflagration, and only sank into repose at last when, after many days, the flames of Hamburg expired in the ruins they had made.

By the 2d of May the authorities had time to bethink themselves of Haneman; and although the police—practical as usual—interfered in his favour, he was sent to his old Judgings in the house of correction, and turned out there on the 2d of June, to be set loose on the eastern frontiers of the kingdom of Hanover. In Hanover they would not have him, and he skulked back into Hamburg, where he lay unnoticed till the 29th of September, when illness compelled him to have recourse to the publicity of the hospital. Here he remained till the 13th of March 1843, when he was dismissed; and in two days after he was laid hold of as usual by the police, and conveyed to the eastern frontiers of Hanover. From Witten he was instantaneously sent back to Hamburg, where he was once more captured, and detained in prison till the 1st July 1844. He was then set at liberty, on his promise to quit the city within eight days. This promise he broke, for he was now reckless; and on the 14th August he was sentenced to fourteen days' confinement on bread and water, and then chased out of the bounds.

This extraordinary war waged by three sovereign states against a solitary individual might have proceeded unnoticed, till the victim of tradition and the bureau had sunk under the overwhelming force opposed to him; and Haneman, the hero of a wilder romance than ever fiction dreamed, might have passed away like a shadow, to mingle with the other shadows of the past. But fate ruled it otherwise; and the case we are recording is destined to stand out in bold relief amid the refinements and the rationalism of the age. The attention of an eminent lawyer of Hamburg was accidentally drawn to the subject, probably by the frequent appearance of Haneman in the courts, and he advised him to contend no longer with the individual states, but to petition the Diet to allot to him some abiding place in the wide German land. Haneman caught eagerly at an idea which assumed that he had any fatherland at all, and at once demanded a passport for Frankfort. This was at first refused, but ultimately conceded on the guarantee of the lawyer; and the homeless German, provided with a petition drawn up by his benefactor, set forth upon his important journey.

Among the crowds besieging the office-doors of Frankfort, there was recently seen a pale, sickly, travel-stained, worn-out, old-looking man, distinguished from the rest by the aspect of isolation he presented. There

appeared to be nothing in common between him and the other petitioners—no analogies to compare in each other's story, no hopes or fears to deduce from each other's experience. Silent, watchful, constant in attendance, unwearied in waiting, this gaunt figure, with its staring eyes, haunted the bureaucracy like a spectre.

‘Who are you?’ said an official one day, half disgusted and half curious.

‘I am Haneman.’

‘Oh! well, and what do you want?’

‘I want a home.’

‘We have no home here for you.’

‘I want a country.’

‘Bah!’

‘I want to know where my Fatherland is. I am a German, and must have some portion in the German land. If I did wrong a score of years ago, and have been punished enough, punish me still; but let there be some end of it. I want to know where I belong to—where I have a right to go, and a right to stay. It is only a place to live in I want—a place to work, and to die in; and I don't care what part of this vast country it is in, so that our German tongue still sounds in my ear, and I can hear it singing hymns to God in heaven!’ The official sent him to another, and that other to a third; and so it went on till Haneman, hopeless, penniless, and destitute, crawled back to Hamburg. Here he was as usual arrested and thrown into prison. The advocate again interfered, drew up a fresh memorial, obtained his ‘liberty,’ with a travelling passport, and sent him once more to petition the Diet in person.

Whether he died by the way, whether he is still on his journey, whether he is now being banished from office to office in Frankfort, whether the Diet decided that, as a German subject, he was entitled to breathe the air on some spot of German land—we do not know. We know, however, that in one sense Haneman is not dead. His case has been fully and widely published, and is no doubt working its due effect among those innovative influences which have so thoroughly unsettled the German governments and administrative systems. We shall probably hear more of Haneman and his singular persecutions ‘after many days.’

The facts of the narrative we have given, are taken from Haneman's own petition, published in the 74th number of the Kieler newspaper of 1845, and reproduced in a work published at Leipzig last year, the ‘Polizei Geschichten’ of Ernst Dronke.

Supposing these facts to be true—and we see no reason to doubt that they are so—they afford a curious instance of the proneness of men to suffer themselves to be governed by theories and traditions. The act visited by this inveterate persecution, though harmless in itself, was illegal, and involved the loss of the rights of Hanburg citizenship and banishment from the town. The laws of Hanover denied similar rights even to her own sons who had sought them elsewhere, and they likewise refused harbour to transports from other states. Altona had the power to strip of her citizenship an individual who had obtained it by the very natural concealment adopted by Haneman, and to banish from her precincts a foreigner placed in such circumstances. Thus all the three governments acted according to law; and thus, in the midst of this legality, was the ‘noble German’ of the national song converted into an outcast from his fatherland, and hunted, lashed, and caged like a wild beast, for a great part of a score of years!

In the English law of settlement may be found, although on a very small and partial scale, a parallel to this gigantic German abuse. A pauper—perhaps a widow with two or three children at her heels—seeks refuge in the workhouse at Worcester; but the guardians, considering from her account of her history that the expense of supporting her should fall upon London, send her to the metropolis. There they imagine that

Bristol is better entitled to the burthen, and they transmit the claimant thither; but at Bristol they wholly deny the charge, and pass the wanderers back again to Worcester. All this involves grievous expense to the public, and still more grievous hardship to the forlorn family; but speedily the affair is ended by the submission of one or other of the recusant parties, while throughout the whole contest the paupers have been in possession of the support they claimed.

In a case like this the law, if necessary, would step promptly in to settle the dispute: and here the faint parallel ends; for the Diet, which is the international* umpire of the Germans, turned, as we have seen, a deaf ear to the petition of the outcast Heneman.

L. R.

LONDON MUSEUMS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

We find, by a scarce tract, that in 1664 there was a museum publicly exhibited in London. The title of the tract is as follows:—‘A Catalogue of many Natural Rarities, with great Industry, Cost, and Thirty Years’ Travel in Foreign Countries, Collected by Robert Hubert alias Forges, Gent. and Sworn Servant to His Majesty. And daily to be seen at the place called the Musick-House, at the Miter, near the West End of St Paul’s Church. London: 1664.’ It appears by the catalogue that this museum among other rarities contained:—‘A mummy: a giant’s thigh-bone, more than four feet in length, found in Syria: a haget, that sleeps for six months; it is a creature of the island Mayonto in the lake Yondarro: the horns of a dog of a kind near China: the ribb of a Triton or Mereman, taken by Captain Finney on the shoutts of Brazil, 500 leagues from the Maine: the vein of the tongue of that whale, that was taken up at Greenwich a little before Cromwell’s death: a manucodiata or bird of Paradise with feet, for it hath great feet, to shew that it perches on trees in a land as yet unknown, for they are never seen alive, but are always found dead in the Malaccos Islands, by reason of a continual wind that bloweth six months one way and six months the other way, and because of their sharp head, little body, and a great feathered tayle, they are blown up so high that they fall dead in another climate or country: a pelican’s head, bill, and bag, to prove that it is a water-fowle; he does not make himself to bleed a purpose for his young ones, but by accident, by carrying of shell-fishes in his thin bag makes it to bleed: a great crocodile, given by noble Squire Courtene, a lover of virtue and ingenuity.’

The author of this catalogue, it may be observed, draws particular attention to the fact of the bird of Paradise having feet. Perhaps it is not now generally known, that from the native manner of preparing skins of these birds, to sell as curiosities, requiring the feet to be taken off, it was long considered by Europeans that they were footless. This error, however, did not originate with Pigafetta, who first introduced the bird to European notice, after returning from his voyage with Magalhaens to Seville in 1522. He distinctly speaks of it as having slender legs a hand’s-breadth in length; though, strange to say, he describes it as having no wings, but that it is blown about at the mercy of the winds. Margrave, John de Lacl, Clusius, Wormius, and Bontius, all described it with feet; yet Aldrovandus Scaliger and Jonston were of a contrary opinion. Even the great Linnaeus seemed to sanction

the absurd idea when he appropriated the term *Apoda* (footless) to one of the species: and last of all Buffon, the beauty of whose diction as a writer does not compensate for his inaccuracies as a naturalist, describes them as birds, ‘qui ne marchent ni nagent, ou ne peuvent prendre de mouvement qu’en volant.’ We need not further refer to the nonsense respecting this bird in the catalogue, than merely to state that all the mystery and doubt which formerly enveloped the history of the creature are now cleared away.

Hibert, alias Forges, by way of impressing on the publick the superior value of his collection, gives a list of the rarities that are shewn in the University Garden at Leyden in Holland, which contains a dragon, a mermaid’s skin, and a giffin’s foot! Indeed, every page of his catalogue bears the impression of the puffing showman, without any pretensions to classification or science: at the last, speaking of more of his rarities, he says that he ‘omits their names to avoid prolixity. But if the owner of this collection of curiosities does sell them to any noble-minded party, he then, God willing, will write at large a more ample declaration, to the expression of each thing in particular, to honour that virtuous person that shall buy them! ’

The Royal Society was incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, and in 1665 Daniel Colwall, Esq. gave up his private collection to that learned body: many other curiosities were soon added by different members. This museum was kept in that afterwards shamefully-misappropriated building, Gresham College. In 1681 Dr Nathaniel Grew, one of the secretaries, published a catalogue of the entire collection, dedicated to Mr Colwall, the founder, at whose expense the plates were engraved. This work is entitled ‘Museum Regalis Societatis: or a Catalogue and Description of the Natural and Artificial Rarities belonging to the Royal Society, and preserved at Gresham College. Made by Nathaniel Grew, M.D., and Fellow of the Colledge of Physitians, London. 1681.’ Among many errors, we yet find in this volume a great increase of scientific knowledge. Grew, in his preface, states that he will commence his classification with man; for he says, ‘I like not the reason which Aldrovandus gives for his beginning the history of quadrupeds with the horse, Quod praecipuum nobis utilitatem prebat; being better placed, according to their degrees of approximation to human shape, and one to another: and so other things according to their nature. Much less should I choose with Gesner, to go by the alphabet. The very scale of the creatures is a matter of high speculation! ’

Here we find a direct step to our present system of classification; yet still the learned doctor believed in the existence of the unicorn; for a little farther on, he tells us that ‘the greatest rarity, if once experienced to be of good use, will soon become common. The Jesuites Barque, of which no man hath well yet described the tree, and very few know precisely where it grows; yet what great quantity doth the much use of it bring over to us? Unicorns’ horns, on the like notice of trade, would be as plentiful as elephants’ teeth.’

The catalogue begins with an Egyptian mummy, and the worthy doctor displays his knowledge of his own more particular profession by giving the names of three different medical preparations, which were concocted out of a mummy. He, however, thinks that the virtues of these medicines consist more in the drugs used in the process of embalming than in the body itself, and is of opinion that medicines compounded of fresh drugs would be more efficacious. We have next ‘the entire skin of a Moor tanned. The skeleton of a man,’ with the names of four medicines extracted from human bones. ‘A skull,’ which, it appears, afforded seven medical preparations. Another skull ‘covered all over with moss called, by the Paracelsians *usnea*.’ Though Dr Grew does not say anything in favour of this moss

as a medicine, yet wonderful powers were attributed to it by the followers of Paracelsus. Van Helmont relates the following sample of its 'astral and magnetical virtues,' which he states came under his own observation:—'A certain soldier of a noble extraction wore a little lock of the moss of a man's skull, finely enclosed betwixt the skin and hair of his head; who, in friendship interceding betwixt two brothers, that were fighting a mortal duel, unfortunately received so violent a blow with a sword on his head, that he fell immediately to the earth. With which blow his hat and hair were cut through as with an incision-knife, even to the skin; but he escaped without the smallest wound or penetration of the skin. I need not anticipate—yourselves may without much difficulty guess—to what cause the guard of the skin may be justly ascribed.'

After the 'humane rarities,' we next find the viviparous quadrupeds classified by the forms of their feet—as multipedous, bipedous, and solidipedous. Here we meet with an old acquaintance, we presume—'the leg-bone of an elephant: it was brought out of Syria as the leg-bone of a giant.' Speaking of the elephant, Grew makes some very just, though quaint remarks upon that animal—in fact he anticipates our present classification of the pachydermatous animals; he says that 'the elephant, in my mind, hath some affinity with the boar: both are taper-tailed, hunchbacked, little eyed, armed with tusks, have the nether chap sharp before, and a movable snout—the elephant's proboscis being but a long snout, and the boar's snout a short proboscis.'

The medical virtues of the rhinoceros, we find, are numberless, all parts of the body being of a curative nature; still the doctor was not aware of the existence of the two-horned species, for he says, 'But what Martial means, speaking of the rhinoceros—

'Namque, gravem gemino cornu sic extulit ursum'—

I do not well understand. The figure given by Piso represents but one horn only. Neither does Bontius describe or mention more than one horn; and those who do speak of another, yet make it a very small one; and not overagainst the other, but on the fore-part of the back.'

The above line from Martial has given rise to many futile disquisitions and attempted corrections by, and among, those who were ignorant of the existence of the two-horned rhinoceros. Two specimens of this species were shewn at Rome during the reign of the Emperor Domitian, on some of whose medals their figure was impressed; others were exhibited in the times of Antoninus, Heliogabalus, and Gordian III. Martial lived in the reign of Domitian, and in all probability the rhinoceros 'gemino cornu' was actually seen by him. There are four species of the two-horned rhinoceros known to the naturalists of the present day.

Amongst the horns we find, 'a very great horn of the black buck, or of the ibex (ibex, *Capra Iber*); in shape almost like a bended cross-bow. By the string, three-quarters of a yard long; but by the bow, about an eln. It was formerly tipped with silver, and kept in a gentleman's house, and shewed to some especial friends for the claw of a griffin. See the figure thereof in Moscardus's *Museum*.' Moscardo's print of the griffin, in his work 'Note Overo Memorie del Museo de Lodovico Moscardo, Nobile Veroneso, Padao, 1656,' certainly shews to us a very ugly, but not a very ferocious-looking monster: it is not such a creature as we would suppose the griffin to be, which Bulwer so pleasingly tells us of in 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine.' In short, it reminds us of a large skate that had just been pulled out of the water, flapping on the seashore.

After the viviparous, Grew introduces us to the oviparous quadrupeds—'A great chequered tortoise-

shell from Madagascar, nowhere described or figured,' is evidently, by the plate, the *Testudo geometrica* of Linnaeus: 'a scaly tortoise-shell, nowhere described or figured,' we find, in the same manner, to be the *Testudo imbricata*. Of the sea-turtle he says: 'The flesh maketh a pleasant jelly. The belly part baked is an excellent dish. The legs applied to the part afflicted are a most experienced remedy in the gout.' Hear this, oh gourmands and bon-vivants! when you see the turtle in the pastry-cook's shop, you may then exclaim that your 'bane and antidote are both before you!' With all our author's acuteness, we find him placing 'a great bat or flutter mouse' among the birds; naïvely remarking, that 'the bat stands in the rear of beasts, and in the front of birds.' We are, however, gratified when, speaking of the humming-bird, he says:—'Piso relates as a thing true to himself, and many curious and credible men with him in Brasil, that there are there a sort both of caterpillars and of butterflies, which are transformed into this bird; and that in the time of transformation there is plainly to be seen half a caterpillar, or half a butterfly, and half a bird, both together. Yet the same author saith that this bird buildeth her nest of cotton wool, and layeth eggs. That a caterpillar should produce a bird, and a butterfly too the like, and yet this bird lay eggs to produce its own kind, are three greater wonders than anything that has been said of the Barnacle.' By the last word he alludes to the popular idea, that the Bernicle goose (*Anser bernicla*) was produced from the bernicle, a well-known crustaceous animal. Though Belon in 1551 ridiculed this preposterous notion, yet all the other naturalists, down to 1678, held to the ancient belief. The publication, however, of Ray's 'Wellighby,' in that year, exploded and refuted the unsound doctrine. Grew, though now treating the idea with contempt, believed in it himself only three years previous to the publication of this catalogue. For, as secretary of the Royal Society, he published, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' a letter from Sir A. Moray, minutely describing the marvellous transformation, as it was said to have been observed in one of the islands of the Scottish Highlands. When speaking of the 'Barnacle,' Grew alludes to this, saying: 'And with respect to so worthy a person, who never meant to deceive, I myself was once induced to publish his description of the same.' This curious letter is in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' 137, 1677-8. The fishes are divided into oviparous and viviparous. In the latter class we find a 'Triton, or mareman, called in Brazil Ypupiara.' From the viper we find eleven different medicines can be obtained; and when we come to the shells we find four pharmaceutical preparations are afforded by pearls. The list of shells is large, and so is that of vegetable productions. Of the 'Fossils and Petrifications,' he says: 'It hath been much disputed, and is not yet resolved, of many subterraneal bodies, which have the semblance of animals, or parts of them, whether they were ever such or not.' The stones are divided into gemis, which are distinguished by their colours; regular stones by their shape; and irregular stones by their hardness. 'Metals, mineral principals, salts, sulphurs, &c. follow.' This concludes the list of natural objects, and consequently we have now 'artificial matters; of things relating to chemistry; instruments relating to natural philosophy.' In the last class we find two air-pumps; and in the next, which is 'things relating to mechanics and mathematics,' there is 'a reflecting-telescope, contrived by Mr Isaac Newton.' Mechanical curiosities follow; and also 'the picture of a batfish, pretended by those who shew it to be a real animal so called. But it is an artificial thing, made chiefly of the skin of the raja and the legs of a dodo or some great fowl.' The catalogue is concluded by a list of the coins and antiquities. It appears that money was received for exhibiting this museum. The 'Low-

don Spy (Ned Ward, 1709) states, that when he visited it he had to cross the attendant's hand with silver.

We are afraid of tiring the patience of the reader. Suffice it to say that the labours of Ray and others, the classification of Linnaeus, and the great extension of maritime discovery and commerce, cleared away the clouds of marvels which beset the path of natural history, until it arrived at the high position it now holds in the great temple of the sciences. It may be interesting, however, to learn that the son of a person named in these articles collected the *nucleus*, which has since increased to the grand proportions of our national British Museum. William Courten, as Tradeschaft spells the name—the noble Squire Courten of Hubert—the Courten of more modern times was, as we have before mentioned, one of the most extensive English merchants of his day. He married Katherine, the tenth daughter of the first Earl of Bridgewater. His father, Sir William Courten, also a merchant, incurred severe losses from the seizure of his forts, factories, and property, at the time of the cruel massacre of the English settlers in Amboyna by the Dutch. Some years afterwards, William Courten sent out an expedition, consisting of two ships, the *Ronne Esperance* and *Henry Bonadventure*, to attempt the retrieval of those former disasters. Both of these ships were also captured by the Dutch: the loss—said to be about two hundred thousand pounds—completely effected the ruin of this once wealthy family. The Earl of Bridgewater, who had been a collateral security for his son-in-law, refused to fulfil his obligations, swearing that 'he would not fry (we wont say where) for his own debts, for which he had set apart some lands, but that he would pay none of William Courten's, in whose estate he had been deceived.' These engagements, however, caused considerable trouble and embarrassment to the Bridgewater family for several years afterwards. Courten—being also badly treated by a partner, and overwhelmed by debts which he could not pay—to escape the importunities of his creditors, fled to the continent, where he died at Florence in 1655. His only son, William Courten, the last of the male line of the family, was born in 1642. Sir Hans Sloane speaking of him, says, that 'from his earliest years he did not regard the pomp or vanities of the world, but gave himself up to the contemplation of the works of God, whose infinite power, wisdom, and providence he saw and admired in the creation and preservation of all things.' The young Courten was educated and protected by his noble and wealthy relatives, until he was summoned into Chancery, sued, and arrested by the creditors of his father and grandfather. He pleaded that he was neither heir, executor, nor administrator to his father; that whatever had been given to him was from goodwill, and not by right; that to avoid all cavil, he would leave his native country without demanding anything as heir to his father or grandfather. He was accordingly permitted to do so. The exile of William Courten was not a fruitless one: he travelled over the greater part of Europe, studying the languages, manners, and customs of the various countries he visited, and collecting whatever he could obtain that was rare in nature or in art. He remained abroad for about twenty-five years, and then returned to England with a museum, which he shewed 'very freely and with great civility, to the advancement of the glory of God, the honour and renown of the country, and the no small promotion of knowledge.' This good and scientific man died in 1702, leaving his museum to Dr—afterwards Sir Hans—Sloane, on the condition of the payment of some legacies. Previous to this segmentation, the collection of Dr Sloane was comparatively insignificant. This collection Sir Hans Sloane made his will—in which he speaks in the highest terms of Mr Courten—desired that it should be offered to the nation after his death, which took place in 1752.

Parliament, by the act of 26th George II., accepted that offer. Long after this collection had become national property, and until the great importations of curiosities from the South Seas and Herculancum, the 'rarities' collected by William Courten formed the greater part of the contents of the British Museum.

THE VALUE OF RUBBISH.

THE valuable discoveries in chemistry which have been made of late years, and their extensive application to the useful arts, have originated a variety of trades more or less curious in their character, but exceedingly important in their social effect. The active industry of many thousands of the population is at this moment employed in a manner unheard of fifty years ago; and it is gratifying to think that this employment is afforded, to a large extent, by the converting of commodities long regarded as worthless into articles of great commercial value and importance. The trades thus originating, though of a unique and singular character, are not popularly known, if known at all, beyond the narrow limits of their immediate connection. That of 'Dirt-washing,' for instance, has so imperceptibly crept into existence, that many of our readers will be startled to find us treating it as a noticeable branch of the national industry. Such, however, it is; and our description of this oddly-named business will serve to illustrate in a remarkable manner the scrutinising research which distinguishes the industrial spirit of the country, since its staple commodity, or raw material, if we may so name it, is nothing more nor less than *rubbish*.

The term *rubbish* we apply in the same degree and sense as it might properly have been so applied to rags before they became convertible into paper; or to bones before they were discovered to be a highly useful manure; or, still more appropriately, to that heterogeneous accumulation of animal matter from which is now produced the valuable article known in commerce as the prussiate of potash.* As for the name of the trade, which is *Dirt-washing*, it is not, we admit, particularly well adapted for ears polite; but it is the name by which it is popularly known wherever it is known at all, although some of its more fastidious professors will insist upon terming it smelting or metal-refining. This, however, is not so expressive a name as the other. It carries us away from the basis of the trade, and transports our imagination to the Titanic processes of Swansea. At the same time, when one looks at the rapid progress making every day in useful applications of this nature, it is not difficult to imagine that the word *rubbish*, as commonly applied to things without value or of no account, will eventually become inapplicable and obsolete.

The chief commodities of our trade may be classified in connection with four distinct branches of manufacture: namely—1st, brassounding; 2^d, the manufacture of lead and plumbing; 3^d, typefounding; and 4th, shipbuilding. This division, however, does not comprehend some of the minor departments of the trade; but as those we have indicated form its staple, they are sufficient for our present purpose.

Brassfounders have at least half-a-dozen different products that may properly come under the operation of the *rubbish-smelters*, but the most important of these

* See for numerous curious instances of the kind the article 'Nothing is Useless,' in No. 132.

are their furnace ashes; that is to say, the ashes from the coke or other fuel consumed in the furnace whereby the crucibles are heated, which contain the metal for casting. This seems at first view a most unlikely article of commerce; so much so indeed, that when the smelters first appeared on the ground with the view of purchasing such refuse, they were regarded by the trade as either lunatics or disguised thieves. That such was the general impression among brassfounders may easily be ascertained by inquiry of any tradesman of ten years' standing. The following account of one of these visits we give as we received it, from a tradesman of respectability:—“I was called, on one morning,” said he, “some ten or twelve years ago, by an odd-looking person, who described himself in a most uncouth dialect as a smelter, and who began to open a negotiation with reference to purchasing my ‘brass-ashes,’ as he styled them. I did not exactly comprehend him until he explained this to be the cinders from my furnace ash-pits. I replied that it was my custom to cart them away as rubbish, when he stared at me with such a look of upbraiding wonder as I shall not readily forget. He would give no explanation of their use to him, further than that he intended to build a furnace and smelt them. Thinking the fellow crazed, I told him he might have them for the taking away, and I promise you he did not let the offer slip. He must have had a rich harvest in this case, for he got my ashes gratis for a period of six months. Latterly he paid me five shillings a cart-load. But at length competition appeared in the trade, which within the last two or three years has been excessive. The result is, that I am at this moment receiving at the rate of 15s. per ton, or upwards of £20 per annum, paid in advance, with every prospect of a further increase, for a lot of rubbish which ever since I can recollect were carted away at my own expense.”

We inquired of the same individual if he knew what was really done with his furnace-ashes; but although entertaining a vague notion that they were useful in some kind of relation with copper-smelting in Wales, he candidly owned that he knew nothing about the matter; and he remains to this moment in profound astonishment ‘that any one could afford to pay 15s. or 20s. per ton for rubbish.’ This mystery, which is the secret of the smelting trade, we shall endeavour to explain, and the rather that we desire to correct the prevailing misapprehension in the trade that the amount of money so received is for an article of little value.

The ordinary mode of brassfounding or casting brass in this country is to melt in a crucible first the required quantity of copper, then to add the necessary proportion of zinc. Copper, according to Professor Daniel, melts at a heat of 2000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is as nearly as possible a white heat; while zinc requires for the same result only about 750 degrees, or a very low red heat. In fact, the ordinary mode of melting zinc by itself is in an iron pot, in precisely the same manner as lead; while the melting of copper can only be effected in a crucible, and with the aid of a very hot furnace. Zinc is in a high degree volatilisable with heat, and it is obvious that the conjoined product of copper and zinc (brass) must partake to a considerable extent of this peculiarity. In other words, the admixture of a metal fusible at a red heat with another metal then in a state of white heat, must expose the whole mass to a strong oxidising action; and as an invariable consequence, a proportion of the alloy thus formed—determined by the time of exposure and the degree of heat—is driven out of the crucible.

This is the principal cause of the waste which founders sustain in melting brass, and for which an allowance is usually made in the foundries. Another cause is the absorption of the metal, owing to the intense heat, and its own penetrating nature, into the

pores of the pot. In both cases the lost brass descends eventually into the furnace, where, uniting with portions of vitrified coke, it produces what are technically termed ‘clinkers;’ but for the most part it becomes incorporated with the fuel, and hence the ashes in the form of small globules of black indistinguishable oxide.

In this metal, then, or rather in this metallic oxide contained in the brassfounder's ashes, resides the true secret of their intrinsic value. But the smelters themselves are ignorant of the fact. All of those we have conversed with on the subject attribute the wealth they find to broken crucibles, carelessness in charging, or other accidental occurrences; but although these things unquestionably contribute to render the ashes richer in metal, they are comparatively rare in well-regulated casting-shops, and under no circumstances could they bring about the same unfailing result. The brassfounders suppose that by the ordinary methods they adopt, they are able to recover the metal so lost; and an extensive house in Birmingham informed us, that after having carefully separated the metal from their ashes, they had still not the slightest difficulty in disposing of their refuse to smelters at high prices! This involves a mistake; for no such separation can be complete otherwise than by means of the intricate and laborious operations of washing and grinding subsequently described, and these, too, applied to large quantities.

It may occasion some surprise, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the ashes thus sold under the name of refuse often contain nearly as great a per-cent of metal as most of the copper ores smelted in this country. Their average produce, however, we take to be about one-half of that of copper ore; and this will be more apparent from the following assay we have made on the curious subject before us:—

Three specimens of Edinburgh brassfounders' ashes, carefully selected at various times, and from different quantities, yielded on a quantitative analysis respectively, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of pure metal; thus indicating an available average produce of about 4 per cent., which, however, is to be understood as being still subject to reduction on the large scale by the furnace. The average produce, or the amount of pure copper obtained from the copper ores smelted in Wales, is computed by Brande to be 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The furnace-ashes thus produced are purchased by smelters at prices varying from 10s. to 20s. per ton, carted to their works, and subjected to the process of washing and smelting, which we shall briefly describe. The quantity necessary to form, in smelting parlance, ‘a melting’ (from thirty to fifty tons, according to circumstances) having been obtained, the operation may commence. Two or three large tubs, calculated to contain about eighty gallons each, are filled with water, and the ashes are washed from the one to the other of these, through the medium of four or five sieves of different degrees of fineness, beginning with the largest, and rejecting, as the operation proceeds, the refuse from the different washings. Technically, the order of the process is termed, ‘roughing,’ ‘tozing,’ ‘looin,’ and ‘jigging;’ of which specimens of professional nomenclature we shall gladly spare ourselves a literal translation. The effect, however, on the whole, is very decided: the fine metal contained in the ashes is produced perfectly clean, and entirely separated from the coarser materials of the heap; and the larger particles contained in the ‘clinkers,’ before referred to, are obtained by a further process, preliminary to the washing, of stamping, crushing, or more generally grinding under the iron rollers of a clay-mill.

The washing is an exceedingly laborious and tedious affair; but so far as we know, has only in one case been effected by the aid of machinery. A rather extensive refiner in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields employs a small steam-engine with an ingenious adap-

tation of its power to this purpose. In place of tubs there are sunk pits filled with water, and in each of these a large sieve worked by a crank. In this way we have been assured that a quantity of fifty or sixty tons can be cleared in a single week.

The whole amount of this washed metal is now mixed with about one-half its bulk of clean brassfounders' dust (that is, if a good quality of metal is desired), and is then ready for the operation of smelting or reducing in the furnace. This process is very simple, but beyond comparison the finest in the trade. A reverberatory or air-furnace, of the peculiar construction employed in smelting ores, about 12 feet long by 3½ or 4 feet broad, with a chimney about 50 feet high, is charged with fuel, and lighted; the top of this furnace forms a regular arch, and its bottom or sole, usually constructed of fine river-sand, has a gradual inclination towards the lower part of the furnace (or well, as it is termed), which literally consists of a hollow basin formed in the sand as a receptacle for the fluid metal. At equal distances along the side of the furnace there are three apertures about a foot square, furnished with movable doors: by the first, the fire is charged with fuel; by the second, the oxide is thrown in, after being mixed with the bisulphate of potash or other analogous salt, as a flux, which assists in a material degree in the reduction; and by the last, the product, or pure metal, after being melted and completely run down in the well, is first 'slagged,' or cleaned on its surface, and finally poured out into ingots, when it is now ready for the market. In this state it forms the article of commerce tolerably well known in the country as 'ingot brass,' and its value runs from £.45 to £.50 per ton, according to quality. The smelting usually lasts the greater part of a week; the furnace roaring night and day the whole time.

The quantity of ashes annually disposed of in this way is now very large; but we can of course only offer an approximation to the amount. Edinburgh and its neighbourhood produce about sixty tons a month, or from 700 to 800 tons a year. Taking Scotland at four times that quantity, we have about 3000 tons per annum. London we calculate to produce nearly double that amount, but from some cause or other the trade there seems to have fallen into disrepute; and, generally speaking, the large foundries prefer washing and smelting their own ashes; and in this way we have been told that one or two of the largest of them can keep two smelters constantly at work for their own refuse.

The grand seat of the trade, however, is at this moment in Birmingham, where, we have good authority for stating, two-thirds of the whole brass of this description made in England is produced; and that the average quantity of ashes sold there to smelters amounts as nearly as possible to 10,000 tons in the year: altogether, we feel quite safe in assuming 30,000 tons of brassfounders' ashes, at an aggregate value of £.15,000 to £.18,000, to be a pretty correct approximation to the produce of the country in this one item of the Dirt-washing trade. Ten years ago this 'refuse' was not simply an article of no value: it cost the brassfounders both money and trouble to get rid of it. There is a much greater difficulty in estimating the amount of ingot brass annually disposed of in the country; but we may state from what we do know, that a metal refiner in a very moderate way, employing, we shall say, three or four men, and conducting his business efficiently, will, as an ordinary result, produce brass to the value of £.1500 or £.2000 in the course of a year.

As if to preserve the character of this trade in its most curious feature, the smelters have in their turn a waste product, technically named 'slag,' which consists of the finer portions of the ashes separated in the last part of the washing process, together with the

irreducible matter taken from the surface of the melted metal while in the furnace. This commodity, from its siliceous composition, is considered valuable as a flux to the copper ore in the second process of smelting, and also from the minute proportion of copper it still contains. Large quantities of this slag, therefore, are annually shipped from the principal ports of the kingdom to Swansea, where it is usually consigned to copper-ore agents, and sold after the fashion of copper ores by public ticketing, realising generally from £.1 to £.2 per ton. It will easily be conceived, from the extensive ramifications of the trade, that a particle of Newcastle coke, which has passed through the furnace of a London or Edinburgh founder, may ultimately find itself, after innumerable washings and smelting, roasted to powder in the huge copper-ore furnaces of South Wales.

Brassfounders' borings, filings, and turnings, under the general term of 'brass-dust,' form a heavy and costly item in the smelting trade. Its average price is about £.25 per ton, and its produce of metal from two-thirds to three-fourths. This, however, is not invariably sold by brassfounders, many of whom prefer melting their brass-dust into ingots themselves; and it is to be remarked, that all smelters acknowledge that this article yields no profit in itself, although it serves to enhance the value of the metal produced from the ashes with which it is mixed and smelted, as we have already explained. The 'skimmings' from crucibles, or oxide formed on the surface of the brass; shop-sweepings, which contain brass-dust; coppersmiths' ashes, filings, and refuse, with other articles of a similar nature purchased by smelters, belong to this department.

The next chief division of the trade consists in refining what are generally termed 'plumbers' ashes,' or that gray heavy-looking dross invariably formed on the surface of lead when melted. From the easily reducible nature of lead-ashes, they have always commanded a fair marketable value; although, so far as plumbers are concerned, their price has been nearly doubled within the last ten years by the competition among smelters. The cause of the formation of this refuse is very easily explained. Lead is one of that class of metals possessing a strong affinity for oxygen, more especially at a high temperature; and, consequently, whenever the heated surface of melted lead is exposed to the atmosphere, it becomes rapidly oxidised, and, according to the degree of heat employed, yields the protoxide from which is produced the litharge of commerce; and in combination with the sesquioxide, the well-known pigment of red lead. Under no circumstances, however, do plumbers require such high degrees of temperature; and the lead-ashes or dross they produce are only partially oxidised—consisting, in fact, of the protoxide with a moderate admixture of the pure metal.

This dross is separated from the surface of the melted lead, and laid aside for the smelters, who purchase it at an average rate of £.6 per ton. It is by them washed and smelted in a nearly similar manner to that already described, the only difference in the treatment being a second operation of refining. It is, after being washed, thrown into the furnace in the usual way by the charging-door—substituting, if necessary, for the last-named flux a moderate quantity of slaked lime; and, after being reduced by the heat, is 'tapped' out of the furnace—that is, allowed to discharge from a small aperture at the bottom of the well, after the manner of melted iron—into a large iron pot, where the necessary heat is still preserved to keep it melted. There it is treated with resinous or fatty matters in a state of combustion, which has the effect of burning out many occasional impurities, such as zinc or tin, that may have resisted the heat of the furnace; but more especially it exercises a certain influence in softening the

lead: from this pot it is finally cast into large iron-bar moulds, and allowed to cool.

Much skill and ingenuity of treatment are required in the smelting and refining of lead-ashes, and in consequence there exist endless varieties and modes of manipulation among different smelters.

The grand desideratum is soft lead, as softness in this case is equivalent to value, hard lead being a most unsaleable commodity; and when the many impurities lead may contain is considered, it will be seen that this property is by no means easy attainment. We have, however, seen different specimens of bar-lead produced in this manner, in no way inferior, in point of quality, to the best English bars in the market. Its commercial value is from 20s. to 30s. per ton below the price of new pig-lead.

We have more tangible grounds for arriving at the quantity of this article produced in the country than in the preceding case. Taking for the basis of our calculation the latest computation of the annual quantity of pig-lead smelted in the country at 50,000 tons; assuming it to be in the process of manufacture twice melted before it is finally disposed of; and placing the exports against the imports, together with the very large quantity of old lead constantly in the market, we arrive at a sum of 4000 tons of lead-ashes—value about £25,000 sterling—as the annual produce of the kingdom. We believe this to be nearly a correct estimate at the present moment; although, since the extensive introduction of rolled-lead in the plumbing trade (almost superseding the old method of casting sheet-lead), we have no doubt the aggregate produce of lead-ashes will have considerably decreased. Twenty years ago we should think the amount then produced exceeded the quantity we have named by at least one-half. The greater portion of lead-ashes is refined at Newcastle, where several eminent houses have their works. Indeed, as a general rule, all lead manufacturers refine their own ashes, and therefore the smelters have only comparatively a small share of this article. One individual in London, however, refines from 400 to 500 tons in the year; but we are not aware of any other who does business to the same extent.

The proportion of pure metal obtained from lead-ashes varies from 40 to 60 per cent. Messrs Campbell of Edinburgh, to whom we are indebted for much information on the subject, estimate the per-centages of their ashes, which they produce in large quantities at their lead works in Leith, at even a higher rate than this. It is surprising how closely this approximates to the produce of the sulphuret of lead or the galena of the mineralogists (by far the most ordinary description of lead-ore smelted in this country), which is computed to yield on the average about 80 per cent. of pure metal. The dross obtained from Spanish lead in this way is particularly rich in its produce. In connection with the lead trade are also several other commodities disposed of to smelters—such as tin-ashes, solder-ashes, zinc-ashes, &c., all of which are neither more nor less than oxides of their different metals, produced in the same way, and are treated in a precisely similar manner to that of the lead-ashes.

The next department we notice, although not large, is by no means unimportant: it consists of refining typefounders' dross, or the oxide formed on the surface of the type-metal, in the same manner as on lead. This is decidedly the hardest part of the smelting trade; and to refine the dross properly, a smelter of first-class capability is required. It is not only difficult to wash, but it is difficult to smelt, without losing the most valuable component of the alloy—namely, the antimony. The process, besides, is injurious to the workmen. The antimony (in combination with lead, constituting type-metal) is volatilised to a certain extent by the intense heat to which it is subjected; and whenever the furnace-doors

are taken off, or, more especially in the second process of refining, it escapes in a state of impalpable oxide, impregnating the atmosphere with that peculiar antimonic acid which forms the basis of the well-known and exceedingly powerful tartar-emetic. Severe vomiting, and even spitting of blood, followed by a protracted debility of the organs of the chest, we have known to result from a large melting of type-metal.

Regarding the produce of this dross we can hardly offer a definite idea, the per-centages of metal obtained is a very variable both in its quantity and quality. Even the best description of smelted type-metal is altogether unsuited to the purpose of casting types, and is for the most part used for quadrats and spaces—that is, the small slips of metal necessary to bind a column or page of type together, and which may be composed of an indifferent metal. Its market-price varies from £14 to £20 per ton, though in some cases, if the quality be very superior, it will realise more.

The last notice on our list is that in connection with the dockyards, or, more properly speaking, that department of shipbuilding which comprehends the copper-fastening of new, or the recoppering of old vessels. In the course of this operation, and more especially in a repair of this latter description, old copper-nails, stray pieces of bolt and sheet copper, with other parings of a similar nature, are lost among the chips, or in the bottom of the dock. These chips are sold at an almost nominal price, as rubbish, to the smelters, who cart them away often in large quantities, burn the chips out, then wash and smelt the remainder, if necessary, in the ordinary manner. This is considered to be the most profitable branch in the smelting trade (it is undoubtedly the least scientific), but of course is only peculiar to large seaport towns where shipbuilding flourishes. The government dockyards furnish also different descriptions of refuse from the various trades they may comprehend, as brass and copper-founders, and such like.

Throughout the whole process we have attempted to describe, it will be observed there exists a close analogy with the smelting of ores, whether regarded in its mode of treatment or in its produce. Indeed, from their striking similarity, and difference only in degree, we think Dirt-washing fairly entitled to be considered as a legitimate, although inferior branch of the smelting business of the country.

We wish to make a single observation with regard to the trade in a social point of view. The smelters are considered at this moment by the parties they deal with—such as brassfounders—as a class of persons essentially disreputable. In London and the provincial towns of England, they are invariably styled and known by the term of 'Dirt-washers'; and in Scotland they are generally associated in idea with dealers in old metal questionably obtained. One rather eminent founding house in Edinburgh habitually prevents any communication between the sellers and buyers, by shovelling their ashes, to the extent perhaps of twenty tons, through a hole in their back-door; and the reason assigned for this extraordinary mode of procedure, was the discovery they once made of an attempt at bribing their casters to put metal in the ashes. As an inviolable rule, the smelters are required to pay cash for the stuff, and this very often in advance for a year. Such treatment, it seems obvious, can result only from the ignorance and bad reputation of the men who originated the trade; but we have reason to know that it has now to a great extent passed into quite different hands. Not one in a dozen of the trade as it exists at present were regularly bred to it; and most of the master-smelters we know were led into it by the extravagant misrepresentations they had received of its profits. The mysteries of Dirt-washing, however, are now at an end; and its professors may henceforward lay aside the cunning pretexts on which some of them purchase their

materials. It is now pretty widely understood, we believe, that metallic ashes are not rubbish any more than rags; while, on the other hand, those who sell such refuse must be convinced that they receive a fair price for their commodity.

Let us add, however, that we wish to throw no stigma upon the dirt-washers as a body. We know many honest, upright, and by no means unintelligent persons who follow the trade—who possess a practical knowledge of the nature and relations of metals far exceeding that of the artificers from whom they purchase—who have enjoyed some curious experiences, moreover, in human nature in the course of their singular dealings—and who, it may be supposed, feel not a little sore at their very existence being so contemptuously ignored. On the whole, we shall not be sorry if our little *exposé* of the principles of metal-refining should have the effect of freeing the trade from whatever is occult and mysterious in its character, and raising it to a respectable, as it now seems to be an indispensable, branch of the national industry.

THE USURER'S GIFT.

A few months ago in London an old man sat in a large panelled room in one of the streets near Soho Square. Everything in the apartment was brown with age and neglect. Nothing more superlatively dingy could well be imagined. The leathern covers of the chairs were white and glossy at the edges; the carpet was almost of a uniform tint, notwithstanding its original gaudy contrasts; there were absurd old engravings upon the walls—relics of the infancy of the art; and curtains to the windows, which the smoke of years had darkened from a delicate fawn to a rusty chocolate colour. In the centre of the room, and as it were the sun of this dusty system, stood an office-table of more modern manufacture, at which was seated the old man alluded to, sole lord and master of the dismal domicile. He was by profession a money-lender. His age might be from sixty to sixty-five years; his face was long, and his features seemed carved out of boxwood or yellow sandstone, so destitute were they of mobility; his eyes were of a cold, pale, steel colour, but his brows were black and tufted like a grim old owl's; a long aquiline nose, a thin and compressed mouth, and a vast double chin, buried in a voluminous white neckcloth of more than one day's wear, completed the portrait. Nor did the expression of his countenance undergo any perceptible change as, after a timid knock, the door opened, and a young man entered of singularly interesting appearance.

The new-comer was well-dressed, though his clothes were none of the newest, and had the air of a man accustomed to society. His pale brow was marked with those long horizontal lines of which time is rarely the artist. His dark, deep-set gray eyes flashed with a painful brightness; his long chestnut hair, damp with perspiration, clung in narrow strips to his forehead; his whole manner implied the man who had made up his mind to some extraordinary course, from which no wavering or weakness on his part was likely to turn him aside, whatever the opposition of others might compel him to abandon or determine. Bending his tall figure slightly, he addressed the money-lender in a tone of constrained earnestness.

"You lend money, I believe?"

"Sometimes—on good security," replied the usurer indifferently, reading a critical summary of his visitor's costume at a glance.

The stranger hesitated: there was a discouraging sort of coldness in the mode of delivering this answer that seemed to prejudice his proposition. Nevertheless,

he resumed with an effort—"I saw your advertisement in the paper." The usurer did not even nod in answer to this prelude. He sat bolt upright in his chair, awaiting further information. "I am, as you will see by these papers, entitled to some property in reversion."

The usurer stretched out his hand for the papers, which he looked over carefully with the same implacable tranquillity, whilst his visitor entered into explanations as to their substance.

Once only the money-lender peered over the top of a document he was scanning, and said gruffly: "Your name, sir, is Bernard West?"

"It is," replied the stranger, mechanically taking up a newspaper, in which the first thing which caught his eye was the advertisement alluded to, which ran thus:—"Money to any amount advanced immediately on every description of security, real or personal. Apply between the hours of ten and five to Mr John Brace, — Street, Soho Square."

After a brief interval of silence, the usurer methodically rearranged the papers, and returned them to the stranger. "They are of no use," he said—"no use whatever: the reversion is merely contingent. You have no available security to offer?"

"Could you not advance something upon these expectations—not even a small sum?"

"Not a farthing," said the money-lender.

"Is there no way of raising fifty—thirty—even twenty pounds?" said the stranger anxiously, and with the tenacity of a drowning man grasping at a straw.

"There is a way," said the usurer carelessly. West in his turn was silent, awaiting the explanation of his companion. "On personal security," continued the latter with a sinister impatience, beginning to arrange his writing materials for a letter.

"I will give any discount," said the young man eagerly. "My prospects are good: I can—

"Get a friend to be security for the payment of the interest?"

"Of the interest and principal, you mean?"

"Of the interest only—and the life insurance," added the usurer, with a slight peculiarity of intonation that might have escaped the notice of one whose nerves were less exalted in their sensitive power than those of his visitor's.

"And what sum can I borrow on these terms?" said West gloomily.

"A hundred pounds: more if you require it. In fact, any amount, if your security be good."

"The interest will doubtless be high?"

"Not at all: four or five per cent. As much is often given for money on mortgage of land."

"And the life insurance?"

"You will insure your life for five hundred pounds, and you will pay the premiums with the interest."

"For five hundred?" said West hesitating. "That is, if I borrow—

"One hundred," replied the usurer sharply. "Men who lend money do not run risks. You may die, and four out of five insurance offices may fail; but the chances are that the fifth would pay."

"But it is not likely"—began Bernard West, amazed at this outrageous display of caution.

"I do not say it is likely," snarled the usurer with a contemptuous sort of pity for his visitor's dulness of apprehension; "I say it is possible, and I like to be on the safe side."

"Well, and how is the affair to be arranged?"

"Your security, who of course must be a person known to have property, will give a bond guaranteeing the regular payment of interest and premiums—that is all."

West reflected for some minutes in silence. The faint expression of hope that had for an instant lighted up his countenance vanished. He understood the

money-lender and his proposition. A sufficiently clear remembrance of the tables of life assurance which he had seen, enabled him to perceive that the interest and premiums together would amount to nearly twenty per cent., and that the bond engaged his security to pay an annuity for his (West's) life of that amount. It is true that, full of energy and hope, he felt no doubt of his capacity to meet the payments regularly: it is true that, monstrous as were the terms, he would have accepted eagerly still harder ones, had it simply depended on his own decision. But where find, or how ask, a friend to become his bondsman? He ran over in despair the scanty list of acquaintances whom his poverty had not already caused to forget him. He felt that the thing was impossible. There was not one he could think of who would have even dreamed of entering into such a compact. He turned desperately to the money-lender.

'I have no friend,' he said, 'of whom I could or would ask such a service. If I had, I should not be here. Are there no terms, however high, on which you can lend me even the most trifling sum, for which I myself alone need be responsible?'

'None,' replied the usurer, already commencing his letter.

'I will give thirty per cent.?'

'Impossible.'

'Fifty?'

The usurer shook his head impatiently.

'A hundred—cent. per cent.?'

'No!'

The strange seeker of loans at length rose to depart. He reached the door. Suddenly he turned back, his eyes blazing with the sombre radiance of despair. He stoode up to the table, and planted himself, with folded arms, immediately in front of the usurer.

'Mark me!' said West in a tone of deep suppressed passion, like the hollow murmur of the sea before a storm: 'It is a question of life or death with me to get money before sunset. Lend me only twenty pounds, and within twelve months I will repay you one hundred. I will give you every power which the law can give one man over another; and I will pledge my honour, which never yet was questioned, to the bar-gain!'

The usurer almost smiled, so strangely sarcastic was the contraction of his features, as he listened to these words.

'I do not question your honour,' he said icily, 'but honour has nothing to do with business. As for the law, there is an old axiom which says, Out of nothing, nothing comes.'

Bernard West regarded the cold rocky face and the passionless mouth from which these words proceeded with that stinging wrath a man feels who has humiliated himself in vain. Nevertheless he clung to the old flinty usurer as to the last rock in a deluge, and a sense of savage recklessness came over him when he advanced yet closer to the living cash-box before him, whilst the latter shrank half terrified before the burning gaze of his visitor's dilated pupils.

Laying his hand upon the money-lender's shoulder, by a gesture of terrible familiarity that insisted upon and commanded attention to his words, West spoke with a sudden clearness and even musical distinctness of utterance that made his words yet more appalling in their solemn despair—'Old man, I am desperate; I am ruined. It is but a few months since my father died, leaving me not only penniless, but encircled by petty obligations which have cramped every movement I would have made. I have had no time, no quiet, to make an effort such as my position requires. This day I have spent my last shilling. I am too proud to beg, and to borrow is to beg when a man is known to be in real distress. Within one hour from this time I shall be beyond all the tortures of a life which for my

own sake I care little to preserve. And yet I have spent my youth in accumulating treasures, which but a brief space might have rendered productive of benefit to man, and of profit to myself. My father's little means and my own have vanished in the pursuit of science, and in the gulph of suffering more immediate than our own.' If I die also, with me perish the results of his experiments, his studies, and his sacrifices. There are moments when all ordinary calculations and prudence are empty bubbles. Life is the only real possession we have, and death the only certainty. Listen! I will make one last proposal to you. Lend me but ten pounds—that is but ten weeks of life—and I swear to you that if I live, I will repay you for each pound lent not ten or twenty, but one hundred—in all, one thousand pounds! Grant that it be but a chance upon the one hand, yet, upon the other, how small is the risk; and then, to save a human life—is not that something in the scale?' And the stranger laughed at these last words with a bitter gaiety, which caused a strange thrill to creep along the nerves of the usurer.

However, the lender of gold shrugged his shoulders without relaxing his habitual impassability of manner. He did not speak. Possibly the idea occurred to him that his strange client meditated some act of violence upon himself or his strong box. But this idea speedily vanished, as the stranger, relapsing suddenly into silence and conventional behaviour, removed his hand from the usurer's shoulder, and strode rapidly but calmly from the apartment.

The door closed behind the ruined man, and the usurer drew a long breath, whilst his bushy brows were contracted in a sort of agony of doubt and irresolute purpose.

Meanwhile Bernard West paused for an instant on the threshold of the outer-door, as if undecided which road to take. In truth all roads were much alike to him at that moment. Some cause, too subtle to be seized by the mental analyst, determined his course. He turned to the right, and strode rapidly onwards.

He felt already like one of the dead, to join whom he was hurrying headlong. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; and before him was a mist, in which the phantoms of his imagination disported themselves, to the exclusion of all other visible objects. Nothing earthly had any further interest for him. He did not even hear the steps of some one running behind him, nor hear the voice which called after him to stop; but his course was soon more effectually arrested by the firm grasp of a man's hand, which seized him by the arm with the force and the tenacity of a vice.

He turned fiercely round. He was in no humour for the converse of casual acquaintances. Nor was it any gay convivialist of happier days whose face now greeted him: it was the old money-lender, who in a voice husky with loss of breath, or possibly emotion, said, thrusting a couple of twenty-pound bank-notes into West's hand—

'Here! take these notes. Take them, I say!' he repeated, as the young man, dizzy with amazement, stammered out—

'You accept, then, my terms?'

'No!' growled the usurer, 'I give them to you. Do you understand me? I say I give them to you. I am an old man; I never gave away a shilling before in my life! Repay me if you will, when and how it please you. I have no security—I ask no acknowledgment; I want none. I do not count upon it. *It is gone!*' and the usurer pronounced the last words with an effort which was heroic, from the evident self-mastery it cost him. 'There I go—go!' he resumed, 'and take that old man's advice—Make money at all hazards, and never lend except on good security. Remember that!' The old man gently pushed West away, and all hatless and slippers as he was, ran back muttering to his den, leaving the object of his mysterious generosity fixed

like a statue of amazement in the centre of the pavement.

About three months had elapsed, when Bernard West once more knocked at the door of the money-lender.

'Is Mr Brace at home?' he inquired cheerfully.

'Oh! if you please, sir, they buried him yesterday,' replied the servant, with a look of curiously-affected solemnity.

'Buried him!' cried the visitor with sincere disappointment and grief in his tone.

'Yes, sir; perhaps you would like to see Miss Brace, if it's anything very particular?'

'I should, indeed,' said West; 'and when she knows the cause of my visit, I think she will excuse the intrusion.'

The servant gave an odd look, whose significance West was unable to divine, as she led the way to her young mistress's drawing-room.

West entered timidly, for he doubted the delicacy of such a proceeding, though his heart was almost bursting with desire of expansion under the shock just received. A beautiful and proud-looking girl of nineteen or twenty years rose to meet him. Her large blue eyes, which bore traces of many and recent tears, worked strangely upon his feelings, already sufficiently excited.

'I came,' he said in his deep musical voice, 'to repay a noble service. Will you permit me to share a grief for the loss of one to whom I owe my life—yes, more than my life!' West paused, and strove vainly to master the emotion which checked his utterance.

'My father rendered you a service?' said the young lady eagerly, regarding with involuntary interest the noble countenance of Bernard, which, though it still bore traces of great suffering, was no longer wild and haggard, as at his interview with the money-lender.

'A most unexpected and generous service,' replied West, who, softening down the first portion of the scene we have described, proceeded to recount to the fair orphan the narrative of the great crisis in his destiny.

'I knew it was so!' cried the young lady almost hysterically affected; 'I knew he was not so grasping—so hard-hearted, as they said—as he himself pretended. I knew he had a generous heart beneath all his seeming avarice! Oh, you are not the only one doubtless whom he has thus served!'

West did not discourage the illusion. Nay, the enthusiasm of the charming woman before him was contagious. 'Thanks to your father's disinterested liberality,' he resumed, 'I am now in comparatively prosperous circumstances. I came not merely to discharge a debt; believe me, it is no common gratitude I feel! Doubtless you inherit all your father's wealth—doubtless it is but little service I can ever hope to render you. Yet I venture to entreat you never to forget that you possess one friend of absolute devotion, ready at all times to sacrifice himself in every way to your wishes and to your happiness.'

West paused abruptly, for the singular expression of the young lady's features filled him with astonishment.

'You do not know, then'—she began.

'Know what?'

'That I—am a—a natural child!' she completed with a crimson blush, turning away her head as she spoke, and covering her face with her hands—that I am without fortune or relations; that my father died intestate; that the heir-at-law, who lives abroad and without whose permission nothing can be done—moreover, who is said to be a heartless spendthrift—will take all my father's leaves; that I have but one more week given me to vacate this house by the landlord; in short, that I must work if I would not starve: that, in a word, I am a beggar!' And the poor girl sobbed convulsively.

Bernard West, on whom this speech cast some terrible hurricane upon the trees of a ruined forest, tearing up, as it were, by the roots, all

the terrible stoicism of his nature, and rousing hopes and dreams which he had long banished to the deepest and most 'hopeless abysses' of his soul; whilst Bernard, we repeat, ventured to take her hand in his own, and calm her painful agitation by such suggestions as immediately occurred to his mind.

'In the first place,' he said, 'my dear Miss Brace, I come to repay to you your father's generous gift.'

'It belongs to his legal heirs. I cannot receive it with honour,' said the money-lender's daughter firmly.

'Not so,' replied West gravely: 'it was a free gift to me. I repay it by a natural, not a legal obligation; and he laid the two twenty-pound notes upon the table. 'Next,' he resumed, 'I have to pay a debt of gratitude. I owe my life to your father. Thus in a manner I have become his adopted son. Thus,' he continued impetuously, 'I have a right to say to you, regard me as a brother; share the produce of my labour; render me happy in the thought that I am serving the child of my benefactor! To disdain my gratitude would be a cruel insult.'

'I cannot disdain it!' exclaimed the daughter of the usurer with a sudden impulse of that sublime confidence which a noble and generous soul can alone inspire. 'Yes—I accept your assistance!'

The face of Bernard brightened up, as if by an electric agent. But how were the two children of sorrow confounded by the discovery that they were no longer alone, and that their conversation had been overheard by an utter stranger, who, leaning against the wall at the farther end of the room, near the door, appeared to survey them with an utter indifference to the propriety of such behaviour!

He was a man of between forty and fifty years; a great beard and moustache concealed the lower part of a swarthy but handsome countenance of rare dignity and severity of outline. His dress was utterly un-English. A vast mantle, with a hood, fell nearly to the ground, and he wore huge courier's boots, which were still splashed, as if from a journey. His great dark eyes rested with an expression of royal benevolence upon the two young people, towards whom he advanced with a courteous inclination, that, as if magnetically, repressed Bernard's first indignant impulse.

'I am the heir-at-law,' he said in a mild voice, as if he had been announcing a most agreeable piece of intelligence.

'Then, sir,' said Bernard, 'I trust—'

'Trust absolutely!' interrupted quickly the foreign-looking heir. 'My children, do you know who I am? No? I will tell you. I am a monster, who in his youth preferred beauty to ambition, and glory to gold. For ten years after attaining manhood I struggled on, an outcast from my family, in poverty and humiliation, without friends, and often without bread. At the end of five more years I was a great man, and those who had neglected and starved, and scorned me, came to bow down and worship. But the beauty I had adored was dust, and the fire of youthful hope quenched in the bitter waters of science. For ten years since I have wandered over the earth. I am rich; I may say my wealth is boundless; for I have but to shake a few funies from this brain, to trace a few ciphers with this hand, and they become gold at my command. Yet mark my words, my children! One look of love is in my esteem, worth more than all the applause of an age, or all the wealth of an empire!' The dark stranger paused for an instant, as if in meditation, then abruptly continued: 'I take your inheritance, fair child!—I rob the orphan and the fatherless!—and the smile of disdainful pride which followed these words said more than whole piles of parchment renunciations as to his intention.

Unvoluntarily the orphan and Bernard seized each a hand of the mysterious man beside them, who, silently drawing the two hands together, and uniting them in

his own, said gently, 'Love one another as you will, my young friends, yet spare at times a kind thought for the old wandering poet! Not a word! I understand you, though you do not understand yourselves. It is as easy to tell a fortune as to give it.'

And was the prophecy realised? asks a curious reader. But no answer is needed; for if the prophecy were false, why record it? And, pray, who was the stranger, after all? Too curious reader!—it is one thing to tell stories, and another to commit breaches of confidence.

THE SHEEP-FARMER IN AUSTRALIA.

[In the number for October 12, 1850, a paper appeared describing the emigrant's *town* life and prospects: the following narrative, the genuine experiences of a squatter, may serve as a completion of the subject, by describing life in the bush.]

'AND now, Jabez, remember; at sunrise you all meet here. The bullock-drivers with the drays will be ready, and you must see that Macnile and Smith are punctual: start as soon as you get together, and try if you can't get eight miles nearer Sandy Creek by sun-down. Mr Brown and myself will overtake you by mid-day—and mind you look well after the men, as well as the jumbucks.'* Such was the conclusion of a series of directions given to a confidential shepherd on a station about forty miles from Melbourne, Port Philip, by Frank Woodman, a young man of five-and-twenty, whose bushy beard, and brawny figure attired in canvas trousers, round white jacket, and cabbage-tree hat, bespoke the squatter; while his sunburnt features and hard hands bore witness to exposure and toil, which had doubtless tasked even his sinewy frame and broad shoulders to their utmost.

Frank was the fourth son of an attorney in good practice in Devonshire, who gave him a sound education at a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, and then placed him in the office, where he spent two years. But the law was not to his taste; a few months in the surgery of an elder brother gave him an equal dislike to physic; and on the 8th of June 1842, he sailed for Sydney with £500 in his pocket, with liberty to draw on his father for a like sum. As to the pursuits he was about to follow, he knew nothing: his ideas of colonial life were very indistinct; he contented himself with the axiom—'What man has done, man may do.' He intended to try sheep-farming, and fare as others had fared before him; he felt himself inexperienced, but trusted to youth and perseverance to turn the scale in his favour. The ship in which he sailed touched at Melbourne, Port Philip—then comparatively an infant settlement; and here, having met with a friend he had known at home, he was induced to remain, giving up altogether the idea of proceeding to Sydney. In a few weeks he purchased a third of a small sheep-station about forty miles from Melbourne: his share was a flock of about 500 sheep, with their 'run,' or right of pasturage, for which he gave 9s. per head; and he became joint-occupier of his partner's hut, and set to work in earnest as a 'squatter.' Whatever his expectations may have been with regard to the privations and discomforts of the life he had chosen, it must be confessed that those expectations fell far short of the reality. The hut which was now to become his home was built entirely of bark—bark walls, bark roof, and even bark chimney. A few upright poles are driven into the ground at certain distances; across these are lashed one or two horizontal ones to strengthen the uprights: the bark, stripped from the box or stringy bark-trees in sheets about six feet long by three broad, is tied on with narrow strips of the same material: the chimney, shaped like one of the old-fashioned chimneys

still met with in farmhouses in England, is placed at one end, from which it stands out its whole depth: an extra pole or two is lashed on to the roof to keep the covering in place; and behold the bark-hut of the squatter! In this instance the hut was about sixteen feet by twelve, and consisted of but one room, 'parlour, and kitchen, and hall,' and was indeed occasionally their killing-house in addition. Upon two cross bedsteads, one in either corner farthest from the fire, did Frank and one of his partners rest respectively their weary limbs each night; the third resident occupied a hammock slung above. Tea, mutton, and 'damper'—damper, mutton, and tea, three times a day, was their simple diet—digestion assisted of course by the never-failing pipe; not that which Corydons of old considered a necessary appendage to pastoral pursuits, but a short, black-looking affair, like the Irish *dagheen*, in which was consumed real American negrohead in unlimited quantities. At this station Frank remained about twelve months, working very hard; up each morning before sunrise—often his own shepherd, always his own laundress, and of course his own cook. But he gained little by his work save in point of experience; his flock turned out to be two-thirds wethers, so it was not a fast-increasing one; and as his partners were not overfond of work, and were willing to allow him more than his due share of that article, he resolved to break off the connection, and purchased the right of a small neighbouring run. In the colony, runs are transferred with stock. In this case he ostensibly bought two cows, for which he gave £100; and with the cattle, the run or right of pasturage was given in. Here, in December 1843, he drove his little flock, and here he built a slab-hut. This is of a superior description to the bark-hut, and has a much neater appearance. The walls are formed, as its name imports, of slabs of wood, partially smoothed with the adze, and the roof covered with shingles, or smaller slabs of the same material, laid on in the manner of slates. This hut, like the last, consisted of but one room; but it was thirty feet long, and proportionately broad, and outbuildings were attached, so that it appeared a great improvement on his previous habitation.

Here also our colonist laboured very hard. He employed two shepherds (each having his 'hut-keeper,' whose province it was to cook the provisions, and take charge of the sheep by night, when brought in and folded), and a bush-carpenter to fell timber, and construct his buildings, fences, &c. With this latter man he worked as 'mate' day after day for some months, and had, in addition to his bodily labour, the anxiety of mind attendant upon frequently-recurring casualties in his flock. His run was what is termed a 'rangy country,' intersected at intervals by ranges of high hills, with other smaller ranges running out of these at right angles; so that if the sheep spread much while feeding, they were soon out of sight, and consequently many were lost, and when thus separated from the flock, easily fell a prey to the native dogs, which in this district were very numerous and destructive. This native dog, the great pest of the sheep-farmer, is an indigenous animal, about twice the size of a fox, with perhaps a greater likeness to the wolf; it destroys almost every animal it meets with, foals and calves often falling a sacrifice to its voracity: but stray sheep are its peculiar prey. On one occasion Frank found that when the sheep were brought in and folded, that some 300 were missing: a useless search was immediately instituted, which was renewed at day-break with some anxiety for the fate of the missing; and with great reason, for upwards of 200 were found dead and dying—all more or less mutilated, and some partly devoured. Such casualties (of course in a less

* Sheep.

* 'Damper.' To a thin cake made from flour and water, and baked in wood-ashes, is given this somewhat expressive appellation.

degree) were continually occurring; and this caused another difficulty to arise: no shepherd would remain his term of service when he found that, with the greatest care, some of his flock were so often missing at the evening count.

All this was harassing in the extreme to Frank; indeed he was sometimes tempted to despair when he found, on visiting his flock, that not only were sheep missing, but that their shepherd had started too. Pecuniary matters just at this time presented an unfavourable aspect: it was not to be expected that with the necessary outgoings on the one hand, and very little increase in his flock on the other, the affairs of our settler could be in a very flourishing condition: indeed he found his capital quickly diminishing, and the balance with his agent at Melbourne very nearly *nil*, or even sometimes that it appeared upon the wrong side of the books. It was therefore not surprising if, with all his endurance taxed to the utmost, poor Frank Woodman began somewhat to despond. Thoughts of home, and of the comforts he had voluntarily left behind, were continually intruding themselves; and nothing short of the indomitable perseverance of the Saxon race, and some natural dislike to return to his friends with only a tale of disaster and disappointment, could have carried him through this period of his adventures. It was this succession of difficulties that induced him, after a two years' trial at this station, to entertain the idea of trying a run in a new country—that is, in a part not yet settled; and on his next journey to Melbourne with his wool, he commissioned a man of some experience to inspect for him certain land situated at some distance in the interior, of which he had heard good report. A friend who had come out to the colony with him, and to whom he now communicated his views, agreed to join him in his enterprise, if an eligible run up the country was to be had; and upon receiving from their agent a favourable account of some unsettled land upon the Henry River, at a distance of about 260 miles from Melbourne, the friends agreed to 'chance it,' as the colonial phrase has it, and start for 'fresh fields and pastures new,' as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

The first step was to advertise the run which Frank Woodman now held; and soon, among various other 'desirable runs' and 'eligible investments' which figured in the columns of the 'Melbourne Morning Herald,' might have been read the following:—'Jerry's Creek. To be sold, a part of the stock, with run, at this eligible station, only forty miles from town. For further particulars inquire at Mr Simmons's offices, 24 George Street, Melbourne.' In a few weeks a bargain was struck with a settler who had previously formed too close an acquaintance with swampy plains in his run, and who looked with a favourable eye on the high ground of the ranges on Jerry's Creek. Frank sold him seven rams for £.240, and with them transferred the right of run, and all the 'improvements'—that is, the buildings, fences, &c. on the station. It was arranged that Frank's horses, sixteen in number, were to be left with a friend for a time; and the sheep, numbering now 1500, together with a flock of the same number belonging to Frank's friend and now partner, Mr Jones, were to be driven to the new station, wherever it might prove to be.

Preparations were now made for the journey: several fresh hands—hut-keepers and shepherds—were hired; and two new drays were purchased, and loaded with necessaries for twelve months, together with a few articles of furniture, and saddles, ironmongery, and tools, &c. necessary for an out-station. Each dray cost them £.17, and the bullocks (eight to each dray) £.9 per pair. The dray, the usual means of transport in the colony, in which the wool is sent to town, and provisions taken back, is a low vehicle, very similar to our country dray. The bottom is made of slabs, some few

inches apart, and iron pins and rail form the sides. When laden, a tarpauling is usually placed over the goods, long enough to hang over the sides and reach the ground. These ends are rolled up when the dray is in motion; and at night, or when a halt occurs, they are let down, and then form a sort of tent, under which the men sleep, perfectly protected from the weather.

At sunrise on the 8th January 1846, being the day succeeding that upon which our narrative opened, might have been seen passing the boundary of the Jerry's Creek run, the following company:—First marched the bullock-teams, three in number, with their heavy drays, apparently well laden, and covered with the stout tarpauling before spoken of—the drivers seeming to vie with each other in trying who could produce the greatest amount of noise with their whips, the lashes of which are usually formed by strips of silk handkerchief plaited and fastened to the thongs. These, so finished, produce a crack which may be heard at a great distance; and so fond are the drivers of the noise, that one zealous in his vocation will often lay in a stock of three or four handkerchiefs specially for the service of one long journey; and even then, before he reaches his destination, is often necessitated, his silk being expended, to use a lash made of the hairs drawn from the tails of his bullocks. This produces a less sharp sound than one of silk, but is much preferred by him to none at all; for as a recruiting-party without the drum and fife would be shorn of its chief attraction, so would the dignity of the bullock-driver be shorn were he compelled to enter his market-town without his peculiar noisy accompaniment. In close attendance upon the bullock-drivers walked two hut-keepers, whose duty on the journey it was to cook and get everything ready at each stoppage; and, lastly, came the sheep in one flock, with the three shepherds and their numerous dogs, of all sizes and breeds. The roads in this part of the country, especially at some distance from the market-towns, are merely the tracks of the drays passing over the turf, and in wet weather are almost impassable; it being a frequent occurrence for the driver and his assistant to be under the necessity of digging a passage for the wheels of his dray from out a rut, from the depths of which the whole strength of the bullocks failed to extricate the heavy vehicle. At this season, however (the midst of summer), the roads were hard and good, and in about two hours and a half the drays had arrived at the end of their first day's journey—about seven miles. They were drawn up in a triangle, with space between them sufficient to fold the sheep: the bullocks were suffered to graze, the tarpaulings were unrolled, and the cooking began. Soon after Frank and his partner arrived on horseback at the halting-place, and were soon reclined at length under the welcome shade of some trees by the river bank, beguiling the time until the arrival of the sheep with a pipe, and the interchange of hopes and fears for the future. The sheep, which fed as they went, and which 'camped' (that is, lay down in a body in the shade) during the hottest part of the day, and could only travel morning and evening, arrived a short time before sunset, when they were folded, and all the bipeds were soon deep in the discussion of dinner; and after the usual solacing pipe and some quart-pot tea,* all parties betook themselves to slumber, chiefly underneath the shelter of the drays.

The next morning's sunrise found them all stirring: horses were caught and saddled for the masters; bul-

* A necessary part of the outfit of the traveller in Australia is a quart tin cup or pot, and a pannikin of the same material; and one of the first proceedings upon a halt, after a fire is made, is to use them thus:—The pot is filled with water, and placed upon the fire. When the water is unmistakably boiling, a liberal pinch or two of tea is thrown in, the pot removed from the fire, and the pannikin placed on the top. By the time the tea has all sunk to the bottom, the beverage is fit to drink.

locks were found and harnessed; again was heard the crack! crack! of the drivers; and accompanied with the bleating of the sheep, the barking of dogs, and the shouts of the men, once more the cavalcade moved on, again to follow the same course as that of the preceding day. Thus journeying onward, with but little variation, they came on the fourth day to the point where the river was to be crossed: the sheep were to be ferried over; and this was necessarily a work of time, as only thirty could be conveyed at once; and often much difficulty was found in getting them into the boat: however, at the end of the second day, all were safely at the other side, without any casualty of consequence. Frank met with a ducking in attempting to swim his horse over; the animal, unused to the adventure, when in the middle of the stream, tried to find bottom, but as the river was nearly thirty feet deep here, of course he was disappointed; and, in revenge, began to plunge, and slipped his rider off. Frank, however, still holding by the bridle, struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached safely, when he again mounted the refractory animal, and succeeded this time in the attempt to cross. This horse never afterwards refused to take the water, an accomplishment highly necessary in a country where bridges are scarce, and fords are often somewhat dangerous, from the swollen state of the rivers.

Monotonous as must be a journey of many weeks with stock, creeping on, as it were, but six or eight miles a day; yet a great interest, an indescribable charm, and an air of romance belongs to the undertaking, which none can fully appreciate without actual experience. At first the stock require a good deal of attention to keep them together; but as the journey proceeds, less care is needed; and the tedium may be lessened by an occasional exploration of the country around the track, as well as the diversion afforded by the use of the gun or rod, or a kangaroo hunt now and then, to those fond of the sport. To each station on the route, of course a passing visit is paid; and, just as much of course, is a welcome found: the scenery, too, is constantly varying; and although it must be confessed that its prevailing character is gloomy, still many a fertile plain and creek breaks upon the view as the journey lengthens, and thus much of its monotony is relieved. Its end, too, is never lost sight of; and speculations as to the character and appearance of the unknown goal, always keep alive the interest and excitement. Altogether, notwithstanding its hardships and trials, a journey of this kind is ever looked back upon with some measure of pride and satisfaction, and its incidents and its mishaps form the subject of many a future yarn.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty they experienced in this journey was met with when, in order to save a considerable distance, they left the banks of the river, and crossed some twenty miles of plain. This was a serious undertaking, there being no water the whole distance, and at that season of extreme heat, the sheep would scarcely travel without drinking; and on the second day of this 'passage of the plains,' it was by incessant exertions only that the tired animals could be made to move; for every few minutes the disposition to 'camp' shewed itself, and had to be prevented. Towards shutdown, however, the welcome note of the bell-bird* was heard, and soon after the instinct of the sheep discovered the proximity of the stream: now the only difficulty was to restrain their course; they rushed forwards at full gallop, overturning, and running great risk of drowning one another in their eagerness.

As time wore on, the working bullocks became very fresh, having but six or eight miles per day to do: they often wandered so far during the night that some hours

of the morning were spent in recovering them. Indeed on one occasion a whole day passed in fruitless search, and the sheep were of necessity driven back to the place of the previous night's encampment. The greatest part of the next day was consumed in scouring the country; but towards evening, as our colonist, after having ridden some sixty miles, was returning, wearied and anxious, from his bootless errand, he happened to spy the runaways, quietly making the most of a little bit of sweet pasture entirely surrounded by scrub—a sort of oasis in the desert: it needs scarcely be said that the crack of the stock-whip soon roused them from their enjoyment, and in a few moments they were galloping, heads instinctively turned towards 'camp,' from which it proved they were but a few miles all the time, with their now delighted master close upon their quarters. It was now, however, too late to proceed on their route, so that they encamped three nights on the same spot on this occasion. This was the only time that so long a delay arose from this cause.

As they proceeded, further up the country, stations become more unfrequent; and on the 20th of February they lost all traces of the road, or track made by the passage of drays to and from the several stations. They had now come close upon the unoccupied land of which they were in search; and taking provisions for three days with them, Frank and his agent rode forward upon an exploring expedition. It must be confessed that the further acquaintance with the country thus formed did not at first prepossess in its favour; a great part, perhaps one third, was unavailable for the purpose of pasturage, being covered with thick scrub, and the grass on the plains was quite blanched and dry with the intense heat. (They were now, it must be recollected, in the midst of summer, and the thermometer averaged 98° to 120°.) The river, now low, and fordable in most places, shewed, however, that its breadth in winter was much increased, and there was a tolerable supply of timber—the usual iron-bark, stringy-bark, and gum-trees—on and near its reedy banks. Whenever the bush did not intercept the view, the eye traversed a seemingly boundless plain, intersected by a few ranges of low hills, at a considerable distance apart. But to the experienced squatter the picture was not gloomy, nor the view uninteresting. He could see that the feed was likely to prove good for sheep and cattle: the river, now at its lowest, would at all times afford plenty of that absolute necessary in such a climate—water; the scrub would give shade; and in the unpicturesque flatness he saw but the facility for running his sheep in large flocks, with but little trouble and expense. Frank had before quite enough of a rangy country; and with regard to his other pest, the native dogs, he had learned at the stations he had lately passed that the dogs, never so troublesome as in many parts, were lessening in number every year: the native inhabitants, he was told, were few, and those disposed to be friendly and useful: none had been seen as yet. After three days' survey, they returned to camp, with a determination to fix their lot on that run, and to do their best endeavour to turn that unfriendly wilderness into a home, that barren flat into a source of profit and independence.

FUNERAL CYPRESS.

Amongst recent imports of hardy ornamental evergreens, calculated to afford hereafter a new feature in our garden and landscape scenery, there is nothing to rival this beautiful tree. The traveller who appears originally to have noticed the funeral cypress (*Cupressus funebris*), or at least the first who has left any recorded facts in relation to it, was Sir George Staunton, when exploring China in the embassy of Lord Macartney. Subsequently, however, Mr Fortune met with it near the celebrated tea-country of Whey Chow; and through the interest of that gentleman, Messrs Standish and Noble,

* A bird with a peculiarly musical note, never heard but in the vicinity of water.

of the Bagshot Nurseries in Surrey, have been enabled to import both seeds and young plants. Mr Fortune describes this weeping cypress as quite new; it is a noble-looking fir-tree, about sixty feet in height, having a stem as straight as the Norfolk Island pine, and pendulous branches like the weeping willow. The branches grow at first horizontally with the main stem, then describe a graceful curve upwards, and droop again at the points. From these main branches, others, long and slender, hang down towards the ground, and give the whole tree a weeping and graceful form. It is also very symmetrical, and reminds one of a large and gorgeous chandelier. In regard to its effect in scenery, Mr Fortune remarks:— 'It has a most striking and beautiful effect upon the Chinese landscape, and in a few years the same effect will doubtless be produced by it upon our own. It will be particularly valuable for park scenery, for lawns, for the entrance to suburban residences, and as an ornament for our cemeteries. I have no doubt that it is quite as hardy as *Cryptomeria japonica* and the Indian Deodar, and will be a fit companion for both in our parks and pleasure-grounds.' The fact of its being perfectly hardy, as conjectured by Mr Fortune, has now been perfectly established: hundreds of young plants have stood the past winter uninjured in the Bagshot Nurseries; some young seedlings, in a growing state, were removed from a cold house to the open ground without protection, and subjected to eight degrees of frost in the first week in May, without injury.

A CLOAK BOAT.

A cloak boat, manufactured of India-rubber, from the design of Lieutenant R. A. Halkett, R. N., by Mr Matthews of Charing-Cross, has been thus experimented with:—A blue cloak, of the Macintosh make, was laid on the floor of a shed, the outside being next the door, and a wicker sort of mat was deposited on it, which formed a flat bottom, the cloak having an air-proof cylinder; and within one minute it was thoroughly inflated, and thus suddenly metamorphosed into a boat, glided into the water, a gentleman being seated in it, and rowing at different intervals with a couple of hand-paddles, shaped like looking-glasses. This boat is extremely serviceable to persons travelling, for the purpose of crossing rivers or streams where no other means are at hand. It is instantly available, and can, in cases of necessity, be converted into an excellent bed. The weight of this kind of boat, with bellows and paddles, is about nine pounds. An umbrella, to act as a sail, can also be furnished if required.

GRASS-CLOTH OF INDIA.

Dr H. Clehorn has illustrated to the British Association the economy of the grass-cloth (*Chū Inū*) of India. The author stated that several species of plants belonging to the order *urticaceæ* were employed in Hindooostan for yielding fibres used in the manufacture of textile fabrics. He exhibited several articles of dress, very white and light, which were made from the fibres of an urticaceous plant, the *Boehmeria nivea*. Mr Gourlie of Glasgow stated that we knew very little of the raw material of many of the fabrics from other parts of the world. We were for a long time ignorant of the materials from which Manilla handkerchiefs were made. It was said to be the fibre of the leaf of the pine-apple, but we had not succeeded in manufacturing them in this country. Dr Lankester remarked, that although the exhibition of raw materials in the coming Exhibition of 1851 had been deprecated by some, he believed that it might be made one of the most important and valuable features. Dr Royle said that it had long been doubtful what plant yielded the grass-cloth of India, and now that we know the plant, it would undoubtedly lead to its further employment. There were many other fabrics in India of which we knew nothing of the materials. He thought that one of the most important branches of the manufactures of this country of the Exhibition of 1851 was that of raw materials. Every pains should be taken to obtain the name and history of every species of plant which yielded any substance useful in the arts, manufactures, or medicine.

SONG—MY BORDER HOME.

AIR—*The Rose of Millandale.*

Some praise the charms of foreign climes,
Where summer skies ne'er fade,
Where beauty dwells in sloe-black eyes,
And cheeks of olive shade.
So let them boast who choose to roam
O'er lands beyond the sea;
Content am I—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Sing not to me of orange groves,
Of birds with dazzling plume;
Of vine-clad hills and perfumed vales,
Where fragrant myrtles bloom;
Of gay guitar's soft, magic tones,
Of love-born minstrelsy:
They tempt me not—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Oh, nought beneath a southern sky,
However rich and rare,
With thy enchantments, bonny Tweed,
For beauty can compare.
Here let me dwell—tis nature's throne—
Among the brave and free:
Content am I—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

O. (31st Regt.)

Berwick-on-Tweed.

COMPLEMENTARY COLOURS.

It is well known that the combination of two complementary colours produces white; and this is usually shewn in lectures by employing two glasses—one of a red, and the other of a green colour, the tints of which, although of considerable intensity, entirely disappear during the simultaneous interposition of the glasses between the eye and the source of light. M. Mauméjean several years since arrived at the same result by using coloured liquors, and especially by mixing a solution of cobalt with one of nickel, both perfectly pure, and so diluted that their colour is nearly of equal intensity. The rose-red colour of the cobalt is completely destroyed by the green of the nickel, even in concentrated solutions, and the mixed liquid remains colourless.—*Journ. de Pharm. et de Chim.*, Mars 1850: *Philos. Mag.*, No. 241.

Owing to a singular mistake, the poem entitled *Defiance to Time*, which appeared in No. 381, was ascribed to a veteran soldier living in Northumberland. We now learn that it is one of the published compositions of Dr Charles Mackay. It is but justice to the veteran in question to mention, that he had no culpable concern in the matter.

THE EMIGRANT'S MANUAL.

W. & R. CHAMBERS are now publishing a Work for Emigrants, carefully prepared from the most recent public documents, and other trustworthy sources of information. It will embrace accounts of the following fields of Emigration, and matters of general utility:—

AUSTRALIA;

NEW ZEALAND; SOUTH AFRICA, including the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, and PORT NATAL.

BRITISH AMERICA; and UNITED STATES OF

AMERICA; also,

A GENERAL DISSERTATION, containing Miscellaneous

Information, and Advice to Intending Emigrants.

These will be published separately, at One Shilling each; and when all are issued, they will form a comprehensive work in one volume.—Sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 386. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

At the dawn, and during the morning twilight of modern literature, there was no employment more sure of carrying genius to wealth and distinction than authorship. Kings and princes were then the patrons of the muses, and in honouring men of letters, they felt that they rendered themselves illustrious. But those were not stipendiary days. We find the cowherd-poet Cædmon, indeed, received into the monastery of Whitby as a kind of honoured pensioner; but in general, men who distinguished themselves in literature were promoted to high offices in the church—as in the case of Grosteste, the beggar-boy, whom learning eventually placed in the see of Lincoln. As knowledge extended, the patrons became more numerous, and competition among men of letters greater; till the sacred name of poet was degraded into a mere trapping of nobility, and the Lord Chancellor of England (Longchamp, bishop of Ely) purchased praises of the tuneful brethren, and caused them to be sung in the streets.

Many noble works, however, were produced even in this long era of degradation, which may be said to have continued till the early part of the last century; when, in consequence of the gradual widening of the circle of readers, authors had become too numerous, and some too independent, to be bribed. It was only at this time literature became a profession; for although before then a few desperate individuals may have clung to it as their sole resource, in general it was either a medium by which men of genius who lived by other pursuits made themselves heard and felt in the world, or a means by which the more dependent hoped to recommend themselves to persons of power and influence. The transition period between patrons and the public was a terrible time for authors! Those were the days of bibliopolic tyranny, of rags, bailiffs, garrets, and bulkheads; but in spite of all, literature gave token that the change through which it was passing, though severe, was wholesome, and in due time an independent though still peculiar Profession arose out of the chaos.

That profession, however, is not so crowded as is commonly supposed; for there are many prudent persons who use authorship not as a crutch to lean upon, but as a staff to help. The professional authors are comparatively a small body, but they are an essential part of the constitution of the age. There are pursuits in literature which demand the whole time, and the whole soul; and there are even its more mechanical functions—such as editing—which are incompatible with the performance of other duties in the business

life. In reading a voluminous catalogue of books of the day, we must not suppose that any great portion of these are the works of authors by profession. They are in by far the greater part the productions of persons who are either independent in fortune, or who gain their living by other pursuits; and to such categories belong almost all the anonymous works.

The professors of literature, notwithstanding, are numerous enough to form a distinct body; and their occupation is perhaps the most precarious in the whole range of industry. A barrister, a physician, a clergyman, may be able to calculate his chances of success, the influence of his friends, and his own private resources; but the author has no data whatever. The most brilliant success one year is no guarantee for the next; and not unfrequently the reward of his performances is in an inverse ratio to their real value. Yet professional authorship is as essential a component part of our existing civilisation as professional law, physic, or divinity. It has grown out of the intellectual necessities of the age; and the status of the author serves as a fair criterion for judging of the refinement of society.

It is a generally received opinion, but we think an erroneous one, that authors are more imprudent than the other classes of the community. This was the case in the transition period we have mentioned, when authorship, however ennobled by one or two individuals, was but another name for vagabondage; but in the present day literary men pretty nearly resemble other people in the common affairs of life. Their misfortune is, considering their profession in an economic light, that the article in which they deal is in itself invisible and intangible, and can have therefore no intrinsic pecuniary value. It cannot be sold to a lower class of the people if disdained by a higher. It has no 'tremendous sacrifices' wherewith to tempt the parsimony of purchasers. It cannot, even in case of failure, be disposed of as materials. Everything with authors depends upon the passing taste of the day—everything but fame, which gives a stone to the memory of the genius which, when living, wanted bread.

There is one great institution in this country for the relief of authors in their casualties—the Literary Fund; but, as its name implies, its operation is not confined to professional authors, but embraces all contributors to literature. It assists the widows and orphans of literary men, and its donations to these men themselves, we are proud to mention, are not unfrequently considered as loans, and returned in better times. If the proceedings of this institution are conducted with the inviolable secrecy it professes, it must do infinite good; otherwise it could only serve to degrade an honourable pursuit. But whether it be owing to the dread of exposure, or to

the comparative prosperity of the class, the fact, we believe, is certain, that very few names even of moderate distinction in literature are to be found in its list of claimants. Besides the Literary Fund, we may add that the Queen has a fund at her disposal for pensioning contributors to literature. The amount, however, is very limited, and the scramble for what is as much an honour as a benevolence, is probably great enough to render Her Majesty weary of the trust.

There is now, however, on foot a proposal for instituting a fund for the benefit of professional authors alone, which merits the examination both of the literary world and of the enlightened public; containing, as we think it does, at least the germ of a great idea. The name fixed upon for the society is the Guild of Literature and Art—meaning, doubtless, a fraternity similar to that of the trades, in which all the members pulled amicably together. The word *guild*, however, we may say in passing, implies money, of which the brethren were the disbursers, not the recipients. The earliest certain notice of such a company in England refers to the payment into the Exchequer of sixteen pounds of silver by the Guild of Weavers, in the reign of Henry I. The name, notwithstanding, may pass very well, as expressing a fraternity or corporation of individuals, having the same interest, following the same pursuit, and animated by the same object. The main object of this new Guild is to 'enforce the duties of prudence and foresight especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly or mainly derived from the precarious profit of a profession'; and this it proposes to do by extending the benefits of the fund only to individuals who effect insurances in a certain life-office therewith connected. We humbly think there is here room for a slight change of plan. Many authors—perhaps nearly all authors of any eminence—are already insured to the extent of their ability. All such persons would be excluded by the rule we have mentioned from the new society, which would thus be open only to the selfish or improvident of the literary body. As for the exclusion of those who have been, and are, unable to effect any insurance at all, this, however lamentable, cannot be imputed as an error to a society which assumes to interest itself only in authors of a certain note, leaving the others, as at present, to the Literary Fund.

The pensions are to be given in the form of salaries, with or without free residences, 'completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen.' The endowed officers will consist—1*st*, Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of £200 a year; 2*nd*, Of Members, with a house and £170, or, without a house, £200 a year; 3*rd*, Of Associates, with a salary of £100 a year.

The design of the institution, we are told, is 'to select for the appointment of members (who will be elected for life) those writers and artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honourable desire; while the office of associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of £100 a year may be of essential and permanent service.' The duties for which these emoluments are to be given consist chiefly in the delivery of lectures—three in the year by members, and one in the year by the warden; but even these may be delivered by proxy, since although 'it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labour of member or associate as to deprive them of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own

efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.' This, we think, is another ill-considered part of the prospectus, and one which implies anything but a compliment to the literary body. If services are really to be rendered for the salaries, let there be a proper balance between them; but surely there should be no such thin make-believe as this. Authors are entitled to take higher ground. Their profession is necessary to the civilisation of the age—more necessary than that of naval or military officers; and if the country see fit to make up for its precariousness by contributing to the support of its veterans, they will accept the aid as proudly as ever warrior received a trophy. The time, however, we trust, will come when the profession, having passed its infancy, will be able to stand alone; and when authors, with clearer perceptions of their own position, and a better knowledge of the means of aiding themselves, will require no aid from others. As for the proposed lectures, they are objectionable on other grounds. The present lecturers are authors themselves, and why should these be displaced by pensioned authors? Why remove from the reach of ordinary literary men one of the few resources they possess?

The grand distinctive feature of the projected society is the limitation of its benefits to the professors of literature and art. 'Within the former term are understood to be comprehended all writers, of either sex, of original works or dramas, or of not less than twenty original papers in periodicals. Within the latter, all painters and sculptors who make the fine arts their profession, and all students of the Royal Academy of England, Scotland, or Ireland.' The literary criterion here is not distinctly enough expressed. It is obvious, from the context of the prospectus, that only those persons are meant who follow literature as their sole business in life; but there is hardly a young lady of our acquaintance who has not contributed a score of original articles to a periodical. The real object of the society should be more clearly defined. The most voluminous contributors to periodicals are not professional authors; and to admit such persons indiscriminately to the benefits of the society, would be to divert the fund to the aid of almost every profession that can be named.

The fund is to be commenced by the profits on the performance of a comedy, written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and acted by Messrs. Dickens, Jerrold, Forster, &c. on a stage furnished in his house by the Duke of Devonshire. The audience is to consist of the Queen and Prince Albert, and all persons who choose to pay £5 for a ticket. This announcement has provoked some ridicule; but we hope the scoffers will carry their smiles to the comedy. It may be very true, as it is said, that the performance of amateur actors cannot be expected to equal in merit that of a second-rate provincial troop; but the question is not as to the merit of the performance, but the amount of money it produces. It may be an odd taste which induces good authors to exhibit themselves to the public as indifferent actors; but if the public pay handsomely for the sight—which they unquestionably do—the authors are entitled to our thanks for laying out their eccentric earnings in so noble a manner. The fund must commence somewhere, and why not at a comedy in Devonshire House?

The scheme, however, though commencing with a comedy and a company of amateur actors, must be carried out by the nation; and knowing this, we think the projectors committed an error of judgment in sending forth their prospectus before endeavouring to associate with themselves the higher members of the profession throughout the country, and the more distinguished patrons of literature and art. We have ourselves mentioned more than one important objection to the plan as laid down; and there are many others, we doubt not, who would be glad to offer their opinions on so interesting a subject. As for the laudatory letters and professions of adhe-

rence they may have received, these ~~are~~ all very agreeable of course; but a great national institution like the one proposed cannot be founded safely without the aid of a great diversity of minds, or without hard thinking and searching discussion.

Upon the whole, instead of expending the profits of the dramatic representations in the establishment of the institute in the form proposed, we would counsel the projectors—while warmly extending to them the hand of fellowship—to deposit the money in their banker's hands for the present, and take the opinion of the literary mind of the country upon the merits of their plan.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Not long ago, during one of the weary days of Ramadan, Mohammed Dibilay was sitting cross-legged upon his empty counter, smoking his pipe and chanting some verses of the Koran, when his prowling eye caught sight of a Jew who was sauntering about the bazaar. The Mussulman called him, and asked, if he did not know any stranger, with plenty of money and little sense, from whom they might manage to extract a little, to recruit his exhausted finances. This question struck a chord of the Jew's heart, which vibrated with joy; for his business was also at low-water mark. A merchant had recently arrived in the city, little acquainted with the manners of Constantinople, and the confederates devised a plan to cheat him of some goods, agreeing to divide the spoil. The Jew forthwith repaired to the house of the Frank, and informed him that he had found a very desirable customer for his merchandise, and one whom he must by no means let slip; for, said he, 'he has been opening a new shop, which he is stocking with different kinds of goods, and I know that I could not recommend him to a better person than your honour.'

'That is well,' said the merchant; 'but mark me, Jew; I have heard that you brokers often play tricks upon strangers. Now, I hate cheating, and it never succeeds with me. All my business transactions are ordered in an honourable manner; and depend upon it, if you deceive me, you will suffer for it. With this understanding, you may bring hither the gentleman of whom you speak, for I can judge his honesty better by his physiognomy than by the appearance of his shop.' Jacob swore by his head that all was right, and that the merchant would be convinced of his sincerity when the business was finished.

He returned to Mohammed, who had by this time procured a thousand piastres (the piastre is worth about 7½d. sterling), according to their former arrangement; and having divided this sum between them, they proceeded to the Frank quarter of the city. The Jew introduced his friend to the merchant, as the grocer whom he had mentioned—a man of upright dealings, a perfect gentleman; averring, that as soon as he had heard the name of George—far famed as it was for integrity and wealth—he had brought a considerable sum of money to make an immediate purchase. Mr George closely inspected the features of the stranger, and expressed his satisfaction with his honest appearance; but added, that as it was the first time that he had the honour of his acquaintance, he should expect the broker to be responsible for anything which he might intrust to the grocer's credit. Jacob then requested Mohammed to choose out goods to the value of thirty or forty purses (each containing 500 piastres.) Dibilay said, that he only intended to buy to the amount of money which they had with them; at the same time lamenting that he had not brought a larger sum: 'for all my cash was in heavy coin, which it would have been too troublesome to carry; and if I had intrusted it to a messenger, there would have been great danger of losing it, as it could not have failed to attract attention: and

in this wicked town, as soon as a man is known to be rich, he cannot eat his bread in quiet. Nobody can imagine how vile a place this Constantinople is! We must confess it with shame, though it be our own city.' The merchant now joined with the broker in persuading Dibilay to take some goods upon credit; and with seeming reluctance he made a bargain to the amount of thirty-five purses, two of which were paid on the spot. The merchandise was removed, and part of it soon turned into money, to meet any exigency that might occur; for in Constantinople 'money answereth all things.' Mohammed then calmly awaited the issues of fate, and took no more notice of his former correspondents.

But Jacob Aaron was anxious to terminate the affair, that he might get rid of his own responsibility, and obtain his share of the spoil. So, after a short time, he went to the house of the European, assuming every appearance of deep distress. Having uttered many sighs and groans, he found words to exclaim that he was a ruined man, and that all his property would be lost. The merchant expressed lively sympathy with his sad condition, and kindly inquired into the reason of his sorrow. Was his house burned down? Were his children lost? 'Ah sir,' responded the mourner, 'would that my house had been burned to the ground, and that I had perished with my children, before so sad a day had dawned! Wretch that I am, would that my legs had been broken before I went to such a place! But let my miserable fate be a warning to my brethren, to renounce for ever the trade of a broker! Besides, this business ill befits my station in life, considering the extensive warehouses of my father, the great glass-merchant. The truth is, that the man whom I brought to you the other day is reported to be a thief and a knave. He had every semblance of being an honest fellow, and I never found him otherwise; but he has been corrupted by this vile Constantinople. Oh what a depraved city we live in! An honest tradesman has no chance in such a place! But, sir, if the report be true, I think you might recover your goods out of his possession.'

Mr George was so affected with the Jew's apparent distress, and so roused with indignation at Mohammed's supposed treachery, that he easily fell into the trap which was laid for him; and bidding Jacob calm himself, offered instantly to send a janissary for the traitor. But the Jew threw himself at his feet, and begged, as one only favour, that he would not mention his name as the informant, lest the Mohammedan should either assassinate him, or get him put to death under false pretences. The merchant promised to keep his secret, and said that he would take the matter into his own hands.

Jacob retired with inward satisfaction, finding himself thus freed from further responsibility; for he did not altogether trust Mohammed, nor any one else that bore the name or the badge of the false prophet. He wished to expedite the crisis. So he hastened to the house of Dibilay, and told him that the merchant had heard some flying rumours about his character; and that, although he had given every assurance of his integrity, yet he must prepare himself for an official visit, and subsequent lawsuit. He then begged that his own name might not be mentioned at court, lest it should damage him in the estimation of the Europeans, on whom he chiefly depended for a livelihood.

Next day Mr George came to the bazaar, accompanied by a janissary, and mildly asked the grocer for payment of his account, as he had need of the money. Dibilay assumed an air of severity, and bid him begone. 'Find your clothes where you took them off, and demand money of him to whom you consigned your goods.' Indignant at this base repulse, the Frank at once went to the mehkeny, and requested the sergeant of agh to send a bailiff for Mohammed. Hussein Agha

deputed on this business; and going to the grocer's, asked him to be at the trouble of attending at the mehikemy, where a process was being instituted against him. Dibilay stormed at the parties who thus dared to affront him; and having whispered something in the officer's ear, promised to follow him to the court. Hussein informed the sergeant of his coming, adding in a low voice, that Mohammed wished him to know that he was falsely accused, and if he would be kind enough to inform the cadi of this fact, he would be liberal in defraying the expenses of justice. At this instant Mohammed made his appearance, and saluted the sergeant.

'Your servant, sir: how is your precious health? I sincerely trust that you are well, and your affairs prosperous.'

'Good-morrow,' replied the agha; 'I wish you well. Is it against you, friend, that this proceeding is commenced? Come with me to the effendi, and I shall lay the whole matter before him; and Heaven defend the right!'

The agha then led the way to the house of the cadi; and upon the defendant being called for, he introduced him in flattering terms. 'Here he is, my lord; it is our countryman, Mohammed Dibilay the grocer.' The judge replied, that it did not signify who he was, and commanded the parties to stand before him side by side. The plaintiff was then ordered to state his claims, which he did in a plain, unvarnished manner. The cadi next called Mohammed for his defence. He replied: 'My lord, you are the minister of justice, and falsehood would avail little in your presence. One might as well attempt to cover the sun with mud as to deceive you. The merchant says that I received goods from him to the value of thirty-five purses. This is true, my lord; but he did not allow me to set one foot before another until he had obtained the whole amount. Yes, if my right be not acknowledged in this court, I will carry my cause before the sultan's council; and if there also justice be not rendered me, I appeal from the presence of man to the tribunal of the Great Supreme.'

'I understand,' said the judge; 'but can you now prove by witnesses that you paid the money?'

'I have witnesses, my lord; but how can I produce them at a moment's notice? Order the merchant to swear that he has not received the full amount. But if he be willing to take such an oath, I shall not easily be prevailed upon to lose so large a sum of money, but shall extricate myself from this difficulty in another way.'

The cadi informed Mr George that the law obliged him to make oath if the defendant wished it, and asked him if he were willing to do so. As some Christians decline taking a Mohammedan oath, Mohammed hoped that his accuser might be of this number, and that the matter might be thus summarily terminated. But in this he was disappointed. The merchant, indeed, at first hesitated; but finding that if he did not comply he must lose the whole money, without any hope of appeal, he signified his willingness to comply. Mohammed then shifted about, and requested the judge to dispense with the oath, assuring him that he had such clear evidence of having paid the money, that he preferred being at the trouble of producing it in court. The obsequious cadi assented, and ordered all parties to appear again in three days. Security was taken that the defendant did not abscond.

Dibilay was scarcely seated in his shop, and had just begun to regale himself with his pipe, when the Jew suddenly appeared, and with a smiling simper, whispered: 'How well you have managed matters! Take care and don't play me a trick, for half the money is clearly mine. I had my creatures posted at all the entrances of the court, to instruct me in what was required. Now, we must look out for witnesses.'

At the mehikemy of Mahmoud Pasha, there

is a certain coffee-room, frequented by persons of loose character, who live by their wits instead of honest labour. Here witnesses can always be procured—men who are ready to swear to anything. As Turkish law requires the testimony of two disinterested parties, two of these men concoct a story between themselves, and are ready, for a trifling bribe, to swear to all its particulars. Having very fertile imaginations, and being accustomed to the business, they easily invent a number of particulars which have the semblance of truth itself. It is true that in such a cross-questioning as takes place in British courts of law, their evidence would soon break down, and a clever lawyer would easily get them convicted of perjury. However, these knaves in Constantinople know with whom they have to deal. Their opponent is a simple man, else they browbeat him, and throw him off his guard; and they are previously assured that the judge is on their side. It is only by a manœuvre in changing the court, and giving a retaining fee to another judge, that there is any hope of success.

Not far from the coffeehouse to which we have alluded, there used to be a fruiterer's shop, with a convenient back-parlour for parties wishing to take refreshment at their leisure. This man was in league with the visitors at the coffee-room, and he for a long time kept up a thriving trade. But upon an unfortunate occasion, when they were playing tricks upon a hapless Greek, the latter bribed the grand vizier with the present of a handsome girl to do him justice; upon which a regular smash of the confederates took place; the perjurors were sent to the galley, the master of the coffeehouse was bastinadoed, and the fruiterer deemed it prudent to change his place of residence, having spread the report that he had died of plague. When the storm passed over, another occupant was found in the shop, pursuing a twofold business as before—selling conscience and merchandise at the same time.

Into this back-parlour the confederate Mohammedan and Jew now entered; and upon their ordering certain provisions for a dinner at sunset, which was not far off, the fruiterer understood their meaning, and hastened to the coffee-room.

'Come to my house,' whispered he to the landlord, 'about a little affair, out of which, I guess, we shall reap some profit.'

The landlord immediately exclaimed: 'My dear sir, the negro of whom you speak—I used to see him every day in this square with his plate. He has not been here for some days, but if I can hear any news about him, I shall bring you word.'

This remark attracted the notice of some bystanders, who immediately made inquiries about what the negro had done.

'He has played a trick upon the unfortunate fruiterer, having stolen honey, butter, and sweetmeats out of his shop, and the fruiterer is now after him.'

'One of the persons present observed that he had just seen a negro in the Place of Sultan Bajazet's mosque; and the landlord intimated that he must give his friend this piece of important information. As he was going out of the house two gentlemen followed, saying: 'Landlord, whatever may be the business afloat, you know well! Our brethren are all engaged abroad, but we have had nothing to do for a week.'

When he reached the fruiterer's, he was soon made acquainted with the business on hand, and immediately sent for the two gentlemen just alluded to, under pretence of their giving information about the negro. On their arrival, Mohammed ordered pipes and coffee, and then unfolded his case.

'Gentlemen, listen to me, for I shall hide nothing from you. I bought of a Frank merchant goods to the amount of thirty-five purses. But how could I divine? I thought him to be an honourable man like myself; but now he demands of me thirty-three purses.'

Be pleased to devise some method of extricating me from this dilemma.'

After some moments of thought, accompanied by large fumes of smoke, one of them gravely replied: 'That which is passed, is passed; and that which is done, is done. Let us look at the future. When you paid the money had you any witnesses of the transaction?'

'None,' said Jacob. 'No man was present but Dibilay and myself. He paid the merchant in current gold. I witnessed the fact: but my interest is opposed to my giving evidence in this case, for I am under the protection of the Franks, and it would be difficult for me to open my mouth. Try, therefore, to find out a plan for arranging the matter without mentioning my name. This will be a meritorious act on your part.'

One of the gentlemen then addressed his companion. 'What say you, brother? If any one, ignorant of the whole truth, were to see us meddling in this concern, he would say: "Look at those gentlemen in violet trousers, with large coats and painted eyebrows! They are going to give false testimony." And, yet, thank Heaven, we are far from meriting such evil surmisings: we only wish to deliver the innocent out of the pit of the wicked into which they have fallen! What is your advice?'

The other replied: 'Brother, thy reflection is just. May Heaven protect the good in his proper rights! Jew, you are a true man: so is Dibilay. Nevertheless, the path which we must pursue is a crooked one. So you must give five hundred piastras to myself, and the same to my comrade; one hundred piastras to the landlord, and as much to the fruiterer. Moreover, the kiaikya of the Caziashur of Rounelle is our friend, and we should make him a present, that the caziashur in person may judge the process. This is the best mode of procedure. Give me now ten piastras, that I may get a chouash to write a request to the caziashur, that he will himself take cognizance of this affair in presence of the grand vizier.'

Mohammed tried in vain to reduce the demand of the gentleman. He pleaded poverty; asked for their sympathy; and promised them the favour of Heaven, if they would engage for a smaller amount. They told him, that however inconvenient it might be for him to give them this little remuneration, it would be much more so to pay the Frank thirty-three purses: and that he had evidently mistaken their character and profession. 'Let one of your eyes weep, that the other may laugh: we must have four purses to cover all expenses.' Dibilay was obliged to submit. The landlord then sent for the chouash, Osman Agha, to procure a form of appeal to the Supreme Court. The gentlemen also paid a visit to the kiaikya of the caziashur, when the following conversation ensued:—

Salaam, Ali Effendi! I have come about an affair out of which we may gain both merit and money.

Kiaikya. Salaam Aleikum, who have grown old in bearing false witness. You rogue! I believe you when you say there is one God; but after that, do not give credit to one word which falls from your mouth.

Gentleman. My lord, when have I told you a lie?

K. If you were in the habit of speaking truth, you would not pursue the trade of a false witness. But let us cease this badinage. Will the case bring us a little money?

Gent. I have seen a grocer who bought some spices from a Frank; but the merchant, after receiving payment, demands it a second time. Dibilay has no witnesses. What could he do, poor fellow? He has had recourse to us—and you may divine the rest.

K. What offer does he make? If he will give half a purse for me, and a purse to the effendi, besides the expenses of court, you may carry your suit before the effendi, in whose eyes I will make your testimony agree as clearly as if it were truth.

Gent. My lord, if we give a purse and a half, cannot the thing be arranged? For according to your demands, we shall have little for ourselves. But I am your slave.

K. Oh hypocrite! I will abate nothing. Go, bring your cause before this tribunal, and all will go well.

Next morning, a dragoman was despatched to bring Mr George to court; for the confederates had agreed to take him by surprise, lest he should find means to frustrate their schemes by bribing some witnesses on his part to tell the truth. The caziashur sat by the side of the grand vizier; the other parties stood before him. The vizier knew little about law or justice, as he had recently been elevated to his high station, according to the Turkish notions, that 'a man who is good at one business will be good at another,' and that

'Allah, who gives the rank, will give ability to occupy it aright.' Upon hearing the nature of the cause now before him, he wished at once to put all the parties under arrest till a competent person should inquire into their characters and circumstances; but asked the caziashur what he would advise to be done. He replied: 'My lord, your opinion is well founded, and is such as becomes your august dignity. Yet, according to the usual forms of judicature, we should first take the depositions of the witnesses, and afterwards endeavour to verify their testimony. Their evidence may be true, so that you must beware of unpleasant consequences. But if you approve my advice, and will charge me with the management of the business, I will appoint some mediator to bring the parties to an amicable settlement.'

The vizier readily assented to this proposition, which would save him from farther trouble, and would be attended with no odium from his European acquaintances. The chouash and dragoman were instructed to procure a settlement of the case. The contending parties easily perceived that they must submit to this authority; for whoever should refuse to comply would inevitably lose his suit. The dragoman argued the matter with the Frank, and the chouash with the Mohammedan, and after much altercation, each succeeded in persuading his client to abate fifteen purses. There still remained a difference of three purses and the law expenses, for which the chouash said 'Heaven would provide, and they might regard the matter as settled.'

'Singular idea!' rejoined the dragoman; 'when the ragout is cooked and ready for eating, would you put it again into cold water? Doubtless he who pays so large a sum is ready with a trifling balance, and must bear the expenses.'

After some further bantering, Mohammed at last yielded to his advisers, saying in a dejected tone: 'All of this money will be a dead loss to me; and you know that one cannot take two skins off one sheep. But my credit and character are at stake. What can I do? Well, I suppose a stroke of fate has fallen upon my fortune rather than upon my head, and I must resign myself to the fatality. This day you have trampled me under foot, and I am become stupefied. Do as you please; but may Heaven preserve the faithful from the hands of the law!'

The parties were ordered to appear in court on the following day, mutually to discharge each other from any further claims. Dibilay came late; then putting a bag of gold into the hands of the dragoman, he said, with a solemn but decisive tone: 'Here is all the money that I can muster. Here are the fifteen purses which I offered to give. Of the three purses which made the difference between us, I have brought eight hundred piastras, and two hundred for the expenses of court. I can do no more.'

Mr George was easily prevailed upon to accept the amount now tendered; and the parties, having declared themselves satisfied, retired.

Dibilay repaired to the fruiterer's, and settled his account for the bribes of justice; and returned home,

satisfied with the gain of his fraud, which amounted to twelve purses. But, the Jew expected to divide the spoil; and immediately appeared with a smiling countenance, congratulating his friend on the issue of the lawsuit, and intimating his readiness to receive a little cash on account of his share. The wily Mohammedan, however, appeared not to recognise him; and said in a loud, gruff voice, 'What do you want, Jew? Have you lost your wits? For some minutes you have been babbling nonsense before my shop, as if you were a madman. If you are a fool, I have a stick ready for you; if you are a mendicant, may Heaven help you; if you are a brazen-faced, I have yet more brass than yourself. But I see what is the matter: you have not to-day been able to allure any one into sin! Infidel, may Heaven destroy thy house and religion! Begone, or I will break your head!'

The heart of Jacob Aaron sunk within him. He loitered for a moment; but perceiving Mohammed's neighbours gathering around, each venting curses against the seed and creed of Israel, he retired with all convenient speed, muttering imprecations upon the house of Islam; but at last cursing his own folly for giving credit to the word of a Mussulman, and concluding with this instructive apostrophe, 'By my beard, the proverb truly says, the best cunning is to have none!' As he passed through the gate which bounds the Turkish quarter of the city, he unobservedly shook off the dust from his sandals, and was not again connected with a Mohammedan trick. Mr George, who, like most Englishmen, was formerly a grumbler at the costliness and uncertainty of English law, has since become silent on that subject.

MILD WINTERS.

To say that everybody talks about the weather, is to state a fact with which everybody is already acquainted: fair or foul, it seems of necessity to be the initial topic of ordinary conversation. No one objects to say a good word in favour of a fine day, because, as Shenstone observes, 'people can command it without envy.' Most persons must have remarked that weather-talk is in general mere guess-talk. Yet meteorological science is somewhat advanced towards the point of certainty; the doctrine of cause and effect is more clearly appreciable than formerly; and the unseen influences which modify climate are found referable to constant or periodical laws, whose action is not less interesting than beneficial.

It is pretty well known that geographers divide the space from the equator to the pole into twenty-four climates, the differences varying from half an hour in the torrid and temperate zones up to a month in the polar regions. Assuming lines of demarcation for all these divisions, they are seen to fluctuate and present many anomalous departures from uniformity. Situation has much to do with this derangement: continents, as is well known, are hotter and colder than islands. At the equator, where a perpetual summer temperature prevails, there are but two seasons—wet and dry; while in England we have four distinct and marked seasons, but liable to all sorts of irregularities and disturbances, in which, however, the polar character prevails over the tropical—a consequence of our geographical position on the globe. Dove of Berlin, who has so ably elucidated many of the phenomena of climate in his maps of isothermal lines, observes: 'In all the stations or places of observation of the torrid and temperate zones, the elasticity of the vapour of water contained in the atmosphere increases with the elevation of temperature. This increase, from the cold to the warm months, is greatest in the region of the monsoons, particularly toward the northern limits; and in North America a diminution sensible than in Europe: that the pressure of the air diminishes at all the stations with a slight

exception on the north-west of America (and perhaps in Iceland), from the cold to the hot months: the minimum for the temperate zone falls in the hottest months, and consequently in July in the boreal hemisphere, and in January or February in the austral hemisphere: the maximum of this oscillation is at the northern limit of the northern monsoon, and much more marked in the southern than in the northern hemisphere: that from the simultaneous action of these two changes immediately results the periodical changes of atmospheric pressure, which, by the relative diversity between the one and the other, present themselves differently in different countries.' In these statements we have, as it were, a key to some of the laws affecting the moisture or the dryness of climate.

Moscow, with an arctic winter, and so near as it is to the pole, has a summer heat equal to that of Spain, while in England the climate partakes of neither extreme. The milder temperatures of islands is caused by the fact, that the surface-water of the surrounding ocean sinks as soon as its temperature falls below forty degrees, and is replaced by warmer water from beneath. In the coldest month of the year London is colder than Edinburgh or the Orkneys, but the mean heat of the London summer is greater than at the other two places—an amount of fluctuation which is essentially beneficial; for an occasional rise to eighty or ninety degrees is far more favourable to vegetation than a constant mild temperature, which, though it would make fruit, never produces ripeness.

If, however, the presence of a circumjacent sea preserves us here in England from great extremes of heat and cold, it exposes us in another way to what appears an undue amount of moisture, varying in different localities. The average number of rainy days in the year on the eastern side of the island is 135, while on the western side it is 205. The annual rain-fall at Keswick, omitting decimals, is 62 inches; at Lincoln, 24 inches; at Liverpool, 34 inches; at Aberdeen and London, 20 inches; at Manchester, 36 inches; at Edinburgh, 22 inches. Winter has most rainy days, but summer the most rain. The yearly average is, however, exposed to disturbing causes, by which it may be greatly modified—the prevalence of particular winds, or the character of the country. Considerable effect is produced by the presence or absence of trees. Large plains are remarkable for their dryness and frequent barrenness. Humboldt says: 'By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of the mountains, men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations—the want of fuel, and a scarcity of water. Trees, by the nature of their perspiration, and the radiation from their leaves in a sky without clouds, surround themselves with an atmosphere constantly cold and misty. They affect the copiousness of springs—not, as was long believed, by a peculiar attraction for the vapours diffused through the air, but because, by sheltering the soil from the direct action of the sun, they diminish the evaporation of the water produced by rain. When the forests are destroyed, as they are everywhere in America by the European planters, with an imprudent precipitation, the springs are entirely dried up, or become less abundant.' Whether the cutting down of the trees—as has often been proposed—which now grow so pleasantly and numerously on the hedgerows over most parts of England, would produce any alteration for the better or worse in our climate, is a matter to be settled only by analogy or experience. As far as observation extends, the cutting down of trees tends to produce aridity; at the same time it has been remarked, that the winters in Canada and the adjacent states are less severe in proportion as the land is cleared. In Pflaung, the inhabitants have memorialised government against the destruction of their forests, sure that the result by its continuance will be the ruin of the climate.' In the deep valley of Aragua,

in South America, is a lake which has no outlet, and lying closely surrounded by woods. Between 1555, when it was described by Oviedo, and 1800, when it was visited by Humboldt, the lake had sunk five or six feet, and had receded several miles from its former shores—the portion of the basin thus left dry appearing the most fertile land in the neighbourhood. Here was the effect of the cutting down of trees; but when the war of liberation broke out, agriculture was neglected, and the wood from the hills was no longer required by human industry—a great jungle began to prevail over all. The result was, that within twenty years not only had the lake ceased to subside, but begun once more to rise and threaten the country with general inundation. At Marmoto also, a town situated deep in the vast forests of Popayan, an analogous effect occurred. Water-power is used to work the machinery of the neighbouring mines, and the supply of water was observed to decrease steadily as the wood was cut down. Within the space of two years from the commencement of the clearing, the decrease of the flow of the water had occasioned alarm. The clearing was now suspended, and the diminution ceased. A rain-gauge was established, when it appeared that the fall of rain had not diminished concomitantly with the flow of the streams. The clearings were too local to affect the general condition of the climate; the rain which fell, however, instead of percolating, as was its wont, through the soil, when shaded by trees, producing springs, rivulets, and brooks, now dried up, and was carried off in vapour as it fell. Similar instances have been noticed in other parts of South America, and in India and Switzerland. In the island of Ascension, a spring at the foot of a wooded mountain dried up as the trees were cut, but flowed again as the wood was permitted to renew itself. And in St Helena, steady falls of rain have been produced by the growing up of woods which have from time to time been planted under direction of the authorities, and for nine years the periodical floods which formerly caused great mischief have altogether ceased.

Besides these more direct results, the temperature of a country is, as observed with regard to Canada, affected by the greater or lesser wooded area of its surface. A change is produced in the soil as well as in the atmosphere; for it is a fact well known to agriculturists, that land cleared and drained is warmed by the rains which percolate from the surface to the drains beneath. It must be remembered that we have a combined or double atmosphere—water and air; the former always resolving itself into vapour of extreme levity under favourable temperatures. The more air is condensed the higher becomes its temperature; a given quantity of air at 55 degrees, if compressed into half its bulk, would have doubled its heat to 110 degrees—a fact which has a material bearing on the subject of the present article. It has been shewn that a rise takes place in the isothermal lines of the northern hemisphere in winter—a result which Dove refers to the action of the sun causing evaporation of the waters of the southern tropic, which then pass over to the north. But to this it was replied, at the last meeting of the British Association, that 'the West Indies constitute the principal point of departure of this vapour, and in the month of January it is carried by south-west and west winds to those localities where the isothermal lines advance farthest towards the pole. It is, accordingly, to the condensation of this vapour, and not to the neighbourhood of the Atlantic Ocean in the latitude, that we are to attribute the high temperature of this part of the world in the winter. The Atlantic Ocean is as near to Labrador as to Norway; but there is little condensation on the coast of the former, while there is much about the latter. Indeed, as far as we know, condensation of vapour is the only influence that operates exclusively on the eastern coasts of the

two oceans, the Pacific and Atlantic; and therefore to it we may attribute the warming of the localities, particularly in the Arctic Ocean, as indicated by the isothermal lines. Condensation, we know, furnishes a constant and abundant supply of heat, not like diffusion by contact, but by the energetic chemical action which converts an aërial substance into a liquid, and consequently changes the heat from a latent to an active state.'

On the other hand, the extraordinary mildness of the winter which has just passed is attributed by several of our most distinguished meteorologists to the Gulf stream, which has within the last few months traversed the Atlantic in more than its usual volume. The temperature of the ocean near our coasts is said to have been from two to three degrees higher than usual; and it has been shewn that, if by any construction of dams, embankments, or sluices, we could control the passage of the stream, we might always insure a mild winter; or that, if our transatlantic neighbours, the Americans, could interpose barriers to prevent the flow in its present direction, they would at once give us a Siberian climate, with all our rivers and ports frozen up during nine months of the year. Happily the phenomenon is one of Nature's mightiest operations, over which man has no power; and while it continues we may hope from time to time to see such winters as the last, with no snow, and but little frost, and with so genial a temperature that the landscape lost not its greenness, the hedgerows seemed impatient to renew their buds, and in Middlesex and the adjoining counties primroses were gathered in abundance on sheltered banks as early as January.

PROFESSOR GREGORY ON CLAIRVOYANCE.*

A very considerable portion of the thinking world will be startled in the midst of their settled incredulity and indifference towards what are called the higher phenomena of animal magnetism, when they find a professor of physical science in the Edinburgh University not merely expressing his belief in them, but treating them in a laborious work which aims at assigning them their proper rank and place amongst the recognised phenomena of nature. It will be at once apparent, that for a scientific man of good reputation to avow his reliance upon a set of alleged facts which are generally ridiculed, is 'awkward' for him—few things being more damaging than an appearance of credulity. With generous minds, again, the very moral courage of the act ought to save him from being a loser by his avowal. This will more particularly be the case, if they give his book a perusal, for there they will find a calmness, a purity, and a geniality of feeling, as captivating to the affections of the reader, as the temperance of statement must be respectable in the eyes of his judgment.

Nor, it must be owned, is the learned professor's logic to be despised. To allege of these phenomena that they are 'obviously incredible and impossible, and therefore to be rejected without inquiry,' involves, he says, a complete *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. A pretension to know what is, or what is not impossible, in the present state of science ludicrous. There are, indeed, some things which we know to be impossible—as that two and two could make more than four, or that the three angles of any triangle could make more than two right angles. But the facts in question are not of this character. They are at the utmost difficult to

* Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Parker, Walton, and Maberly. pp. 529.

explain—which is the case of many facts which are admitted. A philosopher, for example, is entitled to assume, but he cannot explain, the law of gravitation. The laws of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, are in the same state. In answer to the allegation of deceit, it may be said, this being brought forward without inquiry, is merely one hypothesis against another. Some of the facts are irreconcilable with it; for example, the acceleration of the pulse, the fixed state of the pupil of the eye, and the cataleptic rigidity of the muscles. As to the many failures in public exhibitions—‘were any man,’ says the professor, ‘to fail in the simple experiment of dipping his finger, without injury, into red-hot melted lead, and to burn himself severely, we should not be justified in denying the fact that it may be done with impunity. A thousand failures could only prove that we did not perform, or know how to perform, the experiment properly; that we did not know, or did not attend to the conditions necessary to success; and one successful trial would outweigh them all. Precisely so is it,’ adds our author, ‘with animal magnetism.’

What Dr Gregory demands, is only that the alleged facts should be inquired into. ‘When the witnesses are numerous, their character unimpeached, and the fact not physically or mathematically impossible, caution is not entitled to go farther than to say, “I am not satisfied; I must inquire into these things.”’ If he [the sceptic] will not or cannot investigate them, let him in decency be silent.’ It may be added, that Dr Gregory disapproves of public exhibitions, and all regarding of the subject as a matter of amusement. He sees it to be a new and most important section of nature, and he desires it to be approached in a philosophic spirit, and brought to use only for the relief of suffering and the general benefit of mankind.

A large portion of the volume is occupied with a detail of the lower phenomena, respecting which the public is already pretty well informed. The author afterwards goes on to treat of sympathy and clairvoyance. The former involves community of sensation and emotion between the patient and his magnetiser. It also, in many cases, involves thought-reading: a perfect consciousness on the part of the patient of the ideas passing through the mind of the operator, even those referring to past times. Of patients with this degree of lucidity, some have announced things once known to the experimenter, but forgotten. Dr Gregory, however, surmises that this phenomenon may not be dependent on sympathy, but on that simple extension of knowledge which arises from clairvoyance. Another result of sympathy is the ability to tell of the bodily state of the operator—describing, for example, a diseased condition of the brain or heart, and announcing the sensations of those organs. Professor Gregory assures us of his having himself fully ascertained that this may be done in the absence of the individual, through the medium of a lock of hair, or any object that has been in contact with the person; even a recent specimen of handwriting. ‘Sympathy,’ remarks our author, ‘is widely diffused as a natural spontaneous occurrence.

How often does an inexplicable something warn certain persons that an absent and dearly-beloved friend or relation is in danger, or dying! This is an effect of sympathy. Every one has heard, in his own circle, of numerous instances of it. I am informed, for example, by a lady nearly related to me, that her mother always had such a warning at the time when any near and dear friend died. This occurred so often as to leave no doubt whatever of the fact. It happened that this lady more than once made the voyage to and from India, and that during the voyage she on several occasions said to her daughter and to others, ‘I feel certain that such a person is dead.’ On reaching port, these sensations were always found to be true.

Clairvoyance occurs both in the sleep and in a

conscious but still magnetic state, and it appears in various degrees of lucidity and power in different persons. The number of specialties connected with it is too great to be detailed here. The general fact, however, is a power of seeing objects at a distance, persons unknown to the patient in a waking state, and even individuals long dead. We select a case of the simplest kind, referring to individuals, some of whom are known to ourselves. ‘At the house of Dr Schmitz, rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy of about nine years of age put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be clairvoyant, I requested him, through his magnetiser, whom alone he heard, to visit mentally my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked, began to describe the back drawing-room, in which he saw a sideboard with glasses, and on the sideboard a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact, this room, although I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a sideboard, on which stood at that moment glasses; and an apparatus for preparing soda-water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the pianoforte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This I ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr Schmitz took with him his son; and when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr Schmitz's son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr Schmitz stood looking on. He then said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and being asked about Dr Schmitz, declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr Schmitz was beating his son, not with a stick, although he saw a stick in the room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes; and when Dr Schmitz returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. Here thought-reading was absolutely impossible; for neither I, nor any one present, had the least idea of what Dr Schmitz was to do; nor indeed had Dr Schmitz himself, till I suggested it, known that such an experiment was to be tried. I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that the boy actually saw what was done; for to suppose that he had guessed it, appears to me a great deal more wonderful.’

Major Buckley is an amateur magnetist of great activity, with some peculiarities of practice, which need not be dwelt upon. He has brought 142 persons, almost all of the upper classes, into a state of lucidity. A favourite experiment with him is to cause gentlemen to purchase a quantity of those nuts which are to be had in confectioners' shops, having mottoes enclosed, and to bring these to his patient, who will read the motto within. He has had forty-four persons capable of performing this feat. ‘The longest motto read by any of them was one containing ninety-eight words. Many subjects will read motto after motto without one mistake. In this way the mottoes contained in 4860 nutshells have been read.’ Sir T. Willshire took home with him a nest of boxes belonging to Major Buckley,

and placed in the inner box a slip of paper, on which he had written a word. Some days later he brought back the boxes, sealed up in paper, and asked one of Major Buckley's clairvoyantes to read the word. Major Buckley made passes over the boxes, when she said she saw the word "Concert." Sir T. Willshire declared that she was right as to the first and last letters, but that the word was different. She persisted, when he told her that the word was "Correct." But on opening the boxes, the word proved to be "Concert." This case is very remarkable; for, had the clairvoyante read the word by thought-reading, she would have read it according to the belief of Sir T. Willshire, who had either intended to write "correct," or in the interval, forgot that he had written "concert," but certainly believed the former to be the word.

Dr Gregory publishes a letter from a clergyman, regarding a poor man named James Smith, residing at Whalsay in Shetland, who has lately been attracting local attention as a clairvoyant. The reverend writer went, full of incredulity, to test the reality of the matter, and, most unexpectedly to himself, was forced to own that there could be no deception in it. "One evening, after he had been thrown into the mesmeric sleep, my friend and fellow-traveller asked him to 'accompany him to a certain place which he was thinking of, but the name or locality of which he did not mention, nor in the least hint at. The clairvoyant described the house, first the outside, with "big trees" round it, then several rooms in the interior; and being directed to enter a particular apartment which was indicated to him by its position, he described the appearance and occupation of a gentleman and two ladies who were in it; declared that he saw a picture over the mantelpiece; and being further questioned, deponed that it was the picture of a man, and that there was a name below it; and being urged to read the name, after experiencing some difficulty with the penmanship, he affirmed that the last word of the name was "Wood," which he slowly but correctly spelt. The house was near Edinburgh, and when we came to compare notes, on our return from Shetland, we found that the description of the individuals in the room at the time had been quite correct; and we saw over the mantelpiece a print of the *Rev. J. J. Wood of Dumfries*, with his name written below."

The narrator continues—"He went in search of Sir John Franklin, and found the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, spelling the name of each on the stern of the vessel. I am sorry now that I did not make such full and explicit inquiries upon this subject as its importance and the interest attaching to it deserve; or as it would have been proper to institute, in order to compare the statements of this clairvoyant with those of others. During the time when I had him in hand, my experiments were almost entirely of a kind which were fitted to be conclusive upon the spot. However, I heard him declare that the *Erebus* was fast locked up; that those on board were alive, but in low spirits; and that, in answer to his inquiries, they said that they had little hope of making their escape. He affirmed that there was water for a certain distance round the *Terror*, but that she was not clear of the ice. Of course I gave no opinion as to the correctness of these revelations. The date when they were made was about the 22d of August 1850. When sent to these northern regions, and as long as he was kept there, he appeared to be shivering with cold, and declared the cold to be intense."

A clairvoyante girl, of humble grade, under the care of Dr. Haddock of Leeds (her name is given as E—), who has been remarkably successful in many cases where a test was applicable, had a specimen of the handwriting of Sir John Franklin submitted to her in the course of the winter before last. She found the unfortunate navigator in one of two vessels, fixed in ice, and surrounded with walls of snow. "She described," says

Professor Gregory, "the dress, mode of life, food, &c. of the crews. She saw and described Sir John, and said that he still hoped to get out, but was much surprised that no vessels had come to assist him. She frequently spoke of his occupations, and when asked the time of day, found it either by looking at a timepiece in the cabin, or by consulting Sir John's watch. During the winter and spring of 1849-50, and part of the summer of 1850, she uniformly indicated the same difference of time, which I cannot at present give precisely, but which was nearly seven hours. At whatever hour she was magnetised and sent there, she always made the same difference. Nay more, when the time there was nine or ten A.M. (four or five P.M. at Bolton), she would say that such was the hour, but that it was still dark, and lights were burning in the early part of summer. Now, it is quite absurd to suppose that this totally uneducated girl has any notion of the relation of longitude to time, or of the difference between an arctic day and one in our latitude. E— also, being shewn the handwriting of several of the officers of the expedition, found and described them. One was dead (shelled, as she said, when she was asked.) Another, at a later period, was dangerously frostbitten, but recovered. She said, that in one of the ships the provisions were exhausted, but that the other contained provisions. She described the fish, seals, and other animals hunted and killed for food and oil by the crews. Of, or rather to, one officer she said that he was the doctor, although not dressed like a doctor, but like the rest, in skins; that he was a first-rate shot, and was fond of killing animals to preserve them. (This is really the case with Mr Goodsir, whose writing she was then examining.) She added a multitude of curious details, for which I have no space, and they will no doubt be published by Dr Haddock. But I may mention, that on a Sunday afternoon in February 1850, she said it was about ten A.M. there, and described the captain (Sir John) as reading prayers to the crew, who knelt in a circle, with their faces upwards, looking to him, and appearing very sorrowful. She even named the chapter of St Mark's gospel which he read on that occasion. She also spoke, on one occasion, of Sir John as dejected, which he was not before, and said that the men tried to cheer him up. She further spoke of their burning coarse oil and fish refuse for warmth, and drinking a finer oil for the same purpose. All this time she continued to give the same difference of time; from which the longitude might be calculated. This time, seven hours, or nearly, from Bolton, gives a west longitude of about 100° to 115° , which corresponds very well with the probable position of Sir John. But at a later period, all of a sudden she gave a difference of time of somewhere between six and seven hours, indicating that the ships had moved eastward. She was not, after this, quite so uniform in the difference of time as before, and seemed not to see it so clearly; but she persisted that they had moved homeward; and if we take about $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours as the later difference, this would indicate a longitude of about $97^{\circ} 30' W.$ After this change she also said, that Sir John had been met and relieved, and has always since then seen three ships, which, for a long time past, are said by her to be frozen up together. The last observation of which I have heard, 17th February 1851, gave a longitude of $101^{\circ} 45' W.$ At the same time, from Captain Austin's writing, which has also been frequently tried, she gave for him the longitude of $95^{\circ} 45' W.$ She does not know whose ship it is, that, according to her, has met with Franklin, but she still speaks of three ships together. I should add, that when E— has been sent there at such an hour and season that it was night in those latitudes, she has quite spontaneously described the aurora borealis, which she *saw*, as an arch, rising as if from the ground at one end, and descending to it again at the other. From this arch coloured

streamers rose upwards, and some of these curved backwards.' She was much surprised and delighted with it, and asked if that was the country the rainbow came from. She had never been told anything whatever about the aurora, and knows nothing of it.

The reader will appreciate the degree of confidence which a believer in clairvoyance will repose in this interesting vaticination, when he learns what is said to have been accomplished in other cases by E—. Having been shewn the handwriting of a Mr W. Willey, and his friend Mr Morgan, who were travelling in California, she gave an account, which was found to be quite correct, of their persons and occupations, and of various occurrences connected with them. She described Mr Morgan as ill of a fever, and as having had a dream regarding his wife coming to see him. She also said that he had fallen overboard. All of these particulars, and many others, though quite unknown at the time in England, proved true. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Baronet, having received a letter from a lady in London, in which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr Haddock, to see whether E— could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described minutely the house and furniture, and said she saw the marks of the watch (the phrase she employs for the trace left by persons or things, probably luminous to her) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial-plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman, whom she described, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added, that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E—, she spoke to the person seen, as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated, that E—'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicions rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E— instantly selected that of the girl she had described, became very angry, and said: "You are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it, but you took it—you know you did." Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter, containing this information, had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed that the girl indicated as the thief by E— had brought back the watch, saying she had found it. In this case Sir W. Trevelyan was at a great distance from Bolton, and, even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, the watch, or the persons concerned, except the lady, so that, even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyante, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance.'

It chances that, while this article was in preparation, we received a communication containing an account of a domestic experiment in clairvoyance, performed under the care of a gentleman previously incredulous, but who is now converted to a different way of thinking. It is not of uncommon interest in itself: perhaps it rather falls below the average in this respect; but it has an important feature in being reported by a gentleman perfectly known to us, and who is also pretty generally known throughout a large district in the south of Scotland as a man of probity, and by no means of a facile character. We therefore append it:—

'A young lady, Miss M—, being here on a visit, was sent into the mesmeric trance by a young gentleman,

Mr W—, son of my worthy friend, a clergyman of the established church. Mr W— then asked the young lady to accompany him to the manse. To this she at first objected, on the ground of not being acquainted. This scruple being got over, they entered a carriage, and drove off. Mr W— then said, "You are in the manse dining-room; look round, and tell us what you see?" She replied, "I see the minister sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and doing nothing." She was then asked if she saw any other person in the room—she said, "I see Mrs A— sitting sewing at the end window." Asked colour of the seam—she said, "White." Saw no other person in the room. Looked round again, and said, "Mrs A— had left the room." Then asked if she saw any paintings in the room—she said, "Three." Mr W— said, "Look round again;" when she said, "I see other two—five in all." She said she saw the portraits of a lady and gentleman above the fireplace. Asked to read the name—she said, "The duke." Asked what duke—she said, "Buccleuch."

'She was then asked to read the name at the bottom of another portrait—she said, "There was a mist before her eyes: she could not read; but it began with G. Asked the number of windows—she said, "Two." Asked the colour of the window-curtains—she said, "Red." The colour of the table-cover in the middle of the room—she said, "Red." Asked if there was a bookcase in the room—she said, "Yes; near the end window."

'I wrote down the above answers as they were given, in presence of other, two ladies and a gentleman. I rode to the manse next day in company with Mr W— (a distance of four miles), and after a rigorous inquiry, we found the above answers of the clairvoyante accurate to the very letter.

'Now here is a case of clairvoyance liable to no possible objection. Collusion, from the character of the parties, is out of the question; and from the circumstances, impossible. The lady had never been in the manse but once when a girl; and when out of the mesmeric state, she had no idea of anything which the house contained. It is worthy of notice that the red table-cover had not been used except for some time that forenoon, and was not on the table next day when we arrived. Miss M— knows that two young ladies lived in the manse, but them she could not be made to see; and they were from home, unknown to the clairvoyante. •

WALTER TOD.'

Dr Gregory thinks that the oracles, and many other of the so-called impostures of antiquity—second-sight among ourselves, and the magic mirror of Dr Dee—may yet be explained 'as connected with animal magnetism in some of its innumerable developments.' Assuming that there is such a thing as spontaneous clairvoyance amongst us—that is, clairvoyance without the use of external means to bring it on, and perhaps the result of a diseased condition of the nervous system—it is very certain that such a person in early superstitions ages would be looked upon as endowed with supernatural knowledge. To eke it out, or mix it up with imposture, and convert it to the support of a religious system, would also be very natural. If the facts of clairvoyance, be ever generally admitted as scientific truths, it will be a curious consideration that such things may be more readily embraced in a superstitious than in a scientific age—science thus appearing as more calculated to limit than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge. The reason is, that science, from its own peculiar methods, tends to create an exclusive favour for things perceptible to the senses, and to set at nought, if not utterly condemn, the whole range of things spiritual. Here we find ourselves on the borders of one of the great questions of our time—one which threatens to lead to serious collisions ere many years go about. But we must refrain from speculation.

CLEUCHFOOT, April 21, 1851.

Suffice it that we bring before our readers even these imperfect illustrations of a curious topic of the day, leaving the candid to inquire, and the egotistic to rest satisfied that they, without any inquiry, know a great deal better how things really stand in respect of animal magnetism than those who, having seen, now believe.

THE BEREAVED TROMBONE.

I HAVE been for the last dozen years in the habit of walking daily to office in one direction, through a line of route reaching from a northerly suburb to the heart of the city, and back again in the evening, or late at night, as it might happen, by the self-same track. During that period, without asking a single question, or receiving a tittle of verbal information, I have learned the personal and domestic histories of many individuals and families, as well as the rise and management, and the consequent results and issues of a host of speculations, commercial and other, which have had their progress and consummation within the sphere of my continued remark. I may chronicle some of these histories when the humour seizes me—not now. One dilapidated figure, familiar to my morning vision, which he greeted two or three times a week for the last ten years, has disappeared for ever, and I dedicate this brief page to his remembrance. For the last twelve weary months, he has figured periodically in the vicinity of — Square, as a butt—a walking target for the stray shafts of the vagabond wit of a gaping and jibing crowd; and, indeed, a stranger to his history might well have been excused for joining in the laugh of the multitude. There is, however, too often food for melancholy in the forms which excite our mirth. Smiles and sadness not unfrequently live together; and some of the vicissitudes incidental to humanity at times present themselves to view under such strange and anomalous aspects, that whether we ought to laugh or to weep, to banter or to sympathise, it is next to impossible to tell.

The defunct subject of this short memorial wandered for the last year of his life as a solo player on the trombone. Such a performance was unique in the history of street minstrelsy, and though anything but vivacious in itself, was the cause of infinite vivacity in others. The very first intonations from his dreary tube were a signal for a general gathering of the idling youngsters of the neighbourhood, amongst whom, in ragged but majestic attitude, stood the forlorn performer, filling the air with the sepulchral tones of his instrument. His dismal, dolorous, and almost denunciatory strain, drew forth ironical cheers and bravos from his grinning audience; and their persecuting demands for 'Paddy Carey,' or 'Rory O'More,' were answered by a deep-toned wail from the sonorous brass, giving mournful utterance to emotions far different from theirs. To me, and perhaps to others to whom the poor fellow's history was known, there was little cause for mirth in the spectacle he presented. Let the reader judge.

It is now full ten years ago, that as I drew near — Square, one fine spring morning, on my way to business, I heard, for the first time, the exhilarating strains of a brass band; the instruments were delicately voiced, and harmonised to a degree of perfection not too common among out-of-door practitioners. My ear, not unused to the pleasing intricacies of harmony, apprised me that a quintett was going forward, composed of two cornets-à-piston, a piccola flute, a French horn, and a trombone. The strain was new, at least to me, and of a somewhat wild and eccentric character. Upon coming up with the band, I beheld five tall, erect, and soldier-looking figures, 'bearded like the pard,' and with some remaining indications of military costume yet visible in their garb. I set them down for Poles, and learned afterwards that my conjecture was the true

one. They were all men of middle age; and from the admirable unity and precision of their performance, it was plain that they had even then been long associated together. For two years I enjoyed at regular intervals, in my morning walks, the delightful solace of their harmonious utterances—and have been conscious more than once of marching à *pas de soldat*, under the influence of the spirit-stirring sounds, to the drudgery of labour, as though there were a heroism (who says there is not?) in facing it manfully. At the commencement of the third year, I missed one of the cornets-à-piston; and knew within a month after, by the appearance of a ligature of black crape, displayed not upon the heads, but upon the left arms of the survivors, that he had blown his last blast, and finally dissolved partnership with his brethren.

Still, quartetts are delightful; and though that peculiar and piquant under-current of accompaniment which makes a well-played quintett such a *bonne-bouche* to the amateur was ever afterwards wanting, yet was their performance perfect of its kind, and left no cause for cavil, however much there might have been for regret. But the grim tyrant seldom contents himself with a single victim; and in something more than a year after there was another void in the harmony—the French horn had gently breathed his own requiem, and reduced the band to a trio. This was a far worse loss than the first, and one that completely altered the character of their minstrelsy. They had fallen from their high estate, and were compelled to take new ground and less pretentious standing. They abandoned almost entirely—one may conceive with what regret—their own cherished national harmonies, and took up with the popular music of the metropolis—the current and ephemeral airs of the day. To these, however, they added a new charm by the exquisite precision of their execution, and an agreeable-spice of foreign accentuation, which they naturally imparted to our matter-of-fact musical phraseology. They became popular favourites, and for several years went their accustomed rounds, everywhere rewarded with the commendations and coins of the crowd. Their imperturbable gravity and dignity of demeanour was a pleasant set-off to their rollicking version of some of the pet melodies of the mob, and contributed not a little to procure them a degree of favour and prosperity perhaps greater than they had ever previously enjoyed. They never forsook their old haunts, and I heard them regularly on the usual days, not certainly with the same delight as at first, yet often with a feeling of gratified surprise that so much grace could be imparted to airs which the 'Aminadabs that grind the music-boxes' in the streets of London had so mercilessly and so successfully conspired, first to murder, and then to mutilate.

Time wore on: year after year the gray and grizzled triumvirate trod their daily rounds in all weathers, arousing the liberality of their patrons with the merry music of the hour. Three, four, five years passed away—five harmonious years; and then death snatched the second cornet in the midst of his strain, and dashed him to the earth with a semibreve on his lips—lips condemned to be mute for evermore. The poor fellow was seized with the cholera while in the very heart of a melody, and had departed to the silent land almost before its echoes had died away. Whatever was the grief of the remaining pair, like true veterans as they were, they gave no evidence of it to the world. As they would have done on the battle-field, they did now—closed up their little rank, and confronted the enemy with the force that was yet remaining. But it was a sad spectacle, and, what was worse for them, it was but sorry music they made. With piccolos and trombone, the two extremes of harmony, what indeed could be done? Orpheus and Apollo themselves would have made a failure of it. It was the harmonic tree with only root and foliage—the trunk and branches all

swept away; or a dinner of soup and pudding, the intermediate dishes being wanting; or the play of 'Hamlet,' with none but the grating Polonius and the Ghost for *'dramatis personæ.'* In short, it wouldn't do; and the poor fellows soon found it out. They fell into neglect and poverty, and save among those who dwelt in the line of their regular beat, who now gave from sympathy what they had once bestowed from gratification, they met with but spare encouragement. It could not last long. Whether the piccola had too much to do, and sunk overborne by the responsibility of the various parts he represented, or whether he blew himself out in a fit of sheer mortification, I cannot pretend to say. True it is, however, that he also, in a few short months, disappeared from the scene, and the bereaved trombone was left to wander alone among the haunts of his old companions.

For twelve months, as I have already said, had he thus wandered, growling from his dismal instrument a monotonous requiem to the manes of his departed brethren. I have reason for believing, that at the decease of his last friend he forsook the light and frivolous music, which circumstances had compelled them to administer to the mob, and returned to the wilder and grander themes of his country and his youth; but as it requires an experienced ear to tell the business a man is after who plays a solo on the trombone, I cannot pretend to certainty on that point. He never condescended to take the least notice of the crowd of scapegrace idlers who stood around, mimicking his motions, and raising discordant groans in rivalry of his tones. He played on with an air of abstracted dignity; and one might have thought that, instead of the jibes and jeers of the blackguard mob, he heard nothing but the rich instrumental accompaniments of his buried companions, and that memory reproduced in full force to his inner sense the complete and magnificent harmonies in all their thrilling and soul-stirring eloquence, as they rung through the same echoes in the years past and gone. He persevered to the last in treading the same round that was trod by his brethren: it was all that was left to him of them and of their past lives. He had indeed experienced the hardest fate of the whole five. He was the flitting ghost of the buried band—a melancholy memorial of extinct harmonies. There was a painful discrepancy between his history and his action: the sudden and fierce elongation of his brazen tube, as he shot it violently forth to double the octave at the penultimate note of his wailing stave, but ill accorded with the mournful recollections of which he was the solitary monument. There was a visible discord between his griefs and his gestures, his woes and his utterances of them, which transformed the very fount of melancholy into an argument for mirth. From a position so painfully equivocal, I, for one, can rejoice that he has at length been beckoned away. There is none to mourn his departure, and, beyond this brief testimony, no record that he ever was. *Requiescat!*

THE DRYING PROCESS.

A RAPID drying is of very great importance in several of the arts and manufactures. Till a recent period, the usual methods were alone resorted to, even where the largest results were concerned, and great impediments were thus experienced; but now there is a patent process, by which the end is gained with equal rapidity and certainty, and on a scale of any required magnitude. The main feature of the plan is simply to produce a current of pure heated air through a chamber in which articles required to be dried are exposed. The temperature of the air can be raised or lowered, so as to suit the requirements of a great variety of substances. In

the case of various kinds of cloth goods, the effect on quality and colour is said to be favourable.

This process has been extensively applied in large wash-houses, including those connected with such public establishments as unions and hospitals. By the command of so much more than the usual amount of heat, and by the extreme desiccation attending this elevated temperature, large quantities of clothes are dried in a wonderfully short space of time; and not merely this, but they are thoroughly freed from 'the peculiar smell which generally belongs to the clothes used by the very poor.' In hospitals, the process is also used expressly for the destruction of all morbid and infectious matters which may linger about the clothes of the patients. At a temperature of from 200 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit, it is most efficacious in this respect, without in the slightest degree injuring the clothes or other articles subjected to it. Feathers are in like manner prepared for use very much more rapidly, as well as effectually, than is customary. It has also a beneficial application to coffee-roasting, and to the preparation of farinaceous food and potatoes for long voyages by sea.

The drying of wood for building, cabinetmaking, and the manufacture of pianos, has hitherto been a tedious process, as left to time. It can now be done expeditiously by the Desiccating Process, and with much more certainty. This is a matter in which the public is much interested, for a rot in the timber of public or private buildings, or a warping in articles made of wood, is a serious evil. The wood used in the New Coal Exchange in London was desiccated, or deprived of the vegetable juices, by this process, and to all appearance with entire success. The beautiful floor of this Exchange is composed of four thousand pieces of wood, including ebony, black oak, common or red English oak, wainscot, white holly, mahogany, American elm, red and white walnut (French and English), and mulberry—presenting, in large figures, the mariner's compass, the city arms, and other objects. The whole of these pieces were, a few months before, either in the living tree, or in logs which otherwise would have been far from fit for use. The black oak introduced as a portion of the floor was a part of an old tree which was discovered and removed from the bed of the Tyne River but a very short time before being used. This tree is supposed to have grown on the spot where it was found, and owing to its large dimensions, must have been at least 400 or 500 years old at the time it fell; but how many centuries it has been covered with water it is impossible to say. A considerable portion of this tree was, at the request of Mr Davison (to whom the execution of the floor was intrusted), forwarded to London by the mayor and corporation of Newcastle. Of course it was completely saturated with moisture on its arrival. Nevertheless, the drying, as we have seen, was quickly effected. In fact, no one piece out of the 4000, composing the floor, occupied more than ten or twelve days in seasoning.

For shipbuilding purposes this process has been adopted very successfully. Planking, applied to docks or otherwise, and all interior fittings, can be surely depended on as capable of withstanding all variations of temperature or weather, and there is not, therefore, the necessity of keeping large stocks of wood to season; the saving must eventually be to the advantage of the public.

A good while ago, very interesting experiments were instituted to test the qualities of various woods seasoned by this process, as compared with similar woods, but seasoned in the best way otherwise. They were conducted under the superintendence of the Board of Ordnance. From the results obtained, from about 120

specimens, compared with the best-seasoned samples which our government stores could supply, the Desiccating Process proved that all woods subjected to it were stronger and more elastic than those seasoned by the usual methods. Mr Lovell, Her Majesty's Inspector of Small Arms, thus testifies to the superiority of this process in seasoning wood for ordnance purposes: 'It would be tedious to go into the detail of all the other tests that this process has been put to; it may suffice to say, that after every possible trial, all my doubts have been removed by the only safe guide—that of experience. The wood is better seasoned than when dried in the open air: first, because the albumen being dried into the pores and capillary tubes, the fibre is stronger, and less liable to absorb moisture; second, the wood is stronger, tougher, and of course more capable of withstanding the effects of violent vibration (as in firearms), from the lateral adhesion of the fibre being better preserved; third, it works more smooth and waxy under the chisel, and has less tendency to spall and crumble away, which is the great fault of steam-dried timber.' In consequence of the complete success of the experiments before named, the Board of Ordnance have used the process for some time extensively, and with great advantage to the service.

We have to acknowledge some obligations to the Desiccating Process, in respect of our own peculiar manufacture. Dryness in literature is apt to appear at first sight as a somewhat questionable recommendation; but, setting aside the joke, it is of no small consequence to printed sheets that they should be quickly and thoroughly freed from the moisture which they always bear on their issue from the press. Forty-eight hours of suspension over poles along the ceiling of the office used to be the plan resorted to. In these days, this is an insufferably long time to give to such a process. Besides, the arrangement is attended by some degree of danger. An improved plan is to suspend the sheets in a room devoted to the purpose, heated by steam-tubes. We have passed through these plans, and at length found entire satisfaction in the Patent Desiccating Process of Messrs Davison and Symington, which despatches in the drying of sheets effectually in twenty-four hours.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

WALK TO DE WYK—VILLAGE PUBLIC-HOUSE—ITS INMATES AND INCIDENTS—WALK TO OMMERSCHANS.

WHILE pacing along to Meppel, I made up my mind at all events to visit Ommerschans; instead, therefore, of halting on reaching the town about sunset, I left the main thoroughfare for a by-road, which, as usual, formed the towing-path of a canal. With the aid of a countryman going in the same direction, I passed for several miles through by-ways, and soon after dusk arrived at De Wyk. Almost the first house in the village was a *herbergje*; but there being no room, I went farther, and presently came to another—one of the long low edifices which appear to be peculiar to rural districts in the northern provinces, the same roof sheltering quadrupeds and bipeds. On opening the door, I found myself in a large kitchen, dimly lighted by a single candle standing on a table, round which sat a dozen rustics finishing their supper. Each one laid down his spoon, and stared at me vigorously, and for some time my question—'Kan ik hier overnachten?' ('Can I pass the night here?') remained unanswered: sundry ejaculations alone were uttered. By and by, both a mistress and maid appeared to minister to my needs, and tea and eggs were quickly in preparation. Meanwhile, the men at the table were

making me the subject of discussion among themselves, and eyeing me with curious looks. At length one of them asked me whence I came, and why I was there; which queries were answered to their satisfaction, when another rejoined:

'And so mynheer comes from Fredericksoord, and is going to Ommerschans?'—an observation which elicited a grunt of approval from the whole company.

'But how does mynheer find his way?' inquired the first speaker.

'That is not very difficult. With a map in his pocket, and a tongue in his head, a man may go all over the world.'

'Ja, that is good; but it is not easy sometimes to know which turning to take. What does mynheer do then?'

'I generally get to know the direction of the place I want to go to before starting, and then steer my way by the sun or wind; and seldom fail to arrive, as you may see by my being here.'

This explanation sufficed them for a time as a topic for further discussion, and left me free to attend to my personal wants, which were in the imperative mood. Before long, however, one of them began again by asking, 'What has mynheer to sell?'

'Nothing: my knapsack contains only articles for my own use.' Here a brief confabulation followed, and I began to fancy the Dutchmen not less expert in gathering information than the New Englanders, when the question came—

'Mynheer travels, then, for his own pleasure?'

'Why not?'

'Ah, mynheer says why not; but when one travels for pleasure, he must have so much money in hand;' and as he said this the speaker tapped significantly the palm of one of his hands with the fingers of the other.

Whether it was that they voted such journeys an unwholesome extravagance, or that their ideas were all exhausted, the group said no more; and shortly afterwards kicking off their stained and clumsy sabots, they retired, without any further process of undressing, to their sleeping-lairs. Some crept into a loft, others into beds contrived as berths in a ship, in recesses in the walls of the kitchen, two into each; and before I had finished my tea, a concert of snores was going on, where the bass certainly had the best of it.

I have often found that a fatiguing walk on a hot day takes away all relish for ordinary food: the appetite seems to demand some novelty—and it was with no small pleasure that I accepted the landlady's offer to add a plate of *framboise* (raspberries) to my repast; their cool and agreeable flavour rendered them even more refreshing than the tea.

In the intervals of talking and eating I had taken a survey of the apartment, as far as it was illuminated by the solitary candle: it was one that carried you back a century or two. The large hearth projected several feet into the room, overhung by a canopy near the ceiling of equal dimensions; and the top and back being lined with glazed white, blue, and brown tiles, glistened as the light fell upon them from the turf fire, and presented a cheerful aspect. A wooden screen fixed at one side kept off draughts of air, and formed a snug corner for cold evenings. The tables and chairs had been fabricated in the days when timber was cheap, and strength was more considered than elegance. They had little to fear from contact with the uneven paved floor. A goodly array of bright polished cooking utensils hung upon the walls, and in racks overhead a store of bacon and salt provisions, and bags and bundles of dried herbs. Although rude in

its appointments, and coarse in its accommodations, the dwelling betrayed no marks of poverty: it was perhaps up to the standard of the neighbourhood, and in accordance with the thrift that considers saving better than spending. The greatest discomfort—to me at least—was the close overpowering smell of cattle which pervaded the whole place, and made you long for an inspiration of purer air. From my seat I could see into an adjoining apartment, similar, but better in character, to the one described: this was to be my *slaap-kamer*. I requested to have the window left partly open all night, and immediately a look of suspicion came over the old woman's face as she answered: 'Neen, mynheer, neen; best not to have the window open; thieves will come in.'

'Surely,' I replied, 'there are no thieves in this little village?'

'Ah, but there were some thieves at Meppel last week.'

The landlady's apprehensions seemed so painful to her, that I ceased to press the question, and followed her into the room, where she assured me I should find the air sufficiently respirable, and bade me *goede nacht*.

In this room there were several wall-recesses, as in the other, but cleaner and better fitted up. A bedstead at one corner, behind a narrow screen extending a few feet from the door, was intended for me; the sheets and coverlids, though coarse, were clean. Three wardrobes or presses stood against the walls, so richly dark and antique in appearance, and of such tasteful workmanship, that you at once knew the date to be assigned to their manufacture, probably about the time that the Prince of Orange fell beneath Gernart's pistol-shot; at all events when, instead of working by contract, artificers interposed a portion of their own spirit into the productions of their skill. The chairs, by their dimensions, had been clearly intended for the past generations, who wore the broad skirts at which we so often smile in prints of old costumes. The projection of the larger articles of furniture produced sundry picturesque effects of light and shade, relieved and diversified by the rows of polished pewter dishes ranged on racks against the wall alternately with dishes of rare old china, that would have gladdened the eyes of a virtuoso. There were rows of spoons also of shining solid pewter, all be tokening resources of substantial comfort, and assisting to give effect to a picture which fully occupied my attention while undressing.

The hostess, when she went out, had not closed the door; this I cared little about, as it afforded some facility for circulation of air; but her remark touching the thieves made me take the precaution to place my watch and purse under the pillow, leaving such loose florins as were in my pocket for any prowler who might think it worth while to pay me a visit, that, finding some booty, he might there cease his search for more. I left the candle burning on the table, and soon afterwards the girl came in and wished me a *goede nacht* as she carried it away.

Presently all became still in the house, and as weariness softens the hardest bed, I was soon asleep, notwithstanding the annoyance from certain insects, which were neither bugs nor fleas, that crept crawling over me. I had lain thus in quiet repose perhaps for two or three hours, when I was disturbed by a light shining in the room, and half-raising my eyelids, I saw a tall figure clothed in white, holding a candle in its hand, and gazing stealthily at me from behind the screen at the foot of the bed. I did not start up or cry out, for a sufficient reason—I was too drowsy. The figure withdrew, the room again became dark; I turned round, and slept soundly until morning.

I was up soon after five, being desirous to recommence my walk before the heat came on, and, it need scarcely be said, found all my property as I had left it. The old houses looked not less imposing than in the

faintly-illuminated gloom some hours previously; and I could see in the daylight several articles which had then escaped my notice. Among them was the *groote bijbel*, a portly folio in black letter, and in good condition. How many suffering hearts had found support and consolation in those ancient pages! When I went into the next room, the labourers had taken their breakfast, and gone to their work, and the old lady sat near the window mending stockings. She saluted me by inquiring if I had *wel geslaapt*, and what I would take for breakfast. I chose raspberries with milk and bread, and highly enjoyed the fresh-gathered fruit that looked so tempting, coated with its early bloom. It was the most acceptable breakfast of any which I ate in Holland. The hostess chatted on various topics: in one of my replies, I chanced to mention the large Bible which I had seen in the other room—'Ah,' she said, 'it is the best of books: what should we do without it?' I then told her that a little Bible was part of the contents of my knapsack, and on hearing this her manner at once changed; the suspicion disappeared, and the benevolent demeanour resumed its place. My request of the night before concerning the window had made her very anxious; she had, it seemed, been led to regard me as a suspicious character—as one likely to let in a confederate, or to decamp myself surreptitiously. From this I at once understood it was she who, clad in white, and holding a candle, had come into my room during the night; perhaps to see whether her guest were lying still, as an honest traveller ought. We became, however, very excellent friends, and I regretted not having time to stay two or three days, to get a little further insight into village life, and the pursuits and resources of its inhabitants: but that could not be. I was somewhat surprised on asking '*Hoe veel betalen?*' (How much to pay?) at the cheapness of my lodging and entertainment: the charge was only eighteen stivers. I handed a florin to the old lady, with an intimation that the two stivers' change might go to the maid for her alacrity in raspberry plucking, on which she replied, '*Dank voor haer*', with much emphasis. Then holding out her hand, after assisting to place my knapsack in position, she bade me good-by, with many wishes for a prosperous journey.

It was a pleasant morning, with a bright sky and a hot sun, and a feeling of exhilaration came over me as I left the close sickening smell of the house for the free and fresh air outside. The aspect of the country was again different from that which I had already traversed. Willows, so plentiful in the southern provinces, are rare on the dry heath-lands of the north, while small plantations, and woods of birch, beech, and oak, are frequently met with. At times the route led along narrow winding lanes, between tangled hedges and overhanging trees, where the shade and coolness made you feel the contrast the greater on emerging upon the unsheltered and unfenced fields. Before long, I came to another village, where the houses were built at random about a real village green, such as you may see in some parts of Berkshire or Hampshire, with tall umbrageous trees springing from the soft turf, and old folk loitering, and children playing in their shadow. The post, which visits the towns of Holland every day throughout the year, comes to such villages as this two or three times a week, and thus keeps up its communications with the great social world around. In another particular they are well provided for—the means of instruction. Here at one end of the green stood the schoolhouse, built of brick, well lighted, and in good condition, decidedly the best building in the place. Indeed I do not remember to have seen a shabby schoolhouse in Holland. It was too early to see the scholars at their duties, but I looked in at the windows, and saw that the interior was perfectly clean and well-ordered; fitted with desks, closets, and shelves, with piles of books placed ready for use on the latter,

and maps hanging on the walls. How I wished for a six months' holiday, to be able to linger at will among these out-of-the-world communities, or wherever anything more particularly engaged my attention! Something to inform the mind or instruct the heart is to be given or received wherever there are human beings. Soon after passing the village, the road terminated suddenly on a part of the wild heath, where the sand for nearly a mile on all sides lay bare, gleaming palely in the sun, and no sign of a track visible in any direction. For a few minutes I stood completely at fault, but at last bent my steps towards some scattered trees in the distance. The deserts of Africa can hardly be more dreary or trying to the wayfarer than that mile of sand was to me. On reaching the trees, I again found a lane leading through cultivated grounds; now a patch of grass, then barley, or wheat, or potatoes, or buckwheat—the delicate blossoms of the latter scenting the whole atmosphere, and alive with 'innumerable bees.' While standing still to listen to their labour-inspired hum, I heard the cuckoo telling his cheerful name to the neighbourhood, although past the middle of July. Then followed homely farms, standing a little off the road, the homestead surrounded by rows of trees, somewhat after the fashion of Normandy; and in one corner of the enclosure the never-failing structure—four tall poles, erected in a parallelogram, with a square thatched roof fitted upon them, sloping down on each side from a central point. The poles pass through the cofers of this roof, which thus can be made to slide up and down, according as the produce stored beneath it is increased or diminished. Such a contrivance would perhaps be useful to small farmers in England, when straitened for room in their barns. Now and then I caught glimpses of haymakers working far off on a meadow patch, and more than once the signs of tillage disappeared, and there was the broad black heath under my feet, and stretching away to the horizon, here and there intersected by a series of drains, cut smooth and deep in the sandy soil, enclosing some acres of the barren expanse—the preliminaries of cultivation. Then would come a mile or so of woodland, with the thinnings and loppings of the trees cut into lengths, and piled in stacks ready for the market, as I had seen on the wharfs at Rotterdam, where firewood sells at eleven cents the bundle. A party of woodcutters, with their wives and children, were encamped at the entrance of a cross-road, disturbing the general stillness by the sound of their voices and implements. The men and women were alike tall and stout—remarkable specimens of the well-developed population of the province, and reminding you of the peasantry in Westmoreland. The stacks which they had set up were so long and high as to resemble a street with little alleys between, where the children played while their fathers chopped and sawed, and their mothers tied the bundles, or tended the fire over which the round pot swung with the breakfast. They called out a friendly 'Good-day, myneher,' as I passed.

As the day advanced, it became oppressively hot: not a drop of drinkable water was anywhere to be seen. I went to a cottage near the road to ask for a draught, when a pitcherful was given to me that looked like pale coffee, and was tepid and unrefreshing. The occupants of the cottage told me that they were always obliged to strain it before drinking, to free it from the fibres of tuff held in suspension. These people, their child, and their house, were positively dirty, and looked comfortless: the pigs lay in one corner of the kitchen, and the domestic utensils stood about in apparently habitual disorder. They, however, were kind in their manner, and wished me to sit down for a time and rest.

Besides these and the woodcutters I scarcely met a soul during the walk, which lasted nearly four hours, by which time I came to the outskirts of Ommerschans.

I went into the tavern that stood at the extremity of the long straight road leading through the centre of the colony, where, after half-an-hour's rest, ten minutes' sleep, and a cup of tea, I felt able to go and present myself to the director.

C O R R E C T T H Y S E L F !

FROM THE FRIEND.

Some years ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of Paris a retired military officer of high rank and large fortune. Possessed of many valuable qualities—brave, just, and honourable, there were two sad drawbacks to his character—he was violent-tempered and avaricious. He married a beautiful and gentle girl, whom he fondly loved; but who, nevertheless, often sought her chamber, weeping bitterly at the harsh and unjust reproofs which her husband heaped on her when the merest trifle had excited his ungoverned temper. Often, indeed, she felt terrified lest his violence should be more than verbal; and although his fits of rage were regularly followed by penitent apologies, she trembled at the thought that he might some day forget himself so far as to strike her.

It was very sad to see the happiness of a union formed under the most promising auspices thus destroyed by brutal and unmeaning fits of rage, which each day became more frequent. It required all the young wife's tenderness and fidelity to sustain her beneath the constant grief and terror which she felt. One day when the husband, in the presence of several visitors, had given way to a more than usually outrageous explosion of temper, he retired to his own apartment, whither he was followed by one of his friends—a true friend, who never shrank from administering a faithful reproof. Without regarding the officer's anger, the dying embers of which still glowed fiercely, this friend earnestly and severely lectured him for his unkind and unjust conduct. The culprit listened with a gloomy air, and then replied: 'Your reproaches are perfectly just: I condemn my own conduct far more strongly than you can do, and I make many resolutions of amendment, but without avail. My unhappy temper is too strong for me; and constantly in a few hours after the bitterest repentance, I find myself again breaking out. 'Tis terrible!'

'It is, indeed, very terrible!'

'I have need of a strong lesson, and I shall give myself one.' So saying, he took several turns up and down the room, pacing with a determined step, his eyes bent on the ground, and his lips firmly closed. Evidently some strong internal conflict was going on. Suddenly he stopped, opened a casket which lay in his scruoire, and took from it a bank-note of a thousand francs. His friend watched him with curiosity, not knowing what he was about to do. He twisted the bank-note, applied one end of it to a lighted taper, and then throwing it on the hearthstone, watched until the curling flame had quite devoured the light and precious paper.

His friend, amazed at an action which would seem strange for any one, but especially for one whose parsimony was notorious, ran to him, and caught his arm.

'Let me alone!' said the officer in a hoarse voice.

'Are you mad?'

'No.'

'Do you know what you have done?'

'I do; I have punished myself.' Then when no trace of the note remained, save a little light dust, the hero, for so we may call him, added firmly: 'I solemnly vow that, whenever I lose my temper, I will inflict punishment on my love of money.'

'I admire your conduct, and approve of your sacrifice,' said his friend.

The promise was faithfully kept. From that time

the avaricious man paid for the faults of the ill-tempered husband.

After every outbreak, he appeared before his own tribunal, and submitted to its self-imposed penalty. The condemned culprit then opened his casket, and, pale and trembling with suppressed agitation, took out a note and burned it. The expiation was always in proportion to the crime: there was a regular scale of penalties, varying, according to the nature of the offence, from 100 to 1000 francs.

A few of these chastisements had the happiest effect on both the defective phases of our hero's character. By degrees he became not only mild and good-tempered, but generous, and ready to dispense his treasures in ways which, if more agreeable to his friends, could not, however, be esteemed more useful to himself than the notes which he had bravely consigned to the flames.

THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

That leeches are sensitive to the approach of thunderstorms is well known. Cowper the poet gives an interesting account of a leech which he kept as a "barometer, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10, 1787:— 'Yesterday,' he says, 'it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning, I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle which foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of early and accurate intelligence he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him.' Dr Merryweather of Whithby in Yorkshire has constructed what he calls a Tempest Prognosticator, with leeches for the basis of the plan. He arranges a frame of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. Accordingly, when a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. Hitherto, after a year's experience, it is found that no storm escapes notice from the leeches. Dr Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches. After this the Snail Telegraph looks not quite so outrageous an absurdity.

NEW FISHES.

Professor Agassiz gives an account of two new fishes obtained by him at Lake Superior, which he regards as types of two new genera. The first is an entirely new type in the class of fishes. It is a small fish, five or six inches long, which in some respects resembles several families, but is most like the Percoids, though distinct from them. Fossil species with similar characters are found in the cretaceous formation. This is the second, Professor Agassiz remarked, of the 'old-fashioned' fishes, so to speak, corresponding in their structure to a fossil species, which has been observed in this country. The other fish is the only living representative of a large family of fossil species. The existence of these two species has undoubtedly reference to the fact, that America is the oldest extensive continent which has been upheaved above the level of the sea. In New Holland, two genera exist bearing similar relations to older families—a fish and a shell—which have their analogues among the eolidic deposits.—*Proc. Boston Nat. Hist. Society.*

A NEW JEREMIAH.

A survey of the fate of all the great empires of antiquity, and the consideration of the close resemblance which

the vices and passions by which they were distinguished at the commencement of their decline bear to those by which we are agitated, leads (to) to the melancholy conclusion, that we are fast approaching, if we have not already attained, the utmost limit of our greatness; and that a long decay is destined to precede the fall of the British Empire. During that period our population will remain stationary or recede; our courage will, perhaps, abate; our wealth will certainly diminish; our ascendancy will disappear; and at length the Queen of the Waves will sink into an eternal, though not forgotten slumber. It is more likely than that these islands will ever contain human beings for whom sustenance cannot be contained; that its fields will return, in the revolutions of society, to their pristine desolation, and the forest resume its wonted domain, and savage animals regain their long-lost habitations; that a few fishermen will spread their nets on the ruins of Plymouth, and the beaver construct his little dwelling under the arches of Waterloo Bridge; the towers of York arise in dark magnificence amid an aged forest, and the red deer sport in savage independence round the Athenian pillars of the Scottish metropolis.—*Johnston's England as It Is.*

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

'Consider the lilies of the field.'

THE welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops reveal'd;
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field;
They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of smiling bees.
From the green margin of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come, with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime.
Outshining Solomon they come,
And go full soon away,
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom while they stay.

'If God,' they whisper, 'smiles on us,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, oh faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine?
Thing, too, what joys await in Heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woes thee now,
Can reach the bad on earth!'

Redeemer of a fallen race!
Most merciful of kings!
Thy hallowed words have clothed with power
Those frail and beauteous things.
All taught by Thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love,
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 387. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

PRICE 1*l*.₂

A GLANCE AT THE EXHIBITION.

WEEKS ago, through the ordinary channels of information, our readers were made acquainted with all that was interesting in the opening of the Great Exhibition; and so many will have already feasted their eyes with the extraordinary spectacle which that Exhibition daily offers, that anything we can say on the subject will appear commonplace and useless. And yet we should like, even at this distant period, to add a few observations to the general accounts of the affair, and to offer our congratulations on the auspicious event that has occurred.

Nothing has ever struck us as more preposterous than to attempt to convey by language any adequate description of the Crystal Palace. Every one who has seen it will have felt the impossibility of giving an account of either the fabric or its contents. The spaciousness of the interior, far transcending that of the greatest cathedral; the prevalence of light, resembling that of the open air, and an absence of all shadow; the aerial effect produced by this lightness, along with the delicate blue tinting of the numerous slender supports; the gorgeous assemblage of objects of art—snow-white statues, brilliantly-coloured tapestries, golden vases, sparkling fountains, inscribed crimson flags, the sign-boards of nations—and last, not least, the streaming, the loitering, the sitting and standing crowds of well-dressed people from all quarters of the globe—all are felt to be beyond the reach of words. In our estimation, the moral was grander than the physical part of the spectacle, when the Queen, with her husband and children, surrounded by the members of her court, inaugurated this festival of industry by her presence. One felt that this was not only a great but a new event in human annals. It seemed like the beginning of a fresh era—an era of peace and good-will, of progress and melioration. The last occasion in which we formed a unit in a national festival, was at a commemorative anniversary of the French Republic in May 1849. Then, we saw a chief magistrate in the garb and accoutrements of a soldier, surrounded by an army of one hundred thousand men; now, we saw a sovereign in the delicate form and dress of a female, take the lead in an important national ceremony, unaided by the symbols of force—needing no army to make up a show. Such things as these are the landmarks of history.

Now for a few words on the actual *mécanique* of the Exhibition. The Crystal Palace is seen at a glance to consist of two distinct parts—that on the west, or left hand of the main southern entrance, being devoted, above and below, to the United Kingdom and her dependencies; that on the east to foreign states.

Each class of objects is by itself. As Britain has once had the house to herself, she accordingly has more space to shew off her productions than any other country. We should, therefore, in drawing comparisons, judge tenderly of what foreign states have to exhibit. Making every allowance on this score, it must be apparent that England has nothing at all to be alarmed about on the score of general and free competition. Of course she comes out strong in steam-engines and machines of every genus and species. That was to be expected; but perhaps to the surprise, and, it may be, to the mortification of certain onlookers, she has given unequivocal tokens of greatness in those objects in which elegance and taste are combined with utility: not that in various points she has come up to France or Italy; nevertheless, it is consolatory to see what she has done and can do.

Turning to the left, on entering by the southern portal, we find ourselves in Canada and other colonies. Ranged on the floor or long tables, or hung in cases, we observed specimens of raw materials and manufactures. And what 'latent possibilities of excellence!' We are sure every Englishman will feel proud of these manifestations; which indeed impart a new impression of our colonial strength. In cutlery, Nova Scotia seems to be becoming a match for Sheffield; and from that possession, as well as from Canada, there are pianos, furniture, and saddlery, equal to what are ordinarily seen in our own country. Comparing these and some other articles from the British American colonies with a similar class of things from the United States, it does not by any means seem they are so far behind as it has been the fashion to represent them. The Australian colonies likewise shew a wonderful power of production. The specimens of coal, iron, copper, leather, wool, flax, oil, and fine kinds of wood, are a tangible augury of the prosperous career which, under proper management, they may yet run. Woods from Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand may be expected to become a great article, not only for furniture but musical instruments. Cordage of the *Phormium tenax*, from New Zealand, is shewn in abundance; and of preserved beef and mutton, in air-tight canisters, from Australia, there are some remarkable specimens. We can only refer to the beautiful artificial flowers in shell-work, and fruits in wax, from the West Indies. The handsome sleighs of Canada must go undescribed. On the whole, we are pleased with our colonial brethren, and give them great credit for their industry and enterprise.

Next, after the colonies, comes the mediaeval court, an enclosure devoted to a variety of objects in carved wood, metal and tissues used in church decoration, the whole embodying that taste for middle-age archi-

ture and embellishment which it has been attempted to revive in recent times. Further on, in going westward, are the hardwares, the woollens, silks, and cottons, and the mixed tissues of the United Kingdom. Paisley is strong in shawls; Glasgow sends a large variety of articles; Macclesfield is rich in hangings and other fabrics. To go through the stalls of woollen cloths seems endless. We can but barely notice the tartans and tweeds from Galashiels and Innerleithen; and just recommend our friends to take a hasty glance at the very beautiful poplins and cloths of Irish manufacture. The zephyr friezes shewn by Luke Dillon indicate what Ireland can do if she likes, and if she would only cease from profitless agitation. Behind these cloth-booths runs a long space occupied with agricultural implements, many of them more ingenious than useful in good husbandry. Highly-polished ploughs and wagons, made as if for drawing-rooms, cannot be spoken of with any degree of patience. Leaving these, however, to the 'agricultural mind,' we mount to the gallery above. Here, at a point over the cloth stalls, and with huge Turkey carpets suspended like flags, we find ourselves landed amidst a series of magnificent cases, formed of polished mahogany and plate-glass, and containing jewellery and plate to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The gorgeous magnificence of some of these costly articles, particularly the dessert services and epergnes, gives one a profound notion of the wealth of England, and the pitch of luxury at which it has arrived. Nor is the taste for such things confined to the metropolis: Birmingham, Exeter, Bristol, Liverpool, Newcastle, Dublin, Edinburgh, and other towns, strain for pre-eminence. The Dublin jewellery, embellished with pearls and other gems, copied from the antique ornaments of Tara, will be viewed with no small interest by the Irish archaeologist. In wandering amidst these groves of gold and silver, as in visiting other quarters where the spirit of ornamentation has been at work, the reflection suggests itself that the decorative principle may be carried beyond reasonable bounds. One can perhaps excuse a profusion of ornament in silver fancy articles for the table, but he will have less toleration for bedsteads groaning under the weight of gold, enamel, embroidery, and tassels—beds which are clearly made to be looked at, not to be slept in. In one of the galleries, a huge bedstead of this kind, by Faudel and Phillips, invites the observation of the curious. The cost of the article, we are told, is upwards of fifteen hundred pounds—a prodigious misexpenditure of money—the only redeeming point being that the decorations embrace two pieces of needlework of extraordinary merit. Of several side-boards the same remark as to heavy and overdone ornament may be made; and we would once for all try to put the fabricators of articles for domestic use on their guard against sacrificing simplicity and neatness to the unsound spirit of extreme decoration which seems to be abroad.

It is felt as a kind of relief to pass from the jewellery to the horological department, where the plain and substantial workmanship of English watches and clocks brings us back to the integrity of the national character. Next to these are large varieties of firearms and military equipments, likewise of matchless excellence, and good taste. A prodigiously large organ, from which an amateur is bringing forth a flood of harmony, fills up the western extremity. This monster instrument contains nearly 4500 pipes, some of them as high as an ordinary house. Down the north side of the nave from this point we have on the galleries a rich assemblage of philosophical instruments—such as microscopes, sextants, telescopes, spectacles, theodolites, and magic lanterns; and next a variety of musical instruments, of elegant construction and fine finish. Among these we notice the handsome cottage piano made by Collard and Collard, at a moderate price, "for the people,"

Lastly, in this section are a great number of stands covered with crystal and pottery. In no departments of art has England made such remarkable progress within the last sixty years as in glass and porcelain; and here, therefore, the visitor should make a critical inspection. He will be delighted with specimens of Kidd's process of ornamenting mirrors, by which the effect of flower-painting is given beneath the borders of the glass; with the richly-cut decanters, dessert dishes, vases, candelabra, and other articles. A cut-glass lustre of huge size, adapted for holding twelve dozens of candles, oppresses with its elaborate magnificence. Near this last-mentioned object are the porcelain wares of Minton, Copeland, and other potters of Staffordshire. Copeland has two vases of delicate workmanship, approaching to the quality of foreign products of this class; but these we less admire than the statuary of pure porcelain after the best sculptors. Could this class of articles be sold at a moderate price, their dissemination would materially extend a taste for the fine arts. Adjoining hangs a large carpet of Berlin wool, executed by one hundred and fifty ladies of Great Britain—each doing a portion, and the whole sewed into one piece. This elegant carpet was presented to Her Majesty, and bears the initials of the fair executants. The pattern is floral and heraldic in design, but we are not impressed with its elegance. The truth is, that among the carpets in the Exhibition, few are of that quiet character that proves most pleasing to the eye when laid on a floor. We are sorry to say, that recent adaptations in the manufacture of carpets have been making matters worse instead of better. A good carpet, free of vulgarities, is still a desideratum.

Descending to the ground-floor of this northern side, and starting at the northern extremity, we travel through one of the most important sections of the Exhibition. First, there is a large collection of carriages, principally by metropolitan exhibitors. Among these, however, we mark nothing new except a carriage from which the top lifts off, leaving the lower portion an open *calèche*; and a carriage with a couch for invalids—this last an ingenious and useful invention. Among the carriages is an omnibus from Glasgow, very superior in point of lightness and spaciousness to those confined machines now in use in London. This Glasgow omnibus accommodates nineteen passengers inside, with abundant ventilation. Adjoining the carriage department is the large section for machines, at rest and in motion, any account of which would be quite hopeless in this brief sketch: it can only be repeated that here lies England's greatness. But stepping aside to the kindred section of metallic ores and other raw substances, we have a key to the success which has rewarded the enterprise of mechanics. Some of the masses of materials are of vast dimensions. A block of coal, from the mines of Stavely in Derbyshire, measures 17 feet 6 inches long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet thick, and was raised from a shaft 459 feet deep. Another specimen of coal is a block which measures 18 feet in circumference, and weighs 5 tons. One wonders how it got to the surface, and reached its present situation in safety. Cairngorm stones, Easdale slates, Caithness pavement, curling-stones from Ailsa Craig, and granite from Aberdeen, are among the Scottish articles in this department, with which may be ranked a large garden-seat resembling black marble, but consisting really of polished parrot-coal from the Wemyss Collieries in Fife, and made, as we are told, by a working-mason—a most creditable work of art. Of iron and other ores there are many specimens; also masses of copper—one being of great size from Cornwall. The specimens of lead-ores and associated minerals from Allenheads, in Northumberland, will command attention in connection with the published account of the method of working and preparation. A cake of silver produced in the process of smelting these lead-

ores, and weighing 8000 ounces, is shewn in one of the cases. The sections which follow in going eastward are those exhibiting manufactures in leather, wood, marbles, and paper, with some other articles, including letterpress printing, bookbinding, waxwork, printing in oil-colours, drawing, engraving, and other arts. The visitor will here admire the inlaid stone-tables from Derbyshire, the obelisks of serpentine from Penzance, and the fine carved vases in yellowish stone from Malta. Behind the tastefully-laid-out stand of De la Rue & Company will be found encoased a variety of specimens of binding—some plain and good, others rather gaudy, and some overdone with ornament—not for human handling. The binding of one of these volumes, we were informed, cost L.30. Perhaps the proprietor of this costly affair is of opinion with that ancient Scotch member of the craft who declared, that 'anybody could write a book, but the bindin' was the thing!'

But we must leave the quarter of literature and fine arts, where one could spend days in admiring, and will merely recall to remembrance those exquisite little figures in wax, illustrative of Mexican town and savage life, modelled by Montanari, an artist resident in London. The last department in line, before crossing the transept to the foreign section, is that devoted to India, from the rudest to the richest products, with models of sundry processes of hand-labour. Much care has been bestowed in presenting as complete a collection as possible of Indian manufactures; and we see in many of these the germ, as it were, of those arts which, by the aid of capital and machinery, have attained such magnitude in modern Europe. The rude and tiny apparatus for weaving which dangles from the boughs of a tree, will be compared with the power-loom of recent invention. The process of two women grinding at the mill, will not only recall a passage in Scripture, but mark the vast stride which has been made in the industrial arts.

Here, on arriving at the lofty transept, with its murmuring fountains, its gay parterres of flowers, its leafy green trees, and its snow-white marble statues, we cross to the eastern section, occupied by the stands of foreign nations. At a glance, we observe that we are amidst a new style of things. Visitors who have carefully noted the peculiarities of the foreign products, will recollect the rich embroideries in gold from Tunis, the tasteful combinations of which transcend anything that could be effected by European art; but Tunis, as is well known, is renowned for this species of work, and executes orders for all parts of the East. An embroidered velvet saddle-cloth, shewn among the articles from India, is probably from Tunis. Turkey, China, Greece, send also some articles of a highly-fanciful kind; but the visitor is more occupied with the artistic products of Spain, Tuscany, and Rome. From these countries have been sent a variety of tables in mosaic, formed only by years of labour. Tuscany may be said to bear off the palm in this class of articles; but let us be just towards Rome, which sends a round table of mosaic, the work of Barberi, which cost the labour of six years, and is valued at L.1500—cheap, it may be, at the money; but who is to buy objects at such prices? France, as is her right, occupies considerable space below and overhead. Her jewellery, carpets, paper-hangings, and bronzes, are of course very fine; and in cabinets, and other articles for domestic use, she clearly carries the day against England. A bookcase in ebony and bronze, and a sideboard in carved oak, which flank the entrance to the department of Sevres china and Gobelin tapestry, are, we should think, the perfection of art. The vases and other ground porcelain from Sevres, and also the tapestries from the Gobelins, are of a high order; but being made by public money, and not as a matter of ordinary trade, it would be unfair to draw any comparison between them and the articles produced by private enterprise. These shown vases equally magnificent, they

likewise, are from national factories, and doubtless by the hands of imported French artisans. Austria contributes many beautiful and useful articles from her German and Italian dominions; and we need only recall the spacious suite of princely apartments, at the entrance of which stands the massive candelabra of coloured glass from Bohemia.

Belgium makes a most manful exhibition of elegant furniture, cutlery, machinery, lace, and well-selected miscellaneous goods. At every turn, however, we see that France presents the best taste in the art of laying out her wares. The French stands of wood and glass may be less costly than the English, but they excel in general effect. Another thing will not pass unheeded: few of the English stands have any attendants; all the French ones are waited on by natives, mostly females. There, precisely as we see them within the shop-windows of Paris, are seated the patient wives of 'messieurs les exposants,' busy with their knitting needles or newspaper, ready to answer questions, and to hand a neatly-printed card to the visitor; while messieurs themselves, according to immemorial usage, lounge about in twos and threes, in the performance of no small quantity of work by head, tongue, and shoulders. As might have been expected, the United States come out much stronger in bread stuffs and other raw materials than in manufactures. They contribute only three kinds of articles worth noticing—Colt's revolvers, a deadly species of pistol; carriage harness; and ladies' dress-shoes. One set of harness, with mountings in solid silver, from Philadelphia, is said to have cost 3200 dollars—a great waste of money. On the whole, the United States come out feebly in the arts, and occupy about double the space which they require. The marvellously fine statue, in pure white marble, of a Greek female slave, by Hiram Power, is the only redeeming feature in the American department; and it is contributed by a resident in London.

Such is a mere glance at this extraordinary collection of industrial products, the individual curiosities of which would require a lengthened report. It may be safely averred that, taken as a whole, the Exhibition goes considerably beyond the expectations formed of it. Always practical and looking to the main chance, Englishmen have asked what is to be the use of it all—is it to do any good to trade? Now, it occurs to us that if the thing be gratifying in itself, and have a tendency to improve mechanical knowledge and artistic taste, a sufficiently important object will be served; but surely the bringing together of people from all quarters of the world on a mission of mutual friendship, each shewing to his neighbour what he can do in the arts of peace, is worth all the trouble and expense that have been incurred. There are, it is to be regretted, parties who imagine that England can maintain her supremacy only by keeping herself to herself—a doctrine totally opposed to those generous feelings which distinguish her people; and it may be asked, has such generosity not been rewarded in a manner beyond precedent in ancient or modern times? For centuries have mankind been called to perform the Christian duty of loving one another. Well here, in a common-sense, business-like way, the thing is exemplified. Who grudges the Frenchman the exhibition of his elegant little articles?—who is afraid that the foreigner from distant lands, who is permitted to shew his handicraft in this chosen shrine of industry, will rob us of our daily bread? Away with all such bigotries; most unworthy they are of the soil which gives them birth!

To whoever may belong the merit of suggesting this novel congress of universal art and industry, there can be but one opinion as to whose ingenuity we are indebted for its achievement. We allude to Mr Paxton's happily-conceived idea of a palace of glass and iron, without which, in our humble belief, no Exhibition, at least in 1851, could have taken place; for the

monstrous failure of the palace of legislation at Westminster, nor to speak of other blunders in the palace-building line, leaves no reasonable doubt on the mind, that if the scheme of rearing a fabric of brick and mortar had been attempted, it would have proved to be a humiliating and expensive botch. To Joseph Paxton, therefore, be ascribed the glory of this marvellous achievement! Now that the thing is done, the wonder will of course cease; but it is not uninstructive to recall the pedantic fear of the wise and prudent with the actual result. The fabric was to be shaken down by the wind; its galleries were to be incapable of supporting the pressure of a moving crowd; its fragile roof was to be battered in by hailstones. The whole of these distressing apprehensions have proved to be visionary; and we are glad of it, if only to give a check to croaking. The happy effect of Mr Owen Jones's colouring and general embellishment—much opposed at the outset—form an additional subject of gratulation. In having carried out the whole affair to a practical issue, the royal commissioners deserve the most eminent commendation. The Crystal Palace is one of the grandest triumphs of skill—a thing for mankind to be proud of—a temple of art worthy of a great sovereign and a great people!

GOLD WORSHIPPERS.

It is curious to look back on the fatal and universal prevalence of Gold Worship recorded in the history of our race, from the period when Midas became its victim, and the boy chased the rainbow to find the pot of treasure at its foot, to the days when the alchemist offered his all a burnt-sacrifice on the altar; until we reach the present time, when, although the manner of its worship has changed, the old idolatry remains in spirit the same. One or two anecdotes illustrative of the passion for gold worship may not prove uninteresting.

The hero of our first story—a chamois hunter of the Swiss Alps—was for many years of his existence an absolute stranger to the very sight of gold. He dwelt in a mountain *chalet*, in the peaceful contentment and ignorant simplicity of former ages—lord of his own freedom, with nature for his domain, and the fleet Alpine creatures for his subjects. By some unfortunate chance, however, he moved from this dwelling of his youth to the lower station, and to the side of a pass frequented by travellers, towards whom he was frequently called on to exercise hospitality. His services, and the shelter he afforded, were occasionally rewarded with gold, which, though of little actual use or value to him as a circulating medium, gradually exercised a strange fascination over his senses. He hoarded the guineas with the doting fondness of the miser; he looked on them with more pleasure than on the faces of his children; and listened to their chink with a satisfaction no tone of household love or sweet Alpine melody could call forth. It chanced one day that our hunter, in the pursuit of his ordinary avocation, perceived a tiny cavern hitherto unknown to him. He determined to snatch his hasty noon tide meal beneath its shelter; and in order to enter it, rolled away a block of stone which obstructed the mouth of the fissure. To his amazement, its removal presented to his gaze a deep hole, in which a vase of considerable size was buried. He removed the lid, and there, fresh and bright, as if they were coins of yesterday, glittered before his eyes a multitude of golden pieces, mingled with shining particles of ore. A buried treasure of long past ages was before him. He took them in his hand, he clutched them, he stared at them with half-insane delight. He could not, of course, divine how they had come to be in their strange hiding-place, or who had placed them

there; the inscriptions on them—the figure of a lamb, which some few bore—said nothing to him. There appeared to be something supernatural in the discovery, and he wasted all the remaining hours of daylight beside the vase; then, as night closed in, he replaced both the lid and the stone above the treasure. He did not attempt to remove it to his own dwelling, nor did he breathe a word of his discovery even to his wife; but from that hour he became an altered man.

The love of gold is an absorbing passion, especially when thus embodied and materialised. He lived only beside his treasure; thither he bent his steps daily, nor left it till the gloom of evening hid the object of his idolatry from his eager gaze. His hunter's craft was neglected; his family pined for food; he himself grew gaunt and thin, anxious and suspicious; ever dreading that his secret might be discovered; restless and miserable except when beside his wealth, where want, and hunger, and the sad, suffering faces of those he had once loved, were all forgotten. Only when the gathering darkness drove him from his hoard did he think of using his fowling-piece, and scanty was the provision thus obtained. In order fully and perfectly to contemplate his gold, it was necessary for him to stretch himself at full length before the entrance to the little hollow; his head and shoulders to the waist being thus within the cave, immediately over the vase, his body and legs outside. The cliff above the opening was nearly perpendicular, and had been much split and shaken by the frosts since an avalanche had deprived it of its crown of snow; but of this danger he was heedless or unconscious. One morning whilst lying prone, repeating for the fiftieth time his daily counting of the old coins, a portion of the rock detached itself slowly, and falling on his waist, pinned him to the earth, without however crushing or greatly injuring him. He uttered a loud cry, and made desperate exertions to raise it and free himself, but in vain; a force beyond his strength to resist had fixed him to the spot of his unhallored and insane devotion. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more fearful death than the slow lingering one of bodily torture and starvation that must have followed. He was of course sought for as soon as missed; but the spot was unknown even to the most practised hunters, and it was more than a week before the body was discovered. The surprise and horror of his family may be imagined. They had never been able to comprehend his altered conduct and mysterious disappearances: all was explained, however, when the huge stone being removed, he was found—perhaps from his position involuntarily—clutching in his dead fingers the fatal gold.

We relate this incident on the authority of a Swiss lady who had seen the cave, and who assured us that the simple mountaineers avoid the spot with superstitious horror. To them there must have appeared to be some strange magic in the hidden treasure; and so to the calmest judgment it would seem, when in the ordinary course of life we behold, not only the fearful and painful sacrifices made for the attainment of gold, but the court paid, the homage offered to its possessors by those who have no hope of gaining anything by their reverence for the mere name of wealth.

To come nearer home, our village at one time rejoiced in a gold worshipper, whose history is worth relating. While still young, and taking our daily walk with our nurse, we observed an old man working at the repairs of some miserably dismantled houses. He was a tall, gaunt personage, painfully meagre, and very ragged. His jawbones protruded distressingly, and his poor thin eyebrows looked so sharp, that one could have fancied they had cut their way through the torn coat that no longer covered them. We pitied, and with childlike sympathy and freedom made acquaintance with him; always pausing to speak to him when we passed the spot on which he

laboured. Sometimes a little boy, a fair delicate child, was with him, assisting in the work as far as his age allowed; and with this young creature we grew intimate, and were at length led by him to the old man's home. It was a very large, old-fashioned farmhouse, but so much out of repair that only three or four rooms were habitable. These, however, were kept in exquisite order by the wife, who was very pretty, sad-looking woman, many years younger than her husband. By her care the antique furniture, which must have counted its century at least, was preserved brightly polished; the floors were so clean, that the lack of carpeting was scarcely perceptible; and the luxuriant jessamine she had trained round the windows was a charming substitute for curtains. There was one peculiarity about the dwelling, of a striking kind when its apparent poverty and the character of its owner were considered: it contained a music-room! in which was a tolerably large church-organ, *made and used* by the miser himself. To the debasing and usually absorbing passion which governed him, he united a wonderful taste and genius for music, to gratify which he had constructed himself the instrument we have named, on which we have heard him perform in a style of touching, and at times sublime, expression, the compositions of Purcell, Pergolesi, Handel, &c. We have always thought this love of harmony in a miser a more singular and inconsistent characteristic than the avarice of Perugino or Rembrandt, since in their case the art they practised fed their reigning passion for gold; nevertheless so it was—old Mr Monckton would go without a meal, see his wife and family want common necessaries, with plenty of money at his command, and yet solace himself by performances on the organ, which frequently went far into the night, startling the passing stranger by bursts of solemn midnight melody; for he never played till the faded daylight rendered it impossible for him to work at the various little jobs by which he added to his hoards.

He had two sons: the pretty child we first knew, and an elder one, a slim, delicate youth, who was by nature an artist. His father's parsimony rendered it, however, a difficult matter for him to procure materials for the exercise of his art, which was wholly self-taught; and it was wonderful to witness the effect he could produce from a bit of common lamp-black, or an ordinary drawing-pencil. His genius at last found aid in the loving heart of his mother, who secretly and at night—often whilst her strange husband filled the house with solemn music—worked at her needle to procure the means of purchasing paints, canvas, brushes, &c. for her boy; toiling secretly, for if she had permitted the father to know that she possessed even a few shillings, he would have extorted them from her. It was all she could do to help the young painter in his eager self-teaching; for she possessed no other knowledge than that acquired at a village school during her childhood. Her own fate had been a very sad one. She was a labourer's daughter, betrothed from early girlhood to a sailor, who was her cousin; but during one of his voyages—the last he was to make before their marriage—her beauty attracted the admiration of the rich Mr Monckton, and he offered to make her his wife. The poor girl would fain have refused him, and kept her promise to her absent lover, but her family were flattered and dazzled by the idea of her wedding a man known to be so wealthy, and she was not proof against their entreaties and their anger. She married him; her relatives, however, derived no benefit from the match their selfishness had made. The miser's doors were closed against them; and least his wife should be tempted to assist their poverty at his expense, he forbade her ever seeing her parents. A weary lot had been poor Mary's from that hour she married. Her only comfort was derived from her children; and even they became a source of sorrow as they

grew past infancy, and she found that her husband's avarice would deny them even the advantages she had enjoyed as a poor cottage child. They received no education but such as she could give them; nay, were made to toil at the lowest drudgery in return for the scanty food and clothing their father bestowed. She taught them to read and write; and afterwards Richard, the elder, became his own instructor. There were many old books to be found in the farmhouse, and of those he made himself master. The villagers, who had a few volumes, were willing to lend them to such a clever lad; and at length, as we have said, his genius for painting developed itself, and was ministered to by his mother's industry. We remember seeing his first attempt at original composition. It was boldly conceived and well executed, considering the difficulties under which he laboured: the subject was Phœton driving the chariot of the sun. It was shewn to the clergyman of the village, a man of great taste, and a connoisseur in painting. He was so much pleased with it that he became the warm friend of the young artist, and, as far as circumstances permitted, his instructor in literature and painting. The younger brother inherited his father's taste for music, and was a quiet, thoughtful child, passionately attached to Richard, on whom he looked as a prodigy of learning and talent. Nothing, in fact, could be more touching than the attachment of these two brothers: at their leisure hours they were always to be seen together: their pleasures or sorrows were mutual. The privations, injustice, and restraint to which they were subjected appeared to bind them to each other with a love 'passing the love of woman,' and both found consolation in the mental gifts mercifully imparted to them.

About four years after we first became acquainted with the Moncktons, the fair, gentle child, then nearly fourteen, became ill; growing thin, pale, and weak, till his mother and Richard, in great alarm, besought old Monckton to let him have medical advice. The request produced a storm of passionate reproaches. 'The boy,' he said, 'was well enough. He ate as much as was good for him. Did they think people could not live without gormandising as they did? Did they imagine he should throw away his little means upon doctors, who were all a set of cheats? He should do nothing of the kind!' And poor Ernest was left to pine and wither, till Richard in despair sought out a physician, and telling him their story, besought him to come and see his brother, promising to repay the advice he asked by his future toil.

Dr N— was a kind-hearted, benevolent man. He at once complied with the youth's entreaty, and called at an hour when the old man was absent at the farm. He found his patient worse than the brother's report had led him to believe. The illness was decline, caused probably by want of sufficiently nourishing food at a period of rapid growth, and increased by the over-working of a mind that was ever craving after knowledge. He prescribed such remedies as he judged best; but informed the mother, at the same time, that strengthening food was of the first importance, and would be the best means to effect a cure. Alas! how was it to be obtained? The heart of the miser was impenetrable to their remonstrances and entreaties—what was life in his eyes compared with gold? When they found that no human sympathy could be expected from the father, the mother and brother determined to use their own exertions to obey the behest of the physician. Early and late, the former worked at her needle—the good doctor finding her as much employment as he could; whilst Richard, abandoning the study of his art, painted valentines, card-racks, and fancy articles for the stationers, and sought eagerly for every opportunity of winning a few shillings, to be spent in ministering to the comfort of the beloved sufferer. But it was all too late: Ernest sank slowly, but surely.

There were intervals when life, like the flicker of an expiring lamp, appeared successfully struggling with death; but these occasional brightenings were always succeeded by a more entire prostration and languor. The personal beauty, for which Ernest had always been remarkable, grew almost superhuman during his illness, and Richard could not resist stealing a little time from his busy labours to paint his brother's portrait. In the execution of this task of love, however, many hindrances occurred; and before it was more than a sketch, the dear original had passed away from them in one of those quiet sleep which, in such cases, are the usual harbingers of death. The painting was removed to Richard's chamber, and in the first agony of his grief, forgotten; but when Ernest had been committed to the grave, and life had assumed its usual monotony—more gloomy now than ever—he remembered his attempt, and resolved on finishing the likeness from memory. An easy task! for nightly, in his slumbers, he saw the fair, sweet face of his young brother. The second morning after he had resumed his pencil, he was startled at finding that the painting appeared to be in a more advanced state than he had left it the night before; but he fancied imagination must be juggling him, and that he really had done more than he remembered. The following day, however, the same phenomenon startled him, and he mentioned the circumstance to his mother. She was superstitious, and nervous from sorrow and regret; and she at once adopted the fanciful notion that there was something supernatural in the matter; suggesting the possibility of their dear Ernest's gentle spirit having thus endeavoured to shew them, that in another world he still thought of them and loved them. Richard combated the idea by every argument his reason offered him; but as he was convinced of the fact, and could give no satisfactory explanation of it, he was at last persuaded by her earnest entreaties to leave the picture untouched for two or three days, and see what consequences would follow. The painting progressed! daily, or rather nightly, it advanced towards completion. Every morning a stronger likeness of the dead smiled on them from the canvas, and a more skilful hand than the young painter's appeared to be engaged on the work. It was a marvel past their simple comprehension; but the mother, confirmed in her first belief, resolved to watch, and try if it might be permitted to her living eyes to gaze again upon the child whom the grave had shut from her sight. With this hope she concealed herself, without Richard's knowledge, in a large closet in his bedroom—placing the door ajar that she might see all that passed in the chamber. Her watch was of no long duration; suddenly her sleeping son rose from his couch, lighted his candle, approached his easel, and began to work at the portrait. Much amazed, and half angry at the deception she believed he had practised on her, Mrs. Monckton issued from her hiding-place and spoke to him. He made her no answer; she stood before him—he saw her not; he was fast asleep! It was indeed a spirit's painting; for love had in this instance burst the bands of matter, and the somnambulist had achieved a work of art that surpassed all the efforts of his waking hours.

The story of the sleep-painting got abroad, and reached the ears of a gentleman of large fortune, who resided in the neighbourhood. He called on the young artist; was pleased with his manners; and proposed engaging him as travelling companion to his own son, a youth about Ernest's age, Italy with his tutor; proffering a salary that would enable him to cultivate his genius for painting in the land of its birth, and of its perfect maturity! The offer was eagerly and thankfully accepted, and old Monckton made no opposition to his son's wish: he was only too thankful to be relieved from the burden of supporting him. Indeed the miser was somewhat changed since Ernest's death; not that

he expressed in words any remorse for having preferred his gold to the life of his fair young son; but from that time he never touched the organ—the spirit of music appeared to have died with Ernest; and he often visibly shrank from meeting the silent reproach of Richard's eyes. The neighbours also shunned him; they had loved poor Ernest, and the conduct of his father towards him—the fact of his refusing to pay the physician who had attended him, 'because he never sent for him'—and the mean, pauper-like funeral which he had grudgingly bestowed on the dead—revolted and disgusted them. A mean funeral was one of the offences the people of K—— never forgave! The old man probably detected something of their feelings in their manners, for he gradually gave up his ordinary work about the village—that is, the keeping in repair such cottages as belonged to him—and remained much within doors. This change of habits and want of exercise told fatally on threescore and ten, and probably hastened his death, which took place two years after his son's. He died without a will, but left very considerable property. It was supposed he died intestate, either because he grudged the expense of making a will, or because he could not endure the thought of parting from the gold which had had the worship and the service of his life. Richard, on his return, repaired the old farmhouse, and restored it to something like comfort. He proved liberal, but not (as is frequently the case in such instances) lavish. The only piece of extravagance of which he was ever accused—and it was the village stone-mason who blamed him for that—being the procuring an elegant marble monument from Italy, the work of a first-rate sculptor, to place over the grave of his beloved brother. The figures on it were—an admirable likeness of Ernest, taken from the somnambulist's picture, and two angelic beings in the act of presenting the risen spirit with the palms and crown of victory gained over sorrow, suffering, and death. The inscription on the tomb had an awful and touching meaning to those who knew the story of the brothers' life; and we know not how we can better conclude our sketches of the insane folly of gold worship, than by finishing them with those solemn words—'Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven.'

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS.

The contrast between the civilisation of the East, and that of the more advanced states of Western Europe, is shewn in nothing more markedly than by the different modes in which the most ordinary handicrafts are conducted. The real progress of a race does not depend so much on the perfection of the abstract sciences, on poetry, music, or painting, as on the extent and perfection of those simple arts which minister to the daily wants and comforts of life. Whatever apparent progress may have been made without a corresponding improvement in these arts, has been fleeting and unreal, and has eventually sunk beneath the waves of time, leaving little but a name behind. Sometimes a warlike race may have risen to a pitch of fictitious refinement by appropriating the industry of others; but if as far as they did so without improving the industrial arts, they merely transferred to their own use a larger share of the common stock, and could only advance themselves by degrading others. I do not mean that the cultivation of science and the fine arts is not attendant upon a high state of civilisation, but that these are the results, not the causes, of a liberal supply of the first necessities of life.

Seen from this point of view, a comparison between the English handicraftsmen and those of Hindooostan is capable of throwing into strong relief many of those

inborn peculiarities which distinguish their respective races.

During a residence of some years in a part of India little frequented by Europeans, I had, from my practice as an engineer, ample opportunities of studying the essential character of Oriental handicraft, and propose giving the reader a short sketch of my experience in this interesting department. The first, and, in the eyes of an Englishman, the most offensive peculiarity of the Indian workman, is his habit of always squatting while at work. Blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, &c. all work with their knees nearly on a level with their chin; the left hand—when not used as the kangaroo uses his tail, to form a tripod—grasps the left knee, and binds the trunk to the doubled limbs. The whole posture is so suggestive of indolence and inefficiency, that an Englishman—particularly if he stand in the relationship of paymaster and employer—requires great self-control to look at it with any degree of patience.

On my first arrival in the country, having to superintend the erection of a large plant of English machinery, I set about organising a *kharkhanna*, or workshop; and my first arrangement, after procuring the requisite number of workmen, was to fit up benches for the carpenters, and forges for the blacksmiths, &c. Of course, while these were being fitted up, I was prepared to submit to the old system of squatting, and consoled myself with the reflection, that I should soon be able to convince the natives how much more rapid and effective was the English method of standing while at work. But in this, as in many other attempts at improvement, I was doomed to undergo a signal defeat. In order to prevent the blacksmiths from sitting while at work, I had the anvils raised upon wooden blocks, so as to necessitate an erect posture while at work. The poor fellows submitted with the best grace they could, but seemed greatly embarrassed by the novelty of the arrangement. The queer shabby way in which they stood, and the undecided flexure of the knee and hip-joints, were so indicative of a tendency to flap down on the slightest possible pretence, that it was really impossible to look at them without laughing. The work went on very slowly; but I hoped that, as they became accustomed to the attitude, they would feel the advantage of it, and then all would go well; but, alas! I had underestimated the tenacity of a race-established precedent; and so, one afternoon, I found my blacksmiths perched on blocks of wood of the same height as their anvils, and hammering away with all the vigour which the stability of their tottering pedestals admitted of! It was hopeless contending with such a demonstration as this; so, to the great joy of the *lohaia* (blacksmiths), I allowed the anvils to be placed once more on terra firma.

I have no doubt that in this instance the failure mainly arose from a deficiency of muscular power in the lower limbs, although the fact of their not using chairs, or other seats for ordinary use, must have had much to do with it. It would seem as if chairs or raised seats were one of those natural steps towards a higher civilisation, the value of which we are apt to overlook until we begin to trace the consequences which the want of such appliances gives rise to. It would be interesting to speculate on the revolution which a sudden deprivation of our chairs and tables would give rise to in our social and moral characteristics.

In this shoe-wearing part of the world we are apt to regard our feet merely as organs of progression; but the Indian turns his to a variety of purposes which we are accustomed to regard as fitted only for hands. The *lohaia*, when he has got a piece of iron to file, fixes it between the jaws of a pair of small tongs, and grasping the tongs between the great toes of both feet, he holds it so firmly, that he is able to exert the whole strength of his arms in using the file. There is

something very quadrumanous in his appearance while so employed; more particularly if, as occasionally happens, to save himself the trouble of shifting his position he stretches out one of his legs, and with his toes picks up some article which happens to lie beyond the range of his arms. Whether from habit or original conformation, they possess a singular degree of muscular power in their toes. The great toe is generally separated from the others by a wider interval than I have ever seen in the feet of Europeans. So marked is this peculiarity in some workmen, that, combined with the prehensile faculty alluded to, and the custom which many have of adorning it with a gold or silver ring, it really seems to have assumed all the functions of a thumb.

Time, which the Englishman values as money, has a very secondary place in the estimation of the Oriental; and all his tools and methods of working seem to be contrived with the view of consuming as much of that valuable commodity as possible.

The *radj*, or bricklayer, is, I think, about the best illustration of this. He works with a trowel about the size of an ordinary tablespoon, and a small hammer weighing about six ounces. Armed with these, and squatting before his work, he, in a loud voice, summons his *rundees* (women, two of whom always wait upon each *radj*), and orders them to bring *ceete* and *massala* (bricks and mortar.) The *rundees* in due season make their appearance—one with a brick in each hand, and the other with a small wooden trencher, about the size of a bread-basket, filled with the *massala*. Without changing his position, he empties the trencher on the extended bed of the brick, and it seldom contains more than enough for two bricks. He now spreads the mortar evenly with his trowel, assisting the process by adding water from a small earthenware pitcher, handed to him by an attendant *rundee*; and as the bricks are often very irregular in shape, he has three or four minutes to spend in chipping off the irregularities with his hammer; and if he be at all fastidious, or the brick unusually bad, he will spend twice as much time as this. It is at this part of the process that the patience of an Englishman generally gives way; and with an impatient *lis wasty* (what for), addressed to the apathetic *radj*, he gives vent to his feelings in a string of English adjectives, addressed to no one in particular. I once heard an energetic indigo-planter declare, that he would at any time walk a mile in the hottest sunshine, rather than be condemned to contemplate the proceedings of the masons at work on his own factory. After the *radj* has got the brick laid down, there is a complicated process to go through with a string and a ball of stone. The string is provided with a small slip of hoop-iron, in length exactly equal to the diameter of the ball, and made to slip up and down the string by a small hole pierced in its centre. In order to insure the perpendicular line of the wall, he applies the end of the slip of iron to the side of the brick last laid, and allows the ball to hang at some distance below; and as by means of the slip of iron at the top the string is held from the brick at the distance of the radius of the ball, if the brick be properly placed, the plummet-stone will just touch the wall below. It was all in vain that I made a straight-edge and plumb-line in the English fashion, and shewed them that by using it they would save themselves the trouble of testing the position of each brick as it was laid. So long as I stood beside them they pretended to use it; but the moment my back was turned, out came the time-honoured plummet, that had assisted in building the oldest temples in Hindooostan, and was certainly quite good enough for anything a *feringhee* like me could require.

I am much within the mark when I say, that a single English bricklayer and hodman could in one day do the work of a dozen *radjs*, *rundees*, and all; and do it much better too. One would imagine from this that

building was a very expensive process in India; but the contrary is the case. An English bricklayer and hodman will cost from eight to ten shillings a-day, while the Indian red; and his two attendant runcodes will not cost more than from three pence to four pence per day.

From having smaller hands and less physical strength than Englishmen, the Indian workman feels great difficulty in using English implements, unless of the smallest size. I had an amusing illustration of this on one occasion, when having to run up an embankment with rather more expedition than usual, I made an attempt to substitute wheelbarrows for the native system of transporting earth by what is called *cowrie* *top*. This consists in employing a number of women and children with wicker-baskets, capable of holding about a spadeful each; a number of men with spades fill these baskets from the spot where the earth is to be removed; and a *peon*, or overseer, stationed where the earth is to be laid down, gives each woman and child, as she delivers her basketful, a cowrie shell—in value equal to about the eightieth part of a farthing! This method of transporting earth short distances is very cheap, but it is also very tedious; so I got the carpenters to make me a number of wheelbarrows, after our English model, and by way of encouragement I wheeled the first barrowful of earth myself; then turning to one of the stoutest of the men, who were grinning at the new machine, I invited him to follow my example; but the poor fellow, after staggering along for a few paces, and making the most hideous contortions as he attempted to steady himself, fairly tumbled over, barrow and all. The barrow was only half filled next time; and after a great deal of see-sawing, he managed to deliver his freight. Thinking that a little practice, unembarrassed by my presence, would familiarise them with the barrow, I left them for a short time to attend to some other business; and on my return I beheld the wheelbarrow borne along by four men, very much in the style in which dead men are carried off the stage—that is, two at the head, and two at the feet!

As I attributed this failure to my having made the barrows too large and too heavy, I had a set of lighter ones made—little larger than those with which boys are accustomed to amuse themselves in England, but capable of holding more earth than the baskets. My success for a time was complete; and the idea of ever catching four men engaged in the conveyance of so tiny a vehicle was out of the question. The natives, too, seemed to like them, and trundled their barrows with great glee; the work, too, appeared to go on rapidly. After a short time, however, I observed that the quantity of earth excavated each day in no case exceeded that which could have been done with the baskets, and was frequently much less. I was much puzzled at this, until one day, happening to come upon them unexpectedly, I received a most satisfactory explanation of the enigma. There were half-a-dozen of the men walking along with the greatest possible gravity, each carrying his wheelbarrow on his head—the legs in front, and the wheels behind!

After a great deal of coaxing and careful watching, I did at length succeed in establishing the legitimate use of the barrow; but even after I had threatened to dismiss the first man I found carrying his wheelbarrow on his head, I met a serious-looking old man tottering along with his barrow laid across his arms like a baby in long clothes!

In the district in which I lived there had been vague, mystical stories afloat respecting a strange machine said to be possessed by the *sahib* *logues* (*sahib* people.) It was said to be capable of running ten *casas* (twenty miles) an hour, with a hundred wagons at its heels; and ships were said to be propelled by it on the *Kalla pavae* (blackwater or sea) against both wind and tide. But these stories were considered by many

as far-away wofiders, with which the *sahibs* delighted to magnify their own wisdom at the expense of the *Hindustani* *admees* (men of Hindoostan.)

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of these wise men, when it was made known that one of the mysterious machines was about to make its appearance amongst them. Crowds of solemn-looking Brahmins, and grand-bearded Mussulmen, might be seen examining and criticising the limbs of the huge creature as they lay scattered about on the wharf, where they had been just landed. During the time these *disjecta membra* were being put together, there was much speculation and curiosity as to what means of energy these uncouth-looking fragments of iron could possess; and when I had occasion to consult the plans, before giving instructions to the workmen—applying a pair of dividers and scale, and sometimes making calculations with a piece of charcoal on the nearest wall—I observed that the men ceased working, and looked on with open mouths, as if I had been going through a conjuring process.

After much labour and anxiety, I at length succeeded in getting the monster put together; and one day, just as the heat of the day was beginning to decline, I ordered the boiler to be filled with water, and soon had a roaring fire beneath it. The natives seemed to have an impression that something unusual was about to happen, and crowds from all quarters began to assemble to witness the new *avatar*. By dusk the steam was well up; and by the light of two flaring *mes-salches* (torches) I could see curious-looking faces peering in at all the doors and windows of the engine-house. The workmen who had assisted in its erection laid by their tools, and were whispering to each other in wondering groups, when the safety-valve suddenly opened, and the new-born Titan began to let his voice be heard. I shall never forget the terror and amazement depicted on the faces of those who were standing by me when this occurred. A great many ran away in sheer fright; but those who had been employed in putting the engine together had, from daily familiarity, grown bolder, and readily assisted in turning round the ponderous fly-wheel preparatory to starting. It was as much as a dozen of them could do to move it, and that very slowly; but when the steam began to act, and the massive iron rim to steal away from their aiding hands, they fairly screamed with delight. Faster and faster went the wheel; the pumps clanked; the steam snorted through the escape-pipe; and the heavy masses of iron they had experienced so much difficulty in lifting into their places now seemed endowed with life and motion.

Some months after the engine had been at work, and when I had become better acquainted with the language, I was at much pains in endeavouring to explain the principles of its action to the most intelligent of the workmen; but I found they had long ago provided themselves with what, to their thinking, was a complete theory of the whole matter. The doctrine was, that the boiler contained an English *bhoot* (spirit); that we made a fire beneath the boiler, and roasted the said *bhoot* until he called out *duhagei* (mercy) through the safety-valve; and then only, and not before, would he go to work: the water was merely given to quench his *thirst*! The repeated injunctions given to the man who attended to the boiler about the necessity of keeping it well supplied with water, and the consequences of the boiler bursting, which I attempted to describe as likely to follow any neglect of this precaution, led the poor fellow to imagine that if the boiler was not *khoob kurrard* (made pleasant) with plenty of water, he would certainly break loose, and kill everybody within his reach. They soon began, however, to have tolerably correct notions of its real character; and although no longer believing in its supernatural attributes, they allowed it was a *burra bhamar* (a great contrivance).

Steamboats now ply between all the principal stations on the Ganges; and it presents a curious contrast to witness the straightforward course and inflexible will of the English steamers breasting wind and tide, as if impelled by fate, and the crazy, undecided motions of the native budgerows creeping along the lee-shores, tacking and tumbling about with the most bewildering incertitude. Railways, too, are now in the course of construction on some of the principal lines of traffic; and the time is not far distant when, by their means, the rich produce of Central India will be poured into Europe with a profusion and regularity never yet dreamed of. Ay, the steam-engine is destined to do more for India than all her other teachers have yet effected. This iron apostle of civilisation does not declaim; it does not dispute nor vituperate; but it works, and always succeeds.

S P A G N O L E T T O.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century there lived at Xativa, a small town near Valencia, a captain named Ribera. He had fought for many years in the king of Spain's service, and now retired on a small pension, intending to devote the remainder of his days to the education of his two sons. Of these the eldest was of a wild and wayward disposition; insomuch that, while yet a youth, he had run great excesses. Turning for comfort to his younger child Josef, the father, in order to bring him up in strict and sober habits, caused him to be clothed in a robe of black serge, and placed under the severe tuition of a learned doctor from Salamanca. The gloomy nature of his studies, the stern discipline of his teacher, and the constant restraint which he endured, made Josef Ribera a dark, morose, and sullen boy; and no doubt, so potent are early impressions, determined the bent of his future character.

When he attained the age of fifteen, his father sent him to Valencia in order to complete his studies, and to select one of the three then fashionable learned professions—namely, theology, medicine, or astronomy. When the lad found himself for the first time in his life, at liberty, and furnished with a tolerably well-filled purse, he began freely to enjoy the pleasures of society, from which he had hitherto been debarred, and speedily became acquainted with the painter Ribalta.

Francesco Ribalta had made a long sojourn in Italy, and to him and to his studies the Spanish school of painting owes chiefly its perfection. The sight of his works formed a new era in the life of young Ribera: from the day that he first set his foot in the artist's studio he renounced his learned pursuits, and completely devoted himself to the cultivation of art. During six months, without any guide but his natural genius, he passed his days, and a great portion of his nights, in reproducing the forms of familiar things; he spent sums of money in paying persons whom he met in the streets to sit to him as models; and, in short, soon found his pocket without a single maravedi. In this dilemma he addressed an eloquent letter to his father, declaring his firm resolution to become a painter, and requesting a supply of money for his immediate necessities. Captain Ribera was a firm and determined man. The same inflexible spirit which had caused him to leave his favourite son writhing beneath the rod of a stern tutor, now nervea him to resent this thwarting of his will; and he sent a cold reply, stating that he would not oppose his son's vocation, that he wished him success in his new career, but that he could not afford to send him money, or at any time increase the small annual allowance which he had promised to make him.

No sooner had Josef read the letter than his resolution was taken. 'I will go,' he said, 'to Master Ribalta, and ask him to take me into his service. Who knows

how I may get on!' As he left his lodging, he saw the street filled with an immense crowd attending a procession of monks and soldiers. In the midst of the latter walked a man, closely guarded, whose hands were tied behind his back, and who was accompanied by a tall personage dressed in a robe of red serge, and carrying in his hand an ominous-looking coil of rope. Josef Ribera immediately perceived that this was an unfortunate criminal going to the place of execution; and as he had a taste, whether natural or acquired, for the gloomy and the terrible, he joined the procession, and stayed to witness the execution. The body of the criminal was sentenced to remain suspended from the gallows until nightfall; and, despite of the rain, which began to fall in torrents, Ribera continued for hours watching its ghastly features, as it swung to and fro. Any one that saw the young man seated on a kerb-stone, his eyes fixed on the gallows, heedless of the rain that beat on his head, and ran down his clothes, would naturally have taken him for some near friend or relative of the criminal waiting to receive his corpse. But an interest of a different kind kept Ribera at his post; and when the twilight darkened into night, instead of going to Ribalta's house, he returned to his own lodging, and shut himself up in his chamber. There, with paper and crayons, he began to reproduce the frightful model he had spent the day in contemplating. Under the influence of a sort of feverish excitement, he continued to work all night. In the morning his sketch was finished, and it scarcely required the aid of colouring to add to its horrible reality.

Soon afterwards Ribera, with his drawing in his hand, repaired to the dwelling of Ribalta. It happened that the artist was that day in a very undignified state of irritation. He had just turned off not only the apprentice who ground his colours, but all his pupils who thought it beneath their dignity to perform this office for him during a single day. One of them, whom Ribera met on his way, told him these particulars.

'And thou art a gentleman too, I'll warrant me, and thinkst thyself too grand to prepare my palette?' exclaimed Ribalta when he saw the young man enter.

'Master,' replied Ribera, respectfully doffing his cap, 'I am, as thou sayest, a gentleman; but I think the best and noblest gentle in the land would not be degraded by serving a great artist. I will then most gladly become thy colour-grinder, and also thy pupil—if you judge me worthy of that honour,' he added, displaying his sketch.

These words pleased Ribalta, and the drawing charmed him. He gave the young man a cordial embrace, and said: 'Thou shalt be my pupil, and one that will do me credit, since thou art free from miserable vanity!'

The promise and the prophecy were both fulfilled: the hasty, but generous Ribalta not only instructed Josef, but also fed and lodged him in his house; and the young man's progress was extremely rapid.

From the conversation and example of his master, Ribera contracted a longing desire to visit Italy, and perfect his studies there. Accordingly, having saved a little money, in 1605 he set out for Naples, accompanied by his brother, who was now in the army, and going to join his troop. Arrived there, Josef became a pupil of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, and was soon distinguished amongst his numerous companions for his talents and perseverance. His master bestowed on him counsel and commendation, which aided his genius and flattened his pride; but he sorely missed the almost parental kindness of Ribalta. He suffered much from poverty, yet the consciousness that he was becoming, in the highest sense of the word, a painter, supported him under all his privations.

After the death of Michael Angelo, Ribera went to Rome, and there studied diligently in the schools of Raffaello and the Caracci; the sight of their great works tended much to modify the harshness and gloomy

grandeur of the style which he had previously acquired, and which was so perfect an imitation of Michael Angelo's manner, as to cause some of his paintings to be mistaken for those of his great master.

Despite of his poverty while at Naples, he had preferred independence to the haughty patronage of Cardinal Borgia; and now at Rome he gave offence to a noble of rank, by choosing to reside in a miserable attic, instead of eating the bread of dependance in a splendid palace. During this period of intense study, his chief productions were sketches which he used to barter with the market-people for food: his customers surmised him 'Lo Spagnoletto' (the young Spaniard), and by this title he has ever since been known. This was precisely the most glorious period of the Lombard school of art, and the greater number of the masters who rendered it illustrious were assembled at Rome—some at the commencement, and others at the middle or end of their career. There might be seen conversing together the Caracci, Albano, Domenichino, Laufráuco, Guercino, and Guido, of whom it was said: 'Other artists work like men, but Guido works like angels.'

Pride, which throughout life was the ruling passion of Ribera, served to restrain his natural desire of producing pictures, in order that, by means of severe and well-disciplined study, he might one day become the successful rival of those mighty men who were now famous while he was obscure. Therefore, without murmuring at his lot, Spagnoletto lived at Rome completely absorbed in study, and enduring every imaginable privation of physical comfort. In vain did one of the Caracci offer him the use of his studio and models; Ribera refused to avail himself of the generous artist's kindness, in order not to burthen himself with the duty of gratitude. After some time he went to Parma and Modena, with the intention of studying the works of Correggio. Having accomplished this, and feeling that he was now really an artist, he returned to Naples, and applied himself to the task of painting for fortune as well as for fame. Yet he met with so little encouragement, that at times he felt tempted to throw aside his palette, and join his brother in betaking himself to the profession of a soldier.

One morning the owner of the house in which Spagnoletto lodged knocked at the door of his room. Being invited to enter, he asked, with all the politeness of a Neapolitan host, for the amount of board and lodging due to him, which came to the sum of twenty ducats.

Ribera's purse was completely empty, and he frankly said so to his creditor.

'And how am I to live without my rent?' was the natural question of the host. 'There is a gentleman now applying to me for a lodgings, and I have not a single room to give him.'

'Except mine? I am going away.'

'Then I may let your apartment?'

'Certainly: I shall leave it this evening.'

Accordingly the artist engaged a porter to remove his effects, consisting entirely of canvas, lay-figures, and easels; but as he was departing, the host stopped him, and again asked for his rent.

'I told you before I have no money.'

'Well, well, give me these three pictures which you have under your arm, and you shall have a receipt in full!'

Ribera willingly consented, and betook himself to a very humble lodgings in the neighbourhood, while his former landlord decorated his house with the three splendid sketches which he had obtained.

In a few days our artist received a visit from a little old man dressed in black, who carried one of the sketches in his hand, and asked Ribera if it was he who had painted it. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, the old man, who was a picture-dealer on

a very extensive scale, bespoke a painting of St Magdalén, for which he promised to pay sixty ducats. The order was quickly executed, and paid for; and this formed the foundation of Spagnoletto's renown. He was now beset with applications for pictures, and he worked indefatigably. Almost every week he produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, which the noble amateurs in Naples covered with gold; and amid his incessant occupations, it is marvellous how he found time to woo and wed the only daughter of his first patron, the picture-dealer, who bestowed on him a large fortune.

About this time the viceroy gave a magnificent fête. At a short distance from the palace Ribera had exposed to public view his painting representing the martyrdom of St Bartholomew. The admiring crowd were so carried away by their feelings of enthusiasm, that the viceroy mistaking their plaudits and acclamations for the noise of a rising tumult, sallied forth, sword in hand, at the head of his guards and guests. As soon as he learned the cause of the uproar, he sent for the artist, whom the people had honoured with such an ovation, granted him a pension, and assigned to him apartments in the palace, with the title of 'Painter to the Viceroy.'

From that day Spagnoletto equalled the richest lords of Naples in fortune, and the noblest in court favour. He soon began to make a somewhat ostentatious display of his newly-found wealth and greatness. No palace in the city was more frequented than the painter's dwelling; his banquets rivalled in splendour those given by the Duke of Arcos; and every morning his almoner distributed large sums in charity to a number of poor persons. This latter custom obtained for him the notice and approval of the pope; and that no distinction might be wanting to him, he was enrolled amongst the members of the Academy of St Luke. Yet despite of his lofty position, and the universal favour which he enjoyed, Josef Ribera was a miserable man: envy preyed on his heart. Dazzled by prosperity, almost delirious with pride, he could not endure the thought of a rival. Many excellent judges, while acknowledging his merit as a painter, decreed the palm of superiority to an artist of Bologna, who had painted the 'Communion of St Jerome' for the price of fifty crowns—a trifling recompense, indeed, for one of Domenichino's finest creations; but it is not in the seventeenth century alone that we find instances of ill-rewarded merit.

A glorious career would have been that of Spagnoletto, had it not been for the implacable hatred with which he pursued Alzano, the Caracci, and, above all, Domenichino Zampieri, commonly called Domenichino. It is said that Ribera at first tried to eclipse this latter rival by returning to the manner of Michael Angelo; but the public refused to his works that exclusive admiration which he coveted, and took the liberty of praising the paintings in the Duomo di San Geunajo, of which the portion confided to Domenichino had just been finished and displayed to view. This impartiality of the public cost poor Zampieri dear. One day while he was absent, a workman, bribed by his enemies, altered the composition of the stucco prepared to receive the remainder of the fresco in such a manner that as soon as the colours were laid on, the whole cracked and peeled off. Ribera has been commonly accused of this dastardly action; but even had it been done by others (and Domenichino had bitter foes beside), the relentless and obstinate persecution which Spagnoletto directed against his rival, would suffice to fix a dark stain on his memory.

Little fitted to contend with his powerful enemy, Domenichino fell into a state of profound melancholy, which terminated in the loss of his life by poison; but whether administered by his own hand, or by that of another, remains a doubtful question.

Not long after the death of the ill-fated Zampieri,

the heart of Spagnoletto was cruelly pierced through its only vulnerable spot. The only human beings whom Ribera seemed really to love were his two daughters. One of these had married a Spanish gentleman holding a high office at Madrid; the younger was living at home with her father when Don Juan came to Naples to suppress the sedition raised by Massaniello. This accomplished, the general celebrated the triumph in arms of his Catholic majesty, Philip IV., by a succession of splendid fêtes. At one of these Don Juan saw the beautiful daughter of Ribera, and succeeded in carrying her off with him. The grief of the outraged father knew no bounds. The rank of the offender sheltered him from the painter's vengeance, and the latter retired to the solitude of his villa at Pausilippo. Soon afterwards, having ascertained where Don Juan was likely to be found, he set out, accompanied by a few armed servants, in order to lie in wait, and slay his enemy in an ambuscade. From that day he was never seen or heard of. It is supposed that he either perished in the enterprise, or killed himself in despair at having failed to accomplish it. This mysterious disappearance took place in 1636: Spagnoletto was then sixty-eight years old.

Amongst the principal works of this great painter may be named the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'St Bartholomew,' and 'The Death of Cato,' at the Louvre; at Naples, 'St Bruno,' 'The Apostles' Communion,' 'The Twelve Prophets,' and the 'Descent from the Cross,' in the convent of St Martin; and, finally, at Madrid, 'Jacob's Ladder,' which a tourist has compared to 'a torrent of light.'

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

AMONGST the eminent names connected with Glasgow in the last century is that of Dr John Moore, author of 'Zelucio' and other novels, and the father of Sir John Moore. He practised as a physician in the city, and appears to have lived on easy terms with the eminent merchants, joining them in convivial association called the Hodge-Podge Club. There is still extant a poem written by Dr Moore on this fraternity, which has not, as far as I am aware, been printed. Indeed it is scarcely fitted for publication, except as a curiosity of the past for the use of Glasgow alone, the verses being each devoted to the character of a particular member of the club, in such vague terms as, though no doubt most piquant to those who knew the persons, are somewhat vapid to us. It opens thus:—

A club of choice fellows each fortnight employ
An evening in laughter, good-humour, and joy;
In this club there's a mixture of nonsense and sense,
And the name of 'Hodge-Podge' they have taken from
thence.

Like the national council they often debate,
And settle the army, the navy, and state;
But should you wish to know more of this merry class,
Like the kings of Macbeth they shall one by one pass.

The second figure is that of Mr Peter Blackburn—
Rough Peter the next of our group that appear,
With his weather-beat face and his heathery hair,
His humour is blunt, and his sayings are snell;
He's a — honest heart, but a gullionous shell!

There is some humour, as well as descriptive force, in the picture of a banker, Sir James Simpson—

Now forward comes Simpson, so lean and so lank,
You may know by his face there's a run on the bank;
Oh why thy bag-wig dost thou shake at me so!
Thou can't not say I did it, ghostly Banco!

Mr Orr of Barrowfield is sketched metaphorically—
A pair of gold buckles without any carving,
In figure and workmanship not worth a farthing;
A Home manufactured and plenty of metal—
An emblem of Orr, and it fits to a tittle.

I remember the subject of the following verse, at a different period of life, a fine specimen of the Scottish gentleman of a former day—

Easy Murdoch comes sauntering, as if in a dream;
He ne'er strives with the current, but follows the stream;
On your voyage through life, Peter, choose thy friends well,
'Tis in their power to lead you to heaven or to hell.

Mr John Cross is invested with a moral dignity not congruous with the spirit of the poem—

Independence is marked in each feature he bears,
The opinions of others he nor cares for nor fears;
To no one he'll cringe for distinction or pelf,
John boldly steps forth and depends on himself;
No losses or crosses can e'er him affect,
Misfortune he bears till he bears our respect.

The description of a member of the Garnkirk family—

With feelings too nice to be ever at ease—
is in fine contrast with Cross and Blackburn; and the concluding couplet would not have looked out of place in Goldsmith's 'Retaliation'—

Applaud he's a wit, contradict he's a dunce,
Retort on Dunlop, and you gag him at once.

Dr Moore had not, on the whole, much credit from his pupil, Douglas Duke of Hamilton, with whom he had made the tour of Europe. This young nobleman threw away fine talents, and the graces of a not ungenerous character, in vicious amusements and low company. When he visited Glasgow he was more frequently to be found at the cock-pit than in the Assembly Room. A story is told of a sporting butcher, who, meeting the duke in some of these low scenes, and being irritated by contradiction regarding a bet, exclaimed with a fierce imprecation, 'My lord duke—your Grace—you lie!' Yet, as often happens, this careless young nobleman was not without a sense of what was due to his rank. A neighbouring proprietor in the county, certainly a very handsome man, who thought he resembled the duke in personal appearance, went up to him one day at a party, and said: 'It is very odd, my lord duke, that I am so frequently taken for your Grace.' 'Very odd indeed,' said the duke, 'for I am never mistaken for Mr Stirling!'

Of the natives of Glasgow during the latter part of last century, none were more highly distinguished than Sir John Moore and Sir Thomas Munro. The former left Glasgow at an early period of life, and I do not recollect that he ever revisited it. The latter did revisit Glasgow after many years' absence, and appears to have retained to the last a vivid and agreeable impression of the scenes of his youth. When he first returned from India, Sir Thomas Munro met accidentally in London an old schoolfellow of his, Mr Buchanan of Ardoch, then M.P. for Dumbartonshire. Neither had seen the other for very many years. On Mr Buchanan offering his hand to Sir Thomas, and asking if he recollects an old acquaintance, the latter looked steadfastly at him for a second or two, and then said, 'John Buchanan, I would have known you among a thousand.'

When he came to Glasgow, Sir Thomas Munro paid a visit to another old schoolfellow, a worthy candle-maker of the name of Harvie, who had a shop in St. well Street. 'Well, Mr Harvie,' said Sir Thomas on entering the shop, 'do you remember me?' Harvie gazed for some time at the tall, gaunt figure before him, striving to recall his features. At last he said:

* This sketch is abridged from the French of De Chatillon.

'Are ye *Millie Munro*?' 'I am just Millie Munro,' said the other, 'and the quondam schoolfellow had a long chat about the 'days o' langsyne.' Sir Thomas was represented by his school-companions as having been the 'hero of a hundred stone-fights,' or battles of any other kind: in short, the bully of his class, in which, from his proficiency in *milling*, he received the above nickname.

In the course of these sketches I have mentioned one or two of our lord provosts. How these functionaries would be astonished could they look up and see the changes which have taken place in their native city since they left this sublunary scene! Even the very costume which in former days rejoiced the cockles of the heart of many a Bailie Nicol Jarvie, as a mark of distinction from the *ignobile vulgus*, has been discarded by the liberal notions of modern times; and the triangular cocked-hat and handsome suit of sables are no longer the badges of civic authority.

Before quitting the subject, let me recall an anecdote of one of our chief magistrates, who held the reins of office in days of yore, 'when George the Third was king.' But it is necessary to my story that I should first describe his dress.

On public occasions, besides the formidable *chapeau* above alluded to, and gold chain of office, which is still worn, the dress of the lord provost was a black velvet coat and vest, *shorts*, black silk stockings, and handsome knee and shoe-buckles. He also wore a bag-wig, which, when boys at school, appeared to myself and companions as being 'very grand.' A personable man looked particularly well in this dress, which shewed off the figure to advantage; but the defects of external appearance were equally conspicuous. The gentleman whom I have in view was one of the most intelligent and patriotic of our citizens, but in his outer man exceedingly thin and slender, and withal having, like Sterne's monk, a 'mild, pale, penetrating countenance.'

As the story goes, a lady from the country had seen him in 'full fig,' at some public place, perhaps a dancing assembly, and inquired who he was. On being told that he was the lord provost of Glasgow—'Lord provost!' she said; 'dear me! I thought it was a *corp run awa wi' the mortcraith*!'

In the early part of the last century, there was great strictness of religious observance in Glasgow, particularly regarding the keeping of the Day of Rest. Some families admitted of no domestic work of any kind on that day; a few did not open their shutters, except only as much as was necessary to see to read. A set of officials, styled compurgators, but vulgarly known under the name of *hornies*, walked about in time of service, to take up any person whom they found strolling about. It so happened at length that the *Rough Peter* of Dr Moore's poem fell into their hands one day, while walking with a friend on the Green: he raised an action against the magistrates, and succeeded in his suit, which put an end to the compurgators. I have heard old people who remember the circumstances say, that thereafter the Green was filled with Sunday promenaders. The law had been too much bent, and the recoil was proportionate.

The published sermons of at least two of the Glasgow divines of those days shew that the authors (Drs Leechman and M'Laurin) were worthy contemporaries of the great men whom I have already mentioned. These discourses may still be read with edification from their piety, and with pleasure on account of their style. The rusticity which appears to have once belonged to the Scottish church had now, I apprehend, vanished in the principal towns; but it was still to be found in some of the country clergy. In my own younger days, there was a certain minister of Dumbarton, a shrewd observer, but who, in addressing a country audience, seems to have judged it necessary to adopt the language and modes of thinking with

which they were familiar. Preaching one day in the neighbouring parish of Bonhill, on the danger attending a relapse after conversion, he told his hearers 'to remember Lot's wife; who, you all know, turned and looked back, though she was strictly warned against it; and she was turned into a pillar of salt, as she remains to this day—for *only thing I ken to the contrary*.' The last part of the sentence was in theatrical phrase an 'aside,' reminding us of Burns's—

His carnal wit and sense
Like haflin's-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.'

A dissenting meeting-house in Dumbarton had proved a sore annoyance to the same minister. But we are commanded to forgive our enemies, and Dr O——, after enumerating the unconverted Jews, and unregenerate heathen, prayed fervently 'even for that *hobble-schaw* at the Brig-end.'

A certain minister of Campsie, whom I recollect very well, might have figured as one of the originals in the satirical work above alluded to. He was a large, strong-boned man, the son, as he used to boast, of the miller of Campsie; and certainly in appearance was far better adapted for the labours of the mill, or of the plough, than for those of the church militant. The minister was one day rudely insulted by a parishioner, who, unfortunately for himself, alluded to the black coat of the clergyman as preventing him from going further. 'That shall be no objection,' said the divine; and stripping off his coat, which he laid on a hedge: 'Minister,' he added, 'lie thou there! James L——, stand thou here!' and gave his antagonist a thrashing to his heart's satisfaction.

From the following anecdote it would appear that the Glasgow ministers had stock sermons in those days, as well as in later times. A young man on the eve of going out to America heard his father preach a sermon from the text, 'Adam, where art thou?' On his return, after an absence of many years, he went on the first Sunday, as was meet, to his father's church, when the good old gentleman read out the same text, 'Adam, where art thou?' 'Mother,' said the son, who was a noted wag, 'has my father not found Adam yet?'

The English public is aware that instrumental music is not used in the Scotch church. There have been many who desired to see it introduced; but the general spirit of the nation is against it. Early in the present century, an amiable Glasgow divine went so far as positively and unauthorisedly to break this rule. Being a member of his congregation at the time, I was present when one Sunday, on the psalm being read out as usual by the minister, a small organ commenced playing the tune to which it was to be sung. It was one of those fine old melodies, which at one period formed exclusively the psalmody of Scotland. At the first line, scarcely any of the congregation joined; at the second line, a few more were emboldened to add their voices; still more at the third line; and, before the conclusion of the verse, almost every one who had been accustomed to follow the precentor sung as usual. The congregation was pleased, but not so the presbytery. Dr Ritchie was immediately interdicted from this 'daring innovation,' and the question was appointed to be tried at the next meeting of presbytery.

The novelty of the case excited a great deal of public interest, and the Tron Church, where the discussion was held, was generally crowded. I had an opportunity of hearing a great part of the debate, and am sorry to say that they did not reflect much credit on the charity of the revered disputants. One of the learned doctors gave a very intelligible hint to the bystanders, that 'had such an attempt been made in the days of their fathers, some of them' (meaning Dr Ritchie) 'would have had a bad chance of escaping summary justice that evening.' But the most amusing part of the

meeting with, in hearing the arguments made use of against the organ by some of the country clergymen. 'I have a *leetle* boy at home,' said one of these speakers, 'who once took a fancy to a whistle, and nothing would please him but the whistle, and the whistle he would have; and,' continued the eloquent divine, rising with his subject, 'suppose you indulge the *tasty* congregation of St Andrews with their *organ*, what is to prevent others from applying—one for a *flute*, another for a *fiddle*—or, perhaps, a Highland congregation demanding a *bagpipe*?' The rejection of the organ was carried in the presbytery by a triumphant majority. Fortunately for Dr Ritchie, he soon afterwards received a call to Edinburgh, which he accepted. On his leaving Glasgow, there appeared a caricature which would not have disgraced IIB., representing the reverend doctor as a sturdy strolling musician, bearing an organ on his back, on which he was grinding, 'We'll gang nae mair to you town.'

The prejudice against an organ amongst the lower classes in Glasgow appears to have been much stronger at one time than it probably would be at present. Two *viragoes* are said to have had a regular 'fit of flying' one day, when, after having nearly exhausted their rhetoric, one of them concluded, 'Eh, woman, what ha'e ye to say—ye keep the keys o' the *whustlin' kirk*' (the Episcopal Chapel.)

JOURNALISM BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

'THE DESERET NEWS' is the title of a newspaper published by a Mormon editor at one of the settlements of that singular people west of the Rocky Mountains, to which region they betook themselves on their expulsion from the state of Missouri a few years since. The paper is a curiosity in its way, as much from the peculiarity of the articles and information conveyed, as from its dimensions. It is about the size of our Journal, and consists of eight pages. No reader need be in any uncertainty as to the locality of the printing-office; for the editor heads his sheet with 'lat. 40° 45' 44", long. 111° 26' 34", closely followed by the announcement that the 'Deseret News' is 'published every other Saturday at a charge of 2½ dollars for six months, if paid in advance, or 15 cents for a single copy. The charge for advertisements of twelve lines is 1½ dollars for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each repetition. A list of agents succeeds, among whom is 'Bishop Holladay, and all the acting bishops in the city;' and subscribers are informed that the paper will be 'delivered at the post-office, which will be open each Sabbath from twelve to one o'clock P.M.'

Presently we come to a 'PATRIARCHAL NOTICE.—I take this method to notify the brethren of the city and vicinity, that I will attend to all calls in the line of my office hereafter, particularly on Saturdays and Mondays of each week; also on other days of the week when convenient. JOHN SMITH, Patriarch.

'N.B.—Office near the north-west corner of the Temple Block.'

Then we have a 'Proclamation to the Saints,' or a 'Word of Wisdom,' particularly recommended 'to the twelve high priests, seventies, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, deacons, brethren, and "sisters." Wine is only to be used for the sacraments, and 'this should be wine—yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your make. And again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly; and is not good for man; but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly. Declarations follow in a similar strain concerning the uses of flesh, fruits, grain, and vegetables; and the 'Word of Wisdom' concludes with the pertinent in-

quiry—'Why is it not wisdom to make a common practice of drinking tea, coffee, or hot drinks of any kind? Physicians, philosophers, elders in Israel, will you please to answer?'

Other subjects are treated in accordance with the interest felt in them by the community to whom they are addressed. A short paragraph states that the General Assembly had met in the Representatives' Hall on a Monday in December, and having received the government's message, and sat for four days, adjourned to the first Monday in January. From another sentence we gather that a mint is established, for the tithing office is announced as removed to a room in the coin-stamping edifice. Under date November 30, we read that the mail started for the United States, escorted by several military officers, from a major down to a sergeant. They went 'over the big mountain,' and during the night rescued a mule and a man from 'seven large white shaggy wolves.' The mail inwards 'passed through snow from one to three feet in depth for seventeen days,' bearing important dispatches from Washington.

Among miscellaneous matters, we are told that 'the improvements of the age are great—such as making good cheese of potatoes, sewing more than a yard per minute without hands, setting horse-shoes without nails, making many big candles with little tallow, preserving butter perfectly sweet for years without salt, restoring and preserving sight without glasses; and almost everything, except being saved without keeping the commandments.' From this it would appear that the Rocky Mountains are no barrier to the march of intellect; neither is the editor without an eye to business, for in another paragraph, headed RAGS! RAGS!! RAGS!!! he counsels his readers to 'Save their rags—everybody in Deseret, save your rags; old wagon-covers, tents, quilts, shirts, &c. &c. are wanted for paper. The most efficient measures,' he continues, 'are in progress to put a paper-mill in operation the coming season in this valley, and all your rags will be wanted. Make your woollen rags into carpeting, and save importation.' Literature makes a demonstration in 'NOVELS! NOVELS!! all the latest for sale, by J. & E. REESE; and the 'Parent School' is advertised as 'under the direction and supervision of Professor Orson Spencer,' with a favourable prospect 'for a rapid advancement in the sciences,' at eight dollars per quarter, 'one-half in advance.' Samuel W. Richards announces himself as the 'appointed committee to make preparation and give any information necessary;' and W. Woodruff intimates that readers would do well to purchase from his 'large and well-selected assortment of school-books,' 'that their children may be rapidly advanced in the various branches which will be taught the present winter.' The go-ahead principle seems to be not less active among the Mormons than among the other population of the United States.

The 'sex' are cared for by 'Mr. Smith' who 'invites the ladies of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, to the inspection of a superior assortment of velvet, silk, satin, and straw bonnets, and a variety of millinery and fancy goods;' and the fathers, brothers, and husbands of the former are assured by William P. McIntire that 'he is prepared to make coats, cloaks, pants, and vests, in the latest and most approved styles.' Nor are other physical requirements forgotten: 'a supply of fresh beef is constantly on hand at the old stand of B. Stringham, a little south of the Council House,' and Charles White 'is prepared to drive all kinds of stock to his herd ground at Black Rock, twenty miles west of this city, on Monday in each week;' and shingles are served at 5 dollars 50 cents per thousand, when the timber is furnished, and 50 cents deducted when the timber is rolled on the log-way, and the shingles removed by the owner as fast as they are manufactured.'

From all these items we may form some idea of the doings of these far-western settlers; there is an evident touch of originality about them, which will perhaps disappear when the great national railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific shall be finished. We close our notice with two advertisements which appear to be unique of their kind:—'Willard Snow, Esq.' publishes a 'Fair Warning! Third and Last Call.' All persons indebted to Sam'l Bringhurst for making cradles, are requested to call and settle their accounts forthwith, if they wish to save cost, as he has gone south, and left them in my hands for collection, for the support of his wife, who is in want of the wheat immediately.' And P. F. Pratt announces, that he 'is intending to take his departure on the 1st of January 1851, and may be absent for some years on a foreign mission: This is, therefore, to inform his debtors that he frankly forgives all debts due him, and calls upon all persons who have demands against him to present them for payment on or before the 25th of December next, or ever after hold their peace, as he wishes his family, during his absence, to be free from such annoyances as duns, blacksmiths, cobblers, lawyers, sheriffs, and butchers' bills, &c. And should he live to return, he would like to rest in peace, without having old debts to stare him in the face.'

With such contents the 'Deseret News' may very fairly claim to rank with the Curiosities of Literature. The sheets a hundred years hence will often be quoted as evidence of the 'good old times.'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

May 1851.

On the morning of the 1st I walked from the north-east quarter of our vast city to its western suburb, and on the way could not help being struck by the deserted and quiet appearance of many of the off-streets. Numerous shops being shut gave them somewhat of a Sunday look. But on emerging into a main thoroughfare—Oxford Street, for instance—the scene was different. There a great human tide was flowing westward, attracted by the long-talked-of opening of the Exhibition. I entered Hyde Park by the marble arch—which, by the way, looks uncommonly well on its new site—and just within the gate came upon the rear of the line of carriages, the foremost of which was more than a mile distant. Here was an earnest of what might be expected on getting nearer to the culminating point; and strolling quietly onwards, I watched the visitors as they advanced along the numerous paths which intersect the sward. On they come in pairs, or groups of tens and twenties, all animated and expectant, and in their silks and satins, broadcloth and cotton, exhibiting not a few triumphs of British industry. At the Apsley House gate the throng and excitement were still more remarkable; and it happened to some individuals who lived in Piccadilly, not far from the Park, and who set out to ride to the Crystal Palace, that they had to be driven eastwards as far as Long Acre before they could fall into the line of carriages. Already the grand avenue of approach was flanked by closely-packed rows of sight-seers, five or six deep, gifted apparently with unwonted powers of patience and endurance, and growing denser and broader the nearer to the building. Everything conspired to give an imposing effect to the latter, for the May-day sun shone brightly, under which the glass glistened, and the gay flags looked gayer as they shook in the breeze. On every side of the edifice were congregated the fast-increasing multitudes; and it seemed miraculous that none were hurt as carriage after carriage dashed up to the several entrances, and discharged their living loads. Groups of eager gazers pressed as near to the open doors as janitorial policemen would permit, eager to catch a glimpse of the treasures within, or of the perspective lines of the galleries and columns,

falling away in a blended maze of red, white, and blue. The model frigate on the Serpentine, decorated with flags and bunting from bowsprit to spanker-boom, presented in herself an object of much attraction, and between the water and the building the throngs were greatest. Look whichever way you would, thousands upon thousands of human beings met the eye; every rise and vantage-ground shewed tier above tier of heads. Beyond the Serpentine, too, the crowds were not less numerous, forming an unbroken line along the bank, with irregular columns stretching far up the slopes between the trees. It was a most impressive spectacle—such a gathering as few or none of us will ever see again. Hundreds of thousands assembled in a spirit of order and good-humour, to celebrate the most famous holiday that England has yet seen.

By and by was heard the clang of trumpets, and a distant shout, which came nearer and nearer; the helmets and plumes of a troop of horse seemed to swim rapidly along between the lines of spectators; a carriage followed, stopped at the northern entrance, and on the summit of the transept the royal banner, rising to the top of the flagstaff, announced that the Queen had entered the Crystal Palace. Presently the National Anthem, sung by the choirs inside, was heard sounding through the glass walls and roof; then a pause, followed by alternating swells and silences of the organs, and ending with the mighty Hallelujah chorus; while without the thunder of cannon proclaimed the inauguration complete.

How impressive the moral! For the first time since the world began an ovation had been accorded to Labour! Here thought, and skill, and the rude might of the horny hand, shewed themselves in their majesty; and industry, wondrous in form and exhaustless in energy, triumphed over the idle, the incapable, and the inactive.

As yet the feeling of all who have seen the Exhibition is the reverse of disappointment; and before long, when the cost of admission comes down to a shilling, we shall be overwhelmed with details and descriptions. Meantime, except certain chagrins to the exhibitors, all goes on pleasantly. The better to keep eruptive foreigners in order, we have imported a troop of Prussian and French police; but the chances of their being needed to quell turbulence is believed to be as remote as the rumoured blowing-up of the Crystal Palace with gunpowder. The labels in shop-windows, announcing that foreign languages are spoken within, are multiplying, in many instances deceptively; and here and there you see a notice in German at newspaper offices, asking for compositors. Of all the activities promoted by the Exhibition, that of printing seems at present the most lively.

You may now know whereabouts you are when walking our streets, for the names of the thoroughfares are newly and universally painted at their extremities and intersections. And our red-frocked shoe-blacks stand ready, in convenient localities, to develop the latent properties of Day & Martin—an operation which, owing to its novelty, attracts a crowd of onlookers. And go where you will, prints, books, maps, or medals, all more or less relating to the Exhibition, are thrust upon your notice by clamorous venders. But I must now beg leave to pass to other topics.

You of course remember Kinkel, who was professor at Bonn, and got shut up in prison at Spandau for meddling with politics, and afterwards made his escape: he is now delivering a course of twelve lectures on the 'Modern Theatre,' at one of our west-end assembly-rooms. There are many who will go to hear the celebrated German from other motives than those of mere curiosity. There have been some good lectures too at the Royal Institution, including a second from Faraday on the magnetism of the atmosphere—popularising the important facts contained in the papers which I

told you some time ago were read before the Royal Society. But the most notable philosophical subject which has come on for discussion of late, is the much-talked-of pendulum experiment, which having first come to light at Paris, has been subsequently repeated in several parts of Europe, and in our own country. The originator is M. Foucault, who, as stated in his communication to the Académie, first discovered the phenomenon in question while conducting a series of observations on the pendulum in the cellar of his house. By means of it, the rotation of the earth on its axis is said to be demonstrated as clearly as by astronomical observations. At first sight, it seems impossible that any contrivance which partakes of the motion of the earth could be made to exhibit that motion. The explanation, however, appears to be, that the plane of vibration, or line of direction, in which a pendulum is set going, never alters, notwithstanding that the point of suspension may be carried round by the earth's rotation; consequently if a pendulum be made to vibrate at the pole, we can understand that an object fixed in the earth at one extremity of the line of vibration will, in twenty-four hours, have been carried round the other extremity, and brought back to its starting-point—the pendulum all the time having been swinging in the same line, and thus rendering the rotation evident. The same effect, with differences of time according to latitude, would be observed on descending from the pole, until, on reaching the equator, the result altogether disappears, owing to certain compensating causes best understood by mathematicians. In order to test the fact, especial pains must be taken with the mode of suspending the pendulum, which should be a wire with a perfectly round ball or bob at the lower end. The best mode of suspension is said to be to pass the wire through a hole in a plate of metal, and secure it on the upper side, whereby no bias is given to the swing.

Suppose a pendulum set agoing according to these conditions, and hung from the centre of a ceiling: you make a perpendicular mark directly in a line with the wire on one of the walls towards which the bob swings: then immediately opposite, near the farther wall, you fix an upright sight-staff, which shall be precisely in a line with the wire and the mark on the wall beyond. The adjustment may be made exact, by placing the eye at one side of the staff, in the same way that jockeys 'take sights' at races. Go away for an hour, and then apply your eye a second time: you will find that the staff has been carried to the left, or the course followed by the hands of a watch: the pendulum has preserved its line of direction, but the earth is rotating round it; and thus hour after hour the staff will be carried onwards, until it has performed an entire revolution. The time required to complete the circle here, in London, is said to be 30 hours 40 minutes, and at Paris, owing to difference of latitude, 32 hours 8 minutes; and herein consists an insuperable difficulty for those unacquainted with mathematical laws. How is it, they ask, that the revolution round the pendulum and the rotation of the earth are not coincident—namely, twenty-four hours? No satisfactory popular solution has yet been given. Some other embarrassing points have been urged, which I need not stay to particularise; but as Professor Baden Powell, assisted by Mr Wheatstone, is to give an experimental lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution, we shall soon know whether the apparent effect be an illusion or not. The subject was much talked of at Lord Rosse's first soirée, given at the beginning of the month; and two of the most distinguished Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, gave clear demonstrations of the phenomenon. I may tell you, however, that several of our most eminent mathematicians discredit the assumed results altogether: meantime the managers of the Polytechnic Institute are exhibiting the pendulum

experiment to all whose curiosity impels them to have ocular demonstration of the rotation of the earth.

According to M. Baudriment, a plumb-line at rest will shew the fact as well as a pendulum in motion; and he informs the Académie, that an instrument might be constructed which 'would serve not only to demonstrate the diurnal movement of the earth, but could also be employed for an exact division of time. If we suppose,' he continues, 'a solid mass supported on an axis, round which it can move freely; and if we admit, besides, that this axis is maintained parallel to that of the earth, whatever may be the place of observation, it will be found that the mass disposed as described, and subjected to those forces solely which may compel it to a circular movement round the axis of the earth, would, by virtue of the inertia of matter, behave in such a way that one of its meridian planes would remain parallel to a plane supposed to be fixed in space, and that by an apparent movement it would appear to perform a revolution round its axis, while in reality it would be only the earth that turned.'

You will recollect my calling your attention to M. Chas. Mène's chemico-horticultural experiments: since those were reported, he has made others with a view to ascertain the proportion of azote taken up by growing plants. In a barren soil, composed chiefly of powdered glass, he sowed wheat and peas, and applied no other moisture than distilled water. The plants grew; but on comparing their quantity of azote with that contained in seeds of the same, the peas had not increased more than one-third, and the wheat one-fourth. He next raised several other kinds of vegetables under a handlight, in which he created a determinate atmosphere, and analysed it daily. The constituents of this atmosphere were—twenty-five parts each of oxygen and carbonic acid, and fifty of azote; and it was found, as the experiment went on, that although the plants had 'fixed,' a portion of the latter gas—the quantity at first thrown in—was not diminished. From all of which M. Mène infers, that 'plants absorb from the soil and from manure all the azote necessary to them, and that they do not take it directly from the atmosphere.'

Passing to other matters, Messrs Wertheim and Breguet have been experimenting on the rate of velocity of sound in telegraph wires, as observed on the Versailles Railway. The best signal was found to be the stroke of a hammer on one of the posts. The blow being struck, an attendant, holding a chronometer, noted the precise instant of the concussion; while another, stationed far away, noted its arrival. The greatest distance over which it was possible to test the transmission was 4067 metres; for, singularly enough, the sound would not pass through a tunnel, notwithstanding that its intensity was such as would have been perceptible at a much greater distance. The rate was ascertained to be 3485 metres in a second, while, theoretically, it should have been 4634. The question is to be further investigated on a line where great lengths of wire extend independent of tunnels.

Our doctors have been talking about certain medical and physiological subjects which have also come before the Académie. One is M. Buisson's announcement of a cure for hydrophobia: it was written in 1835, and placed, sealed up, in the hands of the scientific corporation, and has only recently been opened. In the year specified, M. Buisson was called on to bleed a woman who had been bitten by a mad dog. While his hands were covered with blood, he wiped them with a towel which had been used to wipe the foam from the mouth of the patient, disregarding a sore that had formed on one of his fingers. At the end of nine days he was seized with the usual symptoms of hydrophobia: pain in the throat and eyes; dislike of viewing brilliant objects; desire to run and bite; and, eventually, horror of the sight of water. 'From the whole of the symptoms,' to quote his own words, 'he judged himself

affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour-bath. Having entered one for the purpose, he caused the heat to be raised 107 degrees 36 minutes Fahrenheit, when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free from all complaint. He left the bathing-room well dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves; and in no case has failed, except in that of one child seven years old, who died in the bath.

You are perhaps aware that the incurable nature of diabetes is a subject which has for a long time engaged the attention of eminent physiologists in this country and on the continent. M. Bernard, a French anatomist, states that he has found a remedy in the dividing of the pneumo-gastric nerves—an operation which, as he shews, prevents the occurrence of sugar in the liver. This conclusion has, however, been questioned; and Dr Mitchell of Glasgow finds, after numerous experiments, that the result is not positive, and that, whatever be the kind of food eaten, sugar may always be traced in the liver; if not in the surface veins, then in those which lie deeper. His summary is: 'That sugar exists uniformly and normally in the blood of the heart; that its presence there is independent of diet; that the sugar is found specially concentrated in the liver of animals; that there is reason to believe that it is formed in the liver, which thus becomes the seat and origin of the sugar.' From this it will be seen that an important subject of inquiry is here open to physiologists. According to Prout, the liver is the vegetative organ of animals, and chemistry and anatomy will have to work hand in hand to get at the secret which has so long baffled research. It will be no small triumph to discover a remedy against the malady in question, which, as Dr Mitchell observes, 'has hitherto been regarded as beyond the reach of the vis-medicatrix.'

Another medical subject which has come under discussion, is the statement made by Dr Louis Henry on the application of the cold douche to lymphatic, chlorotic, and certain nervous diseases. He regards it as more sure and rapid than any other hygienic remedy. Nine children, from three to twelve years of age, who came under the treatment, and of most decided lymphatic temperament, were completely converted, in the course of two years, to a sanguine temperament; and adults in a chronic languid condition have had their circulation restored to its normal state by the same application. It is another test of hydropathy. Then there is M. Gondret, who offers to betake himself to Sologne, one of the most unhealthy districts of France, or to Algeria, according as the Académie may decide, as he wishes to prove that his theory of dry cupping for the cure of intermittent fevers, and for the shiverings which attend some other affections, is a safe and effectual one. And another savant, M. Burq, shews that several neuralgic complaints, which are nearly always negative, may be cured by applying a plate of metal to the part affected. This plate is to be of silver, gold, steel, or copper, or a compound, according to the symptoms. Hence the disease being given, there only remains to determine the peculiar metal for effecting the cure.

Allied to this subject is M. Charles Dupin's inquiry on mortality in France, from which it appears, that during the last half of the last century, out of 10,000 births, not more than 5832 were alive at the fifth year; while at present the number is 6841. The former were selected results, but the latter are taken on the average of the whole population. During the last five years, which include one of cholera and one of scarcity, of each thousand deaths in the crowded city of Lille there were 467 fewer deaths than at the close of the eighteenth century, when neither disease nor scarcity

prevailed. On a comparison between Lille and Manchester, M. Dupin finds, contrary to expectation, that the balance of health is greatly in favour of the former city.

You will perhaps consider that I have said enough for the present about physiology and statistics of health. I conclude, therefore, with a rare fact—the Dunmow fitch has just been claimed by a couple who have complied with the anciently-prescribed conditions.

GRACE OF CLYDE-SIDE.

Ah, little Grace of the golden locks!

(The hills rise fair on the banks of Clyde,) As the merry waves wear out these rocks, She wears my heart out, glides past, and mocks ; (But heaven's gate ever stands open wide.)

The boat goes softly along, along ;

Like a river of life glows the amber Clyde ; Her voice floats near me like angels' song ; Oh, sweet love-death, but thy pangs are strong ! Though heaven's gate ever stands open wide.

We walk by the shore, and the stars shine bright, But coldly, above the solemn Clyde ; Her arm touches mine, her laugh rings light ;— God hears my silence !—His merciful night Hides me.—Can heaven be open wide ?

I ever was but a dreamer, Grace ;

As the gray hills watch o'er the flowing Clyde, Standing far off, each in his place, I watch your young life's beautiful race Apart—till heaven's gates be open wide.

And sometimes when in the twilight balm,

The hills grow golden along the Clyde, The waves flow silent and very calm, I hear all nature sing this one psalm— That 'heaven's gate ever stands open wide.'

So, happy Grace, with your spirit free,

Laugh on !—life is sweet on the banks of Clyde ! It is no blame unto thee or me ; Only God saw this could not be,

Therefore His heaven stands open wide.

But youth's morn passes ; swift follows eve ;

Age cometh, ev'n on the shores of Clyde ; Ah, then, if my soul its place can leave, It will whisper thee : 'Love, fear not nor grieve !— See !—heaven's gate ever stands open wide !'

Just published; price 3s. cloth, 2s. 6d. sewed,

LIFE AND WORKS OF BURNS—VOL. I¹. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. To be completed in Four Volumes. In this work, the life of the poet is traced more minutely and with more critical accuracy than in any other. The poems and songs are arranged in intimate union with the biography, to which they afford much illustration, while the biography, on the other hand, lends to them a fresh significance and effect.

Price 1s. in fancy boards,

THE SWAN'S EGG. By MRS. S. C. HALL. Forming the 18th Volume of CHAMBERS'S LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

Price 3s. 6d. cloth boards,

EXCERPTA EX OWIDII CARMINIBUS. Edited by DR. SCHMITZ and ZUMPT.

DRAWING BOOKS, price 1s. 6d. each, consisting of a series of Progressive Lessons in Drawing and Perspective, with General Instructions : in Eighteen Books. Numbers I. to VI. are now ready, embracing Elementary Lessons—Design—Flowers—Heads in Outline—Heads Shaded—Hands and Feet.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORK, Wren Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 58 Upper Baggaline Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 388. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1851.

PRICE 1*½*d.

THE WORLD 'AT LARGE.'

We all remember the story of the poor lunatic who told a visitor of the asylum one day, that he and his companions regarded the world out of doors as mad, while the world out of doors regarded them as mad; the former, he said, being the majority, had got the upper hand, 'and here we are!' The anecdote has its point chiefly from the shadow of truth there is in it. That truth was enunciated by a physician, when he predicated of all men that they are little mad. By which we understand it to be meant that most men have some foible or infatuation about them, amounting to something like lunacy. We believe, after all, that there is a decided and essential distinction about minds which are or may become insane; and, as a correlative of this proposition, that the remainder of mankind—fortunately the majority—however marked by strange infirmities, hobbies, crotchetts, or uncontrollable passions, do possess a property of solidity which insures them pretty well against ever becoming fit inmates for the asylum. Yet it must be owned that the distinctions are sometimes a little obscure, and that one occasionally meets with persons deemed fit to be at large for whom it might be as well that they were shut up, and likewise with persons who, if not in the ordinary strain of their life, yet in some particular crisis, act with such a disregard of common sense, that to suspect them of at least a temporary insanity might not merely be justifiable, but lenient.

If, indeed, we take one by one the ordinary marks of insanity, as defined by physicians, we shall find that nearly all of them may be attributed to certain persons reputedly sane.

It is, for example, a strong trait of the insane that their affections become perverted or depraved. They take up causeless antipathies to their nearest relations, with whom they have lived up to that time in perfect affinity. Now, we assuredly see instances of nearly the same peculiarity in the portion of mankind which remains at large. We once knew something of a gentleman of fortune who was not without either talents or good feelings, but who contracted, for no apparent cause, and maintained for a long course of years, a hatred of his children. He kept them all at a distance from him, gave them nothing which the law would permit him to keep from them, and did not allow even the deathbed of one of them to soften his rabid antipathy. We have known several other parents of both sexes who had what appeared a morbid dislike of their children, and yet no one ever dreamed of their being unfit to manage their own affairs.

Another feature of the confessedly insane is a dispo-

sition to act under what appear inadequate motives, or, scarcely any recognisable motive at all. There is a striking absurdity in the object they seek after, and an irrelevancy in their way of attaining it. With headlong zeal they pursue things and follow practices which appear indifferent, or incapable of producing any serious benefit; perhaps, with a good course before them, they deliberately enter upon a wrong one, where destruction lies in wait to swallow them up. But is not this a tolerably correct description of the conduct of no small part of the world at large?

A gentleman of reputed sanity knows perfectly well, as most people know, that it is the property of much wine to brutalise, to produce present and future pain, and to disorganise the whole course of a decorous and prosperous existence. Yet with this knowledge, and for no reason which can be made appreciable by the bulk of mankind, he deliberately submits himself to this degradation, misery, and ruin. The gambler knows equally well how fickle a patroness is Fortune, and what traps and pitfalls beset all her paths. Yet we shall see him going day after day, with a collected mind and in a steady pace, to spend his precious hours at her table. Motive, object, design, are here manifestly vile and contemptible; and the fatal tendency is fully presented to view. How could the conduct of lunatics in any point of view be worse?

A gentleman has inherited or otherwise become possessed of a handsome income, which, with fair economy, is fitted to maintain himself and his family in comfort all his life, besides enabling him to make some provision for those dependent upon him. But, instead of living in rational comfort within his income, he launches into a course of vanity and extravagance, such as twice the revenue would scarcely have sufficed to support. Now the end of such a career is well ascertained. The time when it will occur can be calculated upon. The kind of life which will ensue when the patient has fallen into the hands of creditors is clearly seen in the previous experience of multitudes who walk about, objects of pity, talking of their embarrassments when they should rather confess their frauds. And yet our victim will go deliberately on to the fatal abyss, as if he were under some delusion as to the number of two which there are in four, or supposed himself by some magic sleight exempted from the ordinary laws of our social economy. In what respect can we say that such a person is to be distinguished from a lunatic? His conduct seems as destitute of adequate motive as that of any madman, and he appears as reckless of consequences. Yet how many people, of passable repute in society, live in this manner—while they can!

A mercantile man had realised a handsome fortune

by his industry, and saw himself at forty-five enabled to retire to his native district, to purchase an estate there, and commence an elegant course of life, while scores of his former associates were obliged still to continue in the turmoil and racking anxieties of business, with but a poor chance of coming off half to well after a much longer perseverance in their respective concerns. This man, so rarely blest in the mercantile sense of the word, lived very happily for a short time in his new place; but by and by he had accomplished all the improvements in his residence which the utmost ingenuity could suggest; he had seen all the new faces around him, and exhausted all the ordinary kinds of social enjoyment within his reach. He was not without a taste for country sports; but they did not satisfy him. In time, he began to find his hours of leisure hang heavy upon his hands. His active spirit, formerly expended in trading speculation, now turned in upon and tormented himself. Just at that time a mercantile relative sought his co-operation in some trading schemes; and, unable to resist the temptation, he once more embarked in business, though only designing to devote to it a portion of his time. Very soon the exigencies of his new concern drew him wholly back into a life of business, and engrossed all his available resources. The reader foresees the end. Ere many years had elapsed, this worthy but restless man had lost the whole of his fortune, and found himself, in his declining days, obliged to work harder for a decent subsistence than it was necessary to do in his youth for a fortune. We must pity and deplore the fate of such a man; but it must be acknowledged that between the motivelessness of his conduct, and the either no-motive or inadequate motive of a lunatic, it is difficult to draw any distinction.

We remember seeing a story in an old book to something like the following purport:—A gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly of forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water, those slightly affected up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

'I have horses and greyhounds for coursing,' said the latter in reply to the other's question.

'Ah! these are very expensive.'

'Yes; they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind.'

'Have you anything more?'

'Yes; I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox.'

'And they cost a great deal too?'

'A very great deal. And I have birds for hawking.'

'I see: birds for hunting other birds. And these swell up the expense, I daresay?'

'You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and a retriever.'

'And these are expensive too?'

'Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money: there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment.'

'Yes, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost

you! Now, what I want to know is this, what return do they pay?—what does your year's sporting produce?'

'Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season.'

'Hark!' said the lunatic, looking anxiously round him. 'My friend'—in an earnest whisper—"there is the gate behind you; take my advice, and be off out of this place while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose, but, as sure as you are a living man, he will half-drown you!'

As to this gentleman's case, we may be told that there is a motive quite intelligible for his conduct. He desires amusement; this course of life amuses him, therefore he adopts it. It may even be said that in point of expense he is fully justifiable; it is a matter on which he is entitled to judge for himself. We would say, on the other hand, that a man's amusements ought to be rational, and that there should be some fair proportion between the amusement and the expense, according to the common ideas of mankind. The amusement is at once too trivial and too expensive to meet the ordinary ideas of men, and therefore it may reasonably be brought into contrast with the reasonabilities.

It strikes us that there is a still stronger mark of true insanity in the tendency to attach a false importance to things, or to disproportion, as it were, the emotions to the objects by which they are excited. And yet it cannot be said that this tendency is confined to the insane. The whole theatre of the reputedly sane world is full of cases of this kind of absurdity. Each person sees it in his neighbours, while failing to detect it in himself. In creeds and religious practices particularly, how multiform the illusions and fanaticism leading to the most preposterous conduct, and to the violation of the finest social affections, at all times the dictates of 'religion pure and undefiled' are trampled under foot and forgotten. If we calmly view the manias which from time to time arise in this department of human affairs, we shall certainly be at a loss to distinguish them from many of the errors of the diseased brain. Look again at the paroxysms of mercantile speculation which occasionally take place. A frantic inclination to 'invest' suddenly takes possession of a large portion of the public. Attaching an importance to wealth far beyond the reality, and blind to hazard, men lay out their hard earnings in some promising scheme—nay, are delighted when their money is taken off their hands, as if it, being left there were the losing of some golden opportunity. Now, men know that it is dangerous to hasten to be rich, and that to think of attaining wealth otherwise than by hard work, diligence, and frugality, is in ordinary circumstances folly. Yet no such knowledge controls or checks them, until they awaken to the deplorable issue which alone could be reasonably expected from such extravagance. We were going to say that it certainly is difficult to separate these investing manias from downright lunacy; but we pause on reflecting that, if we were to step from the stock exchange into the nearest lunatic asylum, we should probably find it a transition from something like insane *furor* to the calm of philosophic contemplation. The contrast here is in favour of the world under restraint.

Amongst the best recognised of the insanities are those which have their root each in some special passion. One gentleman is mad with pride, and, considering himself a king, is indignant that his fellow-patients do not pay homage to him. Another, whose wonder (speaking the language of phrenology) is deranged, labours under a delusion which gives a belief in false miracles, in prodigies, magic, ghosts, and all supernatural absurdities. A third is under the influence of an

infatuated firmness; and so on. Now, all of these errors are to be broadly seen on the face of walk-about society. Our friend Superbus is noted for the ridiculously-high estimate he puts upon himself. The sane society of London to this day, and at this day, supports half-a-dozen astrologers, and keeps up an astrological literature. And have we not seen sovereigns lose their thrones, and send their posterity into exile and humiliation, rather than give in to some reasonable demand of their subjects? We might go over all the infinities of the emotions in the same manner, and throughout the entire gamut it would be found that each note of the declaredly-insane mind has its responsive chord in *virtut* of the world at large.

It should not be overlooked, in reference to this subject, that there is a great number of people who appear almost devoid of all such erratic character as can be, by any stretch of ingenuity, likened to insanity, and who accordingly bear the repute of being remarkably sound-headed, prudent, considerate, well-attended people; and yet it often comes out regarding such persons, that they have all the time in their inner *cherished* some strange Delilah of the imagination, some foolish hope or prospect, or some fond illusive estimate of themselves, such as their fellow-creatures can by no means approve of, and which makes them in fact to be better in respect of the unacknowledged lunacies of their neighbours. There is a great amount of *unconscious* imagination and unconfessed day-dreaming amongst mankind. The tamest-looking people often have violent volcanoes rending them within. In the *steep* and modestest nooks of life, the lifting off of *upper* integuments would be found to lay bare *downs* and *furrows* of the bosom such as ought only to exist in the confessedly insane. If all this be taken into account, the approximation of the world at large to the world shut up will appear still more clearly established.

We have often bethought us how desirable it is that there should be some 'treatment' for the unrecognised infatuations. It is truly a sore pity to see a perhaps worthy man exposing himself to ruin or disgrace through a mad course of conduct—a gentleman of sixty, for instance, marrying a girl of sixteen, whom he thinks in love with him, and capable of making him a good wife—if a little interference of any kind on the part of rational bystanders could save him. We have

conceived a thousand plans for saving the unconfined insane from themselves; but a thousand difficulties lie in the path. One consideration nearly settles the matter. It is difficult enough to conclude about the uses which require confinement, and sometimes mistakes are made by the acutest magistrates and doctors. How much more difficult to legislate for those honest people who go rationally about most of their business, and are only possessed by some fragment of an evil spirit, or become liable at some particular crisis to act in defiance of rationality! Perhaps the only thing that can be done, is to try to impress the world at large with the idea that it is not more than enough entitled to be so, and to call upon individuals, when inclined to start into any extraordinary course, to reflect that they are perhaps about to rival the doings of the world in confinement. To be fully aware of this universal liability to a certain shade of derangement would do us all some good, in acting as a warning.

To let *embe*, when about to do some headlong *passionate* thing, that we have seen such actions characterised as the effects of a transient madness, might however change our hand and check our pride. It seems quite possible, moreover, for a gentleman who goes mad for gambling, for drink, or any other kind of vice, or for one of those in whom the love of sport is carried to frenzy, to be made aware that he might, under a better direction for his faculties, derive equal enjoyment from their exercise, and be doing good to

himself and his fellow-creatures all the time—for of course it is the excitement of occupation which such men require, and this they may obtain innocently and safely as well as otherwise.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

I AM about to relate a rather curious piece of domestic history, some of the incidents of which, revealed at the time of their occurrence in contemporary law reports, may be in the remembrance of many readers. It took place in one of the midland counties, and at a place which I shall call Watley: the names of the chief actors who figured in it must also, to spare their modesty or their blushes, as the case may be, be changed; and should one of those persons, spite of these precautions, evince *unpleasant* recognition, he will be able to console himself with the reflection, that all I state beyond that which may be gathered from the records of the law courts will be generally ascribed to the fancy or invention of the writer. And it is as well, perhaps, that it should be so.

Caleb Jennings, a shoemender, cobbler, snob—using the last word in its *genuine* classical sense, and by no means according to the modern interpretation by which it is held to signify a genteel sneak or pretender—he was anything but that—occupied, some twelve or thirteen years ago, a stall at Watley, which, according to the traditions of the place, had been hereditary in his family for several generations. He may also be said to have flourished there, after the manner of cobblers; for this, it must be remembered, was in the good old times, before the *gutta-percha* revolution had carried ruin and dismay into the stalls—those of cobblers—which in considerable numbers existed throughout the kingdom. Like all his fraternity whom I have ever fallen in with or heard of, Caleb was a sturdy Radical of the Major Cartwright and Henry Hunt school; and being withal industrious, tolerably skilful, not inordinately prone to the observance of Saint Mondays, possessed, moreover, of a neatly-furnished sleeping and eating apartment in the house of which the projecting first floor, supported on stone pillars, overshadowed his humble workplace, he vaunted himself to be as really rich as an *estated* squire, and far more independent.

There was some truth in this boast, as the case which procured us the honour of Mr Jennings's acquaintance sufficiently proved. We were employed to bring an action against a wealthy gentleman of the vicinity of Watley for a brutal and unprovoked assault he had committed, when in a state of partial inebriety, upon a respectable London tradesman who had visited the place on business. On the day *official* our witnesses appeared, to have become suddenly afflicted with an almost total loss of memory; and we were only saved from an adverse verdict by the plain, straightforward evidence of Caleb, upon whose sturdy nature the various arts which soften or neutralise hostile evidence had been tried in vain. Mr Flint, who personally superintended the case, took quite a liking to the man; and it thus happened that we were called upon some time afterwards to aid the said Caleb in extricating himself from the extraordinary and perplexing difficulty in which he suddenly and unwittingly found himself involved.

The projecting first floor of the house beneath which the humble workshop of Caleb Jennings modestly disclosed itself, had been occupied for many years by an ailing and somewhat aged gentleman of the name of Lisle. This Mr Ambrose Lisle was a native of Watley, and had been a prosperous merchant of the city of London. Since his return, after about twenty years' absence, he had shut himself up in almost total seclusion, nourishing a cynical bitterness and acrimony of temper which gradually withered up the sources of

health and life, till at length it became as visible to himself as it had for some time been to others, that the oil of existence was expended, burnt up, and that but a few weak flickers more, and the ailing man's plaints and griefs would be hushed in the dark silence of the grave.

Mr Lisle had no relatives at Watley, and the only individual with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy was Mr Peter Sowerby, an attorney of the place, who had for many years transacted all his business. This man visited Mr Lisle most evenings, played at chess with him, and gradually acquired an influence over his client which that weak gentleman had once or twice feebly but vainly endeavoured to shake off. To this clever attorney, it was rumoured, Mr Lisle had bequeathed all his wealth.

This piece of information had been put in circulation by Caleb Jennings, who was a sort of humble favourite of Mr Lisle's, or, at all events, was regarded by the misanthrope with less dislike than he manifested towards others. Caleb cultivated a few flowers in a little plot of ground at the back of the house, and Mr Lisle would sometimes accept a rose or a bunch of violets from him. Other slight services—especially since the recent death of his old and garrulous woman-servant, Esther May, who had accompanied him from London, and with whom Mr Jennings had always been upon terms of gossipping intimacy—had led to certain familiarities of intercourse; and it thus happened that the inquisitive shoe-mender became partially acquainted with the history of the wrongs and griefs which preyed upon, and shortened the life of, the prematurely-aged man.

The substance of this everyday, commonplace story, as related to us by Jennings, and subsequently enlarged and coloured from other sources, may be very briefly told.

Ambrose Lisle, in consequence of an accident which occurred in his infancy, was slightly deformed. His right shoulder—as I understood, for I never saw him—grew out, giving an ungraceful and somewhat comical twist to his figure, which, in female eyes—youthful ones at least—sadly marred the effect of his intelligent and handsome countenance. This personal defect rendered him shy and awkward in the presence of women of his own class of society; and he had attained the ripe age of thirty-seven years, and was a rich and prosperous man, before he gave the slightest token of an inclination towards matrimony. About a twelvemonth previous to that period of his life, the deaths—quickly following each other—of a Mr and Mrs Stevens threw their eldest daughter, Lucy, upon Mr Lisle's hands. Mr Lisle had been left an orphan at a very early age, and Mrs Stevens—his aunt, and then a maiden lady—had, in accordance with his father's will, taken charge of himself and brother till they severally attained their majority. Long, however, before that she married Mr Stevens, by whom she had two children—Lucy and Emily. Her husband, whom she survived but two months, died insolvent; and, in obedience to the dying wishes of his aunt, for whom he appears to have felt the tenderest esteem, he took the eldest of her orphan children to his home, intending to regard and provide for her as his own adopted child and heiress. Emily, the other sister, found refuge in the house of a still more distant relative than himself.

The Stevenses had gone to live at a remote part of England—Yorkshire, I believe—and it thus fell out that till his cousin Lucy arrived at her new home he had not seen her for more than ten years. The pale, and somewhat plain child, as he had esteemed her, he was enabled to find had become a charming woman; and her naturally gay and joyous temperament, quick talents, and fresh young beauty, rapidly acquired an overwhelming influence over him. Struggled as vainly as he struggled against the growing infatuation—

argued, reasoned with himself—passed in review the insurmountable objections to such a union, the difference of age—he leading towards thirty-seven, she barely twenty-one: he, crooked, deformed, of reserved, taciturn temper—she full of young life, and grace, and beauty. It was useless; and nearly a year had passed in the bootless struggle when Lucy Stevens, who had vainly striven to blind herself to the nature of the emotions by which her cousin and guardian was animated towards her, intimated a wish to accept her sister Emily's invitation to pass two or three months with her. This brought the affair to a crisis. Buoying himself up with the illusions which people in such an unreasonable frame of mind create for themselves, he suddenly entered the sitting-room set apart for her private use, with the desperate purpose of making his beautiful cousin a formal offer of his hand. She was not in the apartment, but her opened writing-desk, and a partly-finished letter lying on it, shewed that she had been recently there, and would probably soon return. Mr Lisle took two or three agitated turns about the room, one of which brought him close to the writing-desk, and his glance involuntarily fell upon the unfinished letter. Had a deadly serpent leaped suddenly at his throat, the shock could not have been greater. At the head of the sheet of paper was a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Lucy Stevens and himself: he, kneeling to her in a lovelorn ludicrous attitude, and she laughing immoderately at his lachrymose and pitiful aspect and speech. The letter was addressed to her sister Emily; and the enraged lover saw not only that his supposed secret was fully known, but that he himself was mocked, laughed at for his doting folly. At least this was his interpretation of the words which swam before his eyes. At the instant Lucy returned, and a torrent of imprecation burst from the furious man, in which wounded self-love, rageful pride, and long pent-up passion, found utterance in wild and bitter words. Half an hour afterwards Lucy Stevens had left the merchant's house—for ever, as it proved. She, indeed, on arriving at her sister's, sent a letter supplicating forgiveness for the thoughtless, and, as he deemed it, insulting sketch, intended only for Emily's eye; but he replied merely by a note written by one of his clerks, informing Miss Stevens that Mr Lisle declined any further correspondence with her.

The ire of the angered and vindictive man had, however, begun sensibly to abate, and old thoughts, memories, duties, suggested partly by the blank which Lucy's absence made in his house, partly by remembrance of the solemn promise he had made her mother, were strongly reviving in his mind, when he read the announcement of her marriage in a provincial journal, directed to him, as he believed, in the bride's handwriting; but this was an error, her sister having sent the newspaper. Mr Lisle also construed this into a deliberate mockery and insult, and from that hour strove to banish all images and thoughts connected with his cousin from his heart and memory.

He unfortunately adopted the very worst course possible for effecting this object. Had he remained amid the buzz and tumult of active life, a mere sentimental disappointment, such as thousands of us have sustained and afterwards forgotten, would, there can be little doubt, have soon ceased to afflict him. He chose to retire from business, visited Watley, and habits of miserliness growing rapidly upon his dandered mind, never afterwards removed from the lodgings he had hired on first arriving there. Thus madly hugging to himself sharp-pointed memories which a sensible man would have speedily cast off and forgotten, the sour misanthrope passed a useless, cheerless, weary existence, to which death must have been a welcome relief.

Matters were in this state with the morose and aged man—aged mentally and corporeally, although his years were but fifty-eight—when Mr Flint made Mr Jennings's

acquaintance. Another month or so had passed away when Caleb's attention was one day about noon claimed by a young man dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female similarly attired, and from their resemblance to each other he conjectured brother and sister. The stranger wished to know if that was the house in which Mr Ambrose Lisle resided. Jennings said it was; and with civil alacrity left his stall and rang the front-door bell. The summons was answered by the landlady's servant, who, since Esther May's death, had waited on the first-floor lodger; and the visitors were invited to go up stairs. Caleb, much wondering who they might be, returned to his stall, and from thence passed into his eating and sleeping room just below Mr Lisle's apartments. He was in the act of taking a pipe from the mantel-shelf, in order to the more deliberate and satisfactory cogitation on such an unusual event, when he was startled by a loud shout, or scream rather, from above. The quivering and excited voice was that of Mr Lisle, and the outcry was immediately followed by an explosion of unintelligible exclamations from several persons. Caleb was up stairs in an instant, and found himself in the midst of a strangely perplexing and distracted scene. Mr Lisle, pale as his shirt, shaking in every limb, and his eyes on fire with passion, was hurling forth a torrent of vituperation and reproach at the young woman, whom he evidently mistook for some one else; whilst she, extremely terrified, and unable to stand but for the assistance of her companion, was tendering a letter in her outstretched hand, and uttering broken sentences, which her own agitation and the fury of Mr Lisle's invectives rendered totally incomprehensible. At last the fierce old man struck the letter from her hand, and with frantic rage ordered both the strangers to leave the room. Caleb urged them to comply, and accompanied them down stairs. When they reached the street, he observed a woman on the other side of the way, dressed in mourning, and much older apparently, though he could not well see her face through the thick veil she wore, than she who had thrown Mr Lisle into such an agony of rage, apparently waiting for them. To her the young people immediately hastened, and after a brief conference the three turned away up the street, and Mr Jennings saw no more of them.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the house-servant informed Caleb that Mr Lisle had retired to bed, and although still in great agitation, and, as she feared, seriously indisposed, would not permit Dr Clarke to be sent for. So sudden and violent a hurricane in the usually dull and drowsy atmosphere in which Jennings lived, excited and disturbed him greatly: the hours, however, flew past without bringing any relief to his curiosity, and evening was falling, when a peculiar knocking on the floor overhead announced that Mr Lisle desired his presence. That gentleman was sitting up in bed, and in the growing darkness his face could not be very distinctly seen; but Caleb instantly observed a vivid and unusual light in the old man's eyes. The letter so strangely delivered was lying open before him; and unless the shocinender was greatly mistaken, there were stains of recent tears upon Mr Lisle's furrowed and hollow cheeks. The voice, too, it struck Caleb, though eager, was gentle and wavering. 'It was a mistake, Jennings,' he said. 'I was mad for the moment. Are they gone?' he added in a yet more subdued and gentle tone. Caleb informed him of what he had seen; and as he did so, the strange light in the old man's eyes seemed to quiver and sparkle with a yet intenser emotion than before. Presently he slipped them with his hand, and remained several minutes silent. He then said with a firmer voice: 'I shall be glad if you will step to Mr Sowerby, and tell him I am too unwell to see him this evening. But be sure to say nothing else,' he eagerly added, as Caleb turned away in compliance with his request; 'and when you come back, let me see you again.'

When Jennings returned, he found to his great surprise Mr Lisle up and nearly dressed; and his astonishment increased a hundredfold upon hearing that gentleman say, in a quick but perfectly collected and decided manner, that he should set off for London by the mail-train.

'For London—and by night!' exclaimed Caleb, scarcely sure that he heard aright.

'Yes—yes, I shall not be observed in the dark,' sharply rejoined Mr Lisle; 'and you, Caleb, must keep my secret from everybody, especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser.' This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, and assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unobserved the railway station just in time for the train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr Lisle returned; and so well had he managed, that Mr Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterwards, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next morning, but dropped no hint as to the object of his sudden journey.

Three days passed without the occurrence of any incident tending to the enlightenment of Mr Jennings upon these mysterious events, which, however, he plainly saw had lamentably shaken the long-since failing man. On the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr Lisle walked, or rather tottered, into Caleb's stall, and seated himself on the only vacant stool it contained. His manner was confused, and frequently purposeless, and there was an anxious, flurried expression in his face which Jennings did not at all like. He remained silent for some time, with the exception of partially inaudible snatches of comment or questionings, apparently addressed to himself. At last he said: 'I shall take a longer journey to-morrow, Caleb—much longer: let me see—where did I say? Ah, yes! to Glasgow; to be sure to Glasgow!'

'To Glasgow, and to-morrow!' exclaimed the astounded cobbler.

'No, no—not Glasgow; they have removed,' feebly rejoined Mr Lisle. 'But Lucy has written it down for me. True—true; and to-morrow I shall set out.'

The strange expression of Mr Lisle's face became momentarily more strongly marked, and Jennings, greatly alarmed, said: 'You are ill, Mr Lisle; let me run for Dr Clarke.'

'No—no,' he murmured, at the same time striving to rise from his seat, which he could only accomplish by Caleb's assistance, and so supported, he staggered indoors. 'I shall be better to-morrow,' he said faintly, and then slowly added: 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Ah, me! Yes, as I said, to-morrow, I—' He paused abruptly, and they gained his apartment. He seated himself, and then Jennings, at his mute solicitation, assisted him to bed.

He lay some time with his eyes closed; and Caleb could feel—for Mr Lisle held him firmly by the hand, as if to prevent his going away—a convulsive shudder pass over his frame. At last he slowly opened his eyes, and Caleb saw that he was indeed about to depart upon the long journey from which there is no return. The lips of the dying man worked inarticulately for some moments; and then with a mighty effort, as it seemed, he said, whilst his trembling hand pointed feebly to a bureau chest of drawers that stood in the room: 'There—there, for Lucy; there, the secret place is—' Some inaudible words followed, and then after a still mightier struggle than before, he gasped out: 'No word—no word—to—Sowerby—for her—Lucy.'

More was said, but undistinguishable by mortal ear; and after gazing with an expression of indescribable

anxiety in the scared face of his awestruck listener, the wearied eyes slowly reclosed—the deep silence flowed past; then the convulsive shudder came again, and he was dead!

Caleb Jennings trembly summoned the house-servant and the landlady, and was still confusedly pondering the broken sentences uttered by the dying man, when Mr Sowerby hurriedly arrived. The attorney's first care was to assume the direction of affairs, and to place seals upon every article containing or likely to contain anything of value belonging to the deceased. This done, he went away to give directions for the funeral, which took place a few days afterwards; and it was then formally announced that Mr Sowerby succeeded by will to the large property of Ambrose Lisle; under trust, however, for the family, if any, of Robert Lisle, the deceased's brother, who had gone when very young to India, and had not been heard of for many years—a condition which did not at all mar the joy of the crafty lawyer, he having long since instituted private inquiries, which perfectly satisfied him that the said Robert Lisle had died, unmarried, at Calcutta.

Mr Jennings was in a state of great dubiety and consternation. Sowerby had emptied the chest of drawers of every valuable it contained; and unless he had missed the secret receptacle Mr Lisle had spoken of, the deceased's intentions, whatever they might have been, were clearly defeated. And if he had not discovered it, how could he, Jennings, get at the drawers to examine them? A fortunate chance brought some relief to his perplexities. Ambrose Lisle's furniture was advertised to be sold by auction, and Caleb resolved to purchase the bureau chest of drawers at almost any price, although to do so would oblige him to break into his rent-money, then nearly due. The day of sale came, and the important lot in its turn was put up. In one of the drawers there were a number of loose newspapers, and other valueless scraps; and Caleb, with a sly grin, asked the auctioneer if he sold the article with all its contents. 'Oh yes,' said Sowerby, who was watching the sale; 'the buyer may have all it contains over his bargain, and much good may it do him.' A laugh followed the attorney's sneering remark, and the biddings went on. 'I want it,' observed Caleb, 'because it just fits a recess like this one in my room underneath.' This he said to quiet a suspicion he thought he saw gather on the attorney's brow. It was finally knocked down to Caleb at L.5, 10s., a sum considerably beyond its real value; and he had to borrow a sovereign in order to clear his speculative purchase. This done, he carried off his prize, and as soon as the closing of the house for the night secured him from interruption, he set eagerly to work in search of the secret drawer. A long and patient examination was richly rewarded. Behind one of the small drawers of the *secrétaires* portion of the piece of furniture was another small one, curiously concealed, which contained Bank-of-England notes to the amount of L.200, tied up with a letter, upon the back of which was written, in the deceased's handwriting, 'To take with me.' The letter which Caleb, although he read print with facility, had much difficulty in making out, was that which Mr Lisle had struck from the young woman's hand a few weeks before, and proved to be a very affecting appeal from Lucy Stevens, now Lucy Warner, and a widow, with two grown-up children. Her husband had died in insolvent circumstances, and she and her sister Emily, who was still single, were endeavouring to carry on a school at Bristol, which promised to be sufficiently prosperous if the sum of about L.150 could be raised, to save the furniture from her deceased husband's creditors. The claim was pressing, for Mr Warner had been dead nearly a year, and Mr Lisle being the only relative Mrs Warner had in the world, she had vented to entreat his assistance for her mother's sake. There could be no moral doubt, therefore, that this money

was intended for Mrs Warner's relief; and early in the morning Mr Caleb Jennings dressed himself in his Sunday's suit, and with a brief announcement to his landlady that he was about to leave Watley for a day or two on a visit to a friend, set off for the railway station. He had not proceeded far when a difficulty struck him: the bank-notes were all twenties; and were he to change a twenty-pound note at the station, where he was well known, great would be the tattle and wonderment, if nothing worse, that would ensue. So Caleb tried his credit again, borrowed sufficient for his journey to London, and there changed one of the notes.

He soon reached Bristol, and blessed was the relief which the sum of money he brought afforded Mrs Warner. She expressed much sorrow for the death of Mr Lisle, and great gratitude to Caleb. The worthy man accepted with some reluctance one of the notes, or at least as much as remained of that which he had changed; and after exchanging promises with the widow and her relatives to keep the matter secret, departed homewards. The young woman, Mrs Warner's daughter, who had brought the letter to Watley, was, Caleb noticed, the very image of her mother, or rather of what her mother must have been when young. This remarkable resemblance it was, no doubt, which had for the moment so confounded and agitated Mr Lisle.

Nothing occurred for about a fortnight after Caleb's return to disquiet him, and he had begun to feel tolerably sure that his discovery of the notes would remain unsuspected, when, one afternoon, the sudden and impetuous entrance of Mr Sowerby into his stall caused him to jump up from his seat with surprise and alarm. The attorney's face was deathly white, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and his whole appearance exhibited uncontrollable agitation. 'A word with you, Mr Jennings,' he gasped—'a word in private, and at once!' Caleb, in scarcely less consternation than his visitor, led the way into his inner room, and closed the door.

'Restore—give back,' screamed the attorney, vainly struggling to dissemble the agitation which convulsed him—'that—that which you have purloined from the chest of drawers!'

The hot blood rushed to Caleb's face and temples; the wild vehemence and suddenness of the demand confounded him; and certain previous dim suspicions that the law might not only pronounce what he had done illegal, but possibly felonious, returned upon him with terrible force, and he quite lost his presence of mind.

'I can't—I can't,' he stammered. 'It's gone—given away—'

'Gone!' shouted, or more correctly howled, Sowerby, at the same time flying at Caleb's throat as if he would throttle him. 'Gone—given away! You lie—you want to drive a bargain with me—dog!—liar!—rascal!—thief!'

This was a species of attack which Jennings was at no loss how to meet. He shook the attorney roughly off, and hurled him, in the midst of his vituperation, to the further end of the room.

They then stood glaring at each other in silence, till the attorney, mastering himself as well as he could, essayed another and more rational mode of attaining his purpose.

'Come, come, Jennings,' he said, 'don't be a fool. Let us understand each other. I have just discovered a paper, a memorandum of what you have found in the drawers, and to obtain which you bought them. I don't care for the money—keep it; only give me the paper—documents.'

'Papers—documents!' ejaculated Caleb in unfeigned surprise.

'Yes—yes; of use to me only. You, I remember, cannot read writing; but they are of great consequence to me—to me only, I tell you.'

'You can't mean Mrs Warner's letter?'

'No—no; curse the letter! You are playing with a tiger! Keep the money! I tell you; but give up the papers—documents—or I'll transport you!' shouted Sowerby with reviving fury.

Caleb, thoroughly bewildered, could only mechanically ejaculate that he had no papers or documents.

The rage of the attorney when he found he could extract nothing from Jennings was frightful. He literally foamed with passion, uttered the wildest threats; and then suddenly changing his key, offered the astounded cobbler one—two—three thousand pounds, any sum he chose to name, for the papers—documents! This scene of alternate violence and cajolery lasted nearly an hour; and then Sowerby rushed from the house, as if pursued by the furies, and leaving his auditor in a state of thorough bewilderment and dismay. It occurred to Caleb, as soon as his mind had settled into something like order, that there might be another secret drawer; and the recollection of Mr Lisle's journey to London recurred suggestively to him. Another long and eager search, however, proved fruitless; and the suspicion was given up, or, more correctly, weakened.

As soon as it was light the next morning, Mr Sowerby was again with him. He was more guarded now, and was at length convinced that Jennings had no paper or document to give up. 'It was only some important memoranda,' observed the attorney carelessly, 'that would save me a world of trouble in a lawsuit I shall have to bring against some heavy debtors to Mr Lisle's estate; but I must do as well as I can without them. Good-morning.' Just as he reached the door, a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He stopped, and said: 'By the way, Jennings, in the hurry of business I forgot that Mr Lisle had told me the chest of drawers you bought, and a few other articles, were family relics which he wished to be given to certain parties he named. The other things I have got; and you, I suppose, will let me have the drawers for—say a pound profit on your bargain?'

Caleb was not the acutest man in the world; but this sudden proposition, carelessly as it was made, suggested curious thoughts. 'No,' he answered; 'I shall not part with it. I shall keep it as a memorial of Mr Lisle.'

Sowerby's face assumed, as Caleb spoke, a ferocious expression. 'Shall you?' said he. 'Then be sure, my fine fellow, that you shall also have something to remember me by as long as you live!'

He then went away, and a few days afterwards Caleb was served with a writ for the recovery of the two hundred pounds.

The affair made a great noise in the place; and Caleb's conduct being very generally approved, a subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of defending the action—one Hayling, a rival attorney to Sowerby, having asserted that the words used by the proprietor of the chest of drawers at the sale barred his claim to the money found in them. This wise gentleman was intrusted with the defence; and, strange to say, the jury—a common one—spite of the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that Sowerby's jocular or sneering remark amounted to a serious, valid leave and licence to sell two hundred pounds for five pounds ten shillings!

Sowerby obtained, as a matter of course, a rule for a new trial; and a fresh action was brought. At once Hayling refused to go on, alleging deficiency of funds. He told Jennings that in his opinion it would be better that he should give in to Sowerby's whim, who only wanted the drawers in order to comply with the testator's wishes. 'Besides,' remarked Hayling in conclusion, 'he is sure to get the article, you know, when it comes to be sold under a writ of *scire facias*.' A few days after this conversation, it was ascertained that

Hayling was to succeed to Sowerby's business, the latter gentleman being about to retire upon the fortune bequeathed him by Mr Lisle.

At last Caleb, driven nearly out of his senses, though still doggedly obstinate, by the harassing perplexities in which he found himself, thought of applying to us.

'A very curious affair, upon my word,' remarked Mr Flint, as soon as Caleb had unburdened himself of the story of his woes and cares; 'and in my opinion by no means explainable by Sowerby's anxiety to fulfil the testator's wishes. He cannot expect to get two hundred pence out of you; and Mrs Warner, you say, is equally unable to pay. Very odd indeed. Perhaps if we could get time, something might turn up.'

With this view Flint looked over the papers Caleb had brought, and found the declaration was in *trover*—a manifest error—the notes never admittedly having been in Sowerby's actual possession. We accordingly inquired to the form of action, and the proceedings were set aside. This, however, proved of no ultimate benefit: Sowerby persevered, and a fresh action was instituted against the unhappy shoemender. So utterly overcrowded and disconsolate was poor Caleb, that he determined to give up the drawers, which was all Sowerby even now required, and so wash his hands of the unfortunate business. Previous, however, to this being done, it was determined that another thorough and scientific examination of the mysterious piece of furniture should be made; and for this purpose Mr Flint obtained a workman skilled in the mysteries of secret contrivances, from the desk and dressing-case establishment in King Street, Holborn, and proceeded with him to Watley.

The man performed his task with great care and skill: every depth and width was gauged and measured, in order to ascertain if there were any false bottoms or backs; and the workman finally pronounced that there was no concealed receptacle in the article.

'I am sure there is,' persisted Flint, whom disappointment as usual rendered but the more obstinate; 'and so is Sowerby: and he knows, too, that it is so cunningly contrived as to be undiscoverable, except by a person in the secret, which he no doubt at first imagined Caleb to be. I'll tell you what we'll do: You have the necessary tools with you. Split the confounded chest of drawers into shreds: I'll be answerable for the consequences.'

This was done carefully and methodically, but for some time without result. At length the large drawer next the floor had to be knocked to pieces; and as it fell apart, one section of the bottom, which, like all the others, was divided into two compartments, dropped asunder, and discovered a parchment laid flat between the two thin leaves, which, when pressed together in the grooves of the drawer, presented precisely the same appearance as the rest. Flint snatched up the parchment, and his eager eye had scarcely rested an instant on the writing, when a shout of triumph burst from him. It was the last will and testament of Ambrose Lisle, dated August 21, 1838—the day of his last hurried visit to London. It revoked the former will, and bequeathed the whole of his property, in equal portions, to his cousins Lucy Warner and Emily Stevens, with succession to their children; but with reservation of one-half to his brother Robert or children, should he be alive, or have left offspring.

Great, it may be supposed, was the jubilation of Caleb Jennings at this discovery; and all Watley, by his agency, was in a marvellously short space of time in a very similar state of excitement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exul-

tant as the worthy shipmaster. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, waited upon Mr Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crestfallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moneys he had received and expended, about £1200, he destroyed the former will in Mr Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr Lisle had written a letter to Mrs Warner, stating what he had done, and where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the bank-notes found by Caleb in the secret drawer—the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places—of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

A FAREWELL BANQUET.

WHEN lately in London we were favoured with an invitation to visit certain ships about to depart to the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand, and to dine afterwards with a large party on the occasion of bidding farewell to the emigrant passengers setting out for that distant colony. The day was fine, and the sun shone forth brilliantly as we entered the extensive enclosure forming the East India import dock, where the vessels were moored. As regards this dock, it may be as well to explain that it does not resemble a harbour surrounded with houses, and involved in the confusion which one usually sees at ordinary quays. It is a piece of water with ample quayage in a state of perfect repose, the whole, including a slip of green, environed by a lofty wall, within which no entrance is obtained except by well-guarded gateways. Any intending passengers, therefore, arriving within this enclosure may be quite at their ease; they are not exposed to that horrible din that pervades shipping places; and they go on board and make all their arrangements with the utmost deliberation.

On entering upon the spacious quadrangle, partly dock and partly green grass, we at once observed five vessels ranged along the nearest quay, decorated all over with flags, and with matted gangways reaching from the quay to the decks, so as to allow the freest ingress and egress. On the quay stood groups of ladies and gentle-

men chatting, and parties were walking into and out of the ships. On the green was a large wooden erection, with the union-jack hoisted on a pole at the doorway; and conspicuously at one end was a canvas tent, in which waiters were busily preparing the materials of refection. A gardener's van was depositing flowers in pots to ornament the tables. A band of some regiment or no regiment was arriving, and taking up a suitable position. As is always the case where anything is going on in London, there were plenty of police-officers to see that order was preserved. We gave only a look into the wooden structure. The struggle of arranging plates and glasses was considerable; but the chaos was not very alarming. Blackwall waiters possess a faculty of arrangement in dining affairs, which allays all gastronomic apprehensions.

Having glanced round at the *tout ensemble*, we proceeded to the ships, beginning with the first in the row, called the *Bangalore*. We found the deck pretty well covered with people—a mixture of visitors and emigrants. First we went into the poop, then descended a steepish but not particularly bad stair, to the deck below, where we had the presumption, in common with hundreds of others, to look into every hole and corner, and ask all sorts of odd questions. After this we remounted to the deck, and inspected in a critical way the pigs, the sheep, the fowls, the ducks, all of which seemed very cheery and comfortable in their respective bins; and lastly, we examined the cow, a most respectable-looking animal, standing in a roofed stall, and having before her a manger full of sweet-smelling hay, which she munched with a degree of satisfaction highly edifying. Poor cow! thought we, you are going to be an involuntary emigrant, and never more will have the happiness of rolling about in the rich meadows of merry England. Well, well, it is to be hoped you will get across the line without being turned into beef, and live to crop daisies and cowslips, or something analogous to them, at the antipodes.

Most emigrant ships when about to sail present a dreadfully topsy-turvy aspect. Sailors are frantically pulling at ropes, and bawling down hatchways; the commander is full of troubles, and has not time to be civil; the state of affairs in what comes within the steward's department will not endure description. Sights, smells, sounds! The words are enough. No doubt the arrangements on board emigrant vessels have been recently much improved by the generally active supervision of government agents. Still, referring only to what may be daily seen at Liverpool and Glasgow, things are not quite what could be wished. Many emigrant ships are vessels employed in the timber or general import trade, and they seem to export or take away emigrants pretty much as a kind of ballast. In short, the emigration business with them is only a secondary or incidental consideration, not that primary object which, under a right system, it ought to be. A scene of scrambling on board one of these timber-trading emigrant vessels lately at the Broomielaw, Glasgow, has left a most unpleasing impression on our memory; and to this scene the spectacle that presented itself in the dock at Blackwall offered an agreeable contrast. Without disparaging other efforts in the same direction, we can at least say, that nothing in the nature of emigrant shipment which has come under our notice can be at all compared with the comfortable arrangements on board the vessels now starting for Canterbury. Nothing seemed to be done in a shabby, higgeldy-piggeldy way. Roomy and substantial, the vessels we visited were the pink of cleanliness and order.

The accommodation on board all the vessels was alike, or as nearly so as circumstances could admit, and was designed for three orders of persons, some-

what analogous to aristocracy, middle, and lower classes. The best kind of accommodation was in the poop. The poop, or cuddy, as it is sometimes called, is a large apartment like a dining-room, level with the deck, so that you walk into and out of it without going down stairs. It is situated in the after or hind-part of the vessel, and its roof, which we reach by a flight of steps, forms an agreeable place for walking or sitting in the open air. In hot weather an awning is drawn across, so as to avert the direct action of the sun. Sitting under this awning during fine weather, while the ship passes rapidly and smoothly through the water, is one of the most delightful things experienced in a long sea-voyage. The poop has two windows looking out on the deck, and on entering we find that along the sides there is a row of cabins, each having a door like a bedroom, and completely partitioned off from its neighbours. On the further side is a window of four small panels opening on the side of the ship. In the *Bangalore* these cabins were capacious, and about eight feet high. Each could accommodate a bed, a small chest of drawers, a table, two chairs, and some other articles of furniture. One that we peeped into was provided with a shelf of hooks. Any person occupying a cabin of this class may be as retired as in his own house. All the occupants take their meals at a long mahogany table which runs up the middle of the cuddy. They are supposed to be the guests of the captain, and require to conduct themselves accordingly. At the end of the cuddy, near the entrance, is the pantry of the steward, who acts as waiter and general assistant. Such is the accommodation of what are styled poop passengers.

On the lower deck are the berths of an inferior kind. In that part of this lower deck which is beneath the poop are the chief cabins, as they are called, being the size of those above, and ranged in the same manner along the sides. The windows in them are considerably smaller; but to insure ventilation, the partitions do not reach the roof, therefore they are not quite so secluded as the upper cabins. Passengers who occupy these apartments take their meals up stairs with the residents in the poop, so, except when sleeping, they need not be much in the lower deck. All proper accommodations for cleanliness are attached to the suites of berths. Adjoining the chief cabins on the lower deck are the second-class cabins, which are similarly enclosed, and the occupants of which dine at a table appointed for them in this quarter.

So far, we believe, there is little difference between the arrangements of the vessels we refer to and those of ordinary emigrant ships from the principal ports. The novelty consists in what follows. On the same level as the second-class cabins, and running in continuation from them to the bow of the vessel, are the places appointed for the humbler class of passengers. These are of four varieties—berths for families, for married couples, for unmarried men, and for unmarried women. The berths for families are cabins with doors, not differing materially from the cabins of the second-class. The berths for married couples are enclosed spaces in two tiers; the space for a couple being three feet six inches wide, or thereabouts, and the same in height. The only opening is at the end; so that the occupants may be said to crawl into bed by the foot. Curtains may be hung in front. Nearer the bow, there are on one side, in a secluded situation, the berths distinctly set apart for young women; in a similar recess on the opposite side are the berths for men. In certain small cabins in the line of berths suitable accommodations for cleanliness are provided for the use of both sexes respectively. Wooden seats run along the fronts of the berths, and in the middle is fixed a deal-table, with a form on each side. Here all the third-class passengers dine, and are ordinarily seated—women sewing, men reading, and children amusing themselves.

This general apartment is lighted at the centre by the hatchway, in which is the stair for access; and near this opening the schoolmaster daily surrounds himself with the children of the party, for purposes of instruction. A reference to this circumstance leads to some notice of the principles on which the Canterbury Association is conducted. One object is to put the transmission of emigrants on a decent and every way proper footing. Accordingly, besides every care as respects health and material comforts, regard is had for spiritual and moral advancement. In each ship is a clergyman to conduct religious ordinances, a schoolmaster to superintend the education of the young, and the general discipline is such as to preserve the strictest propriety and order. The rate of passage-money is, we believe, rather higher than is charged by others, but it is stated that, all things considered, this is not grudged. In point of fact, the association contributes towards the expense of the ships and their accommodations, so as to lessen the burden on individual passengers; and it does so from the fund paid for lands. Of the scheme of the association in its wider aspect, it is not our purpose here to enter into particulars, as we have lately treated the subject at length in a work specially designed for emigrants.* We would only observe that, if the price paid for lands in the Canterbury Settlement be considerably greater than what crown lands in the colonies can be elsewhere obtained for, it is on the score of greater advantages being given for the money. Whether settlers will consent to pay in this indirect manner for the establishment of churches, schools, and some other attributes of civilised communities, will of course depend as much on previous habits or feelings as on commercial calculations. One thing is certain, that if capitalists of a respectable standing make this settlement their chosen seat, the place must be eminently advantageous for all those who depend on being employed, and who out of such employment look forward to the realisation of property.

Revenons à nos moutons! We return to the more immediate subject of the article. Having satisfied all reasonable curiosity respecting the interior of the ships, we proceeded to the banqueting hall, where guests and emigrants were respectively taking their seats at several well-plenished tables. At an elevated table in the centre sat the president of the festivity, Lord Lyttleton, supported by the Duke of Newcastle and a number of other distinguished personages, including several ladies of rank. Grace being said (by the dean of Carlisle), the business of eating commenced, and was kept up with vigour under the inspiring strains of the band of musicians. What more need be said? Of course the speeches were creditable specimens of oratory. Yes, one thing it may not be improper to mention in conclusion; and that was the gratification which we felt in hearing farewell said to a large party of persons in a humble rank, by persons occupying the highest social position. This public recognition was done feelingly and becomingly, and not unaccompanied with counsel of practical wisdom; the whole affair, we trow, being somewhat different from the usual method of trundling people out of the country like so many cattle or bales of merchandise. How immensely—though we, as we wended homeward in a cab—how immensely the aristocracy of this country might widen their basis by taking a personal concern in the movements, wants, and habits of the humbler orders—not in the way of tutelage, for that would be mischievous, but in bringing their education and influence to bear on measures that affect social welfare. He was a great man that Lord Baltimore, who led a swarm of his countrymen across the Atlantic.

* *The Emigrant's Manual*, published in Parts. See the Part on New Zealand.

William Penn was also a great man, not only as a coloniser but as a governor. Among the aristocracy there were surely giants in those days. Perhaps we are about to see a revival of this masculine character.

THE ROMAN WALL.

WHEN the testy Laird of Monkbayns had, to the great relief of Mrs Macleuchar, been at length safely deposited in the Hawes Fly, or Queensferry Diligence, and by the lapse of time and the motion of the lumbering vehicle, had become repossessed of his equanimity, the prized folio, which had such a dulcifying tendency as to banish the last traces of impatience and wrath, was Sandy Gordon's 'Itinerarium Septentrionale.' This learned folio was so highly appreciated in its own day, that a Latin edition was published on the continent for the benefit of all European scholars; yet it is no exaggeration to say, that nine-tenths of modern readers would deem it too severe a penance for any ordinary backsliding to be condemned to read it through. It is in fact a most excellent type of the old school of antiquarian treatises, and doubtless was selected as such, when Sir Walter Scott resolved to have a laugh at one of his own favourite hobbies.

Sir Walter Scott did good service in many ways when he produced his inimitable satire. Yet few more memorable instances could be produced of the inconsistency of the human mind than the occupation of Scott at the very time when he was penning his amusing picture of the antiquarian hoarder of 'auld nicknackets.' He was himself expending one of the largest incomes ever derived from literature in an attempt to realise a practical romance—a modern antiquity—not a whit less extravagant than his own credulous hero's *agger* and *valum* on the Kaim of Kinprunes, or its never-to-be-forgotten sacrificial patera, or 'lang ladie.'

It is not, perhaps, the least valuable of the results which have been indirectly traced to the writings of the great Scottish novelist, that men begin to look upon the study of antiquities, not as a research into obsolete and lifeless curiosities, but as the readiest means of restoring to us the living past, and repeopling it with the old actors, not as stuffed or painted automata, but as actual men and women like ourselves, each 'in his habit as he lived.' And it is wonderful how much can be done, and how much remains to be done, in the way of thus revivifying the past. In our own British island there exist even now the remains of the well-defined barrier, of which the old Roman practically said: 'Here shall be the bounds of civilisation with its attendant arts, and beyond it all shall be as though it were not!' It is not, therefore, without good reason that men of learning and patient research have deemed their time well spent in exploring this remarkable work, which stretches from the banks of the Tyne, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle—where its termination still oddly enough gives the name to our *Wall-end coal*!—to the border of the Solway Firth, on the northern skirts of modern England. There has appeared within the last few months a new and comparatively popular account* of this singular structure, to which we would draw the attention of our readers, being convinced that it will amply repay a perusal. 'A dead wall,' say the historians, 'may seem to most a very unpromising subject. The stones are indeed inanimate; but he who has a head to think and a heart to feel, will find them suggestive of bright ideas and melting sympathies. A large part of the knowledge which we possess of the early history of our country has been dug out of the ground. The spade and plough of the rustic have often exposed documents which have

revealed the movements, as well as the modes of thought and feeling, of those who have slept in the dust for centuries. The casual wanderer by the relics of the wall will probably get those vivid glances into Roman character, and acquire that personal interest in Roman story, which will give to the prosaic records of chroniclers a reality and a charm which they did not before possess.'

Such is the spirit in which we are invited to retrace the half-obliterated vestiges of the old barrier, and to seek to reanimate the Roman warden and his barbarian foe. We accordingly find, under such guidance, that much of historical and personal interest is recoverable, and we obtain glimpses of curious import into that old state of things which existed some fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago on the debatable lands afterwards so famous in Border legend and song. 'I confess,' says Horsley, 'that when I view some part of the country in the north of England, where the Romans had their military ways and stations, that question naturally arises which has been so often proposed—What could move them to march so far to conquer such a country? It appears wild and desolate enough at present, but must have been more so at that time, from the accounts the Roman historians have given us of it. I shall leave the Caledonian Galgacus, or Tacitus for him, to return the answer—if the enemy was rich, their covetousness moved them; if poor, their ambition. And when they added further desolation to a desolate country, this was their peace.'

Those, however, who have devoted most time and care to the study of the records treasured up in such archaeological chronicles, are nearly unanimous in the conclusions they arrive at, that Britain was neither a very poor nor a very barbarous country at the period of its invasion by the Romans. 'There are few evils,' says Mr Bruce, 'in the fibres of whose roots the love of money will not be found. Gold was another secret but powerful cause of the miseries which the Romans themselves underwent, and of the countless ills which they mercilessly inflicted upon the miserable islanders. The British chiefs in general appear to have had considerable riches among them. Caesar acquired a large booty in his two descents upon our shore. Prasutagus, the king of the Iceni, died possessed of very great wealth. To a few states in the south, and within a few years after their first subjection, the philosophical Seneca lent more than £480,000 of our money upon good security, and at exorbitant interest; and Severus got a prodigious mass of riches in this land.' So, too, the abundance of gold reliquies; torcs, or collars for the neck, armillæ, and bracelets for the arms and wrists, and even breastplates and body-armour, all made of pure gold, and now from time to time brought to light, all attest the abundance of the precious metals in this country in early times, and add to the probability, which is confirmed by other evidence, that prior to the Roman era our islands abounded in native gold.

The contrast between the Roman and native reliquies is not the least remarkable and interesting feature in these investigations. The native reliquies consist of the weapons and implements of stone, bronze, or iron, and the personal ornaments of gold—interesting only as evidences of the progress in arts or military skill of those to whom they belonged. Their conquerors, on the contrary, have left us definite literary records, altogether independent of the classic histories which were written for the purpose of preserving a memory of these times. Along the whole line of the wall have been found inscribed tablets, columns, altars, and innumerable coins. Some of the sepulchral tablets especially interest us. One is dedicated to *Anicius Ingenuus*, physician in ordinary to the first Tungrian cohort—a curious and unique piece of evidence, so far as Britain is concerned, of the attachment of a medical staff to the Roman army. Another is dedicated, by a bereaved

* *The Roman Wall: A Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Account of the Barrier of the Lower Iustus, extending from the Solway to the Tyne.* By the Rev. J. C. Bruce, M.A.

husband, 'To his matchless wife, with whom he had lived twenty-seven years without a single quarrel!—a couple whose incomparable fidelity may justly challenge comparison with the foremost of modern candidates for the Dunmow flitch of bacon.

Among the legends and traditions of 'The Wall,' not a few curious, though distorted memories of the old Roman supremacy, as well as of the lawless freedom which succeeded to them, may still be traced, though these are now rapidly fading before the march of the iron highway and the electric wires. Mr Bruce observes: "There are no old people upon the wall now," as a man of threescore lately said to me when I was endeavouring to persuade him to gather up from his still more ancient neighbours the fireside lore of bygone times. It is not a little singular, however, to find, as one of the most widespread traditions of this frontier line, the existence of an ingenious Roman substitute for the electric telegraph. 'In this wall,' says an old writer—Sir Christopher Ridley—'was theyr a trunk of brass, or whatever kynd of metall, which went from one place to another along the wall, and came into the captyaines chamber, whereat they had watchmen for the same, and yf theyr had bene styrfe or business betwyxt the enemies, and that the watchmen did blow a horn in at the end of the trunke, that came into the chamber, and so from one to one.' Nearly the same tradition exists at the present day along some portions of the line of the more northerly or Scottish Roman Wall, which extended between the Clyde and the Forth; and the clay-pipes and flue-tiles used for the stoves and baths of the old Roman villas are triumphantly produced in proof of its truth.

The traces of Roman and native civilisation along the line of the wall are of the most varied kind; but not less interesting to us is the evidence afforded of the changing influences on which the existence of the most important cities and stations depended. The Romans made it one of their earliest and most indispensable tasks in every new province, to construct great military roads, at the junctions of which, or on the most convenient stations along their course, were speedily established camps or military posts, which again, in many cases, became the nucleus of large towns, and gave rise to many of the chief modern cities; and it is a remarkable evidence of the sagacious policy of imperial Rome, that one of the very first steps taken by the English government after the northern rebellion of 1745, was the reconstruction of the old military way between Newcastle and Carlisle, almost precisely on the line of Hadrian's Roman road.

We have seen, however, in our own day, an entirely new system of roads introduced—namely, the railways; and already the most remarkable changes are resulting from it. Towns, such as St Albans, where formerly hundreds of stage-coaches, postchaises, and gentlemen's carriages used to change horses daily, are now utterly deserted and grass-grown. They are like sea-ports on a forsaken beach, or like towns along the bank of a river which has abandoned its course. Meanwhile the current flows abundantly in the new channel, and large towns are already springing up at Crewe, Blisworth, and others of the chief points of junction of the great trunk-lines. A precisely similar result seems to have followed the desuetude of the old Roman Wall, and the abandonment of the great military roads which its defenders had maintained; and the curious antiquary now exhumes from beneath the wild heath, or the lone sheep-pastures, which seem to the common eye as if the hand of man had never disturbed them, evidences of wealth, luxury, abundant population, and all the appliances of domestic convenience which were familiar to the native of Italy in the second and third century.

For the most part, the stations—cities which for centuries were the abodes of busy men, and which re-

sounded with the hum of multitudes and the clash of arms—now present a scene of utter desolation. The wayfarer may pass through them without knowing it; the streets are levelled, the temples are overthrown, and the sons and daughters of Italy, Mauritania, and Spain, whose adopted homes they were, no longer encounter him. The sheep, depasturing the grass-grown ruins, look listlessly upon the passer-by; and the curlew, wheeling above his head, screams as at the presence of an intruder. One can scarcely turn up the soil without meeting not only with bronze relics and personal ornaments, fragments of Roman pottery, and other imperishable articles, but also with the bones of oxen, the tusks of boars, deer's horns, and other animal remains; while as for Roman coins, we are almost tempted to fancy their owners must have sown them broadcast, they are met with in such quantities wherever the ground is disturbed.

'It is not a little remarkable,' says Mr Bruce, 'that the names of the stations, which must have been household words in the days of Roman occupation, have for the most part been obliterated from the local vocabulary. They are now only to be recalled, and that with difficulty, by exhuming the stony records of the past, and comparing them with the notices of contemporaneous geographers. The truth is, that military reasons dictated the choice of the stations—commercial facilities gave rise to modern cities. Long may the mere military outpost be consigned to the shepherd's use, whilst the wharf and the warehouse are beset by the busy crowd.'

A very different transition-stage, however, had to be passed through before the military outpost gave place to the warehouse and thronging wharf, such as now crowd the site of the old Pons Aelii, or Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Instead of the classic names of the *Notitia*, we stumble on such terms as Busy-gap, Bogle-hole, and the more ominous title of Bloody-gap. While yet Scotland and England were rival kingdoms, it was the policy of the governments of both countries to maintain on the Borders a body of men inured to arms, and to encourage a constant system of mutual aggression and wrongs. When the policy of Elizabeth and the accession of James to the throne of England allayed the national strife, the stern warriors of the Border degenerated into sheep-stealers; and instead of dying in the fray, or yielding their necks honourably to the headsman's stroke, they burdened by the score the gallows-tree at Newcastle or Carlisle. It is impossible to imagine the desolation and misery occasioned by such a state of society. Bernard Gilpin, the 'apostle of the north,' was esteemed a brave man, because he annually ventured as far as Rothbury, to preach the gospel of peace to the lawless people of the vale of Coquet. Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, though ardently desirous of examining the wall, durst not venture in their progress eastward beyond Carvoran. 'From thence,' says the illustrious author of the *Britannia*, writing about 1580, 'the wall goeth forward more aslope by Iverton, Forsten, and Chester-in-the-Wall, near to Busy-gap, a place infamous for thieving and robbing, where stood some castles (Chesters they called them), as I have heard, but I could not with safety take the full survey of it, for the rank robbers therabouts.' Mr Bruce adds some curious evidence of the ill-repute of this same transmural region. In the sixteenth century, an act of the merchants

* In glancing along the map of the wall, and contrasting the old Roman names of the stations with the names now attached to them, or the spots which they once occupied, we can trace no resemblance whatever between *Sagedunum* and *Wallsend*, *Condercum* and *Benwell*, *Arbeia* and *Rutchester*, *Humnum* and *Halton Chester*, *Proculia* and *Carrowburgh*, &c. But at length, near the western limits of the county of Northumberland, there occurs a station which the Romans called *Magna*. Is not the modern name of this place, *Carvoran*, simply a translation of the original into the native British language?—*Ed.*

of Newcastle forbids any guild-brother from taking as an apprentice any one born in Tyndale, Liddisdale, or any such like places, under a penalty of £20; assigning as the reason a notorious fact, that the dishonesty and vice of these regions is hereditary, and propagated in the blood! 'The parties there brought up are known, either by education or nature, not to be of honest conversation; they commit frequent thefts, and other felonies, proceeding from such lewd and wicked progenitors!' Fully a century later, curious evidence exists to shew that the old prejudices against these Bordermen had in nowise diminished—a case of prosecution for defamation being on record so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, because a baker of Newcastle had styled a brother freeman 'a Bussey-gap rogue!'

Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy' supplies abundant and familiar illustration of the strange lawless system that prevailed on the debatable lands lying between the two kingdoms long after Scotland and England had become one. It was quaintly remarked by a reviewer, after referring to some of the forays and cattle-raids of the old Border Scots, that Sir Walter had been at more pains to trace his descent from thieves than most men would take to prove their ancestors honest men! We cannot spare room here, however, for following further the lively adventures of the Bussey-gap Rogues, though they retained their hereditary character down to the reign of George III.

No less curious are the mediæval traditions that linger about the precincts of the old wall in the wilder districts of Northumberland. At Sewingshields, for example, is the locality of the familiar tradition of the renowned King Arthur, who, with his Queen Guenever, his lords and ladies, hawks and hounds, lie to this day enchanted in an unknown cave in the crags, under a spell, only to be broken when some one shall first blow a bugle-horn which lies near the entrance of the cave, and then, with the sword that lies beside it, cut a garter through which binds it to the wall. Some fifty years ago, so says veracious tradition, the farmer of Sewingshields discovered, under the ruins of the old castle, a subterranean passage unknown to him before. He entered, and made his way along a low vaulted arch, his courage sinking at every step as he trod amid toads and slimy lizards, and startled at the flight of dark-winged bats, disturbed by his intrusion. At length a dim light appeared before him, and following its guidance, the bold Northumbrian farmer stood under the fretted roof of a vast subterranean hall, strangely lighted by an unearthly glow. King Arthur, with his queen and court, slumbered on a circle of thrones and couches round the walls, and at their feet were thirty couples of gigantic wolf-hounds. On a stone-table in the middle of the hall lay the spell-dissolving horn, sword, and garter. The farmer seized the sword, and as he drew it from the scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers opened. He cut the garter, and they sat up, and the dogs shook themselves from the sleep of centuries. But the courage of the intruder failed him—the sword slowly returned to its scabbard; and as the strange court sank again back to their spell-bound slumbers, King Arthur exclaimed:

'Oh wo betide the evil day
On which this witless wight was born!
Who drew the sword, the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn!'

The farmer was so terror-stricken that he could never afterwards tell how he escaped, or find again the entrance to the enchanted hall.

Such is our modern version of the curious myth of the good King Arthur, who Merlin swore should come again to rule. In many forms it has survived through changing centuries, and is well worth considering for the truth it embodies under its quaint imagery. Mean-

while, however, it will suffice to shew how many pleasant topics may be suggested to the gambler along the course of the old Roman barrier, which once stretched its unbroken line of forts, curtain walls, and military way, from Segedunum, or Wallsend, near the mouth of the Tyne, to Bowness on the Solway Firth. To those who desire to become familiar with the history and antiquities of this remarkable monument of the military arts of ancient Rome, we recommend Mr Bruce's work, from which we have extracted some of the above passages. To the antiquary its attractions are great, abounding as it does with engravings of altars and inscriptions, maps, sections, and ground-plans of all that most command his study, and many of these being entirely new, and derived from the enthusiastic author's own personal observations. What we have said above, however, will suffice to shew that others besides the professed antiquary will find in the work matter to attract, to instruct, and to amuse; and we should think little of that mind which, amid all the stirring interest of the present, can spare no thought for that older state of being from whence the present has sprung, and to which it owes a reverence in some degree akin to that which is due to the parent from the child.

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

I HAD frequently remarked a neat little old woman, in a clean, stiff-starched, quilted cap, going to and from a neighbouring chapel, without however its ever coming into my head to ask who she was; until one day a drove of oxen alarmed her so visibly, that I opened the gate of my little garden, and begged her to remain there in safety till the cattle had passed by.

'Madame is very polite; she has no doubt been in France?'

'Yes,' answered I in her native language, 'I resided there many years, and perceive I have the pleasure of addressing a Frenchwoman.'

'I was born in England, madame; but at eight years of age went with my father to Honfleur, where I married, and continued to reside until four years ago, when my poor husband followed the remains of his last remaining child to the grave, and in less than a fortnight after died of the grippe himself. I had no means of living then, being too old to go out as a *femme de journée*, my only means of gaining a livelihood; so I returned to the place where I was born, and my mother's youngest brother allows me thirty-five pounds a year, upon condition that I am never more than a month out of England again.'

We soon became great friends, and by degrees I learned her history. This uncle of hers was a year younger than herself—a thorough John Bull, who hated the French, and ridiculed everything that was foreign. His heart, however, was kind and generous, and he no sooner heard of the destitute condition in which his aunt was left, than he hastened across the Channel for her, bought in her clothes and furniture, which she was forced to sell to enable her to satisfy her creditors, and then made her a present of them all again, offering to convey her to her native country, and settle upon her enough to enable her to live there decently; which allowance, however, was to cease if she was ever known to be more than a month out of England. 'Time enough for her to pray over her French friends' graves, poor benighted Catholic that she be! but I wont have more of my money spent among them foreign frog-eaters nor I can help.' The poor woman had no other choice; but it was several years before she reconciled herself to habits so different from those to which she had been so long accustomed; and to the last she preserved the French mode in dressing, eating, and manner. At the topmost storey of a high house she took

two unfurnished rooms: the largest contained her bed, *secrétaires*, *commode pendule*, *prie-dieu*, and whatever was best and gayest of her possessions. The room behind was *consacrée*, as she called it, to pots and pans, basins and baskets, her night-quilt and pillow, and whatever else was not 'convenable' to display to 'le monde;' but the front apartment was where she lived, slept, cooked, ate, and prayed; and a nice, clean, cheerful, well-furnished room it was, and many a pleasant hour have I spent in it, with the old lady, conversing upon cookery and politeness—two requisites she found the English quite deficient in, she said. I confess I am somewhat inclined to agree with her, especially as to the former; and those who agree with me in opinion will perhaps be glad to have her recipes for the inexpensive French dishes which fine cooks despise too much to print in cookery-books.

We shall begin with the *pot au feu*, in Mme Mieu's own words:—Get from the butcher a nice, smooth, pretty piece of beef, with as little skin, fat, strings, and bones, as possible: one pound does for me, but for a family we shall say three pounds. Put this into—not an iron pot, not a brass pot, not a tin pot—but an earthen pan with a close-fitting lid, and three quarts of filtered water, and some salt. This you must put, not on the fire, but on the top of the oven, which is heated from the fire, and which will do just the same as a hot hearth: let it boil up; skin and deprive it of all grease. When this is accomplished, take three large carrots, cut in three pieces—three, remember!—one large parsnip cut in two, two turnips, as many leeks as possible—you can't have too many; two cloves ground, and the least little idea of pepper, and onions if you like—I only put a burnt one to colour. Now cover up, and let it stay, going tic-tac! for seven hours; not to *boil*, pray. When I hear my bouillon bubble, the tears are in my eyes, for I know it is a *plat manqué*. When ready, put the beef—what we country people call *bouillie*—which word, they say, is vulgar—never mind!—put it on a dish, and with tasteful elegance dispose around the carrots, parsnip, and turnip. Then on slices of bread at the bottom of a bowl pour your soup, and thank God for your good dinner.

I sometimes tie the white part of my leeks in bundles, like asparagus, and serve on toasted (she never would say *toasted*) bread. Next day I warm the soup again, introducing rue, vermicelli, or fresh carrots cut in shapes, as my fancy may lead me, and eat the beef cold with tarragon vinegar. Mme Fouache, my sister-in-law, puts in celery, parsley, and a hundred other things; but that is modern—mine is the old, respectable *pot au feu*; and I never have nonplus, what all the Fouaches are so fond of, which is properly a Spanish, not a French dish, called *olla podrida*—very extravagant. Not only have they beef, but a fowl, a ham, or piece of one; a Bologna or Spanish sausage; all the vegetables named above; *pois chiches* (large hard peas), which must be soaked a night; a cabbage, a hard pear, and whatever they can gather, in the usual proportion of a small quart to large pound of meat; and not liking oil, as the Spaniards do, Mme Fouache adds butter and flour to some of the soup, to make sauce. The fowl is browned before the fire, and served with pear, peas, celery, and the ham with the cabbage; the beef with the carrots, leeks, and parsnips; the sausage by itself; and the soup in a tureen over a *croûton*. This takes nine hours of slow cooking; but mine, the veritable *pot au feu* *Français*, is much better, as well as simpler and cheaper.

'Thank you, Mme Mieu,' said I; 'here it is all written down. Is that batter-pudding you have arranged for frying?'

'No, madame; it is *sarrasin*. It was my dinner yesterday, *en bouillie*; to-day I fry it, and with a garnet besides, am well dined.'

'How do you cook it?'

'In France I take half a pint of water and a pint and a half of milk; but here the milkman saves me the

trouble: so I take two pints of his milk, and by degrees mix in a good half pint of buckwheat-flour, salt, an egg if you have it, but if not, half an hour's additional boiling will do as well. This mess must boil long, till it is quite, quite thick: you eat some warm with milk, and put the remainder into a deep plate, where, when cold, it has the appearance you see, and is very nice fried.'

'And the garnet?'

'I boil it, skin it, and bone it, and pour over it the following sauce:—A dessert-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth into a half tumbler of water; this you boil till it is thick, and looks clear; then take it off the fire, and pray don't put it on again, to spoil the taste, and pop in a good lump of Dutch butter, if you can't afford fresh, which is much better, and a small teaspoonful of vinegar; pour this over your fish: an egg is a great improvement. I can't afford that, but I sometimes add a little drop of milk if I have it.'

'I am sure it must be very good: and, by the by, can you tell me what to do with a miserable half-starved chicken that the dogs killed, to make it eatable?'

'Truss it neatly, stuff it with sausage and bread-crums; mix some flour and butter, taking care it does not colour in the pan, for it must be a white rout; plump your chicken in this, and add a little water, or soup if you have it; take four little onions, two small carrots cut in half; tie in a bundle the tops of celery, some chives, a bay-leaf, and some parsley; salt to taste, with a bit of mace—will be all you require more; cover close, so that all air is excluded, and keep it simmering two hours and a quarter: it will turn out white and plump; place the vegetables round it; stir in an egg to thicken the sauce, off the fire, and your dish will not make you blush.' I did as she directed, and found it very good.

I went very often to Mme Mieu's, and invariably found her reading her prayer-book, and she invariably put it down unaffectedly without remark, and entered at once into conversation upon the subject I introduced, never alluding to her occupation.

'I fear,' said I one day, 'I interrupt your devotions.'

'*Du tout*, madame, they are finished; I am so far from chapel I can only get there upon Sundays or on the very great saints' days; but I have my *good corner* here,' pointing to the *prie-dieu*, which stood before what I had always imagined shelves, protected from the dust by a green baize curtain; 'and you see I have my little remembrances behind this,' added she, pulling the curtain aside, and displaying a crucifix, 'the Virgin mild and sweet St John' standing by, her string of beads, the crowns of everlasting from her parents', husband's, and children's graves, several prints of sacred subjects, and a shell containing holy water.

Her simple piety was so sincere that I felt no desire to cavil at the little harmless superstitions mixed with it, but said: 'You must have many sad and solitary hours; but you know where to look for consolation I find.'

'Yes, indeed, madame. Without religion how could I have lived through my many sorrows? but God sustains me, and I am not unhappy, although wearing out my age in poverty and in a strange land, without one of those I loved left to comfort me; for if the longest life be short, the few years I have before me are shorter still, and I thank Him daily for the comfort I derive from my Christian education.'

She was too delicate-minded to say Catholic, which I knew she meant, and I changed the subject, lest our ideas might not agree so well if we pursued it much further. 'Pray, Mme Mieu, what is the use of that odd-looking iron stand?'

'It is for stewing or boiling: the baker sells me the burnt wood out of his oven (we call it *braise* in France), which I mix with a little charcoal; this makes a capital fire, and in summer I dress my dinner. You see there are three pots, one above the other; this saves me the heat and dirt, and expense of a fire in the grate, for it stands in the passage quite well, and stewed beefsteak is never so good as when dressed by it.'

'How do you manage?'

'I make a rout, and put to it a quantity of onions minced small, and a bit of garlic, when they are quite soft; I add salt, a little pepper, and some flour and water, if I have no gravy or soup. Into this I put slices of beef, and let it stew slowly till quite done, and then thicken the sauce with powder starch. The neighbours down stairs like this so much, that we often go halves in both the food and firing, which greatly reduces the cost to both; and it keeps so well, and heats up so nicely! They eat it with boiled rice, which I never before saw done, and like very much; but I boil my rice more than they do, and beat it into a paste, with salt and an egg, and either brown it before the fire or fry it, which I think an improvement; but neighbour Green likes it all natural.'

'Oh, do tell me about *soupe à la graisse*; it sounds very uninviting.'

'I seldom take it in this country, where vegetables are so dear, and you must prepare your *graisse* yourself.'

'How do you prepare it?'

'By boiling dripping with onions, garlic, and spices; a good tablespoonful of this gives a nice taste to water, and you add every kind of vegetable you can obtain, and eat it with brown bread steeped in it. The very poor abroad, almost live on it, and those who are better off take a soup from those who have no fire, *pour tremper leur soupe*; and surely on a cold day this hot mess is more acceptable to the stomach than cold bread and cheese.'

'You seem very fond of onions with everything.'

'Yes; they make everything taste well: now *crevettes*, what you call shrimps, how good they are with onions!'

'How! onions with shrimps!—what an odd combination! Tell me how to dress this curious dish.'

'When the shrimps are boiled, shell them, take a pint or a quart, according to your family; make a rout, adding pepper; jump (*sauter*) them in it, adding, as they warm, minced parsley; when quite hot, take them off the fire, and stir round among them a good spoonful of sour cream. *Pois de prud'homme* and *pois mange-tout* are dressed the same, leaving out the flour and pepper.'

'I don't know what *pois* you mean.'

'The *prud'hommes*, when they first come in, are like lupin-pods, and contain little square white beans. You do not shell them till they are quite old, and then they are good also, but not nearly so good or so wholesome as in the green pods. The *pois tirer* or *mange-touts* are just like every other pea—only as you can eat the pods, you have them full three weeks before the others are ready, and a few handfuls make a good dish: you must take the string off both, as you do with kidney-beans, unless when young.'

'I suppose you eat the white dry beans which are to be bought at the French shop here.'

'No, never: they don't agree with me, nor indeed are they very digestible for any but strong workers.'

'How should they be dressed?'

'Steeped from five to twelve hours; boiled till tender; then jumped with butter and parsley in a pan after draining well; and milk and an egg stirred in them off the fire, or what is much better, a little sour cream or thick buttermilk. They eat well with roast mutton, and are much more delicate than the red beans, which, however, I have never seen sold in this country.'

'Do you drink tea?'

'I would do so were I confined to the wishy-washy stuff people of my rank in England call coffee—bad in itself, and worse prepared.'

'How do you manage?'

'I buy coffee-beans ready roasted or not: a coffee-mill cost me 1s. 6d., and I grind it every now and then myself; but I always freshen my beans by jumping them in a clean frying-pan, with a little new butter, till quite dry and crisp—very easy to do, and the way to have good coffee. I don't take at a time, and use that small coffee bigger, which is now common even in this country: two well-heated teaspoonfuls serve me, but were I richer, I should put three. Upon these two spoonfuls I pour a cup of boiling water, and while it is draining through,

heat the same quantity of milk, which I mix with the clear coffee, and I have my two cups. Chicory I don't like, spite of the doctor, who says it is wholesome. All French doctors preach against coffee; but I who have drunk it all my life am of opinion they talk nonsense. You may take it stronger or weaker; but I advise you always to make it this way, and never try the foolish English practices of boiling, simmering, clearing, and such like absurdities and fussings. I generally, however, breakfast upon *soupe à la citronnelle*, which is very nice.'

'Tell me how to make it.'

'You cut your citronnelle (pumpkin, I believe you call it) in slices, which you boil in water till soft enough to press through a cullender into hot milk; add salt and pepper, stir smooth, and give one boil, and it is ready to pour upon your bread as a *purée*. A little white wine improves it, or you may make it *au gras*, mixing a little white meat gravy; but to my mind the simple soup is the best, although I like a bit of butter in it I confess. Turnips and even carrots eat very well prepared this way many think; but I prefer the latter prepared à la Crècy, which you do very well in England.'

'You use a great deal of butter, which at one time of the year is very dear in England.'

'And in France also; therefore I buy it at the cheap seasons, put it on the fire, and give it a boil, skinning it well; then I let it settle, and pour off all that is clear into bottles and pots, and it keeps until the dear time is past, quite well for cooking.'

'And eggs?'

'Nothing so simple, when quite new laid: butter them well with fresh butter; remember if a pin's point is passed over, the egg spoils—rub it well into them, and place in jars, shaking over them bran or dry sand: wash when about to use them, and you would say they had been laid two days back only.'

'Do you eat your prepared butter upon bread?'

'I never do anything so extravagant as to eat butter upon bread: I prefer to use it in my cookery; but I don't think boiled butter would taste well so, though it fries beautifully on maigre days; and on others I use lard to my potato.'

'Does one satisfy you?' asked I laughing.

'Oh yes, if it is of a tolerable size. I cut it in pieces the size of a hazel-nut, dry, and put them into a common sauce-pan, with the least bit of butter, shaking them about every few minutes; less than half an hour does them; they are eaten hot, with some salt sifted over.'

'I suppose you often have an omelet?'

'Not often, but let me offer you one now.'

I had scarcely assented, when the frying-pan was on the fire to heat three eggs broken, some chives and parsley minced, and mixed with a little pepper and salt all together—Mme Mieu throwing in a drop of milk because she happened to have it, in order to increase the size of the omelet, although in general she seldom used it—and flour never. It was thrown upon the boiling fat, and as it hardened, lifted up with two wooden forks round and round, and then rolled over, never turned—the upper part, which was still slightly liquid, serving for sauce as it were. This was all, and very good I found it. Another time she put in grated cheese, which was also excellent.

'I can't comprehend how you contrive to make everything so good at so little expense,' said I.

'There is no merit in making good things if you are extravagant: any one can do that.'

'No, indeed, not every one.'

'Cookery, in a little way,' continued Mme Mieu, 'appears to me so simple. To fry well, the fat must boil before putting what you wish fried into it; and this you ascertain by throwing in a piece of bread, which should gild immediately: the colour should be yellow or light-brown—never darker. To stew, the only rule is to let your meat simmer gently for a long time, and keep in the steam; and all sorts should be previously sautéed in a rout, which keeps in the juice: the look, also, is important, and a burnt onion hurts the colour.'

Mme Mieu, however, could cook more elaborate dishes than those she treated herself to, and I shall subjoin

some of tier recipes, all of which I have tried myself; and if the preceding very economical but thoroughly French dishes please as a foundation, I may give in a future number *plats* of rather a higher description.

THE FIRST PRINT.

The art of the goldsmith, in our days limited to the fashioning of gold and silver into sacred vessels, table-ornaments, or utensils for daily use, was formerly not deemed unworthy of being exercised by the most celebrated hands. At the period of the revival of the arts in Italy, the goldsmiths were real, and often great artists in design, sculpture, carving, and engraving. With them originated the art of engraving on metals, and about the middle of the fifteenth century they introduced an ornamental kind on plates of silver or gold. When the design was engraved, the lines or incisions were filled in with a shining black compound made of silver and lead, so as to produce the effect of shadow; and as the plates thus cut and prepared were called *niello*—the Italian contraction of the Latin word *nigellum*—the goldsmiths were also known by the name *niellatori*. Amongst the most remarkable of these workers in *niello* is the Florentine, Jomaso Finiguerra, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century. He, in common with all the goldsmiths of the age, devoted all the resources of his genius and skill to the engraving, and afterwards inlaying with *niello*, a kind of small semicircular plates of silver, three or four inches in depth, to which the name *pax* was given, from the words 'Pax te cum' ('Peace be with thee') uttered by the officiating priest when, after kissing them himself, he presented them to be kissed by the other priests in attendance. Distinguished above all other productions of this kind, as well by its artistic merit as by its subject, is one *pax*, representing the Assumption of the Virgin; and though it bears neither name nor mark, yet there can be no doubt that it is the workmanship of Finiguerra, as in the city archives of Florence is to be found an entry of 'sixty-six florins paid to Jomaso Finiguerra for a *pax*, on which is engraved the Assumption of the Virgin.' This *pax* is still carefully preserved in the museum of Florence; and when we consider that the art was then in its infancy, it is saying not a little for the production, that eyes that have been feasting on the works of the great masters can dwell with complacency on it, as far surpassing anything of which that age could boast. But whatever may be its intrinsic merit, a discovery lately made is calculated to add to its celebrity amongst amateurs.

Vasari, in his 'Lives of Celebrated Painters,' relates that a woman having accidentally gone into Finiguerra's studio, and laid down upon a silver plate engraved in *niello* a wet cloth, was very much surprised, when she took it up again, to find the whole of the engraving stamped upon it. This incident, calculated to strike even an ordinary mind, must have made a deep impression on the vivid imagination of Finiguerra. It is but natural to suppose that it must have immediately occurred to the ingenious artist, that the impression of the engraving might as easily be taken on paper as on cloth, nor is it less likely that, having tried several experiments with the same result as before, he persevered till he at last devised a mode of pressing by a cylinder a damp sheet of paper on the engraving, and thus discovered the art of taking a print from a metal plate.

All this, however, probable and natural as it is, would be but mere conjecture, and was only such till

the end of the last century, when the learned Abate Zani discovered among the treasures of art in the Louvre, a proof-print of this *niello* of Finiguerra, printed with dark and indelible ink; and now the precious sheet, carefully separated from the other prints of the old Italian masters, and with a glass over it, is exhibited to the admiring gaze of amateurs, as the first print ever taken from an engraving.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

The greater part of the vegetables consumed in Mexico are cultivated in the Chinampas, called by Europeans floating gardens. They are of two kinds: some are movable, and frequently driven up and down by the wind; others firm, and fixed to the shore. The former only can be termed floating, but the number of these is very lessening.

The ingenious invention of the chinampas is traceable to the end of the fourteenth century, and the idea was probably suggested to the Aztecas by nature itself. On the marshy banks of the lakes of Xochimilco and Chalco, the waters, in their periodical swellings, throw up clods and mounds of earth, covered with grass and tangled roots. These masses, after floating for a long time up and down, the sport of every breeze, sometimes form into groups of small islets. A tribe, too weak and insignificant to establish any settlement on the mainland, took advantage of this portion of the soil thus accidentally placed at their disposal, and the possession of which was not likely to be disputed. The most ancient chinampas were only turf-mounds artificially joined, and then tilled and planted by the Aztecas. These floating islands are found in every zone. Humboldt describes those he saw at Quito, in the River Guayaquil, as being about twenty feet long, floating about in the middle of the stream, and full of the bamboo, the *Pistia stateotes*, and other plants, whose roots are knotty, and disposed to intertwine. They are also to be found in the small lake called Lago di Agua Soja of Tivoli, near the Baths of Agrippa, composed of sulphur, of carbonate of lime, and of the leaves of the *Ulea thermalis*, and shifting from place to place at every breath of wind.

The industry of the Aztecan nation has brought to great perfection the idea suggested by the masses of earth broken off from the banks of the rivers. The floating gardens found by the Spaniards in great numbers, and many of which are still to be found in the Lake of Chalco, were a sort of rafts formed of reeds, rushes, and rough, prickly, tangling shrubs, and covered by the Indians with a layer of rich earth, impregnated with muriate of soda. This salt is gradually extracted from the soil by watering it with the water of the lake, and the ground is more or less fertilised, according to the more or less frequent application of this lye—for such, even when salt, the water becomes by filtration through the soil. The chinampas sometimes contain a hut for the Indian in charge of a group of these floating gardens, which can be towed or impelled by long poles at pleasure, from one side of the river to the other; but most of those now known by the name are fixed; and as this happens just in proportion to the distance of the fresh-water lake from the salt-water lake, many are to be found along the Vega, in the marshy soil between the Lake of Chalco and the Lake of Tezcoco. Each chinampa forms a parallelogram, three hundred feet long and about twenty in breadth, and is separated from its neighbour by a narrow dike. In these chinampas are cultivated beans, peas, capsicums, potatoes, artichokes, and a great variety of other vegetables, and the borders are generally edged with flowers, and sometimes by a little hedge of rose-trees. Indeed the

beauty of the scenery altogether makes a boating excursion round them, especially those of Ixtacoco and Lake Chapala, most delightful.

GENTLEMEN.

Heralds used formerly to go round and enregister the arms of different families, but since 1686 the custom has been abandoned. The kings-at-arms every thirty years also used to register the births, deaths, and marriages that had occurred since their last visitation; and those who had usurped titles or dignities which did not belong to them, were obliged, under their own hands, to disclaim all pretence to them, and were publicly degraded in the nearest market-town. Sir T. Smith, who died in 1577, says—“Gentlemen be those whom their blood or race do make noble or known: the commonwealth of England is divided into three sorts of persons—the sovereign; the gentlemen, which are divided into two parts; the barony, or estate of lords, and those who be no lords, such as knights, esquires, and simple gentlemen; the third and last are called yeomen.” Nobility means notability: worthy of being noted or known. Nobility can be acquired; gentility must be innate—must take a long time to grow. James I. told his nurse he might make her son a duke, but could not make him a gentleman; although in manners and appearance the youth probably (as he had had a good education) more nearly resembled what we term a gentleman in these degenerate days than the worthy king himself. Among the gentry, not among the peers, with the exception of three or four families, must we look for the true nobility of England. There are upwards of 130,000 ancient nobility, and not much above 500 peers. The old landed proprietors are the ancient nobility. The old writers speak of the nobility named and unnamed—that is, titled and untitled. Those families whose names are the same as their estates are the noblest. Commoner means those who are amenable to common tribunals: peers are not commoners, being their own judges. This, however, is an exclusive privilege, but no proof of nobility; for many persons who have precedence over peers are subject to the common law: sons of dukes, marquises, even princes of the blood, before they are made peers, are amenable to common tribunals.

NATURAL WATER-PURIFIERS.

Mr Warrington has for a year past kept twelve gallons of water in a state of admirably-balanced purity by the action of two gold fish, six water-snails, and two or three specimens of that elegant aquatic plant known as *Valisneria spiralis*. Before the water-snails were introduced, the decayed leaves of the valisneria caused a growth of slimy mucus, which made the water turbid, and threatened to destroy both plants and fish. But under the improved arrangement, the slime, as fast as it is engendered, is consumed by the water-snails, which reproduce it in the shape of young snails, whose tender bodies again furnish a succulent food to the fish; while the valisneria plants absorb the carbonic acid exhaled by the respiration of their companions, fixing the carbon in their growing stems and luxuriant blossoms, and refreshing the oxygen (during sunshine, in visible little streams) for the respiration of the snails and the fish. The spectacle of perfect equilibrium thus simply maintained between animal, vegetable, and inorganic activity, is striking and beautiful; and such means may possibly hereafter be made available on a large scale for keeping tanked water clean and sweet.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE POORER CLASSES IN ENGLAND UNTAXED.

In no country in Europe is the peasant and artisan so free from all enforced taxation as in England. The French peasant has a salt-tax, a contribution personnelle et mobilier; a licence-tax; and, if he live in a town, the vexatious and burdensome potro. The German labouring man pays a poll-tax, a class-tax, a trade-tax, and sometimes a meat-tax; and in certain parts an octroi also. The English working-man pays no direct taxes whatever. He is taxed only for his luxuries (sup the

only exception); he pays only on the pleasures of the palate: if he chooses to dispense with luxuries, none of which are essential, and few of which are harmless, he dispenses with taxation too; if, on the contrary, he chooses to smoke his pipe and drink his glass, to sip tea from China, and sweeten it with sugar from Jamaica, he at once puts himself into the category of the rich, who can afford these superfluities; he voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class, and forfeits all title to sue or to complain in *forma pauperis*. We are far from wishing to intimate that he should not indulge in all harmless luxuries to the utmost limit that he can afford; but most indisputably, in thus leaving it optional with him whether he will contribute to the revenue or not—and subjecting him to no actual privations if he decline to do so—parliament is favouring him to an extent which it vouchsafes to no other class in the community, and to which no other land affords a parallel. His earnings are decimated by no income-tax, like those of the clerk; his cottage is subject to no window-tax, like that of the struggling professional aspirant; very generally he does not even contribute to the poor-rate; he pays, like the rich man, to the state only when he chooses to imitate the rich man in his living.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A BRIDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MADONNA PIA, AND OTHER POEMS.'

A BRIDAL is a joyous thing—

A dancing pageant light and gay;
With loves and graces on the wing,
And all the heart's wild hopes at play!
The banquet glows, the goblet flows,
In every eye is happier light;
And e'en the loveliest maiden shews
More lovely in her bridal-white,
Alternate touch'd with either rose,
The crimson and the pale delight!

A bridal is a heartsome thing,

Where'er the clasping hands of youth
Image the clasping hearts that cling
Each unto each with tender truth!
The sunlight of the heart appears
On man and matron, maid and boy;
The father's mingling hopes and fears
Are spirits in the heart's employ;
The mother's and the sister's tears
Gush from the heart's deep wells of joy!

A bridal is a sacred thing,

Far seen and heard beyond the sky;
And angels stoop on brooding wing,
And Duty bends her awful eye:
The spirit of the future there,
With prescient glance of solemn claim,
And flashing hints of 'bear! forbear!'
Bids the wild breast its transports tame;
Hints of commingling dark and fair,
And cloud and sun, and praise and blame!

Oh, bride! young, beautiful, and pure!

Still braid the tress and plume the brow!
And Passion's every cherish'd lure
More fondly, sweetly, cherish now!
Oh, bridegroom! where'er hath rang'd
Thy heart before, in freedom bold,
Think, ere again 'tis chill'd or chang'd,
How many a lip this truth hath told,
The Nemeses of hearts estranged
Avenges Love a thousandfold!

J. G. GRANT.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by P. N. CHAMBERS, 45 West Nile Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Salmon Corner, London; and J. M'CLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 389. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

CALF-LOVL.

It may be as well to observe at starting, that the slight, unpretending sketches I am about to jot down of a few rough adventures in the Preventive Service of this country, will present no fancy pictures of high-souled, dashing smugglers, such as I have seen spouting heroics at minor theatres—rollicking gentlemen, who abound in all the first-rate virtues of generosity, daring, gallantry, and skill, slightly clouded, if at all, by an irresistible propensity for defrauding the revenue—more, it is usually made to appear, for the fun and dash of the thing, or to rig out amiable sweethearts or devoted wives with expensive muck-nacks, than for any liking for the, in the mean, idle and skulking life of the professional smuggler. I never ran athwart any such genty, but 'tis right to state that my experience was confined to about a hundred miles or thereabouts of the southern coasts of England, and those heroes, I fancy, are only to be found, if at all, in latitudes frequented by their relatives—the horse-murmes. The fellows I now and then overhauled were of quite another stamp, and seldom sailors either, at least not of the true salt-water lark. Handy enough in a boat, no doubt, but with much better land than sea-legs, as many an unsuccessful shore-chase has but too frequently proved to my entire conviction. I am speaking of between thirty and forty years ago, at which time your genuine sea-dog but little relished such a hide-and-seek along-shore life, especially if anything better could be had; and it can, I should think, be hardly otherwise in these days of steam revenue-cruisers, admirably organised coast-guard, reduced duties, and, consequently, consumptive profits. Thus much hinted by way of warning to readers of a romantic taste, I proceed with the narrative of my first adventure in the revenue-service, prefacing it with a brief chapter of my earlier history, without which it would be nearly if not altogether unintelligible.

My name is Warneford—at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Itchen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from Southampton. How much nearer the, as I live and read, rapidly-increasing town has since approached I cannot say, as it will be twenty-nine years next July since I finally quitted the neighbourhood. The village, at that time chiefly inhabited by ferry and fishermen, crept in a straggling sort of way up a declivity from the margin of the Itchen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear-Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land-and-water views the

man has, I think, ever rested upon. My father, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone would sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Itchen people—almost every one of whom was either a Dible or a Diaper—but he had been many years settled there, and Pear-Tree Churchyrd contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half-pay, possessed an income of something above a hundred pounds a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or expensively educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior-age of fifteen, I was despatched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me, and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, however, before certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before noticed that the aborigines of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Diapers. Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about two years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners; which latter quality, by the by, must have come by nature, for but little education of any kind had fallen to her share. She was, it may be supposed, the *belle* of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twinkling, awestruck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk, which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, felt, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty. It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not be—which thus entranced me; for she seldom

spoke, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables; but she listened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enchanting eloquence in my face as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is very possible I might have been sooner or later entrapped into a ruinous marriage—not by her, 'poor girl' she was, I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents, who were scheming, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and in his rough way dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and for ever.

The churchyard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, it used to be commonly said, was that in which Gray composed his famous 'Elegy,' or at all events which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible upon the flat wooden railing which then enclosed it, that the tradition had great likelihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Itchen rivers—bounded in the far distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses of varying light and shade, and on the left by the leafy woods, from out of which I often think the gray ruins of the old abbey must in these days look grimly and spectre-like forth upon the teeming, restless life which mocks its hoary solitude—were at the full of a spring-tide. It was just, too, the hour of 'parting day,' and as the sun-tipped spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked out, the curfew, mellowed by distance into music, came to us upon the light air which gently stirred fair Ellen's glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—for our walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine, while I repeated Gray's melodious lines. The Elegy was concluded, and I was rapturising even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail; for Ellen held me by the arm, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my feet when I reached them. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry and sardonic countenance of my father. 'I'll have no more of this nonsense, Bob,' he gruffly exclaimed. 'Be off home with you, and to-morrow I'll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty minx,' he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely tie her bonnet-strings, 'I should think she would be better employed in mending her father's shirts, or darning her brother's stockings, than in gossiping her time away with a brainless young lubber like you.' I was of course awfully incensed, but present resistance, I knew, was useless; and after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy, and despair, we took our several ways homewards. Before twelve o'clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till after I had obtained, through the agency of my soft-hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made fervent vows of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated, at Ellen's suggestion, by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves—a moiety to be worn by each of us about our necks, as an eternal memorial and pendant protest against the flinty hearts of fathers.

This boyish faver faded but slowly and lingered away with the busy and tumultuous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an almost useless sea-waif upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a Lieutenant's half-pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister, whose chances of an eligible marriage had vanished with her comeliness,

which a virulent attack of smallpox had utterly destroyed, though it had in nothing changed the patient sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle loving spirit that shone through all its disfiguring scars and seams. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, although, during the first months of separation, I had written to her many times; the reason of which was partially explained by a few lines in one of Jane's letters, announcing Ellen Dible's marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion—to a person of her own grade, and their removal from Itchen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries, and Jane thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never afterwards alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle shore life soon became insupportable, and I determined to solicit the good offices of Sir Joseph Yorke with the Admiralty. The gallant admiral had now taken up his permanent residence near Hamble, a village on the river of that name, which issues into the Southampton water not very far from opposite Calshot Castle. Sir Joseph was drowned there about eight or nine years after I left the station. A more perfect gentleman, let me pause a moment to say, or a better seaman, than Sir Joseph, never, I believe, existed; and of a handsome, commanding presence too—'half way up a hatchway' at least, to use his own humorous self-description, his legs scarcely corresponding in vigorous outline to the rest of his person. He received me with his usual frank urbanity, and I left him provided with a letter to the secretary of the Admiralty—the ultimate and not long-delayed result of which was my appointment to the command of the *Rose* revenue-cutter, the duties attached to which consisted in carefully watching, in the interest of His Majesty's customs, the shores of the Southampton river, the Solent sea, the Wight, and other contiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants and Dorset.

The ways of smugglers were of course new to me; but we had several experienced hands on board, and as I zealously applied myself to the study of the art of contraband, I was not long in acquiring a competent knowledge of the traditional contrivances employed to defraud the revenue. Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my novel command, except that by the sharpened vigilance of our look-out, certain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that Barnaby Diaper, the owner of a cutter-rigged fishing-vessel of rather large burthen, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then profitable practice of running moonshine, demurely and industriously as, when ashore, he appeared to be, everlastingly mending his nets, or cobbling the bottom of the smack's boat. He was a hale, wiry fellow this Barnaby—Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, surnames in those localities being seldom used—with a wooden stolidity of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a partner in the cutter, lived at Weston, a beautifully-situated hamlet between Itchen and Netley. A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and grandson—this last a smart, precocious youngster, I understood, of about sixteen years of age, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was, with occasional assistance, manned, sailed, and worked. Very rarely, indeed, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* observed to be engaged in her ostensible occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and always, we soon came to notice on the nights when the *Rose* happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had missed her for upwards of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger we had chased without success a few nights previously would attempt to run a cargo at a spot not far from Lymp-

ton, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down, and stood off and on, within signal-distance of the shore-men with whom I had communicated, till dawn, in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that we had been deceived; and on rounding Calshot Castle on our return, I had no doubt of it, for there, sure enough, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* riding lightly at anchor off Hamble Creek, and from her slight draught of water it was quite evident that her cargo, whatever it might have consisted of, had been landed, or otherwise disposed of. They had been smart with their work, for the summer night and our absence had lasted but a few hours only. I boarded her, and found Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight, and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting matters generally into order and ship-shape. The son a good deal resembled the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good-humoured expression; and the boy was an active, bold-eyed, curly-headed youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression apparently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped from his work on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed; and as I was in no humour for a profitless game of cross questions and crooked answers, I, after exchanging one or two colloquial courtesies, in which I had by no means the advantage, returned to the *Rose* more than ever satisfied that the interesting family I had left required and would probably repay the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the same day the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished: a fortnight slipped by, and she had not reappeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the north-west of the Wight, went into Portsmouth harbour to be examined. Some of her copper was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. This interval I spent with my sister. The evening after I arrived at Itchen, Jane and I visited Southampton, and accompanied an ancient female acquaintance residing in Egle Street—a dull, grass-grown place in those days, whatever it may be now—to the theatre in, I believe, the same street. The performances were not over till near twelve o'clock, and after escorting the ladies home, I wended my way towards the Sun Inn on the quay, where I was to sleep—my sister remaining for the night with our friend. The weather, which had been dark and squally an hour or two before, was now remarkably fine and calm; and the porter of the inn telling me they should not close the house for some time longer, I strolled towards the Platform Battery, mounted by a single piece of brass ordnance overlooking the river, and pointing menacingly towards the village of Hythe. The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glanced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless autumn sky. My attention was not long absorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the *Blue-eyed Maid* had returned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have but just brought up; for the main-sail, three new patches in which chiefly enabled me to recognise her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—though from the distance, and the shadow of the dark background of woods in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost; and fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off

Weston—an offer which they eagerly accepted; and I was soon speeding over the water to her. My uniform must have apprised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their vessel, two figures, which I easily recognised to be Old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but at a point considerably farther up the river, towards Itchen. There appeared to be no one left on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and the shore-confederates of the smugglers did not shew themselves, conjecturing, doubtless, as I had calculated they would, upon my having plenty of help within signal call. I therefore determined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, excited by the chase, pulled with a will, and in about ten minutes we ran alongside the Barnabys' boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwale with brandy kegs.

'Fairly caught at last, old fellow!' I exclaimed exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. 'And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the *Blue-eyed Maid*, or I'll run you through the body.'

'Pull her head round yourself,' he sullenly rejoined, as he rose from the thwart and unshipped his oar. 'It's bad enough to be robbed of one's hard earnings without helping the thieves to do it.'

His refusal was of no consequence: the watermen's light skiff was made fast astern, and in a few minutes we were pulling steadily towards the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out, of his pea-jacket; his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern whistling the then popular air of the 'Woodpecker' with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back towards them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke-oarsman suddenly exclaimed: 'What are you at with the boat's painter, you young devil's cub?' The quick mocking laugh of the boy, and the words, 'Now, grandfather, now!' replied to him. Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding the painter or boat-rope, which he had detached from the ring it had been fastened to, in his hand, jumped over the side; in another instant he was hauled out of the water by Old Barnaby, and both were seated and pulling lustily, and with exulting shouts, round in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase; and as the wind, though favourable, and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some precious minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting underway, neither jib nor fore-sail being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was, we were beginning to slip freely through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick that the Barnabys had played us. Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigencies of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned towards the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the Barnabys; replied to of course by the furious but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly; and we were still about a hundred yards from the shore, when we found ourselves splashing about in the water, which fortunately was not more than up to the armpits of the shortest

of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plumping us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her glide gracefully through the water as she stood down the river, impelled by the fast-freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.

There were no means of pursuit; and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discomfiture towards Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along; knocked up the landlord of a public-house, and turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, beneath the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon sound asleep.

Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds—the tide was quite gone out—for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished utterly: the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap, and the loss of the watermen's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a bad business certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, soothed but very slightly their sadly-ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and, after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.

This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I had begun to think that the *Blue-eyed Maid* had been permanently transferred to another and less-vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My plan was soon formed. I caused it to be carelessly given out on shore that the *Rose* had sprung her bowsprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the *Rose* soon after noon slipped her moorings, and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton River. The night was as black as pitch; and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning no object more than a hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up abreast of Hythe without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of Hamble River, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the *Blue-eyed Maid*, lying to under the lee of the north shore, and it may be about half a mile ahead of us. Unfortunately she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as we could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterwards was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to leeward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the Channel by the Needles passage; but nothing daunted, she held boldly on without attempting to reduce an inch of canvas, although from the press she carried fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course we were steaming, the *Donegal*, a huge eighty-gun ship, was made at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who, I could discern by his streaming white hairs, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well to windward of us

as possible, determined, I suppose, to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line-of-battle ship. Unfortunately, just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her jib as if it had been cobweb; and, pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, meeting the *Donegal* as the huge ship drove back from a strain which had brought her half way to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cry of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and although we threw overboard every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid could avail them in that wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves, as they leaped and dashed about the Leviathan bulk of the *Donegal*, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peered over the surface of the angry waters. The *Rose* then stood on, and in little more than an hour afterwards was safely anchored off Hythe.

The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterwards, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in the last trip made by the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held me morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently. One of the officers of the shore-force received information that two large luggers, laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey, were expected the following night on some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that as the cargoes were very valuable, a desperate resistance to the coast-guard, in the event of detection, had been organised. Our plan was soon arranged. The *Rose* was sent away with barely enough of men to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell, took up a position a little above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast-guard were posted along the shore at intervals of about a mile, all of course connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and from this circumstance, as well as from the state of the tides, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends, should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied, from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard; and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rullocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently-expected order; we all emerged from our places of concealment, and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the by this time busy smugglers. The two luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon jugs, with which they speeded off to the carts in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Batley, a fine, athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side,

suddenly turned, and raising a pistol, discharged it at my head. He fortunately missed his mark, though the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby! It was not a time for words, and hastily configning the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A bootless one it proved. Favoured by their numbers, their perfect acquaintance with the hedge-and-ditch neighbourhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the luggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the carts.

The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so that after the two wounded seamen had been carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boats, only two men remained with me. The body of John Batley was deposited for the present in one of the luggers, and then the two sailors and myself moved forward to Itchen with the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.

The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse; but when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defying expression. First ordering the two men to drop astern out of hearing, I said: 'You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it.'

'Hanged!' he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone; 'hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man! You know that; or perhaps, he added with a kind of hysterical cry, 'perhaps you want to kill me as you did father.'

'I have no more inclination, my poor boy,' I answered, 'to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill-will?'

'Why should you? Oh I know very well!'

'You know more than I do then; but enough of this folly. I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt. But I think if you could put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape.'

The lad's fine eyes perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation: 'Turn informer!' he exclaimed. 'Betray them that loved and trusted me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!'

I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Abbey ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears, said: 'I should like to see my mother.'

'See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?'

'No, we have sold off, and moved to Aunt Diaper's, at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where mother's father's brother lives, and I was to have been prenticed to the captain of a Greenlander; but now, he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, 'Jack Keteh will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only prenticed to the gallows.'

'Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?'

'Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!' exclaimed the lad with a renewed burst of passionate grief; 'and surely you would not kill her?'

'It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I have never seen her.'

'Oh yes—yes, you have!' he sharply rejoined. 'Then perhaps you do not know! Untie or cut these cords,' he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper; 'give me a chance: mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible!'

Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.

'God of mercy!' I exclaimed, as the momentarily-arrested blood again shot through my heart with reactive violence, 'can this be true?'

'Yes, yes—true, quite true!' continued the boy, with the same earnest look and low, hurried speech. 'I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance for mother's sake, won't you?'

A storm of grief, regret, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued fixed with fevered anxiety upon my face.

At last I said, gasped rather: 'I cannot release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be—' The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale. 'You shall see your mother,' I added. 'Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley.' This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.

'Come this way,' I said, after a few minutes' reflection, and directing my steps towards the old ruined fort by the shore, built, I suppose, as a defence to the abbey against pirates. There was but one flight of steps to the summit, and no mode of egress save by the entrance from whence they led. 'I will relieve you of these cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt at escape.'

Ten minutes had not elapsed when the mother, accompanied by Johnson, and sobbing convulsively, appeared. Roberts hailed her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but hasty feet, to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.

The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to some one at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upwards to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad darted out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waistbelt, but at a gesture from me put it back. 'He cannot escape,' I said. 'Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence.' Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low, narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumpling, winding steps, from which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall, some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in terrible anxiety, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so within a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly towards him, and as I neared him he fell, on his knees, threw away his hat, and revealed the face of—Ellen Dible!

I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralyzed. Doubtless the yellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have imprinted on her features; for as I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her picture-beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which

an hour, before I could not have believed possible. The men haled repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer their shouts, and the young mother's supplicating sobs—she seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her—sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering, chaotic dream. She must have gathered hope and confidence from the exultation I doubtless exhibited, for as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say: 'You will save my boy—my only son: for my sake you will save him?'

Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. 'Ay, ay,' I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.

'Which way—which way is he gone?' I asked as the seamen approached.

She instinctively caught my meaning: 'By the shore to Weston,' she hurriedly answered; 'he will find a boat there.'

The men now came up: 'The chase has led us astray,' I said: 'look there.'

'His mother, by jingo!' cried Johnson. 'They must have changed clothes!'

'Yes: the boy is off—to—to Hamble, I have no doubt. You both follow in that direction: I'll pursue by the Weston and Itchen road.'

The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of 'Bless you, Robert—bless you!' I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and flaming pulse hurried homewards. The mother I never saw again: the son at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is the captain of a first-class ship in the Australian trade, and a smarter sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.

A BIBLIOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY.

PUBLISHERS in this country are very much in the habit of congratulating themselves on the magnitude of their undertakings. We do not disparage the efforts of this class of tradesmen, but it is proper they should know that not one of them has produced works of such grandeur as have issued from foreign houses. A very remarkable exemplification of continental enterprise, such as we have never been able to match, is found in an *Atlas* published by the Bleaus of Amsterdam about two centuries ago; and of this now rare and curious work we desire to offer some account.

Bleau's *Atlas* is a collection of maps of a large folio size, comprehended in fourteen volumes—think of an atlas in fourteen volumes folio, Mr English map-seller!—and these volumes, bound in old vellum, profusely but tastefully gilded, usually occupy the lower shelves in some little-frequented part of public libraries. Few libraries, indeed, can boast the possession of a Bleau; for much of the original impression was unfortunately destroyed by fire in the premises of the publishers, and few sets of this great work reached this country. The British Museum has probably one; that which we have seen rests in an obscure nook of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, not discovered by ordinary visitors.

This marvellously fine old atlas consists not exclusively of maps, but combines a system of geography and topography which, according to the knowledge of the period, left little to be desired. The extent and minuteness of the information conveyed, along with the fulness and accuracy of the maps, fill us with admiration of the industry and enterprise of the Dutch pub-

lishers of the seventeenth century. The Bleaus were great men of their day. They were two in number, father and son; the former named William, the latter John, Bleau—or as the name is Latinised, Blavinius. William Bleau was born in 1617, and died in 1668, leaving but a small part of his great work completed. It was continued by his son, who issued the last volume, containing the general cosmography, in 1665. Like the Elzevirs and other Dutch publishers of that day, the Bleaus were great scholars, and took a leading share in the literary department of their works, surrounding themselves with a band of able assistants. Their geography and science are both, it will readily be believed, imperfect enough when measured by the modern estimate. But it was not the fashion then to stick to pure scientific details. Writers gave out all that could be said, and sometimes all that could be imagined, on any subject discussed by them: so the geographical details of this eminent work are filled with notices of national manners and customs, and of superstitions; with anecdotes of distinguished personages, curious events in history, and the like—all told in a Latinity which varies in its purity with the various authors who had to compose the separate parts. We know scarcely any work where an investigator of curious legendary lore is more likely to be repaid.

It may be questioned whether it may have been favourable to the student of geography in those days, but it is very amusing to the lounging investigator of the present, to study the groups of allegorical figures which surround the maps. The Dutch, if it be denied that they reached the higher developments of the fine arts, could never tolerate positively bad art. All the drawing and colouring is therefore well executed, some of it at least a high, though not the highest, style of art; and so we have group after group of venerable bearded men, or of chubby Dutch babies, and comely but perhaps hardly elegant Dutch women. With a ring of such personages, with angels and mythological beings interwoven, the first geographical map of the series—the two hemispheres—is surrounded. It surprises the observer by a closer resemblance than he is prepared to expect to the maps of the world in the nineteenth century. The general *contour* is so like, that it would require considerable geographical knowledge to note the discrepancies. America, for instance, appears to be quite accurately laid down; but on close inspection it appears that California is an island, and the outline is shadowed off as it approaches the Oregon territory. The outline of Australia is not completed, and the end merely of Van Diemen's Land is seen in the far ocean, shaded off into vagueness; but for a century afterwards it was not better represented in our maps, and it surprises one that in so early a publication any faint image of New Zealand should be given—an indistinct line of coast with the name *Zelandia Nova*.

In the same volume, commonly placed as the first of the series, there is an extremely curious set of plates, all the more interesting that they have scarcely a legitimate place there. They are connected with the lonely island of *Hven*, and the observatory which Tycho Brahe, by the munificence of his prince, was enabled to erect there. The elder Bleau was a pupil of Tycho, worked with him in his observatory, and seems to have been led by a feeling of reverence to commemorate the master and the scene of his triumphant labours. The edifice was called *Uraniburg*, or the City of the Stars; and from the views and elevations preserved by the geographer, it may be seen that it was truly a palace. The inner building consists of a cluster of towers and pinnacles in that mixture of Gothic and classic which we see in Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and the Fredericksborg Palace in Denmark. Indeed, the building has a striking resemblance to Heriot's Hospital, and one could imagine it to be designed by the same artist,

whoever he may have been. The style seems, curiously enough, to have been peculiar to Scotland and Denmark. From the four corners of the edifice four avenues pass through rich garden-grounds, all in symmetrical patterns, which occupy the nearest space round the palace of science. Next after these come shrubberies, with quaint and highly-decorated little edifices in them, which might be supposed to be pleasure-houses, but probably were devoted to some of the scientific purposes of the establishment. Outside of all, and including apparently a wide area, is a great strong wall with bastions. Surely the illustrious astronomer did not require to be fortified from external attack while he read the stars? It is probable that the fortification, like the sentinel at some great official person's door, was intended to impose awe, and mark the high respect of the monarch for the philosopher. Such, as exhibited to us in these magnificent plates, is the character of a building of which we believe some mouldering fragments still remain. But the most interesting of all these illustrations shews us, by a panoramic view of the interior, the philosopher himself in the middle of his labours. Perched in their several departments, the assistants are grouped together, making observations with the instruments, or preparing reports, while Tycho, as the lord of all, sits on a chair of state in the centre—calm, majestic, magnificently attired, but with the greater magnificence of commanding intellect in his countenance. The age of forty is that at which the artist professes to represent him; but the grizzled beard and deep furrows on the brow and cheeks would indicate a more advanced period of life.

A very interesting volume of this great work contains the plans of cities, chiefly in the Netherlands and Northern Germany. They are very full and minute, but they have an interest even beyond their topographical importance in the curious representations of local and domestic customs. The Dutchman's garden is laid out before us to the minutest tulip. Here is a game at bowls, there a party assembled in the lusthaus or pleasure-house. The human figure is represented in every variety of the costume of the age; and as if the artist desired to give us an opportunity of knowing everything, he spreads before us the contents of a bleaching-green. Clean linen was scarcely at that time known throughout the rest of Europe, but there we see spread out, just as they might be at the present day, the shirts, great and small, of the several grades of the family. In all domestic arrangements the Netherlands have been a century in advance of the rest of the world; and it is perhaps to their pride in this civilisation that we may attribute the disposition of the Dutch to make the world so well acquainted through art with their domestic habits. Philip de Comines tells us, that when the Count Palatine of the Rhine visited the Duke of Burgundy at Brussels, 'the duke's servants upbraided the Germans for their nastiness and incivility in laying their dirty clothes and their boots upon these rich beds, and accusing them of want of neatness and consideration.' And thence, according to the chronicler, arose a national quarrel.

Scotland would not at that time have so easily borne a minute exposition of its domestic arrangements; yet perhaps the volume dedicated to that country is the most interesting department of Bleau's Atlas. It contains a series of maps, partly in counties—as Forfar and Aberdeen; partly in provinces—as Taviothule, Lennox, &c. They are extremely full and minute, affording a store of topographical knowledge of the most valuable kind, enhanced by a very copious letterpress description. The names of places are professedly given in Latin, and the manner in which the translation has been effected is in some instances rather curious. Thus we have Godscroft transformed into *Theager*, Horsburgh into *Hypocastron*, and Smithfield into *Fabri-*

campum. This department of the Atlas was committed to the charge of a Scottish gentleman distinguished for his birth as well as his abilities—Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch. It was a time when art and literature lived much by royal patronage and distinction, and Bleau applied to Charles I. to appoint a proper person to superintend the Atlas of Scotland. The king appointed Gordon, issuing a rescript to this effect: 'Having lately seen certain charts of divers shires of this our ancient kingdom, sent here from Amsterdam to be corrected and help in the defects thereof, and being informed of your sufficiency in that art, and of your love both to learning and to the credit of your nation, we have therefore thought fit hereby earnestly to entreat you to take so much pains as to revise the said charts, and to help them in such things as you find deficient thereuntil that they may be sent back by the direction of our chancellor to Holland; which, as the same will be agreeable for you, so shall it do us good and acceptable service; and if occasion present, we shall not be unmindful thereof. From our Palace at Holyrood House, the 8th October 1641.' So important were his labours deemed, that Gordon was specially protected by both parties during the wild times of the civil wars, and was by a truly marvellous generosity excused from taking a side. A special act of parliament was passed to exempt him from subsidies and quartering of soldiers, and many orders were issued to protect him from the rapacity or tyranny of the commanders of troops. Thus in the midst of this wild tumult the geographer and statistician quietly went on with his work. He preserved his strict neutrality; and perhaps he was all the more successful in doing so after the ascendancy of the Covenanters, since he was at heart a Cavalier. There are many curious antiquarian inquiries in Gordon's portion of the Atlas. He is the author of a history of his family, and it was for some time understood that he had left behind him the history of his own times. A manuscript in two folio volumes, in the Advocates' Library, was long believed to be the identical work, and stands lettered on the back 'Straloch's MS.' It was since discovered, however, that this was a compilation by a writer named Man, the editor of an edition of Buchanan's History, who had intended to publish it as a history of the great civil war. It had so far a connection with Gordon of Straloch, that it was chiefly compiled from a manuscript left by his son Thomas Gordon, parson of Rothiemay. A manuscript of Thomas Gordon's own work has been discovered, and it has been printed for the Spalding Club, under the title 'History of Scots Affairs from 1637 to 1641.'

To return to the Atlas. We have stated that the Scottish maps are very full and minute. Their history is curious, and goes farther back than Gordon's connection with the work. Timothy Pont, of whom little more is known than that his father was a judge of the Court of Session, and that he was an enthusiast in topography, left behind him a quantity of maps and draughts of various parts of Scotland. Sir Robert Sibbald, a man of kindred habits and acquirements, in a notebook about Scottish authors left among his manuscripts, states that Pont took long pedestrian journeys to acquire his topographical information. Bishop Nicholson says of him, that 'he was by nature and education a complete mathematician, and the first projector of a Scotch atlas. To that great purpose he personally surveyed all the several counties and isles of the kingdom, took draughts of them upon the spot, and added such necessary observations upon the monuments of antiquity and other curiosities as were proper for the furnishing out of future descriptions. He was unfortunately surprised by death, to the inestimable loss of his country, when he had wellnigh finished his work.' Pont's original draughts are carefully preserved in the Advocates' Library. In the days of the Ordnance Survey, it is interesting to observe these labours of one enthusiastic

and laborious man. They are extremely minute and precise, and give one the idea that they have been the fruits of an enormous amount of personal exertion. It is scarcely possible, indeed, to believe that one man, by actual survey, could have accomplished them. They are, of course, very valuable as topographical relics, and in one point they are extremely curious, in shewing many places in the Highland districts to have been inhabited which are now deserted. Thus, there are many names of farms and villages now unknown, the inhabitants having so long left them that there was none to hand down the name.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE PIEMAN?

A PENNY for a pie! In the records of our individual experience, this is probably the most ancient species of barter—the first gentle and welcome induction to the dry details of commerce, and one eminently calculated to impress upon the infant minds of a trading population the primary principles of exchange, of which *quid pro quo* forms the universal basis. We had imagined, upon the first view of our subject, that the fabrication and consumption of pies must have been a custom as ancient as cookery itself, and have ranked among the very first achievements of the gastronomic art. Upon careful investigation, however, we find ourselves to have been mistaken in this idea. We have not been able to discover among the revelations to which the Rosetta Stone surrendered a key, any authority for supposing that among all the butchers and bakers of all the Pharaohs, there ever existed one who knew how to prepare a pie for the royal banquet. No; it was reserved for the Greeks, the masters of civilisation and the demigods of art, who brought every species of refinement to its highest pitch, to add the invention of pies and pie-crust to the catalogue of their immortal triumphs. Their *αρτονεία* (the word passed unchanged into Roman use) was an aggregation of succulent meats baked in a farinaceous crust, probably somewhat resembling in form a venison pasty of the present day, and was the first combination of the kind, so far at least as we know, ever submitted to the appetite of the gourmand. We have no intention of pursuing the history of this great discovery from its first dawn in some Athenian kitchen to its present universal estimation among all civilized eaters. We must pass the pies of all nations, from the monkey-pie of Central Africa, with the head of the baked semi-homo emerging spectrally from the upper crust, to the *pâtés* of Strasburg, the abnormally swollen livers of whose tormented geese roam the wide world to avenge upon glutinous man the infamous tortures inflicted upon their original proprietors; we must pass, too, the thousand-and-one ingenious inventions which adorn the pages of Mrs. Glass and Rumbold, by means of which dyspepsias are produced *secundum artem*, and the valetudinarian is accustomed to retard his convalescence according to the most approved and fashionable mode. The great pie of 1850, prepared by the ingenious Soyer, at the cost of a hundred guineas, for the especial delectation of municipal stomachs at York, is, likewise, altogether out of our way. Our business is with the pie that is sold for a penny, and sold in London. Let us add, moreover, that we treat only of the pie, which is fairly worth a penny, leaving altogether out of our category the flimsy confections of your professed confectioner.

From time immemorial the wandering pie-man was a prominent character in the highways and byways

of London. He was generally a merry dog, and was always found where pie-meat was going on. Furnished with a tray about a yard square, either carried upon his head or suspended by a strap in front of his breast, he scrupled not to force his way through the thickest crowd, knowing that the very centre of action was the best market for his wares. He was a gambler, both from inclination and principle, and would toss with his customers, either by the dallying *shill-shally* process of 'best five in nine,' the tricksy manoeuvre of 'best two in three,' or the desperate dash of 'sudden death,' in which latter case the first toss was destiny—a pie for a halfpenny, or your halfpenny gone for nothing; but he invariably declined the mysterious process of 'the odd man,' not being altogether free from suspicion on the subject of collusion between a couple of hungry customers. We meet with him frequently in old prints; and in Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' there he stands in the very centre of the crowd, grinning with delight at the adroitness of one robbery, while he is himself the victim of another. We learn from this admirable figure by the greatest painter of English life, that the pie-man of the last century perambulated the streets in professional costume; and we gather further, from the burly dimensions of his wares, that he kept his trade alive by the laudable practice of giving 'a good pennyworth for a penny.' Justice compels us to observe, that his successors of a later generation have not been very conscientious observers of this maxim. The varying price of flour, alternating with a sliding-scale, probably drove some of them to their wits' end; and perhaps this cause more than any other operated in imparting that complexion to their productions which made them resemble the dead body of a penny pie, and which in due time lost them favour with the discerning portion of their customers. Certain it is that the perambulating pie business in London fell very much into disrepute and contempt for several years before the abolition of the corn-laws and the advent of free trade. Opprobrious epithets were hurled at the wandering merchant as he paraded the streets and alleys—epithets which were in no small degree justified by the clammy and clay-like appearance of his goods. By degrees the profession got into disfavour, and the pie-man either altogether disappeared, or merged in a dealer in foreign nuts, fruits, and other edibles which barred the suspicion of sophistication.

Still the relish for pies survived in the public taste, and the willing penny was as ready as ever to gaudron the man who, on fair grounds, would meet the general desire. No sooner, therefore, was the sliding-scale gone to the dogs, and a fair prospect of permanence offered to the speculator, in the guarantee of something like a fixed cost in the chief ingredient used, than up sprung almost simultaneously in every district of the metropolis a new description of pie-shops, which rushed at once into popularity and prosperity. Capital had recognised the leading want of the age, and brought the appliances of wealth and energy to supply it. Avoiding, on the one hand, the glitter and pretension of the confectioner, and on the other the employment of adulterating or inferior materials, they produced an article which the popular ducourer with universal commendation, to the gradual but certain profit of the projectors. The peripatetic merchant was pretty generally driven out of the field by the superiority of the article with which he had to compete. He could not manufacture on a small scale in a style to rival his new antagonists, and he could not purchase of them to sell again, because they would not allow him a living

margin — boasting, as it would appear with perfect truth, that they sold at a small and infinitesimal profit, which would not bear division.

These penny-pie shops now form one of the characteristic features of the London trade in comestibles. That they are an immense convenience as well as a luxury to a very large section of the population, there can be no doubt. It might be imagined, at first view, that they would naturally seek a cheap locality and a low rental. This, however, is by no means the universal practice. In some of the chief lines of route they are to be found in full operation; and it is rare indeed, unless at seasons when the weather is very unfavourable, that they are not seen well filled with customers. They abound especially in the immediate neighbourhood of omnibus and cab stations, and very much in the thoroughfares and short-cuts most frequented by the middle and lower classes. But though the window may be of plate-glass, behind which piles of the finest fruit, joints, and quarters of the best meat, a large dish of silver eels, and a portly china bowl charged with a liberal heap of minced-meat, with here and there a few pies, lie temptingly arranged upon napkins of snowy whiteness, yet there is not a chair, stool, or seat of any kind to be found within. No dallying is looked for, nor would it probably be allowed. 'Pay for your pie, and go,' seems the order of the day. True, you may eat it there, as thousands do; but you must eat it standing, and clear of the counter. We have more than once witnessed this interesting operation with mingled mirth and satisfaction; 'nay, what do we care?' — take the confession for what it is worth — *paris ipsi suimus* — we have eaten our pies (and paid for them too, no credit being given) — *in loco*, and are therefore in a condition to guarantee the truth of what we record. With few exceptions (we include ourselves among the number), there are no theoretical philosophers among the frequenters of the penny-pie shop. The philosophy of bun-eating, of which an epitome was given in a former number of the Journal, may be very profound, and may present, as we think it does, some difficult points; but the philosophy of penny-pie eating is absolutely next to *nil*. The customer of the pie-shop is a man (if he is not a boy) with whom a penny is a penny, and a pie is a pie, who, when he has the former to spend or the latter to eat, goes through the ceremony like one impressed with the settled conviction that he has business in hand which it behoves him to attend to. Look at him as he stands in the centre of the floor, erect as a grenadier, turning his busy mouth full upon the living tide that rushes along Holborn! Of shame or confusion of face in connection with the enviable position in which he stands, he has not the remotest conception, and could as soon be brought to comprehend the *differential calculus*, as to entertain a thought of it. What, we ask, would philosophy do for him? Still every customer is not so happily organized, and so blissfully insensible to the attacks of false shame; and for such as are unprepared for the public gaze, or constitutionally averse from it, a benevolent provision is made by a score of old play-bills stuck against the adverse wall, or swathing the sacks of flour which stand ready for use, and which they may peruse, or affect to peruse, in silence, munching their pennypieces the while. The main body of the pie-eaters are, however, perfectly at their ease, and pass the very few minutes necessary for the discussion of their purchases in bandying compliments with three or four good-looking lasses, the very incarnations of good-temper and cleanly tidiness, who from morn to night are as busy as bees in extricating the pies from their metallic moulds, as they are demanded by the customers. These assistants lead no lazy life, but they are without exception plump and healthy-looking, and would seem (if we are to believe the report of an employer) to have an astonishing tendency to the parish church of the district

in which they officiate, our informant having been bereaved of three by marriage in the short space of six months. Relays are necessary in most establishments on the maid-routes, as the shops are open all night long, seldom closing much before three in the morning when situated in the neighbourhood of a theatre or a cab-stark. Of the amount of business done in the course of a year it is not easy to form an estimate. Some pie-houses are known to consume as much flour as a neighbouring baker standing in the same truck. The baker makes ninety quartern loaves from the sack of flour, and could hardly make a living upon less than a dozen sacks a week; but as the proportion borne by the crust of a penny-pie to a quartern loaf is a mystery which we have not yet succeeded in penetrating, we are wanting in the elements of an exact calculation.

The establishment of these shops has by degrees progressively increased the number of pie-eaters and the consumption of pies. Thousands and tens of thousands who would decline the handling of a scalding hot morsel in the public street, will yet steal to the corner of a shop, and in front of an old play-bill, delicately dandling the titbit on their finger-tips till it cools to the precise temperature at which it is so delicious to swallow — 'snatch a fearful joy.' The tradesman, too, in the immediate vicinity, soon learns to appreciate the propinquity of the pie-shop, in the addition it furnishes to a cold dinner, and for half the sum it would have cost him if prepared in his own kitchen. Many a time and oft have we dropped in, upon the strength of a general invitation, at the dinner-table of an indulgent bibliophile, and recognised the undeniable *pates* of 'over the way' following upon the heels of the cold sirloin. With artisans out of work, and with town-travellers of small trade, the pie-shop is a halting-place, its productions presenting a cheap substitute for a dinner. Few purchases are made before twelve o'clock in the day; in fact the shutters are rarely pulled down much before eleven; yet even then business is carried on for nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four. About noon the current of custom sets in, and all hands are busy till four or five o'clock; after which there is a pause, or rather a relaxation, until evening, when the various bands of operatives, as they are successively released from work, again renew the tide. As these disappear, the numberless nightly exhibitions, lecture-rooms, mechanics' institutes, concerts, theatres and casinos, pour forth their motley hordes, of whom a large and hungry section find their way to the pie-house as the only available resource — the public-houses being shut up for the night, and the lobster-rooms, oyster saloons, 'shades,' 'coal-holes,' and 'cider-cellars,' too expensive for the means of the multitude. After these come the cab-drivers, who, having conveyed to their homes the more moneyed classes of sight-seers and playgoers, return to their stands in the vicinity of the shop, and now consider that they may conscientiously indulge in a refreshment of eel-pies, winding up with a couple of 'fratres,' to the amount at least of the sum of which they may have been able to cheat their fares.

Throughout the summer months the pie trade flourishes with unabated vigour. Each successive fruit, as it ripens and comes to market, adds a fresh impetus to the traffic. As autumn waxes, every week supplies a new attraction and a delicious variety; as it wanes into winter, good store of apples are laid up for future use; and so soon as Jack Frost sets his cold feet upon the pavement, the delicate odour of mincemeat assails the passer-by, and reminds him that Christmas is coming, and that the pie-man is ready for him. It is only in the early winter that the pie-shop is under a temporary cloud. The apples of the past year are wellnigh gone, and the few that remain have lost their succulence, and are dry and flavourless. This is the precise season when, as the pie-man in 'Pick-

wick' top candidly observed, 'Fruits is out, and cats is in.' Now there is an unaccountable prejudice against cats among the pie-davouring population of the metropolis; we are superior to it ourselves, and can therefore afford to mention it dispassionately; and to express our regret that any species of commerce, much more one so grateful to the palate, and so convenient to the purse, should periodically suffer declension through the prevalence of an unfounded prejudice. Certain it is that penny-pie eating does materially decline about the early spring season; and it is certain too, that of late years, about the same season, a succession of fine Tabbies of our own have mysteriously disappeared. Attempts are made with rhubarb to combat the depression of business; but success in this matter is very partial—the generality of consumers being impressed with the popular notion that rhubarb is physic, and that physic is not fruit. But relief is at hand: the showers and sunshine of May bring the gooseberry to market, pie resume their importance; and the pieman, backed by an inexhaustible store of a fruit grateful to every English palate, commences the campaign with renewed energy, and bids defiance for the rest of the year to the mutations of fortune.

We shall close this sketch with a legend of the day, for the truth of which, however, we do not personally vouch. It was related and received with much gusto at an annual supper lately given by a large pie proprietor to his assembled hands:—

Some time since, so runs the current narrative, the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which, after much difficulty, he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and threw so well, that a speculating baker on the opposite side of the way made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop; and acting on the principle universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. 'Ho, ho!' said her friend, 'that 're's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade agin, there aint no snakes, mark me—that's all!' So saying he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vacinating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance: 'Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring t'other four to-morrow afternoon!' With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighbourhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was soon covered with hardly distinguishable specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large demand for 'goss' of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations not quite grammatical were not merely audible but visible about the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had a marked effect of restoring 'the balance of trade'; the widow recovered her commerce, the

resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.

SOUTHERN GATES OF EGYPT.

THERE is scarcely any place in Egypt more picturesque in appearance, or more interesting, than what may be called its Southern Gates—the whole neighbourhood of the first Cataracts. I have read many descriptions thereof executed with great skill, but not one appears to me to convey a correct idea at the same time of the general characteristics of the scene and of the minuter details. It may be that success is impossible, or it may be that travellers have hurried on too rapidly to other classical sites. This last supposition is not unlikely to be true. I have known people 'do' the whole district in twenty-four hours. For my own part, during the period I remained there, new objects of interest, new points of view, seemed perpetually presenting themselves; and when I took my departure, it was with the impression that had I remained twice as long, no yearning for fresh excitement would have arisen.

We had passed through a narrow defile of rock the previous evening, and moored at Akahah, a village celebrated for its dates. The morning came bright and sunny, but cool. A gentle north wind filled the sails, and soon wafted us against the rippling current to within sight of Essouan, or rather of the hills and ruins that overlook it, for the town itself was concealed by palm-groves. A white-walled palace standing alone on the eastern bank, and a great ruined convent half way up the sandy declivity to the west, were the first buildings that appeared near at hand. A slight turn brought us in sight of the point of Stephantine, its woods and thickets sparkling in the sun, the approach seemingly impossible by reason of the huge black rocks piled as if fragments of a ruined dike across the river. To the right a winding branch strewed with boulders appeared to lead away into the desert; but to the left a long line of boats indicated the mooring ground. The great sail was soon got in; and the foresail flapping took us quietly along between two enormous rocks, covered with hieroglyphics and figures of ancient kings and heroes, into a kind of lake or harbour, defended by breakers on the north; the sandy bank covered with old boats, and backed by trees, on the east; the island on the west; and closing in to the south, so as to leave only a narrow passage between an eminence topped with Saracenic ruins, and the great shattered wall of hewn stone supposed to mark the site of the Nilometer.

There was bustle on the beach—our friends coming to salute us, and point out a convenient place where to 'peg up,' boatmen exchanging salutations; donkeys, with real civilised saddles, and very uncivilised drivers, crowding down for employment; shipwrights hammering; fifty men with a measured grunt, hauling a boat ashore; further on, a large space covered with bales of merchandise, sheds, and groups of travellers—so that the border town of Egypt, which, by the way, was still not visible, promised to be at least a lively place of halt. It turned out to be so in fact; and I should have no objection to go back and spend a month or so there, breathing the purest air in the world beneath the finest sky.

Every one knows by report that there are two famous islands in this vicinity, separated by several miles of rapids: one above, called Fhihe; and one below called Stephantine. The latter, as I have said, now lay opposite to us, just allowing the white hilly Libyan desert to stretch through its groves; but our curiosity was chiefly directed toward the former, and we could scarcely refrain from imitating the native travellers, and hurrying off at once to explore it. There was plenty of time before us, however; and restraining our impa-

tience, we resolved to persevere in our old method of making ourselves at home in a place ere we went in quest of its neighbouring objects of attraction.

The modern town of Essouan contains some four or five thousand inhabitants. A principal street, as usual, is devoted to the bazaar—not very remarkable for the richness of the goods exposed for sale. In the neighbourhood, especially to the north, are a variety of dusty-looking gardens divided by dusty lanes; but the general effect is that of barrenness and desolation. To the south is a city of ruins—the ancient Arabic Essouan, with its remains of elegant arched buildings stretching far and wide; and beyond, where the ground rises, the commencement of a vast cemetery. Our first walk was in this direction; and we had soon got clear of the new town and the old, and were in the midst of tombs and black rocks, here and there bearing inscriptions. On the summit of the hill are two mosques—one ruined, and one glaring with fresh whitewash. The latter is sacred to the Seventy-seven Sheiks, and is regarded with peculiar respect both by the residents and all true Moslem travellers. From its neighbourhood a fine view is obtained of the winding course of the Nile to the north; of the desert rising into crags on either side; of the town and its dusty groves; and above all, of the great black valley along which runs the land-route to Phibe. The whole breadth of this valley is covered with shattered mausolea and an infinity of head-stones, generally in good preservation, with long mysterious-looking Coptic inscriptions. Further on to the south, it seems encumbered with isolated rocks that, thickening in the distance, at length close up the view. On the most conspicuous heights around, tombs of saints, ancient and modern, are perched like watch-towers.

We returned through part of the new town, detecting fragments of ancient buildings in the walls of several of the houses; and coming down to the river north of our mooring-ground, examined an old Roman bath that projects like a mole into the water. From this the road or path goes through trees, beneath a huge piece of rock, covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions and figures, not of very finished workmanship, and probably recording the visits of mere travellers like ourselves. It could not but strike us that these ancient pilgrims surpassed in taste the moderns. They chose the face of precipices, the naked sides of water-washed boulders, whereon to write the enduring memorial of their visit. But their more civilised successors chose the most conspicuous part of the most elegant and ornamented monument, and are not content unless the name of Smith defaces an oval, or destroys the expressive touches which mark the countenance of Isis or Osiris.

Next day we resolved to extend the circle of our wanderings, and started again southwards. This time we traversed the whole length of the cemetery along the centre of the valley, gazing with admiration at the elegant cupolas, finely-turned arches, and graceful pillars, which, though now all broken and deserted, testified amply to the taste that had presided over their creation. One of the innumerable headstones that dot the ground appeared recently shattered by a musket-bullet. There was a story pat to the purpose: A Turkish soldier, in a fit of drunken impiety, had fired at the stone; but even before the missile had sped to its mark, he had fallen down dead, slain by the spirit of the buried saint—for none but holy men lie in this ground. A friend explained that the hero was a Frank traveller. He had fired last year at a crow, broken the stone by accident, and his gun bursting, he lost the use of his hand. This matter-of-fact statement would have satisfied me, but I find that in reality the anecdote is an old one, being mentioned by writers twenty years ago.

Having got beyond the tombs, we found the country become more wild and savage at every step. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a lichen met the eye. All was black, crumbly rock on every side. beneath our feet was sand. The hills, broken into fantastic shapes, formed hollows, ravines, valleys, winding away in inextricable confusion. We seemed to have got into the extinguished crater of a vast volcano. Yet there was nothing horrid in the scene, because the unclouded sun was there, streaming down its dazzling light on every object, and imparting, as it were, life to desolation. A vulture now and then sailed heavily from crag to crag; two or three hawks ascended in their spiral flight; a dozen or so of glossy black crows looked pertly at us from boulders bearing the names of the Pharaohs, or strutted with an air of assumed gentility on the ground; and some small black and white birds, sparrows and desert larks, fluttered in busy idleness about.

We turned off at length to the right into a rugged ravine that seemed to lead nowhere. But after scrambling along for some time, we actually saw the tops of some waving palms rising, it seemed, out of a fissure in the earth; and presently getting to the summit of the pass, came in full view of a little village of little houses, surrounded by little gardens, nestling in the midst of horrid, ink-black rocks, on the borders, we thought, of a little lake that dazzled our eyes with its brightness. We went on, surprised and silent, and soon got into the clean streets, formed by the neat garden mud-walls and the still neater fronts of the houses, and could scarcely believe that we were in Egypt. It was some time before our fancies were persuaded that we were in a Shellabe village on the banks of one of the winding branches of the Nile.

The name of the place was Mahatta. It was inhabited, we learned, entirely by that peculiar race of people called Shellabes, from Shellal, the Arabic name by which the Cataracts are known. They are evidently of Berber or Nubian descent, but intermingle very little with the parent stock, and seem to me superior in personal appearance and intelligence. They depend entirely for their living on work connected with the Cataracts—as tracking up or taking down boats, transporting merchandise, &c.—and seem to make a good thing of it. I admired their taste in selecting this lonely spot as the site of their village, although there are but a few basketsful of earth in the neighbourhood. There never was a more romantic situation. Opposite rises a lofty desolate island; behind is a lofty desolate ridge. North and south barren rocks close in the view. The current of the river is scarcely perceptible to the eye, unless you stoop over the slippery rocks which lead down from the village; but it sparkles so gaily in the sun as to supply the place of almost all the other elements of beauty in a landscape.

In passing through the village, we saw only a few women, some of elegant form and agreeable features, standing in the streets; but when we had sat down on a great rock overlooking the stream, a crowd of little chattering children came round us, all offering something for sale. The parents were wise enough to know that these pretty urchins would make better bargains than themselves. One had a couple of spears with long blades and light handles, covered with the skin of the waran, or great water-lizard; others had sticks of hardwood fancifully ornamented with leather and brass wire. They sat around, talking with us in a very independent manner—at least such as could speak a little Arabic—the others chirruping among themselves like birds. I believe in a dialect of the Berberi. Mighty curiosity, to the forgetfulness of all ideas of gain, was excited by the sight of a watch; and when they were permitted to listen to the ticking, there was actually a moment of awestricken silence. But they soon returned to the charge, surging us to buy their curiosities,

not at all in an importunate tone, but in a half-manly half-childish way imperceptibly amusing. Of course we ~~were~~ bound to comply, and went away at last with many kind wishes for our safety. Even in the villages where the children have been taught, as in some parts of Egypt, to assist the travellers for *bucksish*, they bless you before you give, and indeed whether you give or not. A little fellow came up to me, holding out his hand. 'If it please God, mayst thou go on thy way in peace!' 'If it please God!' said I, pretending to misunderstand him. He ran along by my stirrup with the same gesture and the same indirect form of asking. 'Why should I give thee anything?' inquired I. He smiled at the absurdity of the question, and repeated: 'If it please God, mayst thou go in peace!' I was deaf to his demand. He became more earnest, still sticking to the same form. My donkey began to go. He thought that as I had spoken I must relent, and followed. Finding me, however, obstinate to the last, he dropped behind, still murmuring, though with a disappointed tone: 'If it please God, mayst thou go on thy way in peace!' Next time I passed he kept aloof and remained silent, looking, however, benevolently at me. I called and gave him something, and was rewarded by his stereotyped good wishes for a prosperous journey in a very energetic tone. As he never went beyond these words, perhaps he knew no more of Arabic; but this polite and winning way of begging is general.

The donkeys used by travellers at Essouan generally belong to the respectable people of the town, who let them out incidentally when they do not happen to want them. You seldom get the same two days following, but you get the same boy and the same saddle. Some of the boys are intelligent, but others are sadly stupid. There is a man who affects to be a guide, and entertains travellers who employ him with long speeches about his honesty and tenderness of conscience. Going through field of clover one day, he interrupted a very flowery speech on this subject, by saying to the donkey-boy: 'See, first, if nobody is looking, and then gather an armful of that *buseem*.'

'Ho! ho!' quoth his employer, 'is this your honesty?'

The man was taken aback for a moment, but recovering, said: 'The owner of that field is my particular friend; and if I were to ask him for the whole crop, he would give it me.'

At Mahatta, as I have hinted, there is nothing to tell of the neighbourhood of the Cataracts. I do not remember that, even as the hush of noon came on, the roar of struggling waters reached our ear. It was some time subsequently that I went to view them from the shore. The road from Essouan was the same as that before described, only we had to push farther on; and on turning off again to the right, found ourselves in still more rugged places. We were obliged to dismount, and scramble up on foot. Evening was drawing nigh; we wished to see the sun set, and made great exertions to reach the summit in time; but when we came almost at a run to the crest of the ridge, and saw the horizon, that had retreated to a vast distance, nothing but waves of purple light remained to greet us. I defy the world to produce a grander spectacle; but my pen has not the courage to describe it. Indeed, I could not get to understand the secret of its grandeur—of the wonderful impression it made upon the mind. Was it the very paucity of its elements—billows of black rock congealed, but here and there edged, it seemed, with golden foam—valleys of gloom, fading off on the sides, as it were, into stationary banks of smoke? Such was the huge setting of the picture. And what was the picture itself? A river—a mighty current of water commingling of one of the largest of these shadowy valleys, when breaking up into a thousand torments, embosoming a thousand islands, and meeting in a thou-

sand eddying pools, with a hum, a buzz, a roar, that grew louder as the night came on; so that as we dragged along the precipitous path, our voices, hushed at first into a whisper by admiration of what we beheld, rose imperceptibly into a shout.

I know not why in this lonely place, where nought but the Cataracts and the wind are to speak at all—I know not why, I say, as the winds sink and go away murmuring to other regions, this tumultuous chanting of the waters should increase in potency—why they should seem to grow more restless when nought but the owl, and the bat, and the robber-wolf is abroad, when all else is welcoming the approach of sleep. Scientific men, eavesdroppers of nature, will no doubt find out some explanation in the disposition of different strata of the atmosphere; but at that time I could not help thinking that we had come upon some great meeting of the water-sprites—some parliament of demons engaged in supernatural debate. The light was rapidly fading away over the untrdden desert, and whole troops of thin shadows were coming playing towards us. Islands began to quiver like rapids, and rapids seem to grow solid like islands. A sad and silent black boy who came to us, I know not how, hurried us along from bab to bab. We might almost have fancied ourselves guided by a familiar of the place, had he not taken care at length to tell us that he was unwilling to be benighted in that lonely place. He wanted to go home. And where was his home? Behind that great isolated rock at the village of Korore.

We scrambled over the slippery rocks, whilst the moon gradually substituted herself for the sun. To our surprise, as we came upon a little bay above one of the habs or gates, we heard a voice, with a peculiar twang, singing out a queer couplet, the first line of which, I think, was—'Hail, Columbia, happy land!' An American, in trying to get too near this 'tarnation tempest in a teapot,' had slipped into the water, and presently we actually made out the stripes and stars over a little boat snugly moored along the bank. A few minutes afterwards we heard the barking of dogs, got into a grove of trees, then into the dreaming village of Korore, parted with our sable little guide, and went away under a magnificent moon in search of the valley-road back. The lads who were with us talked of hyenas and jackals, and sang with somewhat exaggerated boldness to scare them away; but we heard not a sound, not a rustle, and saw nothing but rocks and moonlight as we jogged quietly back to our boat.

DR JOHNSON AND MISS HANNAH MORE. AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.*

Hannah More. I have scarcely seen you, sir, since the death of poor Mr Garrick. His loss makes London quite another place to me. I shall return to Bristol with a feeling of dejection hitherto unknown.

Johnson. Poor David! It is forty years and more since he and his brother George called me Master at Edial—and upwards of thirty since I wrote the Prologue with which he opened Drury Lane Theatre. The actor, madam, like the rest of us, does but

'Strut and fret his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more.'

H. M. He did much, sir, to elevate the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

J. B. Both on land and on the stage. He shewed the world that it is possible for an actor to embody grand conceptions in a grander form than that world has much idea of; and also to live respectably in society, and to fulfil decorously all the private duties of life.

* The matter of this dialogue is chiefly derived from the recorded sentiments of both the interlocutors.

H. M. Did you not consider his declamation very fine?

J. Why, madam, Garrick was no declaimer at all. Properly speaking, he never declaimed.

H. M. I might have expected you to oppose me, sir; for it is said that you have always considered Mr Garrick your property, and will permit no one either to praise or to blame him in your presence.

J. Mighty well, madam! silly reports are often spread by silly people; but I am vexed to hear them repeated by wise ones. If people praise Garrick injudiciously, as they very commonly do, I don't know any law, civil or social, that requires me to acquiesce: and if I did, I should break that law, as being itself fundamentally unlawful. If they censure Garrick without a cause, or without a just discernment of the particular and pardonable foibles by which he was beset, I think it right to retort upon their ignorance. And so it is there of careful reflection on the part of those who criticise him, that I daresay I find more occasions of opposition than of agreement; and this, madam, may have given rise to the foolish, tattling observation you have repeated. It may be partially true, as I have just explained; but, taken generally, it is false, and certainly ill-natured. Garrick, I reiterate, was no declaimer, great actor though he was.

H. M. But is not good declamation a necessary quality in a great actor? Or what, in short, was Mr Garrick, if not a good declaimer?

J. The fellow that acted Rosencrantz to David's Hamlet, or 'first murderer' to his Macbeth, could have declaimed better than he. But what of that, madam? I never saw David's equal on the stage. His excellence was seen in a correct idea of the part he assumed, and in the natural manner in which he represented it.

H. M. Then do you think, sir, that declamation is out of place on the stage? It seems to my poor judgment that there, if anywhere, the art should be pursued as a study.

J. I only said that Garrick was no declaimer, which has very little to do with your question. Perhaps he neglected the art more than became him; but he wished, madam, to disenchant the public of their love for the declamatory, which had been for a long season preposterously indulged. Little actors imitate great ones; and accordingly the successors of Betterton and Booth tried, one and all, to catch their rhetorical style, and of course exaggerated it in their own versions. Because the chief performer of his age had excelled in impressive declamation, all the performers of subsequent eras must needs declaim too, or expect to be sneered at as inferior actors. Now, Garrick was impatient of this nonsense, and boldly struck out into the opposite course. His genius carried the town by storm; for all could see that, however wrong Garrick might be if judged by tradition, he was orthodoxy itself as interpreted by nature. You know the lines of that dog Churchill—

'Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure, genuine flame, by nature taught,

(a very bad line, madam, and only not worse than the next)

Sparks into sense, and every action & thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.'

H. M. Was Mrs Pritchard, then, the reverse of genteel off the stage?

J. Pritchard, madam, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; which gives force to what the 'Rosciad' says of her. She would speak of her gown as her *gound*; but when upon the boards, all trace of this coarseness left

her; her recitations and gestures were all pervaded by judgment and elegance, or at least gentility.

H. M. If she disguised her vulgarity as completely as Mr Garrick made you forget his low stature, she must have been a great actor indeed. How sad to think that the time has come which applies to our late friend in earnest that epitaph which Dr Goldsmith anticipated for him in jest!

J. You allude to the verses in 'Retaliation'—

'Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was peasant in man.'

and so forth. It is a very suitable epitaph in many points, though not all. Garrick was, without doubt, a very good man. In society he was vastly to be admired, notwithstanding his vanity, which, after all, was very natural in a man of his position. A guest of the theatre's once attacked David in my hearing on the score of vanity. I told the gentleman, that for Garrick to be vain was the last thing that should excite wonder; and that the only wonder in the case was, that after so many bellows had blown the fire, he was not reduced to a cinder. The wonder is, how little Garrick assumed. Applause was his hourly pabulum; from a thousand voices it rang in his ears every night, as the 'well-graced actor left the stage.'

H. M. I protest it does vex me to hear persons who knew nothing about him cavil at him as an avaricious man. I, who have known him so intimately, have known few, very few, who come near him in liberality.

J. Right, child; perfectly right! There might be a little vanity in David's way of disbursing his money; but he proved that money was not his Great First Cause. I often repeat that he has given away more money than any man in England—in spite of Foote's malicious sarcasm.

H. M. What was that, sir?

J. Foote used to say that Garrick walked out with an intention to do a generous action; but that in turning the corner of the street, he met the ghost of a half-penny, which frightened him back again.

H. M. He was careful of expense at home in some respects; but never sufficiently so to justify such a libel as that. My own experience remembers nothing in that dear man but what was kind and generous.

J. And remember, my dear, that the money which David gave away so largely was not his by inheritance or gift. Every shilling of it he had laboured for; and in dispensing it, he dispensed the fruit of toil and trouble. He was, I grant ye, a grasping lad when he started in life. His father was a poor man—a half-pay officer—and the family had to study how to make fourpence do as much as fourpence-halfpenny did for their neighbours. But when David had once made a purse, he kept the strings very loose, and was continually dipping his fingers in it, transmuting the gold into charity.

H. M. Do you think, sir, Dr Goldsmith had any right to say that?

'He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,

'For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.'

I, at least, never perceived any fluctuations in his friendship. Its tide was ever flowing, never ebbing.

J. Why, madam, an old Greek once said, 'He that has friends has no friend,' upon the import of which maxim I recorded, years ago, a few thoughts in an essay in the 'Adventurer.' Jack Wilkes told Boswell that Garrick was a man who had no friends; and the remark had more truth in it than Wilkes usually uttered. Garrick had the elements that compose friendship, and that in a signal degree; but they were allowed to cover too large a surface, and so ran to waste. He was every man's friend, but not that man's, or that. He had no bosom companion—no cherished intimate; and, in the absence of these,

friendship itself, in its proper meaning, is absent also. You must know, madam, that Goldsmith and Garrick crossed each other's path many years since, and though they became pleasant companions, perhaps neither of them forgot first impressions—the tingle of which still irritated poor Goldy's thin skin when he sat down to write 'Retaliation.'

H. M. I suppose some literary squabble occasioned the original coolness?

J. Why, yes, madam; something of the kind. 'Garrick was lord of the stage, and was thought to exercise his lordship after a very tyrannical fashion.' Goldsmith wrote an 'Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning,' wherein he expressed himself severely, and, as David considered, with rude personality, against theatrical despots. When Goldsmith sometime afterwards called on the great manager, and begged his interest in some official or professional capacity, he was roundly rebuked for making so free with one whom he had presumed to castigate without cause. Goldy denied that he had ever intended anything personal; but his suit was unsuccessful, and he set down our modern *Tlespis* as an arrant foe. But then Goldy's temper was highly placable; and when we proposed to increase the number of members in the *Literary Club*, he zealously supported the election of Garrick, to which even I was at one time peremptorily opposed.

H. M. Opposed to the admission of such a man as Mr Garrick to the club?

J. Yes, madam; and not without reason. I was anxious to keep the club select, and, as you might say, exclusive. Such a man as Garrick would introduce a new feature in its character, and one that might injure, I feared, its legitimate design. For he was a rattle-brained fellow in conversation; full of light gossip; jumping from topic to topic.

H. M. I have at least good authority, sir, for calling him

'As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.'

J. I call him gay and grotesque in conversation. His talk was clever, but frothy, and had no solid foundation. It wanted depth and sentiment. Accordingly, when Hawkins proposed Garrick's admission, I said, 'No, he will disturb us by his buffoonery.'

H. M. That was a severe word, sir.

J. Why, David had vexed me at the time by his vanity in making *sure* of admission. He told Reynolds that he liked our club, and thought he would join it—as though the club had no voice and will of its own. 'He'll be of us?' said I to Reynolds. 'How does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language.' Poor Davy was mightily annoyed by his exclusion. But we relented at last, and many happy evenings have been made the happier by his presence. He was the cheerfiulst man I ever knew.

H. M. Did you prefer him, sir, in tragedy or comedy?

J. In comedy. But he was a master in both. 'Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

H. M. I am glad to hear you speak so of dear Mr Garrick. I am sure, sir, he loved you very sincerely.

J. And I loved David with all my heart, and have felt his loss greatly. It is no light matter to lose a friend of forty years standing and more. I have often been affected by a passage in one of Swift's letters to Pope—'I intend to come over, that we may meet once more; and when we must part, it is what happens to all human beings.' Death has sadly thinned the ranks of my acquaintance; and the older we grow, the faster they drop off, just when we can least spare them.

H. M. We can look forward with joyful hope to a reunion with our old friends in a better world, if our friendship has been worthy of the name.

J. Why, yes, madam, if we have formed virtuous and serious friendships, such anticipation is very consolatory. But many friendships are formed for merely gay and irreligious purposes, in a foolish and worldly spirit, and we cannot expect them to be renewed beyond the grave. Sometimes we seek intimacy with a man through a misconception of his character; here, again, future friendship is not to be expected, even though the intimacy continued to the very edge of the tomb; for after death we shall see face to face, and know as we are known.

H. M. But you have no doubt, sir, that the better sort of friendships will be perpetuated in a future life?

J. Either we shall be satisfied with a renewed intercourse with old friends, or we shall be satisfied without it.

H. M. I can hardly understand the latter clause, sir.

J. Nor I, madam; but I can believe it.

H. M. How fondly my heart assented to the hope, at Mr Garrick's funeral-service, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace!

J. You were present in the abbey, were you not?

H. M. Yes, sir; the bishop of Rochester was civil enough to send tickets for Miss Cadogan and myself; and we were accommodated in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could hear and see everything with painful distinctness. My heart sank within me as the great doors burst open, and the choir advanced to the grave, all in white surplices, and chanting Handel's solemn anthem. The very players, practised as they were in fiction, shed genuine tears for once.

J. Mrs Garrick seems to bear up bravely.

H. M. Yet she has that within which passes show. She checks with rare energy every outward symptom of anguish. I told her last week that her self-command amazed me; and her reply was, that groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn for a little while, but a sorrow, said she, that is to last for life will not be violent and romantic.

J. Poor thing! poor thing! It is a sore trouble, and grievous to be borne. We must pray for her, my dear child, that a yoke so galling may be made easy, and a burden so heavy be made light.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRALIA.

By a letter received from a correspondent in New South Wales, it appears that a great impetus has been given to the prosperity of that colony by the mining of coal and its export to California. Coal seams of great thickness are found on the Hunter River, and there mining has been commenced on a large scale. The following is our correspondent's account, dated October 1850:—

'A new trade has sprung up in this river (the Hunter) within the last few months, in the great demand for coal by ships from California. As many as eighteen or twenty sail of from 400 to 800 tons each are now waiting to be loaded at Newcastle (such being the name given to the harbour at the mouth of the river), and a number have sailed within these three or four days. Many others are daily expected to arrive. Besides all this, the export of coal to neighbouring colonies by means of small vessels is exceedingly brisk.'

'You can form no proper idea of the vastness of our coal fields. The whole basin of the Hunter is one coal field, extending from the sea at Newcastle to the dividing range of mountains a hundred miles inland. At the present moment there are about twelve mines at work. The coal is generally procured with very little trouble, near and at the surface. A joint-stock coal company have, in consequence of this increased demand, lately extended their operations.'

They have just completed a railway of two miles from the harbour to a pit where the working of a seam of superior coal, eleven feet thick, is begun. This seam lies at the depth of only from twenty to twenty-five fathoms from the surface. A powerful steam-engine draws up the coal. The same company have two other pits and engines at work.

Another coal field has lately been carefully examined, about forty miles to the north of this, and about twenty miles inland from the navigable harbour of Port Stephen. I am informed by a gentleman who visited it, that there is one seam of solid coal cropping out, thirty-four feet thick, and of very superior quality. What an immense amount of dormant wealth in this mass of fuel! Yet all our prodigious resources, mineral and agricultural, are of comparatively little avail, in consequence of a want of labour. We want an almost unlimited accession to our population by continued immigration.

Nothing has lately been heard of Dr Leichhardt and his party, who went off on the perilous expedition of exploring the interior, across from New South Wales to Swan River. Fears are entertained that this enterprising traveller has fallen a sacrifice to the savages of the central unexplored region. Here, in an old-settled part of the country, we know little of the hardships encountered by explorers. There is one class of men to whom justice has never been done. I allude to the assistant-surveyors employed by government to explore and bring home correct accounts of unknown regions, for it is those occupying the position of assistants in the survey department on whom the hard work principally falls. I lately became acquainted with an assistant-surveyor, and gathered from him many curious details respecting his operations. His story may amuse your readers.

James Burnett, who was born in Edinburgh, emigrated with his father (a son of the late Mr Burnett of Burns, in Peeblesshire) in 1829 to New South Wales, where he received an appointment in the surveyor-general's office, under the auspices of Sir Thomas Livingston Mitchell. In 1836 Mr Burnett was appointed an assistant-surveyor, and has ever since been employed in various parts of the colony. An assistant-surveyor leads the life of a pioneer amidst deserts, forests, and swamps; crosses rivers, scales mountains, and makes his bivouac in the neighbourhood of savages, snakes, and swarms of mischief-loving insects. Young Burnett had his fair share of these experiences in the bush. For some years he was stationed in Illawarra, and was there much employed in surveying tracts of low swampy land. For whole days his lower extremities were constantly wet, with a fierce sun scorching overhead. On one occasion, when engaged in surveying on the Richmond River, he found it necessary to proceed on a journey when the whole country was flooded. He rode one horse and led another, swimming them at every creek, and as there were no houses or huts by the way, he had to sleep every night in his wet clothes in the open air. His encampment was finally reached without accident.

About the end of 1846, when in charge of the Moreton Bay district, and suffering from the effect of previous exposure, this active young man was despatched to accompany Captain Perry in his exploration of a river called the Boyne, from its head-waters down to the point where it became navigable. The party, disabled by bad weather, was compelled to retrace its steps, and Burnett was some time afterwards employed to complete the survey himself. This undertaking he effected by incalculable toil, amidst thick scrubs and swamps. Some important parts of the river towards its mouth remained yet to be examined, and he solicited permission to go on a new expedition along the coast by water. This being granted, he left Moreton Bay on the 5th of July 1847. Everybody

considered this a hazardous enterprise. Burnett, with seven attendants, arms, and provisions, set out in an open whale-boat, to perform a voyage of 240 miles of ocean on a dangerous coast. The party was successful. It reached the mouth of the Boyne, and proceeded up the river considerably beyond the point formerly reached by land. On his way back, Mr Burnett made a survey of a fine river which he discovered disemboguing into Wide Bay, which the governor afterwards named the Mary. The country adjacent to the Boyne has since this period been settled: it is called the Burnett District, in compliment to its first explorer. Although still a young man, Burnett is much shattered in constitution by the privations to which his duties have exposed him. One day lately, on calling on him, I found him prostrated by rheumatism; but he was as cheerful as ever, and expected soon to be busy with fresh engagements. It is by such men as England sends up new fields for her emigrants. What should we do without a dauntless corps of surveyors?—and of this useful class of persons Scotland contributes her share. Should Leichhardt, the great explorer, cast up, the surveyor-general will doubtless be let loose on his track; and we may hope that at least a portion of the blank which disfigures the map of Australia may be filled up with names, and made geographically known.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF PEAT.

Dr Anderson, professor of chemistry to the Highland Society, has published a report of certain investigations which he instituted for the purpose of ascertaining if peat was capable of being turned to profitable account, either in the form of charcoal or by its conversion by distillation into products of commercial value. The result, we regret to say, is discouraging. The learned professor finds the selling price of peat-charcoal to be £1, 1s. per ton. The expenses of the production in Ireland would be £1, 3s. for the draining of the bog, and the cutting, packing, carrying, and burning of the peat. When rent for the bog is allowed for, it appears that a small profit may be looked for while the present price is sustained. In Scotland, Dr Anderson calculates that the process would cost, at the lowest estimate, £1, 10s. 6d., but more probably £1, 13s. 8d. It evidently, therefore, could scarcely become a profitable manufacture in Scotland. Dr Anderson gives another blow to the hopes of certain speculators, by shewing that peat-charcoal, by itself, is not a manure, and that its theoretical utility as an absorbent of ammonia, so as to become a manure, has been vastly overstated. The experiment grounded upon was performed under peculiar circumstances, which could not be generally followed economically. In ordinary circumstances, it has very little power of absorbing ammonia; and even when it extinguishes odours, that result is not found to have taken place to any important extent. The professor says: 'The absence of absorptive power in peat-charcoal led me to inquire whether or not peat itself possesses this property in any greater degree—a matter which it is of some importance to determine, as that substance is so commonly added to the manure heap as an absorbent. The experiments were made on an excellent peat from Dargavel, Renfrewshire, where it occurs in considerable depth. That which I employed was taken from the surface, and from depths respectively of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The result shewed that no less than from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. of ammonia were absorbed; and the experiments were sufficiently varied to demonstrate that it is not only capable of absorbing, but of retaining a large quantity of ammonia, under what may be considered very unfavourable circumstances.'

'Although this per-cent. may appear small, it must be recollect that it is more than three times as much as is contained in farm-yard manure of ordinary quality,

and that the addition of even a small proportion of peat to the manure-heaps would be likely to retain, in a completely satisfactory manner, any ammonia which existed there in a volatile condition.

I need scarcely say, however, that we must be prepared to find that all samples of peat will not be equally efficient as absorbents: the peat which is most porous will absorb more ammonia than that which is dense. As it is customary to employ clay or dry earth as an absorbent of the waste matters of the manure-heap, it is well to contrast their value for that purpose with that of peat. A specimen of a wheat-soil was experimented upon, but was found to have absorbed in 2000 grains of soil only 0.17 grains of ammonia.

With regard to the plan of distillation, the learned professor alludes to the proceedings of a company by whom the process is carried on. In the calculation issued by the company, 'the expenditure for the peat, wages, wear and tear of apparatus, &c., is estimated at £11,717; whilst the produce, consisting of sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine, volatile and fixed oil, is estimated at £23,625.

It must be distinctly understood, however, that this estimate is not the result of the actual manufacture, but of an experiment made upon two tons of peat; and the result on the large scale might, and would probably yield very different results. Little satisfactory information can, in fact, be drawn from an experiment of this sort; because of course it has been made with care, and by men of intelligence, who have attended to every step of the process, while matters are very different when in the actual work we come to depend upon common workmen. The apparatus used is no doubt very ingenious; but, as far as I can understand it, appears to leave the process very much at the mercy of the workmen, whose carelessness would greatly diminish the amount of products obtained.

As far as the value of the product obtained goes, the company appear to have in many cases overrated them. Should any of these products prove unsaleable, of course the 100 per cent. profit which the estimates shew will be greatly reduced. It would be further diminished by increasing the expenditure, which appears to me to be greatly under-estimated. So far as I have been able to ascertain by inquiries of the expense of distilling wood, and of purifying the products of coal-tar, I am led to infer that the cost of peat-distillation, and the conversion of the products into a marketable condition, would be much greater than is estimated. The manufacture of sulphate of ammonia, for instance, is an expensive operation, and extremely destructive to the apparatus, so that for this alone a very large sum must be put down in the shape of wear and tear. The amount of labour required is also, as I think, much underrated, and no allowance is made for the large capital which must be invested in apparatus and buildings for carrying on the operations.

From a careful consideration of all the circumstances of the manufacture, I have come to the conclusion that it is quite impossible that the large profits alleged are ever likely to be realised, and I question much whether any remunerative return is at all likely to be obtained. On this, however, I am unwilling to express a definitive opinion; because I do not believe it possible to do so in the present state of our information, although the previous want of success of similar experiments seems to confirm it. Of this much we may be certain, that even if it returns one-fourth part of the expected profit, in no long time the manufacture will be taken up in all parts of the country. There is, however, one matter of no little importance, which must be considered, and it is the absolute certainty, that with the greatly-increased production which would be occasioned by the extension of the manufacture, the prices of the products would be considerably reduced. The salts of ammonia, for which the demand is at present scarcely

equal to the supply, would soon fall in price, as well as several of the other products, to the inevitable extinction of such profits as are now obtained.

I may sum up the results at which I have arrived by simply saying:—1st, That the value of peat-charcoal as a manure and absorbent of the valuable constituents of manures, is not such as to justify the manufacturer in employing it, or to encourage us in attempting its introduction into Scotland; 2^d, That dry peat is a valuable absorbent of ammonia, and, as such, deserves the attention of the agriculturist to a greater extent even than it has yet done; 3^d, That the profits of the distillation of peat appear to be greatly exaggerated, and although they cannot be definitely estimated at present, the failure of all previous attempts should teach us great caution in examining the experiments of theorists.

LIFE'S EVANGELS.

SILENT upon the threshold of life's portal
Sits the veiled Isis of the FUTURE—all
That time has yet of bitterness and sorrow
Lies hid beneath that dark, unlifted veil.

Behind us sadly stands a mournful maiden
With an enchanted mirror in her hand;
Cypress and violets on her brow are blended,
With daisies ever fresh from childhood's land.

The shadowy Past glides o'er the changeful mirror,
Like sunny tears and clouds o'er April skies,
Or lit by avenging lightnings that have smitten
The heart with agony that never dies!

Thus the accusing and the unknown haunt us—
The hidden wo and the remember'd pain;
But FAITH and DUTY in the orb'd Present
With angel pinions hide the phantoms twain.

SCOTLAND.

NIGHTINGALES—A CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The principal dealers in these noble birds reside in the classic region of the Seven Dials, London; and as there is much trickery practised here, I will pave the way for plain-sailing. In order to make a great show of business, some of these dealers—one in particular—always collect together a number of nightingales' cages, at least ten days before the birds arrive amongst us! These are placed on high shelves, after being artfully papered up in front with tissue paper, so as to make people believe that each cage contains a nightingale. When folks express their surprise at the birds coming over so early, they are told 'the birds are very wild, and must not be looked at for at least ten days. At the end of that time they will be quite tame, and in full song.' This bait is generally swallowed by persons, who keep on calling till at last they do hear a nightingale sing! *Perhaps* there are two real birds among the whole of the papered-up cages! A little caution and a little common prudence after this intelligible hint, will put a novice on his guard, and enable him to appear a knowing one. He cannot speak too little; but he had need be all eye and all ear.—*William Kidd, in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

PLANTS.

Plants vitiate the air of a room at night, *not* because they part with carbonic acid, and inhale oxygen—for a human being would vitiate it more in this way—but from their powerful odour, which has a most violent effect on the nervous system of some persons.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by M. N. CHAMBERS, 36 West Nile Street, Glasgow; W. H. ORKIN, Amen Corner, London; and J. MCGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 390. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

RIDICULE AS A WEAPON.

It is particularly necessary that a sound discretion should be exercised in the use of ridicule as a weapon. Its power of offence and defence is enormous. The stoutest and the most sacred cause can scarcely withstand it. Argument often sinks abashed before it. Often, where unable to accomplish the victory, it will at least take away all zeal and fervour from the other side, and thus gain its point by creating indifference. The basis of this power is the universal love of a jest, and the comparative rarity of clear judgment and sound principle. Hence let the most admirable things be brought forward and speculated upon, men will in general listen with reluctance; but let some wag throw in a jet of ridicule, the majority are instantly off in a fit of merriment, from which it is not easy to recall them to the subject in its proper aspect. One could almost suppose that men felt a jealousy regarding grave and important things, and were for that reason happy in an opportunity of turning out their ridiculous sides. Or perhaps it is only the contrast between the solemn and portentous aspect of these things, and their ludicrousness in the eye of levity, which renders them such favourite topics for mirth. However it is, certainly philosophies, pomps, formalities, dignities, have at all times been peculiarly liable to the travesties and burlesques of the profane. Now this very delicacy in the status of such things calls for a tenderness on the part of those who are prone to the use of ridicule.

It should be always kept in mind, that ridicule is not necessarily truth or justice. It may be employed, doubtless, on that side; and we have seen it so employed with vast effect in some remarkable instances. But certainly there is no necessary connection between ridicule and truth. Let us take, for instance, Peter Pindar's jocular poems on King George III. The descriptions given by the poet of the monarch's style of speaking, and even the reports of some of the particular expressions used by him, are probably not far from the reality; but will any man undertake to prove that the general effect of these pasquinades is to leave a just or correct view of the life and conversation of the king? It is at the best but a part of the truth, and that so set forth as to tell untruly. So also take Peter's really amusing poem descriptive of Sir Joseph Banks's hunt after the Emperor of Morocco butterfly. Grant this were true as an isolated fact, the effect of the narration is nevertheless false. The respectability of natural history as a study is sunk in the ludicrous circumstances attending one of the means necessary for prosecuting it. The self-devotion of the great naturalist, which led him ~~on~~ over the world for the acquisition of

knowledge, is lost in the view we have of him flying over Cockney suburban gardens, and through mires and brakes, in chase of a humble insect. We may laugh; but the injustice of the whole picture towards both Sir Joseph and a science which, rightly studied, is a kind of religion, must be manifest to every reflecting mind.

There are few things which the light-headed part of the community seem to enjoy more than the detection of any mistake made by the votaries of the speculative sciences. The exquisite drollery of the situation of Jonathan Oldbuck on his Roman Camp, when Edie Ochiltree claimed to have been present at the making of it, has perhaps been relished more than any other single scene in the Waverley novels. So also Fielding has created one of his most effective pictures, by placing a certain philosopher in a situation violently exceptive to the tendency of his doctrines. We should, however, keep in mind, that such circumstances might happen in the actual world, and yet only be exceptions to general rules. Although one antiquary may have mistaken an old sheepfold for a station of Agricola's army, it does not in the least invalidate the facts that Agricola conducted the Roman arms through Britain, and that Roman camps are actually in existence in pretty nearly their original lineaments throughout the country. It would, therefore, be the greatest possible mistake if, on being asked to go to see Ardoch, which is perhaps the most entire of these structures in Britain, we were to decline from incredulity raised through the case of Oldbuck and his Kinprunes. We should in that case be allowing a jest to swamp, as far as we were concerned, a fact, and a very interesting and important one—namely, that there you may see to this day the walls and gateways within which the conquerors of the world rested seventeen hundred years ago, when attempting to complete the subjugation of the British people.

Not many months ago, a party of scientific students and amateurs were conducted to see some of those smoothed and polished rocks which are supposed to be the memorials of the passage of ice over our country in what geologists call the pliocene era. Several veritable instances were shewn; but, unluckily, there came in the way a surface falsely supposed to belong to this class of phenomena, having a certain shade of resemblance to the true examples, but wanting all the essential characteristics—in fact, only a tolerably flat specimen of trap surfaces at what had been a joint or fracture in a mass of that kind of rock. While the party was examining this phenomenon, a person present very candidly mentioned that he had often observed boys sliding down this rock, seated; and he had no

doubt that its peculiar shining smoothness was partly at least owing to that cause. This of course produced a general merriment; and such was the effect of the new spirit thus engendered, that not without considerable difficulty could the guide of the party obtain any degree of candid attention, much less of faith, for the true examples which he afterwards shewed in situations where such a cause was not presumable, and where the characteristics were true and unmistakable. Now ridicule was clearly at issue with truth in this instance. With its usual fascination, it raised a prejudice regarding the phenomena which were in the course of being studied. Many to whom the alleged facts were a novelty felt their original scepticism confirmed. Others less ready to give up results so largely vouch'd for, were yet cooled down into a fear that many mistakes had been made. The result was, that an opportunity of acquiring some experimental knowledge of an exceedingly curious passage of the history of the globe was in some measure lost, the chance of obtaining fresh minds to the investigation was diminished, and those already engaged in it were discouraged. Contrast with this effect what might have been expected to take place if the cicerone of the party had been allowed quietly to point out the difference between the false and the true examples. He would have shewn that the similarity was only superficial and trivial, and that when a close and minute inspection was made, the former exhibited certain undulations not traceable on the latter; that it shewed none of the furrowings in one direction seen there; and that there were abruptnesses rising near it which were totally irreconcileable with the idea of ice in any form having swept across it. Above all, he would have shewn that though a true example had chanced to be brightened up a little by the sliding of boys, there were numberless others perfectly identical which no boys could have used in that manner; so that the modern accident went for nothing. Here would have been a philosophical lesson on evidence, and an opportunity of impressing the great lesson that the detection of differences, not of resemblances, is the first business of science; and the party would have gone home rationally improved and edified—instead of which there was only a vapid laugh, and a forenoon spent to comparatively little purpose. It is perhaps expecting too much of the angelic from men to suppose that they will resist a laugh at philosophers when it comes in their way; yet it may be well at least to point out that the laugh proves nothing, and perhaps prevents something from being proved.

Ridicule, on the other hand, has undoubtedly its legitimate uses, and we often see it do, in a short-hand manner, services which reason might fail with its utmost efforts to perform. How effective, for instance, was Don Quixote in correcting the taste for romance-reading in Spain! For the repression of Puritanic fanaticism Butler did more than king, lords, and commons could have effected. Sometimes a merry ballad will help on a revolution, and sometimes preserve a throne. The follies, and even the vices, of individuals may be attacked by it with equally powerful effect. True; but there is a prerequisite—be sure of the justice of the cause in which ridicule is used. No matter for this, some one may say; a good cause and an estimable man will stand against ridicule, and not be the worse for it. With deference, I doubt this; at least I every day see good causes kept in check, and good men prevented from breaking through social barriers,

by the dread of ridicule. It is not a well-directed laugh only that is effective, for a jest well put, whatever be its moral merits, will always carry the multitude along with it. I deprecate the subjecting of even the best of causes to such a test. The effect may not be everlasting, but it is certain to be powerful for the time. Therefore, though I might be above courting the alliance of ridicule, I should always rejoice to see it fighting on my side.

It is, on the other hand, beyond question that even ridicule is the better of being on the right side. Give it reason as its basis, and a really noble end in its view, and see how transcendently successful are its blows compared with what they are under the direction of folly and emptiness. The perfection of this branch of rhetoric would undoubtedly be in its use for the advocacy of some lofty cause having large benefits to mankind in contemplation, and against which hosts of petty interests were arrayed. Let it lash only meanness and selfishness; let it pillory none but dishonest thinkers; let it strive to clear away from the path of the philosopher the triflers who delight to set briers in his path, instead of raising merriment at the expense of the philosopher himself; and we should see Ridicule take a place in literature and oratory which it has as yet scarcely pretended to.

THE CITY OF THE DECEIVED.

WILN the ancient city of Nuremberg, in times which were reckoned old by our fathers, stood high among German towns for manufactures, merchants, and meister-singers, the most notable and not the least prosperous of its burghers was Fritz Fusseldorf. Fritz was regarded as chief among the wise and prudent of his native city. There were richer men in Nuremberg, but few who had navigated the waters on which their lots were cast so safely, or kept the full freight of fortune, friends, and character, in such good condition as he, up to what in life's geography comes out as the headland of fifty.

In the course of that half century Fritz had seen some changes, and heard much noise in the world around him, though his feet had never been a league beyond the walls of Nuremberg. The Augsburg Confession, the Council of Trent, the Thirty Years' War, and the Freewill Controversy, had each in turn disturbed the workshops and warehouses of that old trading city. There had been displacements in its convent cells and in its senate; great houses had sunk, and small ones risen, through the change of creeds and masters; but that of Fusseldorf still stood firm, by a neutrality most difficult to practise in those times, in right of which its master had won his unrivalled reputation for prudence. Fritz sought for no office, and laboured after no distinction: every established power found him a quiet subject, and every fallen one a friendly passer-by. Indeed passing by on the other side had been the policy of his life when there was danger or trouble to be expected; but nobody charged him with party real, personal ambition, or unfaithfulness to any cause. Nature had done much for Fritz Fusseldorf in keeping him to this wisdom, for he was of a temper cold, calm, and calculating; but fortune had done something too, in making him the only son of a gaining and careful merchant, with three daughters, all married and portioned off in the lifetime of their father, who died leaving Fritz well advanced in man's estate and in mercantile

practice, with the fair mansion he had built hard by the church of St. Sebald, a fairer business in the Venetian trade, and the hopeful condition of a bachelor.

Fritz had kept these privileges and possessions yet entire, in spite of many a bold conspiracy against his peaceful solitude among his fair neighbours (for such practices existed even in the Reformation times), and many an eager hope among the increasing families of his numerous relations, as they read in fancy his last will and testament. There were those in Nuremberg who sincerely believed that his own judicious steering between these hostile interests was one prevailing cause of the number and steadfastness of Fusseldorf's friends; as from Legilend, the maiden sister of his neighbour the goldsmith, and the most renowned needle-worker within the ramparts, who had declared her intention of embellishing a noble piece of tapestry then in progress with his picture, to his eldest brother-in-law, who found consolation under the infirmities of seventy years by investing Christmas gifts in his legacy, Fritz was universally sought after and commended. Thus keeping aloof from the snares of his time and the cares of life, Fritz had applied himself steadily to business from his youth, taking little relaxation, except in observing the mistakes and follies of less prudent burghers, on which no man could make wiser remarks, and in the easy outskirts of letters as they were then known to Germany.

The city of Nuremberg was accounted learned in those days: besides the corps of artisan poets known as meister-singers, it was rich in doctors of law and divinity, and had a press yet famous with the collectors of old books for the quaint and curious folios it printed. Under favour of these opportunities the burghers cultivated taste in the fashion of their day, and became notable critics in poetry and sermons. Some also dipped into philosophy; others read accounts of voyages and travels; but by far the most generally accomplished was Fritz Fusseldorf. He had gone a little way into all the learning of his age, and his library already consisted of almost fifty volumes on every current subject, from the alchemy of Albertus to the moralities of Hans Sachs. Fritz used and exhibited that treasury of knowledge prudently, as became one who knew not what might be looked upon as heresy: but as his mercantile wealth and bachelor years increased, the fame of his acquirements grew also, till poets began to solicit his patronage, and poor doctors dedicated their works to the enlightened merchant. These honours Fritz at least thought merited, but he sustained them with his accustomed steadiness. The poets were patronised to the extent of giving himself little trouble and less cost, and the dedications received with some ready and well-turned compliments. Time and fortune had well rewarded his attention to their lesssons—placing him in strong contrast to many an ~~only~~ acquaintance. He had remarked on the ruinous vanity of one and the needless parsimony of another; on a third's imprudent match and a fourth's ill-reared family; and thanked his good sense that he was like none of these. Yet the wise and wealthy merchant was not without aims in existence beyond the increase of his profits and the enlargement of his warehouses.

Fritz had an ambition of his own, though it was of the silent and provident sort. The vein from that point commenced with retiring from business, extended through far travels in the observation of men and manners, and closed with the authorship of a volume containing such sage remarks and maxims, as would make him the wonder of his own age, and the master of moralists to all times. After that achievement, Fritz had not quite determined on his line of march to the grave—whether it was to be enlivened by the presence of Gertrude, the goldsmith's daughter, who had learned obedience under her distinguished aunt, and whose youthful mind might be conveniently formed by his

precepts, or to be magnified by the foundation of a college in Nuremberg, to be called by his name, and for ever subject to the reigning orthodoxy.

By way of beginning those mighty schemes, Fritz took an early occasion to inform his friends, and through them the city, of his retiring intentions; sold out his stock in trade to one of the wealthiest and least-hated Jews in Nuremberg; vested his capital in the city bank, then believed to be as strong as its imperial castle; and commenced poring over maps, in preparation for his travels.

He had been occupied all day in tracing his route from Nuremberg to the Emperor Charles's Spanish capital; though flowers had been strewn, and shepherds had danced in the streets, for it was Whitsuntide. The Franconian corn stood high and green, and the linden-trees were in full leaf round the old city's ramparts, as Fritz walked in their shade, still pondering on the ~~lunce and dangers~~ of the journey. That was his accustomed walk down by the river just an hour before the shutting of the gates. The sun was setting, and he could hear the hum of the town grow faint behind him, while the cow-bells and the swineherds' horns sounded from neighbouring hamlets: but his path was unusually deserted; not a wayfaring could be seen along the banks of that smooth river except one man, who sat as if to rest on the broken wall of a long-ruined hermitage. His garments were in the fashion worn by the humblest artisans; his face was calm and thoughtful; but Fusseldorf's expectation of the customary reverence to his rank was disappointed by the stranger fixing his keen gray eye upon him as he said: 'Good-evening, brother. How call you yonder town that stands so fair in the sunset?'

'It is the ancient and famous city of Nuremberg,' replied Fritz with a true burgher's pride; 'renowned throughout Christendom for arts and letters. Whence come you, stranger, to be so near, and know it not?'

'I come from a still greater towp,' replied the stranger. 'You are doubtless acquainted with Falsenberg—famous throughout the world for the tricks and cheats with which its inhabitants impose upon themselves.'

'I never—heard of such a town, the merchant would have said; but he recollects half way that so full a confession of ignorance did not become his learned reputation, and therefore added—met with any traveller from that city.'

'That is marvellous,' said the stranger, 'considering that so many come this way, which is indeed the most direct. I myself left Falsenberg in the morning, and am about to return thither.'

The soul of Fritz Fusseldorf was astonished. In all the books of travels he had read, from Marco Polo to Columbus; in all the maps and charts he had so lately explored, there was no mention of Falsenberg. The first impulse of his surprise prompted him to declare his utter ignorance, and request immediate information from the stranger; but his wonted prudence suggested that the particulars might be reached without that exposure.

'I had not suspected that your city was so near; but truly there is little mention of it in either map or volume,' said he, familiarly seating himself beside the blunt, honest-looking traveller, who smiled as he answered. 'The name of our Falsenberg is unknown to these geographers. They study but the upper side of the world, and it lies on the other; yet trust me the way is direct, and not a day's journey from this ruined hermitage.'

'Friend,' said Fritz, much relieved on the score of his own learning, but growing more impatiently curious at every word—'you may not know that I am a free burgher, and sometimes a merchant of note in yonder town. My fortune is ample, for I inherited a large business and fair possessions from my father, the profits

of which I have increased by a prudent and industrious life, carefully avoiding the vanities and follies into which I saw many of my neighbours fall, and giving up my leisure to the study of letters and general wisdom; till now, in the prime of my days, I have retired from trade, resolving to spend some time in travel and inquiry after the ways and wonders of the world, that I may leave the results of my knowledge and experience to posterity.'

'It is a noble design,' said the stranger, 'and well becoming a citizen of large fortune and liberal mind in this enlightened age. Poor artisans like myself cannot aspire to such great things; but as you may not know that I am a cobbler and a poet, with a stall and sundry printed ballads in the fair city of Falsenberg, I will mention that my father left me nothing but three little sisters to maintain, which I have done, and got them all well married; that I have cobbled shoes since my thirteenth year, besides composing a few songs and plays which are known to mountebanks and the frequenters of taverns; and that, with God's blessing, I expect to compose and cobble till the end of my days.'

'Friend,' said the merchant, 'I rejoice in your art, and have patronised many poets. The meister-singers of Nuremberg are doubtless known to you; but tell me something of your great town, for I am curious on such matters.'

'It has,' said the stranger, 'ramparts, trade, and churches, a senate-house, a citadel, and a place of execution, like most other towns. Armies have leaguered its walls, kings have feasted in its castle. Scholars have been born, and books published there; the sun shines upon it, and the rains descend; yet whether the cause be in the air, the water, or a spell which some ancient sorcerer laid upon its site, our divines and doctors cannot agree, but all the inhabitants live in the practice of deceits upon themselves, and believe, beyond persuasion, in the most palpable falsehoods.'

'It is strange,' said Fritz. 'But, friend, how are they generally deceived? Is it in matters ecclesiastical or civil?'

'Every way,' said the traveller. 'Man and woman, noble and artisan, each prepares cheats of his own. But two things are remarkable concerning them all: first, that every man clearly understands his neighbour's mistake, and will reason freely upon it; and, secondly, that he will never forgive any one who attempts to even suspect his own. It is also observable that this madness augments with their years. In childhood, the greater part believe only untruths which they are told, but in early youth they begin to trust in fair-speaking fancies; and ever after, through all the disproofs of time and the teachings of experience, their faith grows stronger in one falsehood or other, which no mortal credits but themselves. One of my neighbours in Falsenberg believes the whole city to be somehow so deeply indebted to him, that when his fortune is utterly expended—and he is striving hard for that end—the burghers will feel bound to maintain both him and his family. Another imagines that the more unkind and tyrannical he may be to his children, relations, and servants, the more abundantly will they respect his old age, and cherish his gray hairs. I know one who is convinced that without his eating, drinking, and sleeping, the world could not exist; a second, who believes himself born schoolmaster to the entire universe; and a third, who expects that fame, friends, and fortune will come in search of him where he sits with his pipe and tankard. Delusions no less singular prevail among the ladies of our city. The lady of a goodly mansion close by my stall has an inward persuasion that she saved her husband from ruin by expending fifty florins a week to keeping the house in continual tumult; while her opposite neighbour expects that a certain quantity of gay-coloured silks and hangings—

water will preserve her for ever young. Many live in the conviction that neither the inhabitants of the town nor the strangers who visit it ever think or talk of anything but them; and others believe that they have done the community a signal service, and merited some public reward, by living like the wives of honest burghers.'

'Friend,' said the merchant, 'you spoke of doctors of philosophy as belonging to your town—has no treatise been written on this extraordinary madness?'

'None,' said the traveller; 'our philosophers have no time for the like. When they are not occupied with the categories and the predicaments, they are always engaged with the origin of matter, and the derivation of souls; besides, the learned doctors are subject to the prevalent insanity, and among many marvellous conceits I have always found them apt to fancy that words and science were the same thing, and that much talking was equivalent to proof on any subject.'

'Has no judicious traveller, then, observed and reported the wonders of your town; for in all the books I have collected and partly read,' said the merchant, 'I cannot recollect any account of Falsenberg?'

'Many travellers come from thence to your outer side of the world, but they write not of these things,' said the stranger; 'and few descend thither, because, as I take it, the light of our hemisphere is of a nature so different from yours, that no man might endure it except his eyes had been covered in the subterraneous passage.'

'Friend,' said Fritz, 'beginning to suspect at once his learning and his ears, 'I cannot rightly understand you. What is this lower hemisphere of which you speak?'

'The under side of the world,' said the stranger, 'according to that chapter in the fifth treatise of the learned Paracelsus, which declares, that "the lower side of the earth hath air and clouds, sun, moon, and stars of its own; that there are there mountains and forests, rivers and seas, and men dwelling upon it, with flocks, corn, and cities; that the ancients believed the dead went thither, and called it the realm of Pluto; because in their times there were certain passages leading right through the solid earth, which had been formed by immemorial fires or great water-courses. By one of these Aeneas descended, as Virgil relates; so did Orpheus in search of his lost spouse; and some yet exist; but great peril must be in the descent, because of the central attraction." Certain moralising men have indeed imagined that Paracelsus conveyed a fabulous meaning in this chapter; others have said that wine was stronger than wit with him when it was written; but fault and purable finders abound on both sides of the world.'

'True,' said Fritz: 'but that region is your country, and there is one of those passages in this neighbourhood leading direct to Falsenberg?'

'Undoubtedly,' said the traveller. 'A scholar, as I perceive you are, must know that he who first built and dwelt in this hermitage was one of the architects of that unfinished cathedral in which the nations were to pray at Cologne—a brother of the order of free and accepted masons, who, in right of his art, understood many secrets, and among the rest that ancient passage, which he either discovered or read of in the Almagist. Many a time, as I have heard them say below, the good man was making merry in a tavern yonder when the citizens here believed he was keeping vigil.'

'Come and shew me the passage, friend,' cried Fritz, springing from the broker's wall.

'Wait a minute, master burgher,' replied the stranger, as he leaned lazily back; 'that task is not quite so safe for me as you may think it. The senate of our town some centuries ago conceived a strong fear that Falsenberg might be overrun with troublesome strangers from the

upper world ; and therefore, though they allowed the citizens complete toleration in the matter of going up, they made it death without benefit of clergy to shew your people the way down ; and great peace they say we have had among us on account of that law.'

'Friend,' said the merchant, reseating himself, 'I commend your prudence ; but as you are a poet, and instructed beyond the vulgar, I have confided to you that besides being a rich man and a scholar, I have a strong desire to see strange customs and distant countries, in order to write my travels for the benefit of posterity ; and if you will guide me to your extraordinary town, I will cheerfully pay any reasonable reward you may ask, and doubt not that my discretion may be trusted.'

'I agree,' said the stranger, 'on three conditions : first, that you will meet me in this place two hours before the next daybreak ; second, that you will consent to have your eyes securely bandaged, as I cannot consent to endanger any man's sight ; and third, that on your return to your own house, you will send two dozen of the best Rhenish to the Cobblers' Tavern in Nuremberg, as your guide's reward.'

'It is small,' thought the merchant ; but he added aloud : 'I accept the conditions ; and be assured that the wine will be the best in Germany.'

'Good-night, then,' said the stranger : 'the gates of Nuremberg will be shut if you delay much longer. Remember, two hours before daybreak ; and with a spring over the wall he dashed away into the now darkening country.

There happened (and that was a rare case for those times) to be no war just then in Germany ; the barriers of Nuremberg were therefore but slightly guarded, and the old watchman at the river gate considered Fritz the most liberal and enlightened of burghers, when he slipped a silver florin into his hand, with a hint that there was no necessity for strict locking up that night. The merchant had determined to see Falsenberg, though prudence suggested that some of the conditions were strange, and the traveller might be a robber. But he had never heard of robbers quoting Paracelsus ; and as there was room for that and more in the faith of his age, a visit to the under side of the world, by the journey of a few hours, came ~~squarely~~ up to his desire for achievement made easy, that Fusseldorf would have accorded some additional dozens of wine had his guide demanded them. His humble confidant, old Gretchen, who had kept his and his father's house for more than thirty years, was employed the greater part of the night in assisting him to select his best travelling gown, sword, and tables for the journey, not to speak of a flask of the best Rostock and a bundle of strong sausages, safely packed in a well-concealed wallet, lest Falsenberg should afford no Christian fare. With these equipments, and an injunction to Gretchen to say he had gone to visit a relation in the country, the merchant, two hours before the breaking of the summer day, took his way through the river-gate towards the ruined hermitage. There, in the still starlight, sat the stranger, on the same broken wall where he had first found him ; but by his side lay a strong, coarse napkin, with which, before Fritz had finished his salutation, he proceeded to bind up his eyes so securely, that the prudent burgher congratulated himself on absolute safety in that quarter. 'And now,' said he, taking him by the arm, 'friend, hold fast by me, and keep your feet steady, for we are about to descend, and the path is steep. I suppose,' continued the stranger, as they advanced a few steps further, 'you perceive the great declination of our way. We will soon be within the sphere of the downward forges, which hasten the progress of all bodies, and will make our speed exceed that of an eagle.'

Fritz had not at first perceived this astonishing declination, but he was far too judicious to manifest such

dulness of apprehension ; and as his guide continued to warn him of the steepness of the path, and the ever-increasing speed of their descent, both became apparent, and fear began to creep on the burgher's mind. 'We are now near the end of our journey,' said the stranger at length, to his great relief, 'and as you are a traveller whom it would not be safe for one to acknowledge in our town, I will take the liberty of conducting you to the very door of one well known as a rich and substantial man among us. In his house you will be sure to find entertainment ; but let me warn you, that of all Falsenberg he has contrived to forge the most extraordinary deccits for himself. In the first place, I have been told that he imagines certain heaps of waste paper laid up in the corner of one's house is sufficient to make him a scholar ; secondly, that mere dulness of life and thought are the very ingredients of wisdom ; thirdly, that money will buy off all evils, in this world and that to come. But his fourth delusion has been variously reported, for some say it consists in a belief that all the city will obey him after his funeral, and some that it is a remarkable mistake in numbers, by which he is positive that eighteen will exactly correspond with fifty. Now, thank the stars,' added his guide, giving Fritz a sort of twirl, 'we are here on firm ground within the city gates ; the towers and churches rise round us in the summer night ; we pass by the dwellings of sleeping thousands ; and yonder calls the watchman.'

Fusseldorf did indeed hear the long shout of the night-guard, and knew by other sounds that he was treading a city street.

'Here, friend,' said the stranger, pausing in the walk, 'you are now close beside our oldest church, and near the house of that most deluded citizen. I go home, for prudence's sake, you know, and when the clock strikes, pull off the bandage and find your own way.'

His words were almost lost in a run from the merchant's side, and the sound of a church clock chiming four. With the last stroke Fritz had pulled off the bandage, and found himself standing in front of his own house, hard by the old church of St Sebald, in the good town of Nuremberg, and in the early gray of a summer morning. The native of Falsenberg was gone. Fritz never saw him after, and most people agree that the greatest sign of his wisdom was given by making no inquiry on that subject ; but with him seemed to vanish Fusseldorf's projected travels, his edifying volume, and his college scheme—at least the honest burghers heard of them no more ; and the goldsmith, who had lately taken to consulting Fritz on family affairs, was particularly astonished at his serious advice to bestow Gertrude in marriage on his faithful apprentice and cousin's son Heinrich. For that counsel both daughter and apprentice promised to pray for him as long as they lived ; but although it was eventually acted upon, neither tale nor chronicle has recorded how they kept their vow. The reputation of learning and prudence attended Fusseldorf to a good old age, though murmurs against it arose among his nearest relations when Legilend and her tapestry-frame took triumphant possession of his mansion, in the chief apartment of which was long to be seen the famous hangings, on which that mistress of the needle expended fifteen years in portraying the nine worthies of Nuremberg, with her husband in the van, marching to paradise under the conduct of the cardinal virtues. From the discreet and tranquil life which Fritz continued to lead, even after his marriage, scholars have not found it easy to settle how the adventure of this tale was first published. Some say the manuscript was found among his papers ; some that the story was revealed to old Gretchen in an unadvised moment, when restoring to her custody the flask of Rostock and the prepared sausages ; and others are positive that the whole was related in one of the many unwritten moralities of Hans Sachs, the renowned

poet-cobbler, and hence became traditional in Nuremberg, where old men still speak proverbially of the prudent merchant and his strange travails to the City of the Deceived.

ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION.*

The first application of steam power to the purposes of oceanic locomotion was made in the navigation of the northern portion of the Atlantic as early as 1819. In that year the American steamship *Savannah*, of 350 tons, crossed from New York to Liverpool in twenty-four days. During most of this period her engines were in operation; but their power was disproportionately small, and it is probable that the steamer was as much indebted for her progress through the deep to the influence of the wind upon her canvas as to the action of her paddle-wheels. As might have been expected, in the case of the first ocean steamer, the internal arrangements of the *Savannah*, so far as room for merchandise and passengers was concerned, were extremely defective. Her machinery and steam apparatus occupied so large a portion of the hull, that this, together with the space necessary for the stowage of coal, left scarcely any room for cargo. The construction of her paddle-wheels was peculiar: they were attached to an iron axle-tree passing through the sides of the vessel above the bends; and their parts were so arranged that, with the exception of two heavy arms of cast-iron, the whole propulsive apparatus could be taken to pieces, and packed on board the vessel.

Novelty and adventurous daring more than anything else have rendered celebrated this first experiment in ocean steam navigation. As a useful or profitable speculation it was a complete failure: nor can it even be said that the result of the attempt was at all indicative of eventual success. The carriage of a cargo insuring remunerative freights was impossible in the case of a vessel which could scarcely contain within herself the supplies requisite for a single voyage; and so incredulous of the powers of man's ingenuity and perseverance were even well-informed minds, that for years after the date of the experiment we have mentioned, many eminent scientific men declared impossible the removal of this fatal objection to ocean steam navigation. But, like many other prophecies which have been made regarding the limits of human performance, the one now referred to proved totally incorrect. The difficulties connected with this arduous undertaking, which in 1819, and for years afterwards, appeared so immense, and wellnigh insurmountable, were at length fairly and for ever removed by the successful transatlantic experiments of 1838.

The first English steamship which left this country for America was the *Sirius*. She had originally been intended for, and employed as a trader on, the east coast of the island. The *Sirius*, left London for Cork toward the end of March 1838, whence, after some delay consequent upon an accident which she had received on her passage thither, she started for the commercial capital of the New World on the 4th of April of that year. She reached her destination on the 23d of the month—the same day as the *Great Western*, which had left Bristol four days after the departure of the *Sirius* from Cork. The time occupied by these two vessels in their voyages out was 18½ and 14½ days

respectively. Although the duration of their passages was thus widely different, both vessels consumed as nearly as possible the same quantity of fuel—namely, 458 tons. The *Sirius* had exactly this quantity of coal on board when she left Cork, and would have entered New York harbour without a particle of this precious commodity remaining, had she not used, toward the end of her journey, as an equivalent for 23 tons of coal, 4½ barrels of resin. The *Great Western*, now the property of the West India Mail Company, continued to sail, on the route between New York and Liverpool for about ten years. Her voyages were on the whole performed with regularity; and she ever proved herself a good sea-boat in the many severe storms—in one case appalling tempest—which it has been her lot to encounter. Her average passage to New York occupied 15 days, and from New York 13½ days. Her shortest run westwards was, we believe, performed in 13½ days, and eastwards in 12½ days. The *Great Western* is a vessel of 1310 tons burthen, with engines of 460 horse-power. She was built at Bristol, and measures 240 feet in length.

The two vessels now mentioned were the property of separate companies. Contemporaneously with them a third company was formed, who owned two other steamships—namely, the *Royal William* and the *Liverpool*, both of which in the same year (1838) commenced to ply between this country and America. The *Sirius* belonged to, or rather was chartered by, that company who, in the following year, built the *British Queen*, and subsequently the *President*: the *Great Western* to that company who constructed that Leviathan screw-steamer—the *Great Britain*. The ports of departure of these three separate sets of transatlantic vessels was originally, and for some years, Portsmouth, Bristol, and Liverpool respectively; but latterly the superior advantages of the Mersey as a starting-point for American vessels became apparent, and Portsmouth and Bristol were deserted.

The *Great Western*, the *Royal William*, and the *Liverpool* were all built much about the same time. The first began to ply in April, the second in July, and the third in November 1838. Neither of the two last were so powerful as the Bristol steamer. The *Liverpool*, the larger of the two, was in extreme length 6 feet shorter than the *Great Western*, and her engines were by 10 horse-power of less force.

Of the performances of the Liverpool Company's steamships we do not possess very lengthened accounts. This is especially true of the voyages of the *Royal William*. After a careful search in several of the newspapers of that period, we have failed to discover any notices of her passages, or indeed any information regarding her posterior to January 1839. We are inclined to think that she must have been withdrawn from the station in the early part of the spring of that year. The average of the six voyages she made down to this date was 20 days for her outward, and 15 days for her homeward passages. The average of the eastward voyages of her sister vessel was the same, but that of the westward passages of the *Liverpool* was by three days lower. The last-reported trip by this steamer which we have been able to discover is one from the Mersey to New York, in November 1839, occupying 18½ days. In the middle of December she again, and for the last time, we believe, left America for England. Shortly after her arrival here she was transferred to another station. When wrecked, as she was a few years ago, the *Liverpool*, or *Great Liverpool*, as she was then called, was the property of the *Peninsular and Oriental Company*.

About the middle of 1838 there was laid down on the banks of the Thames the keel of a transatlantic steamer, whose gigantic proportions formed, for a long time after her construction, a theme of speculation and

* In No. 380 there is a less complete article on this subject, devoted chiefly to a description of the Atlantic steamship.

general astonishment. The hull of the *British Queen*—for it is to her we now refer—was completed in the spring of 1839, when she was brought down to the Clyde, where her machinery was constructed by Robert Napier, whose celebrity as a marine engineer had been already established by the successful performances of numerous large coasting steamers, and whose name now stands associated with the most splendid triumphs in oceanic locomotion which the skill of the mechanician has ever yet achieved. From figure-plate to tail-fin the *British Queen* measured 275 feet—that is 35 feet more than the *Great Western*, the largest Atlantic steamer then existing. Her breadth of beam, exclusive of paddle-boxes, was 30 feet, and including paddle-boxes, 61 feet; her depth of hold was 27 feet; and her engines were of 500 horse-power. The *British Queen* started on her first trip from Portsmouth on the 12th of July 1839, with a full complement of passengers, a crew of 100 men, 800 tons of goods, and 600 tons of coal. There was said to have been afloat in her, when leaving the harbour, property to the value of one and a half million sterling. She reached New York after a good passage of 143 days. Before the conclusion of the year she made five more voyages—two out and three home. The former were performed in 17 and 20½ days respectively; the latter in 13½, 13½, and 22½ days. Compared with those of the *Great Western* during the same period, the passages of the *British Queen* were not quite so good. This steamship is now the property of the Belgian government.

While the existence, during 1838 and 1839, of transatlantic steamers had unquestionably been the means of conferring great benefits on the mercantile classes both of England and America, yet neither the government of this country nor the public generally had derived from this means of international communication all the benefits which, with a little management, it was calculated to afford. From the route hitherto adopted, the practical distance between us and our Canadian possessions had not been much diminished, while, from the absence of method in the departure of the several steamers, arising principally, perhaps, from the rivalry and non-accommodating spirit more or less characteristic of all competing companies, there was awaiting that faultless regularity in the despatch and receipt of intelligence, which, whether in matters of political or commercial information, is of the first importance. To secure this desirable object, and bring our colonial dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic as near as possible to the mother country, government proposed to establish a regular postal communication with Halifax and Boston. Motives of economy at once suggested the propriety of devolving, if possible, upon some private association the performance of this mail service. The Great Western Company were unsuccessful applicants for the contract; and the advantage of undertaking it was strongly urged by one or two sagacious individuals upon the capitalists of Liverpool. But the latter were reluctant to engage in the enterprise; and partly by interest, but principally by the advantageous terms they proposed, and the efficient manner in which they were ready to bind themselves to perform the service, a few merchants in Glasgow, represented in their deed of engagement by Messrs Samuel Cunard of Halifax, George Burns of Glasgow, and Charles M'Fer of Liverpool, obtained, in preference to all other competitors, the execution of the contract. Early in 1839 the preliminary arrangements were concluded; and in July of the following year the mail service was commenced by the *Britannia* steamer, which, including the detour to and a detention of 12 hours at Halifax, completed the voyage from Liverpool to Boston in 14½ days.

For the sake of brevity, as well as clearness, we shall here anticipate in some measure the due course of our narrative, and present our readers with a tabular view

of the vessels built by the Cunard Squadron down to the present date:—

Name.	When Launched.	Tonnage.	Length.	Horse-power.
Britannia,	February 1840,	1154 tons	204 feet	440
Asiadia,	April 1840,	1126 ...	203 ...	440
Caledonia,	May 1840,	1138 ...	203 ...	440
Colombia,	September 1840,	1175 ...	205 ...	440
Hibernia,	September 1842,	1421 ...	218 ...	500
Cambria,	August 1844,	1423 ...	218 ...	540
America,	May 1847,	1826 ...	249 ...	650
Nigara,	July 1847,	1824 ...	249 ...	650
Europa,	September 1847,	1834 ...	249 ...	660
Canada,	June 1848,	1826 ...	249 ...	600
Asia,	January 1850,	2226 ...	265 ...	750
Africa,	June 1850,	2226 ...	265 ...	750

This fleet, forming without exception the most splendid array of ocean steamers ever possessed by one company, has been constructed on the Clyde, and engined by Robert Napier of Glasgow. Mr Steele of Greenock has been the builder of all the vessels excepting the *Acalia*, *Europa*, *Britannia*, and *Colombia*. Of these the first two were built by Mr John Wood, Port-Glasgow; the third by Mr Duncan of Greenock; and the fourth by Mr Charles Wood of Dumbarton.

Since the formation of the Cunard Company, there have been one or two alterations in the terms of their contract with government. Originally, their steamers were under engagement to carry the mails once, and shortly afterwards twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and *vice versa*; some years afterwards New York was, every alternate voyage, substituted for Boston. About three years ago the government allowance to the company was increased to £145,000 per annum; and they became bound to make throughout the year—except during the four months of December, January, February, and March—weekly instead of fortnightly trips to Boston and New York alternately, constantly calling at Halifax. The last change occurred in September 1850, when permission was granted to the Cunard Company to make the fortnightly passage to New York *direct*, instead of going, as formerly, by way of, and calling at, Halifax. The arrangements regarding the bi-monthly service of mails during a third part of the year, as above explained, still exists; and the present contract is to remain in force till 1858.

Contemporaneously with the first set of the Cunard Squadron appeared that ill-fated steamship the *President*. She was built and fitted up at Blackwall, and in general dimensions much resembled the *British Queen*. The *President* carried two funnels, and sat high out of the water. She made but three voyages across the Atlantic. Her first trip out to America was a tedious one. On her return passage, which commenced on the 2d November 1840, she encountered very severe weather; and after being out three days, during which time she had consumed a large portion of her coal, and made but very little way, she was obliged to return to New York to obtain a fresh supply of fuel. On the second attempt she made Liverpool after a rough and protracted passage of seventeen days. Her outward voyage to the United States in February 1841 was her last. On the 10th March of that year, with twenty-three passengers aboard, she left for Liverpool. Immediately on her departure she encountered a very severe tempest, and on the 13th instant was described by a packet-ship labouring very heavily, and evidently making but little progress. This, we believe, was the last time she was ever seen. Her fate will ever remain a mystery.

In the case of the steamers hitherto mentioned, wood was the material of which they were constructed, and paddle-wheels the mechanical contrivance by which motion was imparted to them. We have now to allude to a transatlantic steamship which, in addition to her enormous proportions, was built of iron, and propelled by means of an Archimedean screw; this was the *Great*

Britain, of 1000 horse-power, and 3444 tons. She was built and engined at Bristol, and in extreme length measures 259 feet. The *Great Britain* was released from her long and tedious duration in Cumberland Dock, Bristol, toward the beginning of 1845. She made but two passages across the Atlantic; and in neither of them did she realize the expectations which had been formed regarding her speed. The last departure of the *Great Britain* for America, took place on the 22d September 1846, when she had on board 185 passengers and a very considerable cargo. She cleared from the Mersey under the most propitious circumstances. The wind was favourable, and her screw, which had lately undergone repairs, was in excellent working order. But, unfortunately, these propelling agents, which it was supposed were hastening her onward to New York, were only enabling her to make an inglorious run across St George's Channel. At half-past eight o'clock evening, when all was mirth and merriment on board, the passengers were alarmed by a sudden shock, the cause of which, as a little observation served to shew, was that the vessel had run ashore in Dunderum Bay. She lay there for 330 days. Toward the close of last year the *Great Britain* was purchased for the sum of £18,000, and is now being refitted, and prepared for active service.

In transatlantic steam navigation—for the case of the *Scorpion* can scarcely be held to form an exception to the remark—the Americans took no active part until 1846. In that year an association was formed, with the view of establishing an intercourse, by means of steamers, between Bremen, Southampton, and New York. It assumed the title of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, and the monthly service commenced by it in September 1847 still continues. The steamers belonging to this company are the *Washington*, *Hermann*, *Franklin*, and *Humboldt*, which last is not yet finished. The first two of these steamers, launched in 1847, have not turned out so well as the *Franklin*, launched last year. Instead of proving swifter vessels—as it was confidently predicted by their owners they would—than those of the Cunard Squadron, the latter steamers usually beat them by two days—sometimes even by four—in their passages across the Atlantic. Indeed, so inferior were the two steamships now mentioned to the Boston and Halifax mail-packets, that the former have never, properly speaking, proved themselves rivals of the latter at all; and however creditable, as a first effort in oceanic steamship building, the construction of these two vessels may have been, the vessels themselves, compared with those with which they were designed to contend, were decided failures.

But failure does not damp the enterprise of the American people. Their motto is, 'Try again.' Acting upon this principle, they have tried again; and in their second attempt have probably as much surpassed our anticipations respecting their oceanic achievements as in their first attempt they fell short of their own.

The United States Mail, of as they are otherwise more laconically styled, the Collins Steamers, are the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. The four first are finished; the fifth is now in progress. All of them have been built, engined, and equipped at the Novelty Works, New York. Their machinery is of 1000 horse-power, and their principal dimensions are as follows:—Length, 290 feet; breadth within paddle-boxes, 45 feet; depth of hold, 31 feet 7 inches; and tonnage, 3000 tons. The passenger-accommodation of these steamers is excellent. The cabins are very roomy, and the greatest attention has been paid to good ventilation. A perfect fortune has been expended in the decorations of the saloons; and the entire cost of each steamer is estimated at not less than £115,000. A large proportion of the money with which they have been built is English capital; and in fulfilment of a

condition annexed to the advance, all the Collins steamers are insured in this country.

With mention of the *Sarah Sands* and *City of Glasgow* our present sketch terminates. Both belong to a class of vessels now rapidly on the increase, and which promises soon—for certain tracks at least—entirely to supersede paddle-wheel steamers. This is the class of 'auxiliary screw propellers,' which differ from the principle of construction of the *Great Britain* only in this respect, that in their case the proportion of steam-power to tonnage is very much lower; and their screw is inscribed not as the principal, but as a subsidiary motive agent to the propelling influence of wind. The *Sarah Sands*—an iron vessel of 1800 tons and 180 horse-power—was built at Liverpool in 1846, and made, during the two following years, between that port and New York, nine voyages. The average of her passages outward was 18½ days, and homeward 16½ days. The *City of Glasgow*—likewise of iron—was built at Glasgow by Messrs Tod & M'Grigor in 1850. She measures 1610 tons, and is furnished with engines of 350 horse-power. For some time she was owned by her builders, to whom belongs the honour of having first established a regular steam-communication between the Clyde and America. Toward the close of last year she was purchased by a Liverpool firm, and is now engaged in the trade between that city and Philadelphia. Her success has been perfect; and both in regard to speed and carrying power she displays a marked superiority over her predecessor.

RAILWAY-TIME AGGRESSION.

THERE is an 'aggression' far more insidious in its advances than the papal one, and more wide-spreading in its effects, which is stealthily yet steadily progressing among us, and to whose impudent attacks we would fain direct the indignant energy of our countrymen. Yes! Time, our best and dearest possession, is in danger. Old Time, beneath whose fingers tyrants tremble and empires crumble into dust, is now bearded—we had almost said successfully bearded—by a power whose age is but of yesterday. He who, during the 'flight of ages past,' has only deigned 'to measure his motions by revolving spheres,' is now obliged, in many of our British towns and villages, to bend before the will of a vapour, and to hasten on his pace in obedience to the laws of a railway company! Was ever tyranny more monstrous or more unbearable than this? It has not even the merit of a poetic grandeur to redeem its attendant evils, for it is essentially prosaic both in its aim and tendency, and, like all the baser tyrannies, it intermeddles with the domestic doings and social charities of life. Facts often speak more authoritatively than words. We shall therefore illustrate our meaning by the history of our own experience during a recent visit which we paid at a fashionable watering-place in the south of England.

On arriving, at my friend's house, where I had promised to pass a few weeks, I found that a dinner-engagement had been made for that day, in which I was included. 'And,' said Mr Thompson, addressing his daughter, who was present, 'you must take care to be ready in time, as our good friends the Derrings are, you know, very precise, and do not like their dinner to be delayed.' The young lady promised to be ready in proper time, and the dinner-hour being half-past six, we took care to drive up to Mr Dering's door a minute or two before that hour was indicated by our watches.

'We are in capital time,' observed Mr Thompson as he was stepping out of the carriage. On entering the drawing-room we found a large party already assembled, and although courteously received by our hosts, yet there was evidently a cloud resting on the brow of

Mr Dering, who, the moment after we were seated, addressed his wife in an abrupt tone, saying: 'I think, my dear, we had better order dinner now; Mr Cumming is too young a man to have any right to keep people waiting for him; and,' added he in a lower voice, yet loud enough for me to catch the words—'as it is, the dinner will be spoiled.'

Just at this moment Mr Cumming was announced, and our host, while shaking hands with him, said, half-gravely, half-jocosely: 'Ha! my good friend, so here you are at last! You are too fashionable a fellow, I suppose, ever to think about the hour?'

'Indeed, my dear sir!' replied the young man, looking a little discomposed at this sudden attack, 'I flattered myself with being punctual to a fault to-day; and so saying, he drew out his watch and showed that its hands were resting precisely on the hour of half-past six.

'But that is not railway-time,' observed Mr Dering; 'and you know that since yesterday morning, when the town-clock was changed, we have set all our watches and clocks by London time; so,' added the old gentleman with evident self-conplacency at his own correctness, 'it is now not far from seven o'clock.'

'Ah! this accounts for my misdemeanour,' said Mr Cumming good-humouredly; 'for I have been spending a few days in the country, where the clocks are so old-fashioned as to be guided by the sun instead of the railway; so I know nothing of your modish ways here.'

'I have not the same excuse for my ignorance,' observed Mr Thompson, who had listened to the discussion; 'for I have been almost within hearing of the town-clock, and yet know nothing of the change: so we came to dinner by the old time, and my friend here has, I daresay, set me down also as a fashionable, irregular sort of man.'

'Well, gentlemen,' replied Mr Dering, who had by this time recovered his good-humour, 'I can only say, that if the dinner is spoiled, you must lay it to the score of railway aggression, which will not suffer us to measure time, as our forefathers did, by the course of the sun.'

At this moment a spruce, busy-looking man approached the group of talkers, and began to prove how advantageous it was that the whole nation should observe the same time; when fortunately dinner was announced, and a more welcome subject of discussion offered itself to the party than the comparative advantages of real and of railway time. It was not long, however, before this 'monstrous evil' presented itself again to my notice; for in the course of the evening, as I was sitting near the lady of the house, she called over her youngest daughter, a blithe, happy-looking child of seven or eight years old, and told her it was time for her to go to bed. The little girl, in the exuberance of her spirits, ventured to remonstrate against the command.

'You know, mamma, that whenever there is company, I am always allowed to sit up till nine o'clock, and it is not near that time yet.'

'You are mistaken, my love,' replied her mother; 'for I heard the clock on the mantelpiece strike just now; and if you go and look at it, you will see I am right.'

'Oh! that clock is all wrong. I heard Janet say so when she was dressing me this morning, and Miss Cooper found fault with our not being ready at eight o'clock for our lessons; and Janet said she could not be plagued about the new-fashioned time; so she wont be upstairs to undress me for a whole quarter of an hour to come. You see, then, mamma, there is no use in my going away yet, and I am so happy!'

The twofold argument was irresistible; and Rosa was suffered to rejoin the kind lady who had been amusing her. Mrs Dering, turning to me, said that it was rather amusing to hear of a feud between her governess

and maid concerning the right hour of the day; 'And,' added she, smiling, 'Janet is so old a servant, and so important a person in our family, that Mr. Dering will find it no easy matter to make her comply with any new-fangled law; but I must try to win her over to submission.'

I sympathised with the good lady on the difficulties of her position; and two or three hours later, when I found myself alone, and recurred in thought to the social enjoyment of the past day, a vision of discomfort intruded itself into the pleasant remembrance, and I marvelled how it came that railway aggression should have so easily disturbed the equanimity of a friendly party, and created a feud within a quiet and well-ordered family.

Having taken care to set my watch by railway time, I retired to rest, and on the following morning rose early to enjoy my usual quiet walk before breakfast. I walked into the green lanes adjoining my friend's house, and the morning air was so full of fragrance and harmony—flowers and birds seeming to vie in the expression of praise and joy—that I went along without regarding whether the path might lead me; and on a sudden turn in the lane, was surprised to see before me an old gray church, whose tower rose up gravely from amid avenues of elms. The scene was so still and sober in its aspect, that on advancing towards the church I wondered to perceive a certain degree of stir and bustle near the door. Several men were lounging about, and one of them had an air of authority about him, which bespoke him to be either the parish clerk or beadle. I inquired of him whether there was early service in the church.

'No, sir,' replied he; 'but we are going to have a grand wedding here this morning; and as I am the beadle, it is my business,' added he with an air of importance, 'to prepare for it.'

'It is rather early in the day for a wedding, is it not?' inquired I of the hoary official.

'The gentlefolk usually come much later to be married, it is true, sir,' he replied; 'but this gentleman, I am told, means to take his lady a mortal way off to-day, so we have had notice that they will be here exactly at eight o'clock.'

'Then you may expect them immediately,' observed I, pulling out my watch, 'for it is now precisely eight o'clock.'

'You must pardon my boldness in contradicting you, sir,' said the old man, looking up towards the church clock, 'but it wants yet full twenty minutes to eight.'

'Oh, you don't go by railway then?' observed I, inquiringly.

'Railway time!' repeated the beadle, drawing himself up with a look of displeasure. 'No, indeed, sir: we leave those new-fangled notions to upstarts and Radicals. The church keeps to the good old ways; and please God she will stick to them, in spite of her enemies.'

It was with difficulty I could refrain from smiling at this outburst of indignation at the ideal enmity of railway-time abettors to the church; but my attention was at this moment drawn to two carriages which were approaching; so I said to the beadle: 'Whatever may be the church's opinion on this subject, her members differ very much about it; and as a proof of what I say, here comes the wedding-party at three minutes past eight by railway time.' The old man, muttering to himself that 'they must wait for the canonical hour, otherwise it would be no marriage at all,' hastened to the western door to meet the bridegroom.

Let it not be imputed to mere vulgar curiosity that I followed him thither; for the fact is, that, although myself a confirmed old bachelor, I love to see young people look happy as they are wont to do at a wedding; and I like to look upon a fair bride in that hour of trembling hope and awe, when even an old man's prayer may be heard for blessings on her wedded life.

On approaching the church I saw no impatient bridegroom issuing out of the carriage as I had expected. There first appeared a gentle, pleasant-looking girl, whose attire at once marked her as the observed of all observers—the bride. Her father offered her his arm, and they entered the church, followed by the mother leaning upon her son, and two youthful ladies who looked like bridesmaids. The elderly gentleman addressed some questions, which I did not overhear, to the beadle, across whose features stole a smile of satisfaction as he replied in an audible tone that 'neither the young gentleman nor the person had arrived yet.' 'Very strange,' said the father; 'he begged of us to be here punctually at eight o'clock. There can surely be no mistake.' And he glanced at his daughter, whose cheek had suddenly assumed a deadly pallor.

I had entered the church, and quietly ensconced myself in the corner of a pew behind a pillar. The bridal party seated themselves in a square pew close to the altar. There was a deep stillness in the church. Minutes passed on. Doubtless they seemed to be hours in the estimation of some of those present. Once the door creaked, and I observed the young lady start and tremble, while a hurried glance towards the door betrayed her anxiety. Who can tell what visions of danger for the beloved one may have floated through her mind during this brief period of perplexity and suspense! My own heart began to beat with anxiety concerning the issue of the matter, when at length carriage wheels were heard approaching. The young lady's head seemed to droop as she caught the nearing sound. A moment later, and the clergyman came out of the vestry. I could scarcely forbear saying: 'Pshaw! is it only you?' But almost at the same instant appears a gentleman, who evidently was 'The Man.' His glance turned uneasily towards the pew, as if he were disappointed at being the last of the party. One of his attending friends whispered in the ear of the young lady's brother, who pulled out his watch. A smile and a nod were interchanged between them. The brother said a word to his sister, who looked up and smiled amid her blushes. I overheard the words 'railway time.' The whole mystery was explained. The bridegroom had arrived five minutes before the appointed hour, according to the old style of time, knowing that an earlier moment would have been without the pale of canonical hours, and consequently not suited for the marriage ceremony. The mistake was now, however, cleared up; and as the young couple stood before the altar and pledged themselves to a lifelong love of tenderness on the one side, and of obedience on the other, higher and happier thoughts must have crowded into their minds, so as to leave no room for the intrusion of petty disturbance; but I, during my homeward stroll, pictured to myself anew the intense anxiety which had been so perceptible in the face of the bride during those long, interminable minutes, until at last I wrought myself into impatient displeasure at the railway aggression, which, by disturbing the course of time, could thus trouble the most joyous seasons of life. On seating myself at the breakfast-table, I related my morning adventure, to the great amusement of my friend, who laughed heartily at my sudden fit of indignation against the modern encroachments upon time, but I was fully compensated for his merriment by perceiving that his daughter looked very kindly upon me when she found that I had sympathised so fully in the anxiety of the bride.

The following day was Sunday. I inquired in the morning at what hour divine service began. 'At eleven,' was Mrs. Thompson's answer.

'Railway time, I presume?'

'Yes; at the church which we attend,' replied the lady; 'but at the other one, which is quite a Purseyite concern, they go by the old time.' Maria Thompson, colouring slightly, reminded her mother that the real

time was observed at St Anne's, because, being a parish church, it was necessary to attend angle to the canonical hours.

'They have always some excuse for their vagaries,' replied Mrs. Thompson; 'but every one knows it is all mere Tractarianism—popery in disguise.'

Mr. Thompson looked over his spectacles at the two ladies, and an incipient smile lurked around his lips, but he held his peace. A wise man!—and how often would these sparks of discord go out if they were not fanned into a flame by well-meant but officious interference! For my part, I felt sorely tempted to assure the good lady that popery had nothing whatever to do with the matter; but following my friend's example, I remained silent.

Here was a new phase of railway aggression and its attendant evils—one which I had not dreamed of before; evoking as it did party names in a parish, and lighting up a torch, or at least a taper, of discord in the bosom of an amiable and united family. My wrath was waxing hotter and hotter every moment against this monster evil of the day.

During the ensuing week the same subject was, in one form or other, continually brought before my attention. Some stanch conservatives complained that this change of time was effected by the progress party, and that they would not suffer it to continue without a struggle. On the other hand, many of the poorer classes said it had been done merely to please the gentry, who travelled about, and liked, for their own convenience, to know precisely what was the railway time. The result of this general ferment was a public meeting, in which many unwise and hard words were spoken on both sides, without any definite arrangement being made on the subject. The ladies, who could not speak in public, made ample amends by grumbling in private; and the inconveniences they complained of, although minor ones, were not the less annoying to them. One lady who belonged to the progress party told me, that having been asked to tea at eight o'clock, on entering her friend's house she saw the servants carrying in the dessert; 'so I had to wait half an hour alone in the drawing-room,' said she, 'where I found the clock had not been changed, as it ought to have been, to the London time, and I had to apologise to the lady of the house for my seeming vulgarity in having come so early.'

'A very mortifying incident in your life,' said I with composed gravity of countenance.

'And I,' observed a languid-looking lady, 'was nearly bored to death last night; for having invited a large evening party, nearly half the company arrived before my rooms were lighted, and it really made me quite nervous to be taken thus by surprise. They might have known my principles better than to suppose I would adopt newfangled plans all in a hurry.'

'Principles!' muttered I almost unconsciously to myself. The speaker did not overhear me, however, and went on to say that what provoked her most was, that all the dullest of her company remained half an hour later than the rest, on the plea that they had ordered their carriages by the real time. 'And so,' added she, yawning at the bare recollection of what she had undergone, 'I had such a long evening of it!'

Such were some of the miseries which were crowded into one short week by the tyranny of the Railway-time Aggression! And is it possible that this monster evil, with its insidious promises of good and its sure harvest of evil, will be tolerated by freeborn Englishmen? Shall it be said that they who cling so earnestly to the good old ways of their forefathers are the only people who suffer their earliest possession, their lifelong friend, to be thus cruelly outraged and set at naught? Surely not! Let us rather rally around Old Time with the determination to agitate, and, if necessary, to resist this arbitrary aggression. Let our rallying cry

be: 'The Sun or the Railway!' Englishmen! beware of delay in opposing this dangerous innovation! No time is to be lost—

'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!'

LIBERIA.

The new republic of Liberia is one of the notable features of our singularly-progressive age. It is one of the things which the people of the eighteenth could have least expected to be produced by the nineteenth century. Yet it is probable enough that many hot, unintelligent persons in England never even heard of its name.

Liberia is a free negro Christian state, enjoying republican institutions, on the coast of Africa. Situated between the fourth and eighth degrees of north latitude, it occupies about 500 miles of what is called the Guinea coast—a country wonderfully rich in natural productions, but heretofore blighted by the accursed slave-trade. The proper citizens of Liberia are said to be little over 7000; but they have a quarter of a million of the native population under their protection. They are distributed through a chain of well-built towns, surrounded by well-cultivated fields; they have ports and shipping, customhouses, a president, and a national flag. Churches and schools everywhere give pleasing token of civilisation. The people in general seem to be animated by a good spirit. On the whole, Liberia is a thriving settlement, and its destiny appears to be one of no mean character.

The efforts to put down the African slave-trade by a blockade have, it is well known, been signally unsuccessful. Britain's share in it costs about three-quarters of a million per annum; and the money is spent not merely in vain, but to the increase of the inhumanities meant to be extinguished. Under the powerful temptations held out by the sugar-trade of Brazil, more slaves are now exported from Africa than ever—the only effect of the blockade being to cause the trade to be conducted under much more cruel circumstances than formerly. While this costly and mischievous mockery has been going on, a humble and almost unnoticed association of emancipated negroes from the United States has been ~~doing~~ *real work*, by quietly planting itself along the African coast, and causing, wherever it set its foot, the slave-trade to disappear. Strange to say, it has done this, not as a primary object, but as one only secondary and incidental to a process of colonisation, the prompting causes of which were of a different, and, as some might think, partly inconsistent nature.

The situation of the free negroes in the United States is well known to be an unpleasant one. They have neither the political nor social privileges of other citizens; and though matters were put formally to rights in this respect, it is to all appearance hopeless that the coloured should ever be admitted to a true fellowship with the white people. In these circumstances the man of African blood is like a small tree under the shade of a great one. His whole nature is dwarfed; his best aspirations are checked. The results are not over-comfortable for the white man either. Some American citizens, seeing and deplored these evils, were induced, about five-and-thirty years ago, to form themselves into a society, which should promote the return of emancipated negroes to their own quarter of the globe, where it was thought they might be able, to some extent, to introduce the intelligence, religion, and usages of civilised communities among their benighted brethren, and form the most effective of battalions for the repression of the slave-trade, their constitutions being able to endure climatic influences, under which the whites are sure to sink. The result has been this ~~republic~~ of Liberia. The whole movement has, we believe, from first to last been regarded with jealousy,

if not hostility, by the Abolition party, who saw in it only the dislike of white for black, and shut their eyes to the religious and philanthropic objects, which were in reality alone capable of being promoted to any considerable extent; for of course a serious diminution of the coloured population of America by such means is not to be expected. We do not profess to know how far this was a reasonable feeling on the part of the worthy men who are standing up for negro rights in America; but assuredly, whatever were the motives of the Colonisation Society, the consequences of their acts are such as to give them no small ground for triumph. For anything that we can see, their settling of Liberia has been the most unexceptionably good movement against slavery that has ever taken place. Perhaps it has not been the worse, but rather the better, of that infusion of the wisdom of this world, which has discredited it so much to the Abolitionists.

It occurs to us that the Colonisation Society needs no other defence for its policy than to point to the spirit which has all along animated the black people who emigrated to Africa. One sentiment, that it was worth while to encounter all possible hardships and dangers on a foreign strand for the sake of *perfect freedom*, appears in the whole conduct of these men. They appear to have been generally persons of decided piety, and the missionary spirit is conspicuous at every stage of their proceedings. Not less important as a testimony to the same effect has been the energetic contention which the colonists have kept up against the slave-dealing propensities of the native princes. These men felt from the first that the Liberians were enemies to that traffic which gave them their most valued luxuries, and here lay the greatest difficulty which the settlers had to encounter. Their early history is a series of martyrdoms visited upon them by the slave-trade.

The first party of colonists landed in 1819 at Sherbro, and almost immediately were afflicted to a grievous extent by the diseases incident to the climate. Several white gentlemen, who acted as leaders, sunk in succession under the effects of fever. It was not till the spring of 1822, and after undergoing an immense amount of hardship, that the colonists obtained their first certain footing at Cape Mysurado, where they forthwith planted a village and fort. Almost immediately after having sold them the land, the barbarian King Peter resolved to extirpate them, being afraid of their interferences with his slave-dealing arrangements. Behold, then, thirty-five liberated negroes from Pennsylvania and Maryland perched on an African promontory, with their wives and children about them, and obliged to defend their position against a whole horde of savages! Sickness added to the terrors of their situation; yet they never felt in the least disheartened. They had fortunately an excellent commander in Mr. Jehudi Ashmun; and two blacks of extraordinary intelligence, Lott Gary and Elijah Johnson, were of their number. To quote a small work of recent date: * 'Mr. Ashmun, after taking a turn around the works, and reviewing his little force in the evening, thus addressed them with all the solemnity and impressiveness which their circumstances were calculated to inspire: "War is now inevitable," he said; "the safety of our property, our settlement, our families, our lives, depends under God upon your courage and firmness. Let every post and every individual be able to confide in the firm support of every other. Let every man act as if the whole defence depended upon his own single arm. May no coward disgrace our ranks! The cause is God's and our country's, and we may rely upon the blessing of Almighty God to succeed in our efforts. We are weak;

* *Action Redomed; or the Means of her Relief illustrated by the Growth and Progress of Liberia.* London: Nisbet, 1851. 16mo. Pp. 300.

"He is strong. Trust in Him." A stern silence pervaded the little band: the men were marched to their posts, where they lay on their arms, with matches lighted, during the long watches of that anxious night. It wore away, and no enemy appeared.

The next morning Mr. Ashmun aroused himself from the languor of sickness to make a more thorough inspection of the fortifications. It was with deep anxiety as well as regret that he perceived the western quarter of the settlement could be easily approached by a narrow pathway, where was only a nine-pounder, and no stockade to defend it from assault. The eastern quarter was also exposed, but the station was well guarded, and a steep ledge of rocks made the approach both difficult and dangerous. From bed Mr. Ashmun issued his orders with thoughtful vigilance. He commanded all the houses in the outskirts to be abandoned, and every family to sleep in the centre of the village. Guards of four men were posted one hundred yards in advance of each station during the night, and no man was to leave his post until sunrise. Another night passed, and another day arose on the anxious few. It was the Sabbath. A few hours' sleep were hastily snatched by the weary men, while earnest prayers went up from many a brave heart to the God of all mercy for his protecting providence. Divine service was held at noon, and Lott Cary addressed his little church under the most tender and affecting circumstances. Perhaps it was their last Sabbath on earth; death in its most cruel form was hovering around them; another Sabbath's sun might witness their little colony given over to butchery and plunder, and every vestige of industry and Christianity for ever blotted out.

At this moment one of the scouts came running in, with the news that the hostile army were crossing the Mesurado River, only a few miles above the settlement. By evening the whole body had encamped to the west, little less than half a mile distant. Silently and sternly did each man march to his post, and you could read on every face, "Give me victory; or give me death." Another night went by, and no war-yell broke the stillness of the forest. The day dawns. The western guard, owing to misapprehension, or inadvertence, or neglect of duty, left their posts at day-dawning instead of sun-rising, as the order ran, and consequently before the fresh guards were in readiness to take their places. At this unguarded moment the savages, who had stolen with silent step to the very verge of the clearing, and were watching with fiendish anxiety every movement of the little band, were now stirring for action. An immense body suddenly issued from the forest, fired, and then rushed forward with horrid yells upon the post. Taken by surprise, several of the men were killed, while the rest, driven from their cannon, without time to discharge it, fell back in haste and confusion. It is a fearful moment! If the savages press on, there is no time to rally, and all is lost! Instead of following up their advantages, they pause, and surround some houses in that direction, to plunder and destroy. Several women and children, who, in spite of orders to leave, remained in their houses, are now shrieking in the hands of a savage foe. Mr. Ashmun rushed to the scene of action, and assisted by the determined boldness of Lott Cary, rallied the broken forces of the settlers. Two cannons were instantly brought into action, double-shotted with ball and grape. They did a rapid and fearful execution. The enemy began to recoil. Fear seized their ranks. The settlers, seeing their advantage, pushed forward, and regained the lost post. Directing their cannon to rake the whole enemy's line, every shot took effect; while Elijah Johnson, at the head of a few musketeers, passed astern the enemy's flank, and increased their consternation. A savage yell echoed through the forest, filling every soul with horror. As

it died away, the horde fell back, and rapidly disappeared among the gloomy wilds. In thirty minutes the day is won! God be praised! At nine o'clock orders were issued to contract the lines, leaving out a fourth part of the houses, and surrounding the rest by a musket-proof stockade. As there was no safety until it was completed, the work was urged on with the utmost rapidity; for no one could tell when or where another attack might be made, and it was not until the next day that an hour could be spared for the burial of the dead.

Such were the terrible struggles through which Liberia had to pass in order to obtain a footing in Africa. On the 2d of December the colonists experienced another and severer attack, which, however, they repelled after an hour and a half of hard fighting. The anniversary of this conflict is to this day the great holiday of Liberia, as the 4th of July is with the people of the United States. The troubles of the infant state were not yet ended; but from this time they gradually abated. Fresh colonists poured in; additional lands were bought; the native tribes were in time won over to see that industry and Christianity were things favourable to the happiness of mankind. In 1827 the early difficulties were past and nearly forgotten, and from that time there has been an almost unaltering course of prosperity. It should be mentioned, that associated with Liberia was an agency of the United States government, similar to the British establishment at Sierra Leone—namely, for the reception of blacks rescued by blockading vessels from the slavers. Such redeemed captives formed no small accession of strength to the colony.

In 1839, when the various settlements were consolidated under one government, Monrovia and Bassa Cove were two neat towns, with churches, schools, and libraries; there were other seven smaller towns. The people were in general well-behaved, temperance principles having great sway over them. They appreciated the freedom they enjoyed, and no inclination was felt to return to the United States. They owned five hundred thousand acres of rich land, where the finest vegetables and the most delicious fruits could be cultivated to any extent. There were four printing-presses and two newspapers. The colonists had after this period a war with a powerful chief called Gotumba—all on account of the slave-trade, the suppression of which was the object of their unceasing efforts. At length they succeeded in utterly overthrowing the power of this savage monarch, who was thenceforth an outcast in the region once ruled by the terror of his name. The feeling, we are told, then began extensively to prevail, that in Liberia, and in Liberia alone, were the people secure from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery. The idea cannot be more touchingly expressed than in the reply of a poor fellow, from the river Congo, on being asked if he did not wish to return to his own country: "No, no," said he; "if I go back to my country, they make me slave. I am here free; no one dare trouble me. I got my wife—my lands—my children learn book—all free—I am here a white man—me no go back."

In 1847 Liberia announced itself to the world as a free and independent republic, in which character it has been recognised by the governments of America, Britain, France, and others—a just regard for the unspeakable amount of service it has rendered to humanity in its efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade. Its president, Joseph Roberts, originally a Virginian slave, visited England in the ensuing year, and received many marks of respect from the worthy of the human species. Since then we have continued to hear good accounts of the country. The people are said to be turning their attention more to cultivation than formerly—there being some ground of hope that Liberia may yet be called upon to take a prominent part in supplying

sugar, coffee, and cotton to the civilised nations which so largely demand them. Viewing it as the point of the wedge by which a Christian civilisation, if ever, is to be introduced into Central Africa, we accord it our sincerest good wishes, and most earnestly trust that its career of prosperity will meet with no further interruption.*

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

JUNE.

I MUST once more beg my readers to travel with me while I lead them over as lovely ground as they will find on any part of the boasted coast of South Devon. Again we go up the pretty village a little way, and then turning to the left by the hotel, pass the end of Cliff Terrace, and at once the broad bright sea flashes on our sight, and by its side we pursue our way. It is all alive with fishing-boats, and glowing with azure reflected from the mighty vault above. The hill is very steep, and the heat, though tempered by a light breeze, is great, so that as I have plenty of time I take it leisurely, rather wishing, however, for 'Jack' and George to aid me on my way. But Jack could not climb stiles, several of which lay on my route, so I was reduced to the necessity of making my way on foot.

On my way I find the pretty sea sandwort (*Arenaria marina*), a little plant of the *N. O. Caryophyllea* with long succulent leaves like the ficoides, and pretty pale lilac blossoms, and also the hemlock crane's-bill (*Erodium cicutarium*), one of the *Geranaceæ*, exceedingly elegant, but so very fragile that I never could secure a specimen, the bright rose petals breaking off on the gentlest touch. From point to point as I ascended, I turned and delightedly gazed on the wide sea which lay below me, and the village nestling between the hills, and the cliffs beyond rising to the beetling crags above Landram; where the gulls, and cormorants, and choughs find capital shelves and ledges wholly inaccessible, and one above another on which to place their nests, whence their comical-looking young progeny peep down on the boats which pass below; and then again beyond these, a stretch of cliffs, the Peak above Sidmouth rising highest of all, with the island of Portland looming in the distance.

It is a fair scene, and long do I linger to study it. However, at last I reach the plain on the top, and here fresh objects of interest await me. The first thing I encounter is a man lying at full length on the ground, and diligently observing the sea through a telescope; a little farther on was another, and then a boy; and so

from point to point. Smugglers expected, thought I; but no, that cannot be, for the men have not the coast-guard dress. Suddenly one of the watchers raised his hands to his mouth so as to conduct the sound of his voice downwards, shouted, and received a reply from one of the many mackerel boats which were lying a little off shore, all ready manned, but so still and motionless that they seemed as if empty. In an instant the men were at their oars, and the large black-looking boat dashed off in the direction indicated, the crew pulling with all their might, and in another minute or two they had reached the spot where a school (probably a corruption of 'shoal') of mackerel was playing, and were engaged in dropping the seine. Presently another shout arose from another quarter of the cliff, and another boat started off in an opposite direction, with great speed, and I found that the men and boys above were engaged in marking schools, their position on the heights giving them facilities for so doing not enjoyed by those in the boats. I was for some time at a loss to make out how they knew where the fish were, but I soon learned, and became quite expert at detecting them when the water was still: when the sea is at all rough, it is not so easy. When the smooth surface of the sea assumes a black look at some particular part, as if a breeze had just touched its waters, watch it well, and even with the naked eye you will perceive a sort of rippling movement. This is caused by the motion of the mackerel, which come up in shoals of many thousands, keeping together in a dense mass, and all busy in leaping about after the little fish which are its prey.

I have once or twice passed through one of these shoals in a boat, and the effect is then beautiful; for though at a distance, and from above, you only see the movement like a cloud on the water, or the light ruffle of a breeze, when close to them you see the brilliantly-coloured shining fish springing about by thousands in all directions, and glittering in the sunshine, as they rise for a moment, and then fall back again into the waves below. I once watched in a boat the drawing in of a seine, and followed it up to the shore. The water was so clear that we could see the fish, at first unconscious that they were enclosed in the net, and in their usual state; and then as the net neared the shore, and they became conscious of their misfortune, getting into a state of great alarm, and plunging and dashing about, in the vain effort to disentangle themselves. I was disappointed, however, to find that they had not made a good haul; for though there were fish of all sorts and sizes, and among them a quantity of fine red mullet, which we secured and carried home, they had missed the school of mackerel, and only enclosed a few of the stray ones from the outskirts of the main body. Several of the boats that had been observing from the cliff have, however, been more successful, and I was amused by watching the drawing of the various scenes, as I rested from time to time in my progress. Every one who happens to be at hand is pressed into the service of landing the net. A long line of people is formed at each end of the net, and reaching all up the beach, among whom I have often seen gentlemen with their coats off tugging away like the rest. Their efforts are regulated and made simultaneous by their voices—the same sounds being used as in raising the anchor. It sometimes happens that four or five seines are being drawn at once, and the measured sounds rising on the air from below have quite a musical effect as they reach the ear at my elevated position. Each individual, man, woman, and child, who lends a hand, gets a fish as his or her guerdon—that is, of course, when there are any in the net. But though I have heard of 30,000 being enclosed at one draught, it unfrequently happens that the net comes in empty, or nearly so, greatly to

* A small, but we trust a transient cloud has lately passed over the fair fame of Liberia, in consequence of an assertion by Commander Forbes in his work, 'Dahomey and Dahomans,' that the traffic in slaves was practised by Liberian citizens. He has since repeated the assertion, saying: 'That the citizens of Liberia are guilty of buying and holding slaves, I had ocular demonstration; and I know personally two Liberian citizens, sojourners at Cape Mount, who owned several slaves,' 'in the general use of the term,' but not in its legal sense as regards the treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade, as these slaves were what are termed domestic slaves or Pawns, and not intended for foreign slavery.' We can imagine the citizens of Liberia taking natives into their employment or care, under bonds similar to those which appertain to apprentices in our own country, and this may be a very good arrangement for all parties—possibly an unavoidable one in the case. There may also be such a thing as a Liberian citizen clandestinely breaking the law against slavery, which is held forth as an article of the fundamental constitution of the state, just as there are British citizens breaking the laws against homicide and theft among ourselves. Till more exact information reaches us, we shall continue to trust that such and no more is the extent of the guilt implied by Commander Forbes.

the disappointment of those who have been reckoning their gains with eager anticipation.

And now I lose sight of the sea for a time, for my path lies across that wild bit of road where a landslip of former days has rent the cliff, and formed a deep ravine, down which rushes, in wet weather, and trickles in drier, a little moorland stream, which I cross by means of a rustic bridge which spans it, and reach the side of the heathy hill which is to bring me to 'the Beacon,' the highest point on that part of the coast, and one of the chief points of observation for the coast-guard. The gorse (*Ulex Europeus*) lies thickly over the whole stretch of the hill, and a little of the purple heath begins to mix with it. The furze, gorse, or whin, all of which are synonymous terms, consists of but two species—*U. Europeus* and the dwarf furze (*U. nanus*)—the latter varying from the former only in being about a half smaller, and blowing later in the year. It is a pimilionaceous flower, too well known to need much description; for its brilliant golden hue, and the rich fragrance, something like the smell of apricots, which it pours forth on the air, make it a general favourite. The young tops, which shoot after the old growth has been burnt, are occasionally eaten by cattle; and the whole plant, when cut and dried, makes a capital material for lighting fires or heating ovens; but woe to that baker or housemaid who ventures to handle it without a good pair of leathern gloves on! for most surely, like Duncan, his or her 'silver skin' will be 'laced with her golden blood;' for desperately sharp and penetrating are the spines wherewith it is armed.

I know nothing finer than the view from the top of the Beacon Cliff. The stretch of sea from Portland to Berry Head before me; to the right the beautiful river Exe, running by Mamhead and Powderham Castle in its way from the exquisite wooded country through which it passes on its way to the sea, and all round me, inland, are undulating hills—brown with heath, and cliff.

'That overtop the sea,
Covered by sea-gulls, ships, and skiffs,
That seem intent to be
Each on its separate track of life,
And each a mystery!'

But one of its greatest charms at this moment is, that it is near the point at which I descend to the thickets; so, leaving the higher ground, I go down a steep bit of rock, on which, later in the year, I shall find the elegant and rare little stonecrop (*Sedum Anglicum*) spreading its pink and white stars to the sunbeams; and crossing two sloping fields, find myself at the scene of action, and stop a moment before I pass through the gap in the hedge, and drop down the steep path, to gaze on the wealth of flowers before me. Thickets festooned with blue vetcha (*V. cracca*), clematis (*Clematis vitalba*), or old man's beard, as it is called from the white wig-like appearance it assumes when in seed; rose and honeysuckles; the ground below one casket of vivid embroidery of all hues; and a calm, solitary-like beach of the whitest shingle filling the little space which lies between the thickets and the waves which sparkle at its edge. There is a little trickling stream of water, too, which courses down the face of the low rock, and adds life and beauty to the scene as it glitters in the sunlight. But amidst all this beauty, there is one object which especially attracts my eye; and that is a rose lying far below me, and in one of the most tangled parts of the thicket: it is superior in height to any around it, and presents a richer glow of deep rose colour than any I ever saw before growing wild. This, then, is to be the main object at which I aim; so shaping my course accordingly, I let myself down the steep, steep path in the darkness I can, half sliding and half helping myself forward by the twigs which offer themselves to my

grasp, and soon find myself far down the cliff, and surrounded by as secluded and romantic a scene as painter's most imaginative pencil could portray—so very lovely, so dreamlike in its calm beauty, that often and often I have longed to find myself again seated in one of those precious little nooks, and feasting my eyes with the sweet scenes which there lay before me.

In my descent I found many varieties of the pea-tribe; but three among them were pre-eminent—the blue-tufted vetch (*Vicia cracca*); the elegant little rough-podded vetch (*Vicia bythinica*); and the wild everlasting-pea (*Lathyrus sylvestris*). The first of these, *Vicia cracca*, is well known; it is that lovely purplish blue vetch which throws its flexible branches so luxuriantly, forming a graceful and brilliant drapery on the hedges, and climbing on the lower branches of the trees, whence its clustering flowers, of a most lovely lilac hue, depend in festoons and long wreaths. The second, the *Vicia bythinica*, is rare, and exceedingly elegant. I found it on the right hand a little way down the cliff, where it grows in large patches. The flowers are stalked, and generally solitary, composed of a purple standard (the large upper petal of the five, which form the corolla); the wings (which are the two smaller side-petals); and the keel (a sort of boat-shaped member), which is formed by the other two, being white. The stem is about eighteen inches long, and lies prostrate; the legumes are erect; the leaflets four, lance-shaped, and minutely pointed. It is a graceful little flower, and very proud was I of finding it; but not nearly so proud as when, a little farther on, I discovered the narrow-leaved everlasting-pea (*Lathyrus sylvestris*), with its branched tendrils and sword-shaped leaves, twining over the thickets of rose and honeysuckle, and promising a fine show of blossom. Only a few corollas were as yet open; but I did not fail to visit the spot a fortnight later, and secure an abundant supply of it. The wild and garden everlasting-pea closely resemble each other: there is the same winged stem, the same arrangement of blossom; and the pod is similar, as is the tendril: the blossoms are smaller, of a deeper and duller rose colour, but variegated in the same way with blue and green; and the petals, like those of the cultivated species, lose their crimson entirely before they drop off and yield to the pod.

The heat on the face of this southern cliff is intense, what little air there is being wholly warded off by the huge rocks which encircle the little cliff in which the thickets lie; so that not a breath visits me, and my courage begins to flag, and a belief in the stories that I have heard of this cliff being a muster-place for multitudes of vipers begins to grow on me, so that misgivings as to the prudence of having undertaken the adventure arise to my mind. But there is the great rose-tree in view, and 'nothing venture nothing have' is a true proverb; so I sit down in a shady spot, and taking off my bonnet and handkerchief, refresh my heated hands by laying them in a little pool from the rivulet of which I have spoken. And then as my body cooled so my mind warmed anew to my adventure, and a fresh glimpse of the crimson-tinted prize before me sufficed to make me start up with renewed life and energy, and again set forward. So on I rushed, my eye fixed on the landmark which was to guide me in my approach, and in an instant I found myself to my ankles in a deep, slushy mire, the startling coldness of which recalled me from my fit of enthusiasm.

What was to be done? The stream from which I had refreshed myself, flowed through a strip of bog, narrow, indeed, but enough to sorely perplex me, for the mud was very deep and black, and it lay directly between me and the rose; however, by a roundabout way, I at last crossed it. But now I had lost sight of my object, nor could I guess which way to steer. By pushing at random through the most tangled part of the 'bosky bourn,' I at last discovered it close

by me; and well was it worthy of the effort I had made to reach it. The unusual colour of the petals had first attracted me, but the *veaves* were now my wonder and delight. From every leaflet, as well as from the leaf-stalks, hung long silvery hairs; indeed it was so thickly coated with down in part that I fancied some of the fibres of the cotton-grass must have lodged on it; but none grew near, and I found on examination that they were the veritable growth of the tree itself. Then on gathering a branch, such a delicious odour was thrown out from it that I at once decided, though erroneously, that it was some kind of sweet-brier. The scent was quite of that character, and as powerful as that of any garden sweet-brier. It had evidently a running root, for many offsets had sprung up around, rivalling the parent tree in beauty and vigour—the leading shoots of all rising high, and arching somewhat at the upper part, and all armed with sharp and many prickles; those on the lower parts of the stem a little hooked, which tore my hands sadly, reminding me strongly of the inseparable union of pain with pleasure.

But only in the fair primeval time,
Without its piercing fence of bristly thorns,
The crimson rose its tender petals spread.
Then to the beauty of the lovely flower
Sharp spines were added, that our pains might still
Close to our pleasures lurk; and to our minds
Recall the memory of that former sin
From which (ah, well deserving!) was condemned
The earth to bring forth nettles, thorns, and briers.

So speaks Torquato Tasso in his quaint but interesting little book, 'Le sette Giornate del Mondo Creato.'

One characteristic mark of my rose was the exceedingly bristly calyx and flower-stalk, and another its doubly-serrated leaves. I presented it on my return to a friend who was an eminent botanist, and she being herself unable to decide on it, sent it to two or three of the first botanists in Devonshire without success. I was, however, afterwards told by a botanical friend, that it was the downy-leaved rose (*Rosa tomentosa*): probably it was a variety of that species; but the tribe of wild roses is so varied and difficult that few will undertake to pronounce decidedly on them. The pretty 'bonnet-leaved rose' (*Rosa spinipinna*), with its lemon-tinted petals, and mild, musk-like fragrance, is to be found in a similar locality on the cliffs of Babbacombe, near Torquay; but I never found it at Salterton, though I should think it very likely to be good in some parts of those thickets. I had certainly had a most successful day's sport; and no sportsman ever bagged his game with more self-satisfaction than I. I packed up my rose, and my *Vicia hyacinthina*, and my specimen of *lathyrus*. It was quite enough to compensate for all my heat and fatigue, as well as for my plunge into the mud; and even the vipers were quite forgotten. But my day's exploits were not yet all achieved. On my way back I found the grandest specimens of the spotted palmata orchis (*O. maculata*) studding the strip of bog by the side of the rivulet, and mixed with it beautiful and abundant spotted spikes of the marsh horsetail (*Equisetum palustre*), in fruit; and then, in a thicker a little farther up, I alighted on a tuft of the pyramidal orchis (*O. pyramidalis*), its conical clusters of crimson blossoms rising on tall footstalks above the tangled vegetation around, and pouring out a stream of sweetness. But alas! it is a true though a trite saying, that 'the downhill path is ever easier than the uphill'; and so I found it now; and I would not advise any delicate person to invade these solitudes, for it is indeed an arduous undertaking; and it was with much thankfulness that I found myself safely landed on the top, and threw myself at length on the green-sward, to recover breath and strength for the long walk which yet lay before me. But things are generally worse in anticipation than in reality. The cool and

genial air which, denied to the lower ground, was abundantly wasting over the hill, and laden with all sweet and pure odours from the heath flowers, soon refreshed me; and then, from time to time I met a friend who, like myself, loved to linger on the hill, and observe the exquisite hues of the amber and rose-tinted clouds which now hung on the pale green of the evening sky, and were reflected on the expanse of sea, where the mackerel boats still lingered, and where now many little fairy-like pleasure-boats were flitting about in gay procession—a little rest and chat on such occasions much relieved the fatigues I felt, and sent me on my homeward path with renewed vigour. Then another variety, of the pea-tribe awaited me at one of my resting-places—the pretty yellow lady's finger (*Anthyllis vulneraria*) which grows in dry pastures near the sea. This vetch has pinnated leaves, hairy underneath, with extramarginal leaflet, and bears dense heads of yellow *verbena*-shaped flowers; the heads growing in pairs about a foot high. The blossoms, though generally yellow, are sometimes red or cream-coloured. The calyx and the flower-stalk are hairy, as are the large bracts. Devonshire, Wales, and the south of Ireland seem to be its most usual localities, and some specimens of it formed a valuable addition to my already rich collection.

But even with all these pleasant things to allure me on my way, I was tired, and my spirits flagged long before I reached my home, so that I was glad to throw myself on the sympathy of a flower-loving friend, whom I found lingering on one of the seats half-way up the broad cliff, and to beguile the weary way with some chat. Exultingly did I display my treasures, and greatly did I find a little pleasant companionship aid me in conquering the rest of my journey; and not a little glad was I then, as I have often been since, that I lived not when

'The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength,'

but rather when I could enjoy that 'bliss reserved for happier day—the soft recumbency of outstretched limbs'; and truly I was glad that night to join the bard of Olney in his lay, and 'sing the soft.'

EXTINCTION OF FIRE IN COAL-MINES.

SCIENCE has seldom been more usefully applied to ordinary purposes than in the recent remarkable case of fire-extinction in a Scottish coal-mine. An account of the case having appeared in various newspapers, we need do no more than refer to its more prominent features. A coal-mine of large extent, seven miles from Stirling, belonging to the Earl of Mansfield, had accidentally been set on fire about thirty years ago. The conflagration, which raged over twenty-six acres, was with difficulty kept from spreading by means of a surrounding wall, which was built at a cost of £16,000. This wall was maintained at an expense of about £200 per annum, and there was always a danger of the fire getting, by some accident, such as a fall of the roof, beyond its bounds and spreading into extensive coal-fields below. All efforts to extinguish the fire having proved abortive, the proprietor called in the aid of Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, the inventor of the Bude light, and well known for his scientific acquirements.

Mr Gurney's plan of procedure was beautifully simple: it consisted in choking the fire with air deprived of its vital principle—oxygen. Arriving at the field of operation with all suitable assistance and appliances, he erected a furnace with a boiler to generate steam, near the mouth of a shaft leading down to the burning waste. With the boiler was connected an inch gas-pipe, sixty feet long, with a small cone

for the high-pressure steam-jet at the end of it. This jet was placed at the proper striking distance from a cylinder of sheet-iron, one foot in diameter, and nine inches in length. The cylinder was the passage between a coke furnace and the downcast-shaft; and by a simple contrivance it was arranged that either common air or air from the furnace could be blown down the shaft at pleasure. Everything being prepared, the mouth of the shaft was covered with iron plates and clayed over, so as to render it air-tight, and the choke-damp was turned on. That extinguishing gas was made by passing the atmospheric air through the coke fire in the furnace, which deprived it of all its oxygen, or rather the oxygen combined with the carbon of the coke, and formed carbonic acid, which gas, in mixture with the nitrogen left, was forced through the furnace, along the iron cylinder, down the shaft, and into the burning waste; the quantity of coke consumed being a sufficiently accurate measure of the quantity of air passed.

After blowing in about 8,000,000 cubic feet of choke-damp, it was found that the pit must be full of this extinguishing air; for it was discovered to be flowing out at the mouth of an upcast shaft, and running along the ground. It thus ran along the ground, from being heavier than common air. A light held in it was extinguished. The mine was kept full of the choke-damp for three weeks; and it being then judged that the fire must be pretty well out, a stream of cold spray, resembling a thick Scottish mist, was driven down the shaft by the force of the steam-jet. This process Mr Gurney thought very important, as he considered the difficulty of cooling the immense magazine of heat after the fire was extinguished, to prevent re-ignition on the admission of fresh air, to be the most uncertain part of the whole experiment. That he could extinguish the fire he had no doubt whatever, but to cool down the waste against the existing conditions of non-conduction and non-radiation he considered far more difficult.

Mr Edward Gurney of Westminster, who assisted in the operation, proceeds to say, in his published account, that 'when the temperature of the mine was sufficiently reduced, as indicated by the thermometer, so as to leave no fear of re-ignition, fresh air was blown in by the spray-jet, so as to pass through the mine charged with water, in order to cool it enough to allow of its being entered. After a time the action of the jet was reversed, and the air drawn through the mine in a contrary direction, so drawing out the air we had blown in charged with mist; and we continued drawing out mist or vapour for several days, which shewed that it had filled every part of the waste, and had remained suspended. The temperature of the air that was drawn out gradually decreased at the rate of about six degrees a day. After about one month's operations, the downcast-shaft was uncovered and descended, and found to be of a temperature of 98 degrees. The waste was examined by Mr Mather, who reported that falls had taken place so as to leave no passage to enable us to go any distance into it. A shaft was then sunk into the middle of the burning waste at the point where the fire was supposed to have been most fierce at the commencement of our operations. The roof was here found to have fallen, so that it was impossible to enter. The fire, however, was extinct. Several bore-holes have been driven into the waste at different points, and no fire can be discovered; and this mighty volcano is extinct.'

The vast amount of property endangered (in this case of the value of near £200,000), and the frequency of the occurrence of these kinds of accidents, give a great public interest to this operation. It is but two years ago that the proprietor of the Dalquarren coal-mining in Ayrshire lost in half an hour £1200 a year by a fire breaking out in one of his pits, which led to the total abandonment of the seam in which it occurred, and destroyed the wood on the surface.

had extended over fourteen acres, but is now undergoing extinction by the same process, with every prospect of success.'

RESIGNING.

'Poor heart! what bitter words we speak
When God speaks of resigning!'

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty garlands by
Most lingeringly, yet with a patient will:
Sailors, that when th' o'erladen ship lies still,
Cast out her precious freight with veiled eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Last they should never reach the wished-for shore:
Thus we, oh Infinite! stand Thee before,
And lay down at Thy feet, without one sigh,
Each after each, our lovely things and rare—
Our close heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
Perchance thou knewest that the flowers would die,
And the long-voyaged hoards be found all dust;
So take them, while unchanged. To Thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure;—Thou art just!

PANAMA.

A few weeks ago we gave a short account of a journey made across the Isthmus of Panama, terminating at Chagres, on the Gulf of Mexico; and occasion was taken to shew the superiority of this line over every other for ready communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. We are glad to see, from the communications of a correspondent of the 'Atheneum,' that the route above indicated is in the course of being adopted for a railway, and that the line is actually preparing. It is stated that the American company who have entered on the undertaking have chosen Navy Bay, near Chagres, for a terminus, in consequence of its preferable harbour. In going up the Chagres River, this writer mentions that the operations are visible at the distance of five miles. 'It was interesting and stirring,' he says, 'to turn a reach of the wild solitary river, with dense forests on each side, and see all at once the red embankment of earth, the trucks running along full and empty, while workmen with spades and wheelbarrows, and a little steamer lying alongside the cutting with implements and rails lumbering her deck.' This intelligent writer, whose letters in the 'Atheneum,' April 26 and May 3, we recommend for perusal, is decided in his opinion, from personal observation, that the route selected is the best. The line of railway is to be open for traffic in two years; at the end of which period, by means of this and other channels now in progress, a flood of communication will be poured in this direction to and from the Pacific. The great line of transit for passengers and mails to Australia and New Zealand, China and adjacent regions, will be by Panama; and as steam will be largely employed, it is pleasing to know that there will be no lack of fuel at either end of the line.

JINDOO BEGOAR.

We once knew a beggar who had a house his own property, and supported two families by his profession, and two others who were money-lenders, and in both the lines carried on a prosperous business. All these three persons were blind, and took up begging as a way of gaining their livelihood, just as others do weaving or carpentering, or any other trade. They were looked on by all their neighbours as most respectable members of society, and none of the feelings we associate with the idea of pauper ever entered their minds. A Brahman who begs is considered a much more respectable character than one that keeps a shop or holds a plough.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 391. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1851.

PRICE 1½d.

THE RUDIMENTAL.

The state of society in which we live at present is commonly said to be *artificial*; but this, we suspect, is a misapplication of the term. If the present state of society be a natural development of powers and tendencies inherent in human nature, it is as natural as the condition of savagery itself. It would be as proper to say that the child is a production of nature and the man a production of art, when the fact is, that the one is the natural extension or *maturisation* of the other. A more just view regards the savage as a human being in a rudimentary, and the civilised man as one in a comparatively complete or perfect state. The true peculiarity of the latter is, that, by social combination, by checking here and expanding there, by looking to the past and future as well as the present, he effects results far beyond what the savage man can even attempt; yet all he does in this way he does under impulses inherent in his nature, and the doings of the barbarian are in no respect different.

It is the province of history to unveil the process by which nature works upwards in the development of the human race; but the historian usually views his subject, so to speak, with civilised eyes, and thus, in estimating characters and actions, employs a criterion calculated only to confuse and mislead. Even in the spectacle now passing before us, in the Pacific, of savages growing visibly into civilised men, we find no materials for judging of the ordinary process of nature. The Sandwich Islands, which were discovered little more than threescore-and-ten years ago—the life of an individual—are now governed by a constitutional sovereign, with a house of nobles and a house of representatives; and the grand-daughters of those interesting savages who swam out to meet their European visitors, are described as elegantly dressed and ladylike women, sitting in their boudoirs at handsome writing-tables, with the Gospel before them, printed in their own language. Such is obviously the result of forcing, not of natural growth. 'Surrounded, coaxed, grappled by European policy,' as this humble pen has elsewhere said, 'the little barbarian state was in a perfect hotbed of civilisation, and grew like a mushroom bedded in manure.' But if an individual specimen of humanity could be found, perfect in mind, yet so organised as to be incapable of imitation, and thus shut up to a great extent in a world of its own, might we not obtain a view of at least the rudiments of what we call our nature? Still these, it must be confessed, would only be the rudiments of beings in our present stage of development; and in estimating them it would be necessary to make allowance for the fact, that con-

trastable differences of character naturally exist even in children of the same parents, reared under the same influences. We could only arrive, in short, at an approximation.

A specimen of this kind does actually exist. Many years ago we described to our readers the case of the interesting pupil of the Massachusetts Institution, Laura Bridgman, 'for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, the flowers no colour and no smell,' and who of course is likewise destitute of speech. She is now recalled to our memory by being made the subject of a philosophical inquiry; and although this is confined to the rudiments of language traced in her vocal sounds, the paper* leads the thoughtful mind into a variety of other channels suggested but not explored by the author. Of these we shall presently notice one or two of the most interesting; but in the first place we shall describe in a few words the theory of language he advocates.

The first element of all phonetic language is the interjection. Every emotion, by quickening the respiration, causes an oppression of the chest; and this seeks relief in a way that gives birth to our sighs, laughter, moaning, and the exclamation of ah! eh! oh! which gradually become alas! helas! ototoi! &c. in different languages. Laura Bridgman, from whom most of Mr Lieber's illustrations are taken—since, being blind, deaf, and dumb, she could at first have no other teacher than nature—was accustomed to express great wonder by the sound Ho-o-ph-ph! 'and the actor of broad farce accompanies his assumption of stupid surprise with the same exclamation.' Such sounds, expressing any kind of emotion, are as natural to us as growing pale or wringing the hands; and they come even from refined and educated men with the passion and spontaneity of poor Laura's uncouth cries. When urged by her teacher to restrain these disagreeable sounds, she replied in expostulation: 'But I have very much voice—God gave me much voice;' although afterwards, when she felt an irresistible impulse, she shut herself up in her closet, and indulged 'in a surfeit of sounds;' or when deeply grieving, in unrestrained weeping. Laura, although obedient, gentle, modest, and affectionate, is so imperfectly organised that she is unable to hear her own voice, or to taste her own tears! We may add here, that the ordinary nod for affirmation and shake of the head for negation are as natural to her as the sounds in which she revels.

Mr Lieber's second class is the 'imitative word—such

* A Paper on the Vocal Sounds of Laura Bridgman, the Blind Deaf-Mute, at Boston; compared with the Elements of Phonetic Language. By Francis Lieber. Forming a portion of the Smithonian Contributions to Knowledge.

as mutter, whiz, splash, &c. Out of the interjection there arises a third—such as the words formed from the sharp exhalation of the sound *f*, by which all men express disgust or contempt. This sound becomes fie, fien (to hate, in Low German), flend, pooh, &c. It must be observed that even imitative words are not the same in all languages, but differ according to the genius of the people—the French, for instance, giving the sound of the drum by rataplan; the Germans by brumberum; and the English by rubadub. The fourth class proceeds from the imitative words—as, for instance, in the case of the English word sly, which, although it means cunning, is derived from the root of the word sliding. Another class resembles the interjectional. Flash is given as an example, expressing rapidity as well as brightness. Another class is illustrated by the English word mum! the interjection for silence, itself said to be founded on another interjection. ‘When we address erroneously a deaf-mute, or a person unable to hear and speak, and he desires to make us understand that he cannot speak, he compresses his lips and breathes strongly against the palate (so decidedly does thought or feeling animate the organs of respiration, and so phonetic or sound-sending is the nature of man.) This produces a humming sound—um or mum.’ Here we think our author is not so happy as usual. The interjection, mum! for silence, is obviously the sound produced when the flow of words is suddenly checked. Ma, or mama for mother, is found in nearly all languages, and is the first articulate cry of the child produced by the alternate opening and closing of the lips upon the simplest of all vowel sounds, a (pronounced as in ha.)

‘All other words are probably formed by composition, contraction, expansion, repeated transformation, and certain changes which gradually come to designate a general or peculiar relationship subsisting between certain ideas, or between the forms of words themselves in a purely grammatical point of view, the whole being essentially affected by the peculiar formative spirit with which a tribe shapes its words—whether, for instance, it is analytical; whether monosyllabic, as with the Chinese; or holophrastic, as with the American Indians. While these changes are going on with the formed words, their meaning alters according to the endless association of ideas, real or imagined affinities, the gradual expansion of the mind, the constant generalisation and abstraction, or a retrogressive degeneracy; and many other causes, mental and physical. It will have been observed that I have spoken only of the origin of words and of their phonetic formation. The meaning which they acquire constitutes a different subject, which demands attention to all the laws of psychology—of the gradual progress of civilisation—to the laws of intellectual and philological degeneracy (for this has its laws, like all disintegration or corruption), to the changes of history—and, in short, to all the altering conditions and relations which take place within, under, and around man, individually and collectively, by tribes and nations, by concentration and tribal separation, by mixture, fusion, and by emigration—in politics, religion, the arts, and every advancement and debasement.’

Such is the theory of language which Mr Lieber studied in the hardly-articulate sounds of a being without the faculty of speech, and destitute of three out of the five senses!* By the sense of touch alone is Laura capable of holding any communication with the external world, and her innate perceptions, therefore, form a most interesting subject for inquiry and reflection. In her we see the human mind in what may be said to resemble the interjectional state of language, and we are surprised to find that much of what we

have been accustomed to consider artificial in ourselves belongs in reality to nature.

A deaf-mute communicates by means of ocular signs, which have no phonetic value for him; but Laura, being blind as well as mute and deaf, traces her words on the palm of the hand of those she converses with. It seems hardly credible that her teacher, Dr Howe, could have triumphed over such extraordinary difficulties; but Laura does not merely converse in this manner—she writes letters to her friends, correct both in spelling and composition. Nature, however, was her first teacher, and in her language we recognise our own. ‘When Laura is astonished or amazed, she rounds and protrudes her lips, opens them, breathes strongly, spreads her arms, and turns her hands with extended fingers upwards, just as we do when wondering at something very uncommon. I have seen her biting her lips with an upward contraction of the facial muscles when roguishly listening at the account of some ludicrous mishap, precisely as lively persons among us would do.’ These phenomena she could never have seen or felt by the touch; they are therefore not imitative but instinctive. In like manner, when speaking of any one, she points to the spot where she had last conversed with him, as if he was there before her mind’s eye. ‘When Laura once spoke to me of her own crying, when a little child, she accompanied her words with a long face, drawing her fingers down the face, indicating the copious flow of tears: and when, on New-Year’s Day of 1844, she wished in her mind a happy new year to her benefactor Dr Howe, then in Europe, she involuntarily turned toward the east, and made with both her outstretched arms a waving and blessing motion.’ These motions are all spontaneous, like an expression passing unconsciously over the face. She has no purpose in making them, for she does not know what sight is, and does not know that they can be observed and interpreted by others.

Laura blushes and weeps, laughs and smiles, and stamps upon the ground in a transport of joy. ‘When I read your last letter to her, she laughed and clapped her hands.’ When she is merry, she often sings; and when she says a humorous thing, she is not satisfied if the person addressed does not laugh heartily. She once dreamed ‘that God had taken away her breath to heaven’—a common conception of the human soul, breath and spirit being synonymous in many languages.

We come now to Laura’s innate modesty, delicacy, or sense of what is commonly called propriety. The fact of such a feeling existing in her proves that it is natural, although it does not necessarily follow that it is primitive. There are many savage tribes that are disgusting in their habits, and few if any that are pleasing; but the nature of a human being would seem to change in new developments, like the perfume of a flower. If Laura had been the child of savages, delicacy would not perhaps have been one of her characteristics.

Her general goodness, amiability, and generosity are likewise natural in the present stage of being, and do not, we think, belong to her merely as an individual. The baseness of civilised man does not come from nature but from circumstance. In our waking dreams, when the mind is abstracted from the actually-existing world, none of us are bad: we are all charitable, generous, and high-minded; and even the deadliest revenge we act in imagination has a character of justice, however wild and stern. This is our nature, however different it may seem when we are in contact with the circumstances of life. There the agitation and unequal pressure overturn the equilibrium of our minds, our bad qualities assume the ascendancy, and our actions belie our thoughts. Such a process could not have taken place with Laura. This object of the most uniform and tender solicitude has never been

* We might almost say four out of the five, her sense of taste being very defective.

roused from her dream. Her mind is in its state of nature, where she breathes and feels only an atmosphere of love. Her thoughts have no injuries to dwell upon, but are full of benefactions. 'Laura said to me, in answer to a question why she uttered a certain sound rather than spelled the name: "I think of Janet's noise; many times when I think how she give me good things, I do not think to spell her name." And at another time, hearing her in the next room make the peculiar sound for Janet, I hastened to her, and asked her why she made it. She said, "Because I think how she do love me much; and I love her much."

If Laura was not naturally amiable, instead of these beautiful and grateful feelings, her solitude would be disturbed by envy or acquisitiveness. Let it not be supposed, however, that this amiability partakes in the slightest degree of weakness. Laura, on the contrary, has much character, and her love of power and strong will are only controlled by her sense of right. This helpless being requires to know *why* she should do such a thing, and it is not till she is satisfied with the explanation that she obeys. Laura, moreover, is inclined to vanity, and to the use of grandiloquent expressions; but her teachers, who did not educate her as a philosophical experiment, but for her own sake, have taken care to keep out of her way everything that could strengthen her foibles.

We have now to mention a curious and interesting circumstance connected with this imperfectly-organised being: it is her aesthetical feeling and sense of beauty. In former articles on this subject, we endeavoured to explain Mr Hay's theory, in which he appears to demonstrate that in nature there is a science of beauty as well as of music, both being based on geometrical principles. The song of birds, and every other beautiful sound in nature, are composed on these principles; and so likewise is the Venus de Medicis and every other beautiful object. Laura is a powerful evidence on this question. She cannot see; she is not seduced by colour or expression into calling that beauty which is merely lovesomeness; form is the only thing of which her senses can take cognisance; and of symmetry she judges with a severe and classical taste. The perception of beauty, therefore, is innate like the perception of harmony; and the blind, deaf, and dumb, who can form no conception of the blush that mantles on the cheek, or of the expression of the plastic lip or kindling eye, may be thrilled with the beauty of form. Let us add that Laura's sense of beauty is wholly distinct from her sense of lovesomeness. She is perfectly capable of love, although the sentiment is not inspired by colour or expression, but by manifestations of kind and generous feeling. This may receive some illustration from the beautiful picture given by Mr Lieber of the companionship of Laura. 'I have often seen her,' says he, 'seated by the side of a female friend, her left arm around the waist of her companion, and her right hand on the knee of the other, who was imprinting with rapidity on Laura's open hand what she was reading in a book before them. They thus formed the personification of the great achievement which Dr Howe has gained over appalling difficulties, never overcome, and scarcely attempted to be overcome, by any one before him—the picture of a communion of minds in spite of the enduring night and deathlike silence which enwraps poor Laura—an example of the victories in store for a sincere love of our neighbour, combined with sagacity, patience, resolute will, and what Locke calls, sound round-about common sense.'

'While I am writing these words,' says Mr Lieber, 'a tuneful mocking-bird is pouring out its melodious song before my window. Rich, and strong, and mellow as is the ever-varying music of this sprightliest of all songsters of the forest compared to the feeble and untuned sounds which Laura utters in her isolated state, yet her sounds are symbols of far greater import. She

even without hearing her own sounds, and with the crudest organs of utterance, yet has risen to the great idea of the Word. She wills to designate by sound. In her a mind is struggling to manifest itself, and to commune with mind, revealing a part of those elements which our Maker has ordained as the means to insure the development of humanity. The bird, with all its power of varied voice, remains for ever in mental singleness; Laura, in all her lasting darkness and stillness, and with that solitary thread which unites her with the world without—the sense of touch—still proves, in every movement of her mind and urgency of her soul, that she belongs to those beings who, each in a different indestructible individuality, are yet fashioned for a mutual life, for sacred reciprocal dependence and united efforts.'

We have now seen the complicated language in which civilised men clothe their thoughts traced to its emotional rudiments, and (with the limitation stated above) we have obtained a glimpse of the skeleton of the human character stripped of the tissues woven around it by circumstance in the progress of ages. At first view the spectacle may seem anything but flattering to our pride; but examined more closely, we think it is full of encouragement. It represents man as a progressive being, whose destinies are now only in the course of development; and it shews that he has his fate in a great measure in his own hands; the powers and capacities of thought and feeling with which he is furnished by nature being, like the talents of Scripture, the materials wherewithal he is to build up his fortune. What we have called Circumstance is not the 'unspiritual god' of Byron, 'whose touch turns hope to dust,' but something that may be fashioned and controlled by Education and Reflection—the teachers who work upon our spirits, instinct, like that of the gentle Laura, with good impulses in predominance over the evil. If the mind of this blind-deaf-mute be not a *l'isus natura* as well as her organisation, we may collect from it that the impulse to vice and crime is received from without, and that we yield to it against the feelings and instinctive convictions within. We infer, besides, that innate qualities change in different stages of human development; and in our opinion, if history were only written and read under this conviction, it would no longer be the sealed book it is at present.

Having said so much about Laura, we may conclude by assuring our readers that this being,

'Sent into this breathing world not half made up,' passes a life of tranquil happiness. Sometimes, when endeavouring to comprehend the mystic faculty of sight, she regrets her inability 'to see this beautiful world'; but she finds, lovelier things within her—kindly thoughts, warm affections, and high and holy aspirations; and so the poor girl thanks God for her lot, and frequently exclaims: 'I am so happy that I have been created!'

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly but powerfully made, with a hardy, weather-beaten, yet handsome face, strong, indefatigable, and a crack shot, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like the beasts he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came, with a pretty young wife, to settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who would have to lead such a solitary life; whilst others said: 'If she was fool enough to marry him, it was her own look-out.' For nearly four months Tom remained at home, and em-

ployed his time in making the old hut he had fixed on for their residence more comfortable. He cleared and tilled a small spot of land around it, and Susan began to hope that for her sake he would settle down quietly as a squatter. But these visions of happiness were soon dispelled, for as soon as this work was finished he recommenced his old erratic mode of life, and was often absent for weeks together, leaving his wife alone, yet not unprotected, for since his marriage old Nero, a favourite hound, was always left at home as her guardian. He was a noble dog—a cross between the old Scottish deerhound and the bloodhound, and would hunt an Indian as well as a deer or bear, which Tom said, 'was a proof they Ingins was a sort o' warnint, or why should the brute beast take to hunt 'em, nat'r'l like—him that took no notice o' white men?'

One clear, cold morning, about two years after their marriage, Susan was awakened by a loud crash, immediately succeeded by Nero's deep baying. She recollects that she had shut him in the house as usual the night before. Supposing he had winded some solitary wolf or bear prowling around the hut, and effected his escape, she took little notice of the circumstance; but a few moments after came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring from her bed, throw on her clothes, and rush from the hut, was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted that the hound was in pursuit of. Fearful thoughts shot through her brain: she called wildly on Nero, and to her joy he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew nearer she saw that he galloped heavily, and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain reeled; she felt a cold and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and of horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she recovered herself, just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion; she placed her hand on his little naked chest; the heart within had ceased to beat—he was dead! The deep marks of the dog's fangs were visible on the neck, but the body was uniform. Old Nero stood with his large bright eyes fixed on the face of his mistress, fawning on her, as if he expected to be praised for what he had done, and seemed to wonder why she looked so terrified. But Susan spurned him from her; and the fierce animal, who would have pulled down an Indian as he would a deer, crouched humbly at the young woman's feet. Susan carried the little body gently in her arms to the hut, and laid it on her own bed. Her first impulse was to seize a loaded rifle that hung over the fireplace, and shoot the hound; and yet she felt she could not do it, for in the lone life she led the faithful animal seemed like a dear and valued friend, who loved and watched over her, as if aware of the precious charge intrusted to him. She thought also of what her husband would say, when on his return he should find his old companion dead. Susan had never seen Tom roused. To her he had ever shown nothing but kindness; yet she feared as well as loved him, for there was a fire in those dark eyes which told of deep, wild passions hidden in his breast, and she knew that the lives of a whole tribe of Indians would be light in the balance against that of his favourite hound.

Having securely fastened up Nero, Susan, with a heavy heart, proceeded to examine the ground around the hut. In several places she observed the impression of a small moccasined foot, but not a child's. The tracks were deeply marked, unlike the usual light, elastic tread of an Indian. From this circumstance she easily inferred that the woman had been carrying the child when attacked by the dog. There was

to shew why she had come so near the hut;

most probably the hopes of some petty plunder had been the inducement. Susan did not dare to wander far from home, fearing a band of Indians might be in the neighbourhood. She returned sorrowfully to the hut, and employed herself in blocking up the window, or rather the hole where the window had been, for the powerful hound had in his leap dashed out the entire frame, and shattered it to pieces. When this was finished, Susan dug a grave, and in it laid the little Indian boy. She made it close to the hut, for she could not bear that wolves should devour those delicate limbs, and she knew that there it would be safe. The next day Tom returned. He had been very unsuccessful, and intended setting out again in a few days in a different direction.

'Susan,' he said, when he had heard her sad story, 'I wish you'd let' the child wheer the dog killed him. The squaw's high sartain to come back a-seokin' for the body, and 'tis a pity the poor crittur should be disapinted. Besides, the Ingins will be high sartain to put it down to us; whereas if so be as they'd found the body 'pon the spot, maybe they'd understand as 'twas an accident like, for they're unkinmon cunning warnint, though they aint got sense like Christians.'

'Why do you think the poor woman came here?' said Susan. 'I never knew an Indian squaw so near the hut before.'

She fancied a dark shadow flitted across her husband's brow. He made no reply; and on her repeating the question, said angrily—how should he know? 'Twas as well to ask for a bear's reasons as an Ingini's.

Tom only stayed at home long enough to mend the broken window, and plant a small spot of Indian corn, and then again set out, telling Susan not to expect him home in less than a month. 'If that squaw comes this way agin,' he said, 'as maybe she will, just put out any broken victuals you've a-got for the poor crittur; though maybe she wont come, for they Ingins be unkinmon skeary.' Susan wondered at his taking an interest in the woman, and often thought of that dark look she had noticed, and of Tom's unwillingness to speak on the subject. She never knew that on his last hunting expedition, when hiding some skins which he intended to fetch on his return, he had observed an Indian watching him, and had shot him with as little mercy as he would have shewn a wolf. On Tom's return to the spot the body was gone; and in the soft damp soil was the mark of an Indian squaw's foot, and by its side a little child's. He was sorry then for the deed he had done: he thought of the grief of the poor widow, and how it would be possible for her to live until she could reach her tribe, who were far, far distant, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and now to feel that through his means, too, she had lost her child, put thoughts into his mind that had never before found a place there. He thought that one God had formed the Red Men as well as the White—of the souls of the many Indians hurried into eternity by his unerring rifle; and they perhaps were more fitted for their 'happy hunting-ground' than he for the white man's heaven. In this state of mind, every word his wife had said to him seemed a reproach, and he was glad again to be alone in the forest with his rifle and his hounds.

The afternoon of the third day after Tom's departure, as Susan was sitting at work, she heard something scratching and whining at the door. Nero, who was by her side, evinced no signs of anger, but ran to the door, shewing his white teeth, as was his custom when pleased. Susan unbarred it, when to her astonishment the two deerhounds her husband had taken with him walked into the hut, looking weary and soiled. At first she thought Tom might have killed a deer not far from home, and had brought her a fresh supply of venison; but no one was there. She rushed from the hut, and soon, breathless and terrified, reached the squatter's cabin. John Wilton and his three sons were

just returned from the clearings, when Susan ran into their comfortable kitchen; her long black hair streaming on her shoulders, and her wild and bloodshot eyes, gave her the appearance of a maniac. In a few unconnected words she explained to them the cause of her terror, and implored them to set off immediately in search of her husband. It was in vain they told her of the uselessness of going at that time—of the impossibility of following a trail in the dark. She said she would go herself; she felt sure of finding him; and at last they were obliged to use force to prevent her leaving the house.

The next morning at daybreak Wilton and his two sons were mounted, and ready to set out, intending to take Nero with them; but nothing could induce him to leave his mistress: he resisted passively for some time, until one of the young men attempted to pass a rope round his neck, to drag him away: then his forbearance vanished; he sprang on his tormentor, threw him down, and would have strangled him if Susan had not been present. Finding it impossible to make Nero accompany them, they left without him, but had not proceeded many miles before he and his mistress were at their side. They begged Susan to return, told her of the hardships she must endure, and of the inconvenience she would be to them. It was of no avail; she had but one answer: 'I am a hunter's daughter, and a hunter's wife.' She told them that knowing how useful Nero would be to them in their search, she had secretly taken a horse and followed them.

The party rode first to Tom Cooper's hut, and there having dismounted, leading their horses through the forest, followed the trail, as only men long accustomed to a savage life can do. At night they lay on the ground, covered with their thick bear-skin cloaks: for Susan only they heaped up a bed of dried leaves; but she refused to occupy it, saying it was her duty to bear the same hardships they did. Ever since their departure she had shewn no sign of sorrow. Although slight and delicately formed, she never appeared fatigued: her whole soul was absorbed in one longing desire—to find her husband's body; for from the first she had abandoned the hope of ever again seeing him in life. This desire supported her through everything. Early the next morning they were again on the trail. About noon, as they were crossing a small brook, the hound suddenly dashed away from them, and was lost in the thicket. At first they fancied they might have crossed the track of a deer or wolf; but a long mournful howl soon told the sad truth, for not far from the brook lay the faithful dog on the dead body of his master, which was pierced to the heart by an Indian arrow.

The murderer had apparently been afraid to approach on account of the dogs, for the body was left as it had fallen—not even the rifle was gone. No sign of Indians could be discovered save one small footprint, which was instantly pronounced to be that of a squaw. Susan shewed no grief at the sight of the body; she maintained the same forced calmness, and seemed comforted that it was found. Old Wilton stayed with her to remove all that now remained of her darling husband, and his two sons again set out on the trail, which soon led them into the open prairie, where it was easily traced through the tall thick grass. They continued riding all that afternoon, and the next morning by day-break were again on the track, which they followed to the banks of a wide but shallow stream. There they saw the remains of a fire. One of the brothers thrust his hand among the ashes, which were still warm. They crossed the river, and in the soft sand on the opposite bank saw again the print of small moccasined footsteps. Here they were at a loss; for the rank prairie grass had been consumed by one of those fearful fires so common in the prairies, and in its stead grew short sweet herbage, where even an Indian's eye could observe no trace. They were on the point of aban-

ding the pursuit, when Richard, the younger of the two, called his brother's attention to Nero, who had of his own accord left his mistress to accompany them, as if he now understood what they were about. The hound was trotting to and fro, with his nose to the ground, as if endeavouring to pick out a cold scent. Edward laughed at his brother, and pointed to the track of a deer that had come to drink at the river. At last he agreed to follow Nero, who was now cantering slowly across the prairie. The pace gradually increased, until, on a spot where the grass had grown more luxuriantly than elsewhere, Nero threw up his nose, gave a deep bay, and started off at so furious a pace, that although well mounted, they had great difficulty in keeping up with him. He soon brought them to the borders of another forest, where, finding it impossible to take their horses further, they tethered them to a tree, and set off again on foot. They lost sight of the hound, but still from time to time heard his loud baying far away. At last they fancied it sounded nearer instead of becoming less distinct; and of this they were soon convinced. They still went on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, until they saw Nero sitting with his fore-paws against the trunk of a tree, no longer mouthing like a well-trained hound, but yelling like a fury. They looked up in the tree, but could see nothing; until at last Edward espied a large hollow about half way up the trunk. 'I was right, you see,' he said. 'After all, it's nothing but a bear; but we may as well shoot the brute that has given us so much trouble.'

They set to work immediately with their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter, when a dark object, they could not tell what in the dim twilight, crawled from its place of concealment to the extremity of a branch, and from thence sprung into the next tree. Snatching up their rifles, they both fired together; when, to their astonishment, instead of a bear, a young Indian squaw, with a wild yell, fell to the ground. They ran to the spot where she lay motionless, and carried her to the borders of the wood where they had that morning dismounted. Richard lifted her on his horse, and springing himself into the saddle, carried the almost lifeless body before him. The poor creature never spoke. Several times they stopped, thinking she was dead: her pulse only told the spirit had not flown from its earthly tenement. When they reached the river which had been crossed by them before, they washed the wounds, and sprinkled water on her face. This appeared to revive her; and when Richard again lifted her in his arms to place her on his horse, he fancied he heard her mutter in Iroquois one word—'revenged!' It was a strange sight, these two powerful men tending so carefully the being they had a few hours before sought to slay, and endeavouring to stanch the blood that flowed from wounds which they had made! Yet so it was. It would have appeared to them a sin to leave the Indian woman to die; yet they felt no remorse at having inflicted the wound, and doubtless would have been better pleased had it been mortal; but they would not have murdered a wounded enemy, even an Indian warrior, still less a squaw. The party continued their journey until midnight, when they stopped to rest their jaded horses. Having wrapped the squaw in their bearskins, they lay down themselves with no covering save the clothes they wore. They were in no want of provisions, as not knowing when they might return, they had taken a good supply of bread and dried venison, not wishing to lose any precious time in seeking food whilst on the trail. The brandy still remaining in their flasks they preserved for the use of their captive. The evening of the following day they reached the trapper's hut, where they were not a little surprised to find Susan. She told them that although Old Wilton had begged her to live with them, she could not bear to leave the spot where everything reminded her of one to think

of whom was now her only consolation, and that whilst she had Nero, she feared nothing. They needed not to tell their mournful tale—Susan already understood it but too clearly. She begged them to leave the Indian woman with her. 'You have no one,' she said, 'to tend and watch her as I can do; besides, it is not right that I should lay such a burthen on you.' Although unwilling to impose on her the painful task of nursing her husband's murderer, they could not but allow that she was right; and seeing how earnestly she desired it, at last consented to leave the Indian woman with her.

For many long weeks Susan nursed her charge as tenderly as if she had been her sister. At first she lay almost motionless, and rarely spoke; then she grew delirious, and raved wildly. Susan fortunately could not understand what she said, but often turned shudderingly away when the Indian woman would strive to rise from her bed, and move her arms as if drawing a bow; or yell wildly, and cower in terror beneath the clothes, reacting in her delirium the fearful scenes through which she had passed. By degrees reason returned; she gradually got better, but seemed restless and unhappy, and could not bear the sight of Nero. The first proof of returning reason she had shewn was to shrik in terror when he once accidentally followed his mistress into the room where she lay. One morning Susan missed her; she searched around the hut, but she was gone, without having taken fare-well of her kind benefactress.

A few years after Susan Cooper (no longer 'pretty Susan,' for time and grief had done their work) heard late one night a hurried knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hour of the night. A few hurried words in Iroquois were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbarring the door. But on listening again, she distinctly heard the same voice say, 'Quick—quick!' and recognised it as the Indian woman's whom she had nursed. The door was instantly opened, when the squaw rushed into the hut, seized Susan by the arm, and made signs to her to come away. She was too much excited to remember then the few words of English she had picked up when living with the white woman. Expressing her meaning by gestures with a clearness peculiar to the Indians, she dragged rather than led Susan from the hut. They had just reached the edge of the forest when the wild yells of the Indians sounded in their ears. Having gone with Susan a little way into the forest her guide left her. For nearly four hours she lay there half-dead with cold and terror, not daring to move from her place of concealment. She saw the flames of the dwelling where so many lonely hours had been passed rising above the trees, and heard the shrill 'whoops' of the retiring Indians. Nero, who was lying by her side, suddenly rose and gave a low growl. Silently a dark figure came gliding among the trees directly to the spot where she lay. She gave herself up for lost; but it was the Indian woman who came to her, and dropped at her feet a bag of money, the remains of her late husband's savings. The grateful creature knew where it was kept; and whilst the Indians were busied examining the rifles and other objects more interesting to them, had carried it off undetected. Waving her arm around to shew that all was now quiet, she pointed in the direction of Wilton's house, and was again lost among the trees.

Day was just breaking when Susan reached the squatter's cabin. Having heard the sad story, Wilton and two of his sons started immediately for the spot. Nothing was to be seen save a heap of ashes. The ground had apparently consisted of only three or four inches; but a powerful tribe being in the neighbourhood, they saw that it would be too hazardous to follow

them. From this time Susan lived with the Wiltons. She was as a daughter to the old man, and a sister to his sons, who often said: 'That, as far as they were concerned, the Indians had never done a kindlier action than in burning down Susan Cooper's hut.'

SIR JAMES BALFOUR'S COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS.

SIR JAMES BALFOUR of Denniln was a Scottish antiquary, and a collector of antiquities and manuscripts in the seventeenth century. He must not be confounded with that Sir James Balfour of the preceding century, who was concerned in the death of Cardinal Beaton, but was so little actuated by Protestant feeling that Knox, with his usual euphony, branded him as 'Blasphemous Balfour.' The subject of this notice was the son of a Fife laird with a numerous family, and he raised himself by his industry and capacity. The fertility of his race must have been such as no Scottish family possessions could have kept up with. If we believe Sir Robert Sibbald, the father of Sir James saw 300 of his descendants before he was committed to the earth, and a younger son, Sir Andrew, lived to see 600 descendants of his father alive. It is clear that the Balfours must have known how to make their own way in the world, and Sir James was not the only one of them who in his own generation was distinguished. He formed a literary acquaintance and association with many of the ablest Scotsmen of his day—such as Drummond of Hawthornden, Gordon of Straloch, Pont, Scott of Scotstarvet, author of 'The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen,' and the like. His own principal pursuits would scarcely have conferred literary distinction on him in later times—they were in the twin sciences of heraldry and genealogy—then enrolled among the nobles of sublunary studies. He obtained his reward by being appointed Lord Lyon King-at-Arms. It is rare that a person obtained at that period a high office through sheer study and zeal for his favourite subject, especially an office so intimately associated with the aristocracy of the country and their most cherished honours and distinctions. Their honours were, however, confided to true and zealous keeping. Doubtless many who have studied the arts which recommend them to the aristocracy have worked with their tongues in their cheeks, looking to the reward while they secretly despised the occupation. Balfour, however, it is evident, sincerely adored heraldry and genealogy. His sincerity is evinced by a long list of his works, left by his friend Sir Robert Sibbald, beginning thus:—'A Treatise of Surnames in General, but especially of those in Scotland'; 'A Treatise of the Order of the Thistle'; 'An Account of the Ceremonies used at the Coronation of King Charles I. at Holyrood House'; 'The Ceremonies used at the Coronation of King Charles II. at Scone, &c.'; 'An Account of the Crests of Armes borne by the Nobility and Gentry of Scotland.' Such is the mere commencement of a list which it would be a tiresome enough task to read through.

Balfour, in following out his genealogical researches, collected any letters and documents which might throw light on them. Though he wrote what he conceived to be a history of Scotland, and left annals of his own times, his chief service to the present day has been his collection of documents. Many of them have been doubtless dispersed, a circumstance to be regretted, if we may judge of their interest and value from those which have been preserved.

In the year 1698, the fragment of his collection of manuscripts remaining in the possession of Balfour's descendants was offered for sale: it was purchased by the Faculty of Advocates for £150. This was so considerable a sum for that period in Scotland, that it is necessary to anticipate questions and say, that it was

sterling, not Scots money. The collection is still in the Advocates' Library, forming a range of flexible sheep-skin covered volumes, the state of which does credit to their binder; for after having been consulted and tossed about for more than a century and a half, they appear in very good condition.

The contents of these volumes are so varied and curious, that it would occupy a considerable space to give a mere cursory view of them. There are not, so far as we know, any memorials of those who have been solely known as literary men in the collection. Among the multitude of memorials of the later days of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of James, we question if there is a word to throw light on the dramatic literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries; there is not even, we believe, any letter from the collector's own friend, the Scottish Petrarch. The collection contains, however, many letters by Lord Bacon; for Bacon was a peer and a lord chancellor, and therefore was illustrious according to the ideas of the Lyon King-at-arms. These letters may be found with others in the ample collection of all Bacon's known writings, edited by Basil Montagu. In looking over the originals, one is apt to smile on observing the pains taken to make the letters addressed to King James legible; while the others are written in the illustrious philosopher's ordinary careless manner. There is nothing wonderful, perhaps, in this difference taken by itself. It is a piece of natural etiquette to write distinctly to a person of superior rank. It is when the rank awarded to the two parties—Bacon and King James—by posterity is considered, that it becomes strange to look at the caligraphy of the author of the new philosophy.

There are specimens of King James's own sacred handwriting in Balfour's Collection: no doubt he thought them much more valuable than Bacon's. They are, in reality, very curious. It is seldom that the handwriting so closely represents the character. It is pedantic and feeble in the extreme; so much so, as to be very like the writing of a schoolboy just put into small text. He writes, to be sure, on some nervous matters of state: as, for instance, a paper called 'The true State of the Question whether Peacham's case be Treason or not.' Peacham was the poor clergyman who was condemned to death for having in his possession a sermon reflecting on King James: it was not preached, and it was never clear that he intended to preach and publish it. His condemnation was anxiously desired by the modern Solomon; and it was an object which created dissensions between the sterner supporters of the law and those judges who wished to favour the prerogative. King James took it as a personal matter, and it is perhaps to this that the extreme shakiness of his schoolboy text is to be attributed. He writes, in a more easy and manly way, in another letter in the same collection, which he concludes: 'From the castell of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryving our in the auld manner.'

This letter, which has been printed more than once, was addressed to Alexander Lindsay of the Balcarres family, whom he afterwards made Lord Spynie. James was, when he wrote it, on the expedition to Denmark, which ended in his bringing home Queen Anne—an episode altogether out of the way of the ordinary routine and character of his history. The drinking and driving our at Cronberg was, probably deeper than any he had seen even in Scotland. The Danish prince came over with a train of jolly fellows to see his connection when he was king of the whole island of Britain. The drunkenness of the Danes, and the scenes exhibited at the court of Theobalds—never very decent—scandalised the British courtiers even of those days. Sir John Harrington's account of a masque given on that occasion has been often quoted, but is amusing enough to bear repetition. He says: 'The entertainment and show went forward; and most of the presceters went back-

ward, or fell down, wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble, that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed. In some sort she made obeysance, and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given His Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick in the lower hall.'

This is not altogether inappropriate to the collection of papers left by Sir James Balfour, since there are among them many letters by King James's queen, Anne of Denmark. Historians have been puzzled about her character. On the whole, what is known of her is favourable; and any disagreeables have been explained by the view that she was a clever woman—at least clever enough to know the proprieties of her position, and be keenly alive to the ridiculous figure her husband sometimes cut—but not one with a powerful enough mind to command him and put him right. There are several autograph letters by this queen to her husband in Balfour's Collection. They are generally very pretty pieces of writing. The Italian hand, as it was called, was the favourite accomplishment of royalty in that age; and if one were judging from the mere lines and angles as they strike the eye, the queen's letters would be pronounced of a much later date than the other manuscripts in the collection, and might be attributed to a treasury clerk of George III.'s reign. Her letters are, on the whole, amusing. Here is one in which she is in anger; and it is blotted and interlined—a contrast to the formal neatness of the others:—

'SIR—What I have said to Sr Roger is trew—I could not but think it strange that any about your Mat^e durst presume to bring neir where your Mat^e is, or that had offered me such a publicke scorne, for honor gois befor lyfe, I must ever thing so. Humble kissing your Mat^e hands, I rest ever yours, ANNA R.'

In her anger she writes *thing* instead of *think*—a natural enough occurrence. There were many little quarrels between her and the king, of which we may find light traces in the annalists of the period. She often complained, but in vain, of slights and affronts. James was generally disposed to look over these where it was only his queen who was concerned, and recommended her to make light of matters. It was so, for instance, when she wished him to visit upon Lord Marr his wife's pertinacity in retaining the custody of Prince Charles in spite of all court and state authorities. But though he was bitter enough when his own sacred person was assailed, he would not be at the trouble of quarrelling with any one for the sake of his queen.

Some of Queen Anne's letters in this Collection shew that she was a witty woman—as, for instance, this, which speaks for itself:—

'Your Mat^e's letter was wellcome to me. I have bine as glade of the faire wether as your self. The last part of your letter you have guessed right—that I wold laugh. Who wold not laugh both at the persons and the subject, but more at so well a chosen Merrietrie between Mars and Venus? You knowe that womene can hardlie keepe counsele. I humble desire y^e M to tell me how it is possible that I should keepe this secrete that have alreadie tolde it, and shal tell it to as manie as I speak with. If I were a poet, I wold make a song of it, and sing it to the tune of Three fooles well mett. So kissing your hands, I rest yours, ANNA R.'

There is something that can only be expressed by the foreign word *piquancy* in the sight of this actual letter, written in its pretty, sharp, angular Italian, on

A small piece of paper, with the silk thread that bound it, and the little seal.

In the same thin volume there are other curious little memorials of King James and his family. All readers of history will remember how callously he was thought to have behaved to his daughter the queen of Bohemia. We might admire his character, if the interest of the people had prevented him from dragging those he governed into family quarrels; but in successively deserting his mother and his daughter, the world has judged that he thought entirely of himself. His daughter's letters have a pathetic, appealing tone. They are generally in French—one at least in Italian; but the following, in English, may be quoted as a fair specimen:—

‘ Sir—Being desirous by all the meanes I can to keepe myself still in your M remembrance, I would not let pass so good an occasion as this bearer returning for England to present my most humble dutie and service to your M, by these beseeching your M to continue me still in your gratiouse favour, it being the greatest comfort I have to think that your M doth vouchsafe to love and favour me, which I shall ever strive to deserve, in obeying with all humbleness whatsoever whatsoever your M is pleased to command her, who shall ever pray to God with all her hart for your M happiness, and that she may be ever worthy the title, Sr, of your M most humble and obedient daughter and servant,

ELIZABETH.

Heidelberg, this 20 of October.

Au Roy.’

A letter from this queen of Bohemia's son to King James tells its own story only partially in print, since one would require to have before him the round, laboriously-constructed vowels and consonants, all put in a straight row, however, to feel how entirely boyish a production it is:—

‘ Sir—I kisse your hand. I would faime see your matic. I can say Nominative hic haec hoc, and all 5 declensions, and a part of pronomen and a part of verbum. I have two horses alive, than can goe up my staires, a blacke horse and a chestnut horse. I pray God to bless your matic. Yor matic's obedient grandchild,

FREDERICK HENRY.

To the king.’

Perhaps we may not unaptly associate with this a still more juvenile letter from a person of far more importance in our British world—the uncle of the Prince Palatine, and our Charles I. It, too, is addressed to King James, and it is brief, from the circumstance of the child's powers being evidently considerably exhausted in the effort:—

‘ SWEET SWEET FATHER—I learme to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing. i thank you for my best man. Your loving sonne,

YORK.’

We cannot help coupling with this a letter to his brother, printed in Birche's Collection, in the same affectionate tone, but fuller and more kindly:—

‘ SWEET SWEET BROTHER—I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my grath; and I will send my pistollers by Maister Newton. I will give axie thing I have to you, both herss and my bookees, and my pieces and my cross bowes, or any thing that you would haive. Good brother, loove me, and I shall ever loove and serve you. Your looving Brother to be commanded,

YORK.’

It would be unpleasant, after these affectionate effusions, to notice some later and disagreeable indications of the character of King Charles, contained in the documents which we have been so amply referring to;

and we shall close this article with a letter written when he was seventeen years old—half way between his happy childhood and his miserable maturity:—

‘ Sir—Not wiling to omit anie occasion to wryte unto your Mtic, I could not chuse but take hould of this occasion, by the going of Sc Hen Rich, to present my humble service unto your Mtic. I am sorie for nothing but that I cannot be with your Matic at this tyme, both because I would be glad to wait upon you, and also to see the cuntrie whair I was borne, and the customes of it, so fearing to trouble your Matic too muche with my ydel letter, I rest your Matic's most humble and obediant sonne and servant,

CHARLES.

Greenwiche, the 28th of May 1617.
To the King's most excellent Majestie.’

JAMES SMITH OF DEANSTON.

The world is not so grateful to its practical workers as might be desirable. While enjoying the benefit of their labours, it amuses itself with singing the praises of the brave or brilliant; till in a few years the origin of an invention that has perhaps given a new impetus to civilisation may become the subject of doubt and controversy. The world, however, is hardly to be blamed for an indifference which arises from an almost necessary ignorance; for only a few are capable of comprehending the principles of the invention, and it is natural that the many should by and by forget their benefactor in the indulgence of the fruits of his labours. A man was taken away from us last year, however, whom we should be sorry to see included in the list of the great forgotten; for he was a strong-hearted, earnest, practical man—a man who saw clearly what he had to do in the world, and who went through his peculiar functions with untiring energy and zeal. This man was James Smith of Deanston; a place which he found a barren wilderness, and converted by his science into a model farm.

James Smith was born at Glasgow on the 3d of January 1789. His parents were of the respectable middle orders of society, his father being a merchant, and his mother the daughter of a landed proprietor—Mr James Buchanan of Garston. To the brother of his mother, Mr Archibald Buchanan, may be traced the direction and development of his nephew's mental powers; for with him the family resided after the elder Smith's death, and by him the boy was early familiarised with those studies which were destined to give the man his rank and place in the country. Mr Buchanan, indeed, was the originator of some of the most important of the inventions which his nephew afterwards carried to perfection and gave to the world. He had been a pupil of Arkwright, and is characterised by James Smith as ‘a man of singular genius, sound judgment, and great application and perseverance.’

Young Smith's qualifications for the work that was before him were an active mind, a robust body, and a sound practical education. Having acquired some considerable knowledge of mathematics, chemistry, and mechanics, and finished his studies at the University of Glasgow, he was appointed, at the early age of eighteen, to the situation of manager of the Deanston Cotton Works, which his uncle had filled in early life before his connection with James Finlay and Co. He had subsequently been established at Bellindalloch, from whence he had now removed to the works at Catrie. The Deanston Works had now become the property of the eminent firm to which his uncle belonged, and which another

of the partners was the distinguished merchant Kirkman Finlay; and at an age when young men of the day were usually employed in that peculiar department of industry known as the sowing of wild oats, James Smith found himself engaged in regenerating a vast business that had fallen into dilapidation, and in assembling, training, and controlling a body of about eleven hundred workpeople. For such duties he was fitted by the three qualifications we have mentioned, the absence of any one of which would have been fatal to his usefulness; and the same hardy, intelligent, and instructed youth, who pried with a reforming eye into the mysteries of the works, and regulated the education, manners, and morals of the human machines, engaged during his earlier years in athletic games with his men, followed the grouse over the moors, and shewed liberally in the gaieties and socialities of the country side.

In No. 371 of the first series of this Journal will be found a comprehensive account of the works, and of the handsome village which sprang up in connection therewith, and under Mr Smith's direction, in this vale of the Teith, in the southern part of Perthshire. The manager was not satisfied with dictating the laws of the community. He knew every inhabitant by name, person, and character; visited at the house; and by encouragement, reproof, or instruction, kept all to their duty. Drunkards were turned out as useless members, and other offenders were punished either by temporary banishment or entire expulsion. That everything was done in a wise and kindly spirit is demonstrated by the fact, that a turn-out of the men was unknown at the Deanston Works even in those years most distinguished for anarchy, and in spite of deputations sent by Glasgow to induce them to revolt. But Mr Smith did not merely secure the affections of his people, and elevate them in comfort and respectability—he likewise obtained from them, for the benefit of their employers, the maximum of work.

His inventions in tool-making and machinery, and his achievements in engineering, are important, although it is not on them his reputation rests. His self-acting mule, however, may be mentioned as being of special value. It was not tried first at Deanston, but came rapidly into general use, Mr Smith making a considerable sum by the patent. His contrivance, likewise, for completing and rendering secure a bridge, the foundations of which had been laid in a deep quagmire, spread his fame as an engineer far and wide; and the principle of the well-known Deanston salmon-ladder was applied to weirs of a similar kind in many other rivers. The ladder consists of two longitudinal beams placed along the sides of any large sloping channel in which the current is too strong to be overcome by the fish. Cross-beams or steps are fixed to those sides, and extend alternately about two-thirds of the distance across; thus forming pools or eddies, in which the salmon rest on their journey upwards.

Agriculture, however, is the field in which Mr Smith became best known; and in the midst of his multitudinous avocations he always found time for visiting the farms in his neighbourhood, and for gathering and exchanging knowledge on the subject of the cultivation of the earth. His machine for cutting corn attracted great attention; but practically it was found unfit for general use, since its efficiency depended on the ground being perfectly level, without ridges or furrows. In land-draining and deep-working of the soil, however, he was eminently successful, and he demonstrated the correctness of his theories on these subjects by experiments on one of the most unpromising farms that could have been selected. 'The land,' says a writer in the 'Farmers' Magazine' of September 1846, 'consisted chiefly of the drifted débris of the old

red sandstone, and of various texture; some parts of the subsoil consisting of hard compact soil with stones, and some in the hollows of sandy clay, composed of the soil which had been washed for ages from the higher parts of the ground: the whole was very much interspersed with large boulder-stones, some of them very near the surface. The active soil was in general very thin, in many places not exceeding four inches. Most of the surface was studded with rushes and other water plants, whilst the higher knolls were covered with heath, furze, and broom.' This stubborn piece of land, consisting of about 200 acres, he determined in the first place to subject to thorough-drainage; believing, as he had been taught by his uncle, Mr Buchanan, that a dry condition of the soil is essential in our country to all good husbandry.

Few of our readers would be interested by a minute account of the system of drainage; but we may explain that the deep cross-drains formerly in use served only to carry off the under-water, while the furrow-drains of the flats of Stirlingshire dealt only with the rain-water. It was Mr Smith's idea to combine both; and he carried over the whole field in parallel lines a series of drains, about twenty feet apart, and thirty inches deep. This proved to be one of those great conceptions which, however simple in appearance, are destined to be the foundation of all improvement in the art to which they apply; but the invention of the subsoil-plough (described in No. 262, first series) was not only supplementary to this, but in itself a prodigious achievement. Common ploughing stirs only the active soil, which deep ploughing in the common way would deteriorate by intermixing with it the inactive subsoil. An instrument, however, which stirs the subsoil without bringing it to the surface would gradually, by the admission of air and water into the inert mass, confer upon it the principle of activity, without interfering in any way with the already active soil. On these two inventions—thorough-draining and subsoil-ploughing—all subsequent agricultural improvements rest; and by this means the wilderness we have described exhibited in a few years the cultivation of a garden, with an active soil no longer confined to a few inches, but sixteen inches in depth.

In 1831 Mr Smith published in a local channel a paper on Thorongh-draining and Subsoil-ploughing, in which he states that by these means, together with an improved system of cultivation, the agriculturists of this country would be enabled to compete successfully with those of any other country in the world. It was not till the parliamentary inquiry, however, into the agricultural distress of 1834, that general attention was called to the subject. Mr Smith was examined by the committee; and the chairman, Mr Shaw Lefevre, in a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, referred to his evidence as pointing to the only plans likely to promote the general improvement of agriculture, and help the farmers out of their dilemma. Deanston now became a show-farm. A pilgrimage thither was essential to the aspiring agriculturist; and strangers from all parts of the British islands, the continent, and America, flocked to the vale of the Teith. Here they not only found a farm of 200 acres under garden culture, but a scene in other respects, as a journalist says, 'as pleasing to the eye as it was interesting to the intellect and the heart.' The fields were conveniently laid off, kept very clean, and fenced generally with pretty white-thorn hedges, or when the situation required it, with ornamental belts of thriving plantations, which afforded protection to the crops and shelter to the animals. Water for the supply of the fields and for

was obtained from tanks fed by the drains, and passed into the water-troughs by an ingenious but simple arrangement; and there was not an open ditch on the whole farm. The crops in the season were usually luxuriant—a thorough and uniform dryness having been

acquired over the whole surface by the new system of working.' Among the improved implements, the invention of Mr Smith, to be seen in operation, were the web-chain harrow and turn-wire plough, by the latter of which his fields were worked in one uniform surface, without ridge or furrow. In manures and other matters connected with cultivation his experiments were incessant. In addition to all these avocations, this remarkable man was one of the most active magistrates of the county, and for more than twenty years he commanded a troop in the yeomanry cavalry of the district.

If strangers from all countries resort'd to Deanston as to a school of agriculture, it may be supposed that the effect upon the neighbourhood was in the highest degree beneficial. The surrounding proprietors adopted many of the improvements of this model farm, and the result of well-drained fields, well-ordered farm-steadings, and well-manured soils, was earlier, heavier, and better crops. Then came the social triumphs of Mr Smith. Dinners were given in his honour, and speeches made in his praise, by the rich; while the poor not only esteemed him as a benefactor, but loved him as a friend. 'Those who have visited him,' says the same writer we have last quoted, 'will recollect with interest the lighted-up faces which constantly marked his appearance at the works—the smiles and courtseys which were showered upon him from cottage doors as he drove past—and, above all, the quick, bright glance of recognition and kindly nod with which such greetings were invariably acknowledged and responded to. No "monarch of all he surveyed" was ever, indeed, more thoroughly and deservedly popular; for none, while conferring the substantial benefits which attend industry, order, and mechanical ingenuity, has better understood and practised the kindly acts of lightening the burden of toil to the labourer by a due interposition of pleasure and amusement, and of softening its pain by the constant exercise of a humane and generous sympathy.' This intelligent writer adds—and he speaks from intimate personal knowledge—that the affectionate simplicity and cordiality of his domestic intercourse; the unwearied activity, industry, and energy of the man, with his many hearty sociable qualities; his cheerful, buoyant spirit, and keen relish of existence—all combined to make the very atmosphere in which he lived as healthful and bracing as it was genial and everyway delightful.'

The time, however, at length arrived when Mr Smith was to relinquish the management of the Deanston Works, and to remove from a place which he had such good reason to regard as a home. Much unnecessary mystery has been preserved by his friends upon this point, which appears to us to be perfectly simple. At the time it occurred, in 1842, the great company, of which he was the local manager, and which had liberally assisted him in all his experiments and improvements, had lost Mr Kirkman Finlay and Mr Archibald Buchanan; and the severe depression in the national trade, which had then continued for four or five years, rendered it proper for the surviving partners to devote themselves exclusively to their own business. Under such circumstances it may well be conceived that a person of such large and various views, and incessant activity of spirit, must have found himself gradually in a hampered position; and likewise that the company, while honouring the manager and loving the man, must have been compelled to see, as he did himself, that a separation was unavoidable. However this may be, the parting was as cordial as the companionship had been useful and agreeable; and Mr Smith, bidding adieu to his beautiful Deanston, went southward to fresh fields and pastures new.

In Manchester chiefly his patents he had taken out of machinery were in operation, but London was the place naturally chosen by Mr Smith for his residence;

and here, in Whitehall Place, he took up his abode with his widowed sister, Mrs Buchanan, and her daughter. A letter he now addressed to Sir John Gladstone of Fasque, 'On the Profitable Employment and Comfortable Subsistence of the Increasing Population of Great Britain,' received wide circulation. The object, of course, was to illustrate the leading idea of his life—that an improved system of agriculture will double the produce of the land. Soon after his arrival in London he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the sanitary condition of large towns; and his labours suggested to him an idea, the working out of which is still one of the most interesting of all the problems that occupy the minds of projectors and engineers—the application of the waste sewerage waters to agricultural purposes. His plan was to convey the liquid manure to the necessary distance by means of pipes; and John Martin, the well-known artist, adopted this as an improvement on his magnificent scheme for cleaning and beautifying the Thames. Mr Smith's paper on the sewerage was published in the Appendix to the 'Report of the Health of Towns' Commission.'

Mr Smith now busied himself, and to some extent successfully, with introducing the Deanston system of agriculture into Ireland, and on various occasions he received the thanks of the Irish Agricultural Society. He was less successful in Sir James Matheson's island of Lewis; where he and the benevolent millionaire attempted—we fear in vain—to improve both the land and the savage population. During the railway mania he was fully occupied as an engineer in examining and estimating the land over which the lines were proposed to be carried. Simultaneously with all this labour his busy brain was teeming as usual with inventions. Plans for the 'dip of sheep' instead of smearing with tar, for improvements in farm-steadings, for housing cattle, for watering in droughts, for a new application of his salmon-ladder, and for many other objects, were flitting before him, some in embryo, and some completely formed.

He was now sixty-one. The quarry of his mind had only been worked deeply enough to shew that it was inexhaustible; and although not free from the partial ailments incidental to advancing years, his elasticity of mind seemed to promise him length of days to confer new benefits upon the world, and to reap the fruits of his genius. It is worth while to pause here, to observe what manner of man this was in his external appearance. His person hardly, if at all, reached the middle height. He was broad-chested and muscular, like one who could plant his foot upon the ground and receive the shocks of fortune like a rock; yet his quick, earnest eye and active limbs shewed that his strength was for advance, not resistance; that when obstacles came in his way he would not stand still in endurance, but push boldly through them. He was, in fine, a man who had a hopeful and courageous look, sanguine yet practical, whose very physical bulk seemed formed to contend with those material elements wherein lay his business on the earth.

Now, this man, at the time we have arrived at, proceeded to Scotland on his affairs; and, accompanied by his gentle and loving niece, went to visit his cousin, Mr Archibald Buchanan, at Kingcraig in Ayrshire. Here he was in his element, and a score of years younger, no doubt, from the associations that rushed upon his heart. One day—it was in the evening of the 9th of June 1850—he went to bed apparently in his usual health. What waking dreams may have flitted before his eye ere he slept—what new ideas he may have caught at in their flight to garner them up for the morrow—what projects may have chased each other through his restless brain—it is impossible to tell: but that was his last night in the world. Without previous illness, and without pain, James Smith passed suddenly away, leaving behind him the memory

of a kindly, amiable, earnest man—a man who had performed ~~zealously~~ the work intrusted to him by God, and whose labours will long be felt in their influence upon the progress of the human kind.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON

June 1851

THE Exhibition continues to be an absorbing subject in more ways than one, as most of our west-end shopkeepers have found out by the exigency of their exchequer. In the supereminent attractions of the Crystal Palace minor considerations appear to be lost sight of: mercers complain that silks and satins remain unsold on their shelves in consequence of the grander display in Hyde Park; cabinetmakers mourn over undiminishing stocks of chairs and tables; chemists aver that pharmacy was never less in request; and empty benches are seen at theatres to a much greater extent than is agreeable to managers. How can it be otherwise? After spending their money and their time in the Great Exhibition people are too economical and too tired for any other pursuit of business or pleasure; and while the commissioners are taking their thousands daily, there is so much diverted from the pockets of retailers. Yet with all this flow towards the Industry of the Nations, our streets, at the time I write, are far from being overthronged, as was predicted. In such traffic as there is, however, the preponderance is decidedly westward, and shewn by the presence of well-dressed pedestrians on the footways, evidently more intent on pleasure than business. At present, expectation is uncommonly lively as to what the Whitsun holidays will produce. If realised we shall then have an overwhelming influx; but, as I hear, the railways cannot well bring more than twenty thousand per day.

I was at the Exhibition from the opening to the close on the third of the shilling days, when more than forty thousand people were in the building. What an extraordinary scene of life and movement they presented! To stand at the angle of the transept gallery and look down on the animated multitudes passing in all directions in the grand-central avenue was in itself a spectacle of an astonishing character. The buzz of countless voices, the tread of thousands of feet on the cleanly-swept floors, the clash and play of the fountains, with an occasional distant blast from the organs, or a roulade on the pianos, formed a combination of sound overpowering in its vastness and continuity—such as impresses you with a feeling half of awe, that the idea of a concourse of nations has been fully realised, and makes it difficult to leave the contemplation for the more active business of examination in detail.

A general glance having been taken of the contents of this wonderful place in No. 387 of the Journal, I can only venture further upon curiosity. No need now to go to Constantinople to see a Turkish bazaar, for here is one with its awning of striped purple and white, its stalls studded with stars and crescents, and displaying manufactures of such exquisite fabric and workmanship as to elicit an unqualified expression of surprise and admiration. I heard a lady lament that she had not been born in Turkey, that she might have worn the dainty and decorated slippers, the brilliant silks and brocades, and magnificent shawls which hung so temptingly around her. It was something to convince yourself by ocular demonstration of such taste and skill on the part of the Mussulmans. And yet when one looked at their rude agricultural implements placed by themselves in a corner, and contrasted them with the highly-wrought manufactures but a few feet away, it was scarcely possible not to draw a fair inference as to the social condition of the people by whom they were produced. There needed but little imagination to lay yourself really on the shores of the

Bosphorus; for an old, gray-bearded Turk, wearing a ~~few~~ and loose garments, sat grave and cross-legged in the midst of his goods, surrounded by three or four younger compatriots similarly attired.

The pendulum experiment is still a subject of discussion, still argued *pro* and *con* with different qualities of logic. Briefly stated, the question now stands thus: Professor Bader Powell gave his lecture on the phenomenon, as I told you in my last; but he admitted that the subject was 'beset with difficulties,' and but few of his audience were able to comprehend his reasoning. Mr. Wheatstone endeavoured to explain the difficulty by something still more difficult—namely, a stretched spiral wire which, if made to vibrate vertically, changed the direction of its vibrations to horizontal immediately on the frame to which it was attached being turned half round. Then, again, the experiment has been tried at the Institution of Civil Engineers, and succeeded ~~beautifully~~—too well, in fact, for the pendulum got through as much of its work in three-quarters of an hour as it ought to have done in six hours. Further, several of our most able mathematicians still deny *in toto* the hypothesis on which the whole argument is based—the immutability of the plane of vibration. If this be disproved the whole theory tumbles to the ground. We are promised, however, that the question shall be set at rest by a paper which will come before the Royal Society and the British Association. We are then to learn that neither the wire nor the bob of the pendulum rotates as hitherto supposed; that both are as independent in this respect as if suspended from a point unconnected with the earth; that the side of the bob facing the south at the commencement of the experiment will still face the south at the end. Those who may desire to try it will do well to remember one important fact—which is, that the longer the wire of the pendulum the more accurate will the results appear to come out, while in reality the error will be greater than with a short wire. Still, as a mathematical formula has now been constructed for the elimination of the error, an experiment even with a long wire, if faithfully conducted, may help towards a solution of the difficulty. Believers in the theory say, that before long the experiment will become a familiar one in class and lecture rooms.

Astronomers are talking about the total eclipse of the sun which is to occur on the 28th of July next, and preparations are being made by the sky-explorers in England, the United States, and other countries, for a trip to those parts of the continent in which the obscuration of the great luminary will be complete. A line drawn from Norway to the Caspian Sea will indicate the line of greatest darkness; and within this, at various points, it is hoped that many trustworthy observations of the interesting phenomenon will be obtained. The astronomer-royal has given a lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution, in which the appearances to be more especially noted, and the importance attaching to them, were stated with his usual ability. Another matter that has come before them is the name for the new planet recently discovered by Mr. Hind; the one proposed satisfies both the ancient mythology and present philosophy. It is to be *Irene* (*Peace*), and represented in astronomical tables by the symbol of a dove with an olive-branch. Some people will be gratified at knowing that *Mars* meets with a counterpoise even among the planets. And last, concerning sidereal topics, is the fact that Leverrier, an able memoir recently laid before the Académie, disputes the assumption that bolides or meteors are minor satellites of the earth, and disproves it by derived from the laws of mathematics and of mo-

To refer again to our Institute of Civil Engineers, they have been debating ~~about~~ railways in a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Stephenson, who has lately paid a visit

the Pharaohs, talks about its engineering capabilities in a way which provokes much lively discussion among those who write M. & C. E. after their names. Should it lead to the formation of one of the other line of travel, overland voyagers will not rebuke them for talking. As far as can be predicted, it seems pretty certain that if a speedy traverse of the American isthmus is to be effected, the African one will soon be rendered similarly available.

Apropos of America: the Royal Mail Company are about to add two new steamers to their New York and Boston line; and instead of sailing but twice a month as heretofore, during the winter, will run a gressus weekly throughout the year: Holyhead to ~~the~~ their port. Storms and bad weather will have to give in to the spirit of enterprise. The project, too, for the grand Atlantic and Pacific Railway across the American Continent is again talked of, on this as well as the other side of the ocean. Mr Whitney, the proposer of the scheme, offers, if Congress will grant him a strip of land sixty miles wide all across the country from Lake Michigan to the bay of San Francisco, to construct the line without the aid of money-grants from government or of public companies. His plan is, supposing the land made over, to lay down the first ten miles of road, which being done, will render the lands on either side valuable. These, for a breadth of fifteen miles, are then to be sold, and a second ten miles of rail laid down with the proceeds; and so on, selling and road-making, until the whole shall be complete, when the surplus lands and overplus of funds, if any, are to belong to the projector and his heirs. The line would commence at the southern extremity of Wisconsin, from whence to New York—more than 1000 miles—there is already abundant means of communication by railway and steamboat; which leaves 2000 miles of new road to be laid down. The first 800 miles comprise prairie grounds, well suited, it is said, for agricultural purposes; then come the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and the descent into California. The project is certainly a magnificent one; and such is the pushing nature of the American character, that no doubt is entertained of the possibility of accomplishment by the means proposed. If carried out, it will form a short route to our Chinese and Australian possessions; and should Congress refuse their consent, it is thought that England might undertake the enterprise, as the possibility of constructing a railway from Quebec to Vancouver's Island has more than once been talked about.

Having on former occasions called your attention to what was doing in America in the matter of the electro-magnetic locomotion, I must now give you a few 'latest particulars,' which several of our engineers and mechanicians regard with no little interest. Professor Page has been running an engine on a short line of railway from Washington to Bladensburg. The locomotive, as he states, with the battery fully charged, weighs ten and a half tons, and with a load of seven passengers he made it travel nineteen miles an hour, notwithstanding that, being new, the engine worked stiffly; that the battery-cells broke, owing to the imperfect nature of the clay of which they were composed; and that there was a want of insulation in the helices. These are faults which time and experience will doubtless over-come; meanwhile we must remain content with the author's account of the trial. He says: 'The run from Washington to Bladensburg was thirty-one minutes. We were stopped on the way five times, so we should have probably made the run in less than twenty minutes. Going and coming there were seven and three delays—that is, the engine was backed and started, but without entirely losing headway. It is an important and interesting feature of this engine, which I demonstrated some years since, that the driving power is greater than the propelling

power: it is nearly twice as great. When the engine is reversed, the magneto-electric induction is in favour of the battery-current, and augments its effects. The trouble growing out of the oscillating motion of the car can all be obviated by using rotary instead of reciprocating engines.'

To finish with a few miscellaneous items: the citizens of Boston, United States, now have the true time flashed to them daily at noon from the Cambridge observatory, four miles distant, by which the clocks of the city may be regulated, and the captain of vessels lying in the harbour may rate their chronometers.—A philosopher in Philadelphia, who has made a series of microscopic examinations of the hair of the ancient Peruvians, and compared it with that of the present race of Indians, comes to the conclusion that they all belong to the same species.—Electro-magnetic clocks are about to be fixed in various parts of Berlin for the public service, the communications to be effected by means of the wires already stretched to signalise the breaking out of fires.—According to the returns of the Easter book-fair at Leipzig, 364 works were printed in Germany in the preceding six months, and 1136 were in press—more than 800 a month; not too many, if knowledge be really increased.—Sir John Richardson is at work on a narrative of his overland journey in search of Sir John Franklin, from 1847 to 1849.—Mr Thackeray is adding to his literary fame by his able lectures on the English Humorists of the last century.—Manchester is about to erect a statue in honour of Dalton, the author of the atomic theory.—Mr Wyld's great globe exhibition is open.—And last, though not least, the *tuopenay* admission-fee is abolished at St Paul's!

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DUTCH POET.

The name of Wilhelm Bilderdijk is scarcely known beyond the boundaries of his own country; and yet those who are conversant with the Dutch language place him in a very high rank as a poet. The publication of his first poem, 'Elius,' formed quite an era in the history of Dutch literature: it was speedily followed by a faithful and spirited translation of the 'Edipus' of Sophocles, and versions of other Greek writers. Besides his imaginative pursuits, he engaged with ardour in the study of geology, and almost rivalled Cuvier in his acquaintance with natural history. War and invasion, however, interrupted the labours of Bilderdijk. He quitted Holland, travelled through Germany, crossed over to England, and finally spent some time amongst the Scottish Highlands, where he employed himself in translating Ossian's poems into Dutch verse. He then went to the principality of Brunswick, and there composed a very extraordinary work, 'The Maladies of Wise Men'—a poem whose mild, lofty sublimity, unearthly interest, and grasp of gloomy thought, entitle it to rank with the 'Inferno' of Dante.

Bilderdijk at length was able to return to his country. Louis Napoleon, who then reigned at the Hague, chose him as his instructor in the Dutch language, and named him president of the second class in the Institute of Amsterdam. About this time he married a beautiful and talented girl, named Wilhelmina; and for several years they enjoyed together as perfect happiness as this world can give—she occupied in domestic and maternal duties, and he adding to his fame and fortune by the publication of several works. But at length death visited their dwelling, and removed within a brief space three lovely children. Their loss was commemorated by their mourning father in two poems—'Winter Flowers,' and 'The Farewell.' Not long afterwards, public misfortune came to aggravate his private sorrows. Louis Napoleon left Holland, and Bilderdijk took refuge at Groningen, where he stayed for some time, and then, rejecting a liberal offer of

employment made him by William of Orange, he set out for France, accompanied by his wife.

When they entered the diligence they found it occupied by one person, a young female of mild and engaging appearance. No sooner did the heavy machine begin to move than she began to scream, and testified the most absurd degree of terror. Public carriages then were certainly far inferior, both in safety and accommodation, to those of modern times; yet the probable amount of danger to be apprehended did not by any means justify the excessive apprehension manifested by the fair traveller. On arriving at Brussels, the lady was so much overcome that she announced her intention of stopping some days in that city to recruit her strength before venturing again to encounter the perils of a diligence; and taking leave of Bilderdyk and his wife, she gratefully thanked the latter for the kind attention she had shewn her during the journey. The two Hollanders proceeded on their way to Paris, laughing heartily from time to time at the foolish cowardice of a woman who saw a precipice in every rut, and a certain overturn in every jolt of the wheels.

Arrived at their journey's end, the travellers took up their abode in a humble dwelling in the Rue Richelieu, and commenced with the utmost delight visiting all the wonderful things in Paris. Bilderdyk soon found himself completely in his element. He breakfasted with Cuvier at the Jardin des Plantes, passed his afternoon at the Bibliothèque Richelieu, dined in the Faubourg St Germain with Dr Alibert, and finished the evening at the play or the opera. One day he and his wife were given excellent places for witnessing the ascent in a balloon of a young woman, Mme Blanchard, whose reckless courage enabled her to undertake aerial voyages, despite the sad fate which befell Pilastre de Rosiers, her own husband, and several other aéronauts. Our Hollanders amused themselves for some time with watching the process of inflating the balloon, and following with their eyes the course of the tiny messenger-balloons sent up to ascertain the direction of the upper currents of wind. At length all is ready: the band strikes up a lively air, and Mme Blanchard, dressed in white and crowned with roses, appears holding a small, gay flag in her hand. With the most graceful composure she placed herself in the boat; the cords were loosed, and the courageous adventuress, borne rapidly upwards in her perilous vehicle, soon appeared like a dark spot in the sky.

When he returned to his lodging, Bilderdyk composed a poem in honour of the brave woman who adventured her life so boldly, rivalling the free birds of heaven in her flight, and beholding the stars face to face. Next morning he hastened to get his production printed; and without considering that Mme Blanchard most likely did not understand Dutch, he repaired to her lodgings with a copy of the poem in his hand, intending to ask permission to present it to her. He was courteously invited to enter the drawing-room, and there, to his great amazement, he found himself *tête-à-tête* with the silly, frightened lady, whose nervous tremors in the Brussels diligence had afforded so much amusement to him and his wife.

Surprised and disconcerted, he was beginning to apologise, when the lady interrupted him.

'Monsieur,' she said, 'you are not mistaken. I am Mme Blanchard. You see how possible it is for the same person to be cowardly in a coach and courageous in a balloon.'

A good deal of conversation ensued; the poem was timidly offered, and graciously accepted; and the fair aéronaut accepted an invitation to dine that day with Bilderdyk and his wife.

In the course of the evening Mme Blanchard related to them some curious circumstances in her life. Her mother kept a humble wayside inn near La

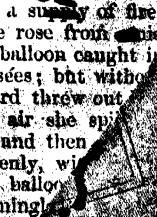
Rochelle, while her father worked in the fields. One day a balloon descended near their door, and out of it was taken a man severely but not dangerously bruised. Her parents received him with the utmost hospitality, and supplied him with all the comforts they could give. He had no money wherewith to repay them; but as he was about to depart, he remarked that the mistress of the house was very near her confinement, and he said: Listen, and mark my words. Fortune cannot always desert me. In sixteen years, if alive, I will return hither. If the child who will soon be born to you should be a boy, I will then adopt him; if a girl, I will marry her!'

The worthy peasants laughed heartily at this strange method of saying a will; and although they allowed their guest to depart, they certainly built very little on his promise. The aéronaut, however, kept his word; and at the end of sixteen years reappeared at the inn then inhabited by only a fair young girl, very lately left an orphan. She willingly accepted Jean-Pierre Blanchard as a husband, and for a short time they lived happily together; but during an ascent which he made in Holland, he was seized with apoplexy, and fell to the ground from a height of sixty feet. The unhappy aéronaut was not killed on the spot, but lingered for some time in frightful torture, carefully and fondly attended by his wife, whom at length he left a young and penniless widow.

Marie Madeleine Blanchard, despite her natural timidity, resolved to adopt her husband's perilous profession. Pride and necessity combined to wonders; and not only did she succeed in maintaining perfect composure while in the air, but she also displayed wonderful presence of mind during times of danger. On one occasion she ascended in her balloon from Nantes, intending to come down at about four leagues from that town in what she believed to be a large meadow. While rapidly descending, the cordage of the balloon became entangled in the branches of a tree, and she found herself suspended over a vast green marsh, whose treacherous mud would infallibly engulf her. Drawn to the spot by her cries, several peasants came to her assistance, and with considerable difficulty and danger succeeded in placing her on terra firma.

On the day following the one on which she dined with M. and Mme Bilderdyk, Mme Blanchard left Paris, promising her two friends, as she bade them farewell, that she would soon return. Time passed on, however, and they heard nothing of her. They were preparing to return to Holland, when some of Bilderdyk's countrymen residing in Paris resolved to give him a banquet on the eve of his departure.

The entertainment took place at a celebrated restaurant situated at the angle formed by the Rue Cauchat and the Rue de Provence. While enjoying themselves at table, the guests suddenly perceived the windows darkened by the passing of some large black object. With one accord they rose and ran out: a woman lay on the pavement, pale, crushed, and dead. Bilderdyk gave a cry—it was Mme Blanchard! In what a guise to meet her again! Encouraged by the constant impunity of her perilous ascensions the unhappy aéronaut (the word, I believe, has no feminine), finding a formidable rival in M^{me} Gariner, resolved to surpass her in daring by augmenting the risk of her aerial voyages. For this purpose she lighted up her balloon-car with coloured lamps, and carried with her a supply of fire-works. On the 6th of July 1819, she rose from amidst a vast concourse of spectators. The balloon caught in one of the trees in the Champs-Elysées; but without regarding the augury, Mme Blanchard threw out a last, and as she rose rapidly in the air, she spilt a quantity of lighting spirits of wine, and then rockets and Roman candles. Suddenly, with the mass of upturned eyes beheld the balloon, one piercing shriek from above, mingled



affrighted cries of the crowd below, and then, some object was seen to detach itself from the fiery globe. As it came near the earth, it was recognised as the body of the ill-fated ~~the~~ Blanchard.

Weeping and trembling, Bilderdijk aided in raising the disfigured corpse, and wrapped it up in the net-work of the balloon, which the hands still grasped firmly. The shock, acting on his excitable temperament, threw him into a dangerous illness, from which, however, he recovered, and returned to his native country. There he published an admirable treatise, 'The Theory of Vegetable Organisation,' and a poem, entitled 'The Destruction of the Primeval World.' A French critic has placed this latter work in the same rank with 'Paradise Lost,' and says: 'Old Milton has nothing finer, more energetic, or more vast in his immortal work.' An English critic, however, would probably scarcely concur in this judgment.

Bilderdijk died in the town of Haarlem on the 18th December 1831.

WHEN FISH ARE IN SEASON, AND WHY.

The period for fish being in season is dependent upon laws as simple as they are universal. In land animals of the genus mammalia, the circumstances of the period of reproduction, and the care and attachment they manifest for their young, have the effect of so seriously deteriorating their structures, that a considerable time elapses before these regain their normal state. The cause of this in the land animals referred to is obvious, for the nourishment which had previously gone to support their own organism now goes to build up and nourish the structures of the young which are in process of development, and thus the mother becomes enfeebled, and her flesh unfitted for the use of man. With the fish of which we propose to treat, the reason for their being out of season is the same, although the circumstances are somewhat different. In the fish, the nourishment, besides supplying the necessary waste in the system of the female, goes at certain seasons to the production and growth of the innumerable ova with which she teems, and in the male to the development of the milt or soft roe, which is indispensable to the conversion of these ova into living creatures. And first of the salmon, the king of our river visitants:—

The proper abode of the salmon is the sea. It is ascertained that the seas around Great Britain, as well as those bordering on the north of Europe, and extending to Asia, form its true habitat. While in the highest state of health, however, the salmon is seldom if ever to be caught in the sea, even at the mouths of our great rivers. It is not until forced, by the instinctive necessity of spawning, to seek a place of safety, that it makes for fresh water; and when this occurs, the scales begin to lose their silvery lustre, the flesh to become soft and pale, and the marine insects which adhered to the bodies in the sea to drop off and die. Thus in addition to their inferior flavour when caught in our rivers, have manifold evidence of the deterioration and comparatively unhealthy condition of the salmon at seasons.

The salmon begins to ascend the rivers of Great Britain sooner or later in the spring or summer months. In the streams issuing from large lakes it is to be found in the spring, their waters having been sooner purified by deposition in the lakes. Rivers, again, swollen by melting snows in the spring months, are later, for which only begins to ascend them when the lake waters are beginning to fail. Hence all the rivers in the south of Scotland are earlier than those in the south of the English rivers. The Tay, the Earn, the Don, the Tees, and all the rivers to the north, are earlier in sending salmon than the North, the Esk, the

Tweed, the Humber, the Thames, and others farther south.

In ascending our rivers the salmon is exposed to numerous difficulties, which it must necessarily overcome before it reaches its destination. The strong currents, the shallow and exposed portions of the stream, the various falls which occur in our rivers, are all calculated to impair their strength, and add to that deterioration of structure which infallibly takes place in fresh water. The nervous and muscular energy thus expended enfeebles still more their diminished strength, and assists in increasing that deterioration which their exposure to fresh water had begun. Thus the salmon, by the time it reaches its spawning ground (a considerable way up some small stream), is much exhausted, and the subsequent exertion completes its deterioration, and reduces it to the mere skeleton of what it was when it first entered the mouth of the river. Thus, by the combined operation of these causes, a process of deterioration takes place in the fish from the first moment it enters the fresh water until it returns to the sea, where it speedily recovers its healthy appearance—its muscles increasing in size and strength, a deposition of fatty matter taking place, and its scales recovering their brilliant silvery lustre.

After the young fry reach the sea they are entirely lost sight of for about ten weeks; and we can only infer the rapidity of their growth during this short period, by their then returning to our rivers, weighing from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 pounds, when they are known as the grilse or salmon-peal. After remaining a short period in fresh water they lose their silvery lustre, their fins assuming a dusky appearance. In the ensuing winter most of these grilse spawn; after which they again return to the sea to recover their lost strength, and in the following year attain a weight of from 10 to 15 pounds, and are now first-year's salmon.

The period during which the salmon is in highest condition thus somewhat varies, according as it is early or late in ascending our streams; but, as a general fact, the fish is found in greatest perfection in the sea, at the mouths of our great rivers, before commencing its ascent. Previous to this, indeed, it is believed to be in a still higher state of health; but it is then in deep water, and not to be caught by any bait or process at present known. But, speaking generally, the salmon is finest in quality in February, March, April, May, and June, and continues tolerable during August and September. After it spawns it is thin and lank; its flesh pale and of an insipid flavour; and it is decidedly unwholesome as an article of food.

Cod.—The cod is exclusively an inhabitant of the sea, never even visiting fresh-water streams. It is found only in cold or temperate climates. It does not exist in the Mediterranean, or any other inland sea whose entrance is nearer to the equator than the fortieth degree. It appears, indeed, to be confined to the northern parts of the world, although few have been taken north of Iceland. It abounds, however, on the south and west coasts of that country, and likewise on the coasts of Great Britain and Norway. The cod uniformly keeps in deep water, and never approaches the shore excepting for the purpose of depositing its spawn. The general weight of the cod is from 14 to 40 pounds. The largest cod ever found on the coast of Great Britain was taken off Scarborough in 1755, and weighed 78 pounds; its length was 5 feet 8 inches, and its girth round the shoulders 5 feet. As indicated by the size of its mouth, stomach, and bowels, it is extremely voracious. It preys upon small fish of every description, and the herring and sprat are its favourite food. The cod, however, is far from particular in its choice, for it likewise feeds on worms, mollusca, and crustacea. From thirty to forty small crabs, about an inch and a half in breadth, have

been taken from its stomach, and the gastric juice of that organ is so strong that the shells and hardest portions are speedily dissolved by it.

The intense voracity of the cod renders it, even in deep water, a more easy prey to the fisherman than almost any other native of the deep. Hence it is that for considerably more than a century well-boats have been constructed for preserving alive fish, principally cod, caught at sea. The cod of commerce is fished, at a depth of from twenty-five to fifty fathoms, by lines and hooks baited with any of the smaller fish or crustacea. Thus it is obtained for our markets in better season than the salmon, for it is caught while in the highest condition of health and strength, long before the muscular fibre of the fish is deteriorated by the development of the roe or milt. This fish is in best season as an article of food in the months of December, January, and February. It begins to deposit spawn in May and June, and for this purpose it frequently ascends the Forth, or other estuary, for upwards of twenty miles. From July to the end of October the large cod are observed to be long and thin, particularly those found on sand-banks or in shallow water, being then of very light colour, with flesh soft, unwholesome, and insipid to the taste.

Haddock.—The haddock likewise inhabits northern and temperate latitudes. It is found in great abundance all round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. The largest haddocks have been taken in the Bay of Dublin and neighbourhood. In all their migrations, they haunt together in immense shoals. They are not uniform in frequenting the same spot or locality, but change their haunts, not seemingly obeying any determinate law. This probably proceeds from a natural timidity of disposition, for the same characteristic is shewn in their retreating into deep water during stormy or boisterous weather. During such seasons, indeed, the haddock conceals itself among the sea-weed at considerable depths, and is not then to be taken even with hooks baited with its most favourite food, but it returns immediately to its former haunts upon the subsiding of the storm. These habits of the haddock sufficiently account for the necessity of keeping this fish in salt-water tanks, in order to supply the demand at such seasons, and the consequent high prices which are then demanded for it in our markets.

This fish migrates in larger shoals than any other of the finny tribe, with the exception of the herring, and while in season is procured in great quantities. It begins to be in roe in the middle of November, and so continues until the end of January. During this period it approaches our coast in immense shoals to deposit its ova, when it is caught by our fishermen. It is consequently in best season about the commencement of this period. From the beginning of February, when its spawning is completed, till the end of May, this fish is slender in body, and thin-tailed, and is not wholesome as food. From the beginning of June till the end of September it retreats into deep water, where it gradually recruits and recovers its strength. The haddock ranges in weight from 1 to 14 pounds, for it has seldom or ever been found more than the latter weight. The haddock caught on the Irish coast is said to be the finest in flavour, and is highly appreciated by the epicure.

Whiting.—The whiting is a fish so closely assimilated in character and habits to the haddock, that, with the exception of not being so timid during stormy weather, the same general remarks apply to it. The whiting is in highest condition in November, December, January, and February; and during this period it is recommended to invalids, to whom flesh appears nauseous and sickening. The whiting, when about a foot long, is best adapted for the table; and while in season, is extremely delicate and nutritious, the fish feeding principally on the mollusca and crustacea.

Halibut.—The halibut or holibut is exposed in large quantities in the markets of Great Britain; and from the large size of the fish, is sold by weight. It is only found in the northern seas, and is much used by the natives of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland. It is said by naturalists that holibut have been caught weighing nearly 500 pounds. In 1828 a holibut was exhibited in the Edinburgh market, measuring 7 feet 6 inches in length and 3 feet in breadth, and weighing 320 pounds. It had been caught on the coast of the Isle of Man, and was the largest specimen obtained in Britain within the memory of any person living. This fish resembles the turbot a good deal in flavour, and is even preferred to it by some persons. In the Firth of Forth it inhabits deep and rocky places. It is frequently taken of large size near Inchkeith, or the Bass Rock. It is in best condition in June and July, and continues in tolerably good season till about the end of February, when it is at its best. During the following months of March and April it is unwholesome, and unfit for use.

Turbot.—The turbot is well known in our markets as one of the largest of our flat fishes, and is justly prized both for the delicacy of its flavour and its nutritious qualities. It is found in large shoals; and although not capricious in regard to its haunts, it appears, in frequenting certain localities, to be influenced mainly by the presence of the small fish on which it preys. Turbot are caught in considerable quantities on the coasts of Durham and Yorkshire with lines, in a similar manner to cod; but the most extensive turbot-fisheries are those of the Dutch, which commence about the end of March, and are pursued during the months of April and May, and continued till the middle of August, when the fishing is dropped for the year. The produce is principally transported in boats to the London market. From some peculiarity in its organisation, the muscular fibre of the turbot is not so much deteriorated during the growth of the milt and roe as in other fish, and if it could be caught, would be longer in season; but like most of the finny tribe, it is only to be procured when frequenting the coasts which it has selected as its favourite spawning-ground. The turbot spawns in August, after which it becomes feeble and is out of season; but it speedily recovers its strength, and retreats into deep water.

Sole.—The common sole, probably from the comparative smallness of its size, is seldom if ever caught by bait, but only by the trawling-net. Soles are found in great abundance on the coast of England, from Sussex to Devonshire, and on the shores of various counties of Ireland. The sole is full of roe in February, and approaches the shore to spawn about the end of that month or the beginning of March, after which it is extremely soft and watery, and unfit for use. After spawning the sole retreats into deep water, and in the course of six weeks or two months recovers its strength. Like the rest of the finny tribe, its flavour is best when caught in deep water, before the roe or milt is much developed; but in consequence of being rather shy of bait of any kind, it is not then easily taken. This fish thrives in fresh water, and is there said to grow to double the size of the salt-water sole. It is in good season throughout the entire year, with the exception of the months of February, March, and April.

Skate.—Naturalists describe nine species of skate, all of which are easily to be recognised by their flat rhomboidal form and cartilaginous skeletons. The skate approaches our shores and spawns in the end of July or the beginning of August, after which it retires into deep water, and in the course of two months recovers its strength. As an article of food it is extremely rich and nutritious.

Herring.—The herring, the staple food of the poor in Scotland, and, when in high condition, no less a favourite with the rich, demands our special attention.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The herring held by Parrot and the older naturalists that the herring migrated to the coasts of Britain from the Arctic seas; but more recent and accurate observation has discovered the fallacy of this notion, for few, if any, of the British species are to be found in the northern regions; and the fact that the herring frequents different parts of our shores at totally different seasons, has given rise to the belief that they may retreat into deep water near our coasts, in search of a more abundant supply of food, or for some other purpose connected with their recovery. Shoals of herring appear on the coast of Shetland about the middle of June, when the Dutch fishing commences. About the same period the herring appears in great quantities on the shores of Orkney and Caithness, and even so early as May a small species are caught off Thurso. These latter fish are full of roe and milt in August. Herrings in good season, too, are caught between the coasts of Caithness and Orkney about the end of December. Along the coasts of Shetland, Inverness, and Argyleshire, herrings appear in great numbers about June, and they approach close to the shores in July and August. On these coasts, too, winter herring make their appearance in November, and continue till about the middle of January. The lochs of the West Highlands of Scotland are all more or less frequented by the herring, but their appearance is far from regular or certain in any of them. They are caught about the beginning of June in Loch Fyne and Loch Long; and it is maintained by experienced fishermen that they may be caught in the former loch throughout the entire year. The herring of Loch Fyne have long been celebrated for their superior quality, occasioned, it is supposed, by the peculiarly nutritious description of their food. Off the rivers Tay and Forth, a few miles from the coast, the Dutch fishermen procure excellent herring in the months of July and August. In the Solway Firth the usual fishing time is in September. On the west side of the Isle of Man it commences about the beginning of September, and the fish are said to be equal in quality to those of Loch Fyne. The coasts of Ireland are visited by immense shoals.

The herring in fact visits the coasts of the islands or of the mainland of the north of Europe at all seasons of the year, and is not influenced by any great general law in its migrations other than that obeyed by the other fish we have mentioned. As a general fact, the herring is in best condition, as an article of food, when it is just approaching our coasts—probably four or five miles off. The roe and milt are only then in process of development, and have not subtracted largely from the strength of the muscular fibre. The healthy condition of the fish, indeed, is easily to be recognised from the firmness of its back and the moderate size of its belly, combined with the size and brilliancy of its scales; for when out of season, these scales drop off, and the body becomes pale and livid. Even after being cured, persons acquainted with herring select those having large and brilliant scales, being a uniform sign of the healthy condition of the creature when caught. The mere outward appearance indeed

of most of the finny tribe forms a clear index to their condition and state of health, and their consequent fitness for the use of man.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

To seek for instant beauty in the field
Where summer flowers their morning fragrance fling;
The solitary gadding on the wing.
With gales there; and with a shining shield
The bee salutes it, passing. Arums wield
Their scarlet sceptres, glowing 'midst a ring
Of spicy avena, that sweet tribute bring
To scent the couch where Nature, sun-revealed,
Cradleth it tenderly with gentle grace!
On mountain, and by stream, in woods, where 't
The dewy steps of Flora man can trace,
Be sure that infant beauty nestles there:
The beauty that is born without a sound,
Starting in colours bright from every flower around!

BOWING IN ENGLAND.

In general the English approach ladies without bowing, with the hat thrust on the back of the head, almost down to the neck—and they unceremoniously offer their hand. This constitutes cordiality, and replaces our French politeness. On the part of the ladies this way of meeting is very pretty; but it is grossly rude on the part of the men—they have the air of *approaching* a lady as they would approach a horse. In relations with the vulgar, you lower yourself by being polite. If you take off your hat on entering a shop, you are served last, and with bad grace! Sometimes even you are taken for a beggar, and are turned out of doors, or have a penny offered you. That actually happened to me in a glove shop in Regent Street. —*Jules de Prinary.* [M. Jules de Prinary must be a very miserable-looking Frenchman; for we English are not charitable enough to give a penny to a bow unsupported by other symptoms of distress.]

Just Published, in Fancy-Coloured Boards, Price 1s. 6d.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOLUME IX.

CONTENTS:—No. 65. Recent Decorative Art.—66. Alchemy and the Alchemists.—67. The Lost Laird: a Tale of '45.—68. German Poets and Poetry.—69. The Deserts of Africa.—70. Sigismund Temple: a Tale.—71. Electric Communications.—72. Fichte: a Biography.

THE EMIGRANT'S MANUAL.

A complete MANUAL FOR EMIGRANTS, embracing the latest and most trustworthy information, is now in the course of publication. It will be issued in Parts, each referring to a distinct FIELD OF EMIGRATION.

Now Ready,

AUSTRALIA. 1s.—NEW ZEALAND, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, &c. 1s.—BRITISH AMERICA, and UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. 1s.

The present number of the Journal completes the Fifteenth Volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

